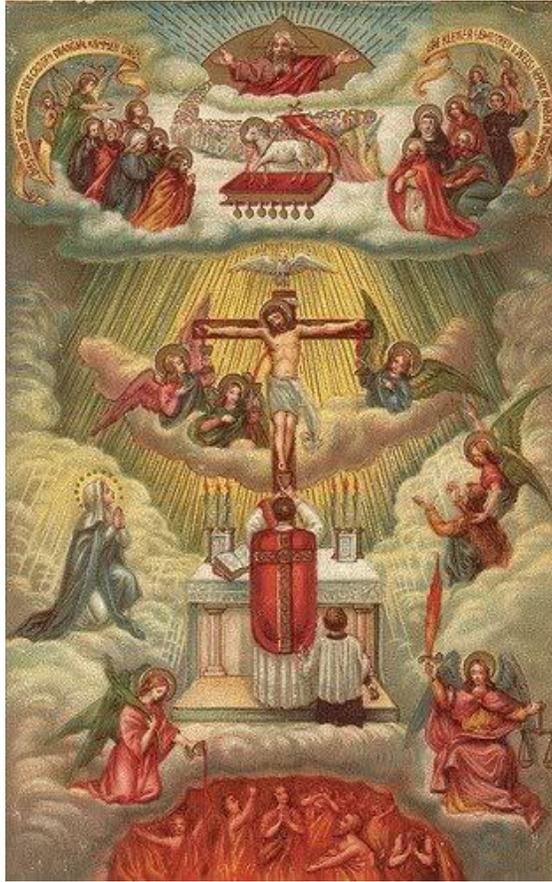


Luisa and the Most Precious Blood of Jesus in the Divine Will



V1 - I go about looking in the middle of the street – but what do I see? I see the street all filled with people, and, in the middle, my Loving Jesus with the Cross upon His Shoulders. Some pulled Him to one side, some to another. All panting, with His Face dripping with Blood, He raised His Eyes toward me in act of asking for my help.

V1 – “My Heart was taken by such grips, that I felt It as if It were under a press; so much so, that I sweat Living Blood. Tell Me, when have you arrived at Suffering so much? Therefore, when you find Yourself without Me, afflicted, empty of any Consolation, filled with sadnesses, with worries, with pains, come close to Me, wipe that Blood from Me, offer those Pains to Me as relief for My Most Bitter Agony. By doing so, you shall find the way to be able to remain with Me after Communion.”

V1 - “Daughter, see how My Son is treated by men – the horrible offenses they commit, that never give Him respite. Look at Him, how He Suffers.” And I tried to look at Him, and I saw Him all Blood, all Wounds, and almost cut up, reduced to a mortal state.”

V1 - As I lost consciousness, Our Lord made Himself seen once again with the Crown of Thorns on His Head, all dripping with Blood; and turning to me, He said: “Daughter, take a look at what

men do to Me. In these sad times their pride is so great that they have infested all the air; and the stench that spreads everywhere is such, that it has reached even before My Throne in Heaven.”

V1 – “Who shall put a mend to so much ingratitude? Who shall have compassion for so many people, who cost Me Blood, and who live almost buried in the stench of earthly things? O please! come with Me, and pray and cry together with Me for so many blind who are all eyes for all that gives of earth, and then despise and trample My Graces under their filthy feet, as if they were mud.”

V1 - I said to Him: ‘O! Holy Spouse, hold back the scourges that Your Justice keeps prepared. If the multiplicity of the iniquities of men is great, there is the Immense Sea of Your Blood in which You can bury them; and so Your Justice shall be satisfied.

V1 - “Beloved of My Heart, I ardently desire not only to Crucify your soul and to communicate the Pains of the Cross to your body, but also to Mark your body with the Mark of My Wounds; and I want to teach you the prayer in order to obtain this Grace. This is the prayer: ‘I present myself before the Supreme Throne of God, Bathed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, praying Him, by the Merit of His Most Luminous Virtues and of His Divinity, to concede me the Grace to be Crucified’.”

V1 - And I: ‘Ah! yes, with all my heart I promise You. I would die a thousand times rather than sin again. Never again, never again.’

And Jesus: “And I Forgive you, and I apply to your soul the Merits of My Passion, and I Want to Wash it in My Blood.”

And as He was saying this, He raised His Blessed Right Hand and Pronounced the Words of the Absolution – exactly like the words that the priest says, when he gives absolution. And in the Act of doing this, a River of Blood poured down from His Hand, and my soul remained completely Inundated by It.

After this, He said to me: “Come, O daughter, come to make penance for your sins by Kissing My Wounds.”

V1 – “O! how My Eternal Love was surprised in the Face of so much ingratitude, and Cried over the obstinacy 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.”

V2 – **3.10.99** - Ah! Lord, placate Yourself. I hope that Your Blood and Your Wounds shall be our remedy.

V2 – **4.7.99** - Jesus continued, telling me: “No, do not cry any more. Take a look at how I AM Suffering; look at My Head – the Thorns have penetrated so deep inside, that they no longer appear outside. Do you see how many gashes and Blood cover My Body? Come close to Me, give me a refreshment.”

...Then, He had me Kiss His Wounds, one by one, and in some of the Wounds He wanted me to suckle the Blood. I was trying to do everything He wanted, but in mute silence, when the Most Holy Virgin came and told me: “Ask Jesus what He wants to make of you.”

V2 – 5.12.99 - Jesus told me: “Because of you it is necessary to make you Content – draw near Me and Drink from My Side.” So I did; I drew near to Drink from His Side, but instead of Bitterness, I suckled a Most Sweet Blood, that Inebriated all of me with Love and with Sweetness.”

V2 – 6.5.99 - So, *First* it seemed that Jesus contained a Fount of Water and another of Blood within His Breast, and in those *Two Fountains* He plunged my soul – *First* in the water, and then in the Blood. Who can say how Purified and Embellished my soul became?

V2 – 6.8.99 - In the same way, when I AM the one suckling from Jesus, it is from His Heart that I draw that Milk, or Blood; so much so that, for me, suckling from the Breast of Jesus is the same as Drinking from His Side. I shall add also another thing: since the Lord every now and then is pleased with Pouring a Most Sweet Milk from His Mouth, or with letting me Drink His Most Precious Blood from His Side, then, when He does this, of wanting to suckle from me, He suckles nothing else but what He Himself has given me, because I have nothing with which to Sweeten Him, but much with which to embitter Him. This is so True that, sometimes, in the very Act in which He suckled from me, I suckled from Jesus, and I perceived clearly that what He was drawing from me was nothing other than what He Himself was giving me. It seems that I have explained myself enough, as much as I could.

V2 – 6.16.99 - However, a little later He came back, but with greater affliction, with His Face all swollen and Full of Blood from offenses He had just received. All sad, Jesus said: “Look at what they have done to Me – how can you say that you don’t want Me to chastise the creatures? Chastisements are necessary in order to humiliate them, and not to let them grow bolder.”

V2 – 9.1.99 – “Obedience made Me be Born, Obedience made Me Die. The Wounds I have on My Body are all Wounds and Marks that Obedience did to Me. With reason you said that She (Obedience) is like a Most Powerful Warrior, Armed with all kinds of Weapons, apt to Wound. In fact, in Me, She left not even a drop of Blood; she tore My Flesh to pieces; she dislocated My Bones, while My poor Heart, exhausted and bleeding, kept looking for a relief from one who would have compassion for Me. Acting with Me as more than a cruel tyrant, only then was Obedience Content, when She Sacrificed Me on the Cross and saw Me Breathe My last, as Victim for Love of Her.”

V2 – 10.1.99 - This morning Lovable Jesus continued to make Himself seen in silence, but with a Most afflicted appearance; He had a thick Crown of Thorns driven onto His Head. I felt my interior powers silent – they did not dare to say a single word; but in seeing that He Suffered very much in His Head, I stretched out my hands and, very carefully, removed the Crown of Thorns. But, what a Bitter Spasm He Suffered! How His Wounds opened more and His Blood Poured out in torrents! In Truth, it was something that tortured the soul.

V2 – 10.14.99 - Oh! how She (Hope) toils, how She struggles, to the point of dripping sweat – not only of Water, but also of Blood!

...In sum, Hope provides us with everything, in such a way that if one is weak, She gives him Strength; if another is stained, Hope Instituted the Sacraments and in Them She prepared the

Bath for his sins. If one is hungry or thirsty, this Compassionate Mother gives us the Most Beautiful, the Most Delicious Food, that is her Most Delicate Flesh, and, as Drink, her Most Precious Blood.

...But, Who is this Mother? Who is this Hope? It is Jesus Christ, Who Operated our Redemption and Formed the Hope of man astray.

V2 – 10.21.99 - ‘Lord, I offer You Your Wounds, Your Blood, the Most Holy use You made of Your Senses during the course of Your mortal Life, to Repair for the offenses and for the bad use that creatures make of their senses.’

V2 – 10.29.99 – “After this, once the soul has made everything go out of herself, then do I enter, and United with the human will of the soul, we build a House. The Foundations of it are based on Humility, and the deeper they are, the Higher and Stronger the Walls shall be. These Walls shall be built with the Stones of Mortification, cemented with the Purest Gold of Charity. After the Walls have been built, I, like a Most Excelling Painter, Plaster it and Form the Most Excelling Paintings - not with lime and water, but with the Merits of My Passion, represented by the lime, and with the Colors of My Blood, represented by the water. This serves to Protect it well from rains, from snows, and from any shock.”

V4 – 11.13.99 – “Ah! man is too ungrateful, and he almost forces Me from all sides to chastise him. He himself snatches the chastisements from My Hands. If you knew how much I Suffer in making use of My Justice.... But it is man himself that uses violence on Me. Ah! had I but Purchased his Freedom at the Price of My Blood, he would have yet to be grateful to Me; but out of greater spite, he keeps inventing new ways to render My Disbursement useless.”

V4 – 11.30.99 - My Adorable Jesus continues to come, and this time I saw Him in the Act when He was at the pillar. Untying Himself, Jesus threw Himself into my arms to be compassionated by me; I clasped Him to myself, and began to arrange His Hair, all clotted with Blood, and to dry His Eyes and Face, and I also Kissed Him and did several Acts of Reparation.

V4 – 12.22.99 - It seemed to me that in order to attract my Love and also that of the other creatures, Blessed Jesus makes Benefits Rain down for our Good; and in seeing that this Rain of Benefits does not reach the point of Winning our Love, He reaches the point of rendering Himself Sympathetic. And what is this Sympathy? It is His Pains Suffered for Love of us, to the point of Dying, Deluging Blood upon a Cross, where He rendered Himself so Sympathetic as to Enamor of Himself His very executioners and His fiercest enemies.

V4 – 1.1.00 - Being very afflicted because of the Privation of my Highest and only Good, after much waiting and waiting, finally I saw Him come out from within my heart, Crying, and indicating to me with His Eyes that He was hurting from the Wound received in the Circumcision. This is why He was Crying, and He expected from me to dry the Blood that was pouring from that Wound, and to soothe the Pain of the cut. All compassion and confusion together - so much so that I did not dare to do it – yet drawn by Love, I don’t Know how I found myself with a little cloth in hand, and I tried as much as I could to dry the Blood of Baby Jesus. While doing this, I felt all full of sin, and I thought that I was the cause of that Pain of Jesus. Oh! how sorry I felt

for Him - I felt absorbed in that Bitterness; and the Blessed little Baby, compassionating my miserable state, told me: “The more the soul humbles herself and knows herself, the closer she draws to the Truth; and being in the Truth, she tries to push herself along the path of Virtues, from which she sees herself very far.”

V4 – 1.12.00 – “My Divinity, hidden within My Humanity, wanted to lower Itself to such lowliness, subjecting Itself to the course of human actions - while with One Single Act of My Divine Will I could have Created Infinite Worlds - feeling the miseries and the weaknesses of others as if they were Its own, seeing Itself covered with all the sins of men before Divine Justice, having to pay their penalty at the price of unheard-of Pains and with the shedding of all Its Blood. Thus It exercised continuous Acts of Profound and Heroic Humility.”

V4 – 2.26.00 – “The soul who does My Divine Will is alone the Noble queen who Nourishes herself from My Breath, because she takes her Food and her Drink from no place but My Divine Will, and by Nourishing herself of My Divine Will all Holy, a Most Pure Blood shall Flow in her veins, and her breath shall spread a Fragrant Perfume, that shall Cheer the Whole of Me, because It is Produced by My very Breath.”

V4 – 4.23.00 - This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I saw my Sweet Jesus Suffering very much, and I prayed Him to share His Pains with me; and He said to me: “You too Suffer. Rather, I shall take your place and you shall do for me the office of nurse.” So it seemed that Jesus placed Himself in my bed, and I, beside Him, began to check His Head, and removed, one by one, the Thorns that were driven into It. Then I moved on to His Body and I visited all His Wounds; I dried up the Blood, I Kissed them, but I had nothing with which to salve them in order to mitigate the Spasm, when I saw that an oil was coming out of me. I took it and I salved the Wounds of Jesus, but with some concern, for I did not understand what the meaning of that oil was, coming out of me.

V4 – 6.18.00 - As He continued not to come, I tried to apply myself to considering the Mystery of the Scourging. While I was doing this, I just barely saw Blessed Jesus, all Wounded and dripping Blood, who told me: “My daughter, the heavens along with all Creation point out to you the Love of God; My Wounded Body points out to you the Love of neighbor, so much so, that with My Humanity, United to My Divinity, from *Two Natures* I Formed *One* and I rendered them Inseparable, because I not only satisfied Divine Justice, but I Operated the Salvation of men. And so that all would assume this Obligation to Love God and neighbor, I not only made them *One*, but I reached the point of Making of it a Divine Precept. So, My Wounds and My Blood are many Tongues that Teach everyone the Way to Love one another and the Obligation that all have to Care for the Salvation of others.”

V4 – 8.31.00 - As I was in my usual state and since my Adorable Jesus was not coming, I was all afflicted and a little concerned about why He was not coming. Then, after much waiting and waiting, He came, and seeing that Blood was Pouring from His Hands, I prayed that from His Left Hand He would Pour Blood over the world, for sinners who were about to die and were at risk of being lost; and from His Right Hand He would Pour His Blood over Purgatory. Listening to me benignly, He stirred Himself and Poured Blood over both places.

V4 – 1.5.01 - Immediately I said: ‘Do You want some Reparation? Let us do it together; in this way my Reparations, United to Yours, shall have the Effects of Yours, for if I do them on my own I believe they shall disgust You more.’ So I took His Hand, dripping with Blood, and Kissing it, I recited the *Laudate Dominum* with the *Gloria Patri* – Jesus one part, I the other – to Repair for the many evil works that are committed, placing the intention of Praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of evil works.

V4 – 3.5.02 - I clasped Him to myself and said to Him: ‘my Sweet Love, had You come in the past days, You would not have so many Thorns stuck inside of You; at the most, as some would stick, so I would have pulled them out. Here is what You have done by not coming.’ And while saying this, I kept pulling all those Thorns out, while Blood gushed from the Feet of Blessed Jesus, and He agonized for the Strong Pain.

V4 – 9.10.02 - “My daughter, if you are tired, come to My Heart - Drink, and you shall be refreshed.” So I drew near that Divine Heart and I drank in large gulps a Milk mixed with a Most Sweet Blood. After this, He told me: “The Prerogatives of Love are three: Constant Love without end, Strong Love, and Love of God and neighbor bound together. If these Prerogatives do not appear in the soul, one can say that hers is not the Quality of True Love.”

V5 – 3.19.03 - After this, on seeing my dear Jesus Suffering as in the course of His Passion, I said to Him: ‘Lord, did You not feel tiredness in Suffering so many different Pains?’ And He: “No, on the contrary, one Suffering would Ignite My Heart more to Suffer yet another one. These are the Ways of the Divine Suffering; not only this, but in Suffering and Operating, It looks at nothing but the Fruit It receives from it. In My Wounds and in My Blood I saw nations being saved and the Good that creatures would receive; and My Heart, instead of feeling tiredness, felt Joy and Ardent Desire to Suffer more.”

V5 – 10.12.03 - ‘My Sweet Lord, why did Your Head envy Your Scourged Body that had Suffered so much and had shed so much Blood; and as Your Head did not want to be outdone by Your Body, that had been Honored with the frieze of Suffering, You Yourself incited Your enemies to Crown You with such a Painful and tormenting Crown of Thorns?’

And Jesus: “My daughter, this Crowning of Thorns contains many meanings, and as much as I may Speak, there is always much left to be said. Indeed, the reason why My Head wanted to be Honored by having, not a general share, but Its Distinct and Special Portion of Suffering, and Its own shedding of Blood, almost competing with the Body - is almost incomprehensible to the Created mind.”

“...Moreover, these Thorns signified that I AM the True and Only King, and only one who constitutes Me King of her Heart Enjoys Peace and Happiness, and I Constitute her queen of My own Kingdom. So, all those Rivulets of Blood that Poured out from My Head were as many little streams that bound the human intelligence to the Knowledge of My Sovereignty over them.”

V6 – 5.1.04 - ‘My Adorable Lord, I see in You but a Garment of Blood Adorned with Wounds; as Your Taste and Pleasure, I see Bitternesses of gall, and as Honor and Glory, I see confusion, opprobriums and Crosses. O please! do not permit, after You have Suffered so much, that I look

at the things of this earth as anything other than dung and mud, that I take any other pleasure but in You Alone, and that all my Honor be anything else but the Cross.’

V6 – 9.26.04 – “*Triple* were My falls under the Cross; *Triple* the nails; *Three times* did My Heart Pour out Blood: in the garden by Itself; from Its very Core in the Act of the Crucifixion, when I was stretched well on the Cross - so much so that My Body was all dislocated and My Heart was smashed inside and Poured out Blood; and after My Death, when My Side was opened with a lance.”

V6 – 11.18.04 - ‘Lord, I want nothing but to be recognized in Your Blood, in Your Wounds, in Your Humanity, in Your Virtues. In this alone I would want to be recognized, so as to be Your Heaven, and to be unrecognized by all.’ He seemed to approve of my proposal, and He disappeared.

V6 – 11.24.04 - Being all afflicted and oppressed, and seeing Good Jesus dripping Blood, I said: ‘Blessed Lord, what about me? Don’t You want to give me at least one Drop of Blood as remedy for all my evils?’ And He said to me: “My daughter, in order to give it takes the Will of the One who must Give and the will of the one who must receive; otherwise, if someone wants to give and the other does not want to receive, even though the *First* wants to give, he cannot give. Likewise, if the *First* does not want to give, the other cannot receive. It takes Union of wills. Ah, how many times My Grace is suffocated, and My Blood rejected and trampled upon!” While He was saying this, I saw all people swarming inside the Blood of Sweet Jesus; but many would go out of It, not wanting to remain inside that Blood in which all our Goods and any remedy for our evils were Enclosed.”

V6 – 12.4.04 - ‘Lord, I can take no more, my nature has failed me; I lack the necessary Strength to be able to continue in this state of victim. If You want me to continue, give me the Strength, otherwise I quit.’ While I was saying this, a Fountain of Blood gushed out from that Crucifix, toward Heaven, and falling back over the earth It converted into Fire.

V6 – 4.20.05 - As I was in my usual state, Blessed Jesus came for just a little, almost in the Act of chastising the people, and He told me: “My daughter, creatures lacerate My Flesh, they trample upon My Blood continuously, and I shall permit that their flesh be lacerated and their blood dispersed.”

V6 – 5.26.05 - “My daughter, when the soul is all Mine, I feel a Continuous Murmuring of her being within Me. I feel this Continuous Murmuring of hers flow in My Voice, in My Heart, in My Mind, in My Hands, in My Steps, and even in My Blood.”

V6 – 8.25.05 – “Someone else one day is all fervent, he prays always, to the point of transgressing the duties of his state; but another day he has had an encounter a little disappointing, he feels cold, and he abandons prayer completely, to the point of transgressing the duties of a Christian - the Prayers of Obligation. Is this perhaps My Spirit of Prayer, as I reached the point of Sweating Blood, of feeling the Agony of Death, and yet I never neglected Prayer for one single moment? Certainly not. And so with all the other Virtues.”

V6 – 9.4.05 - Continuing in my usual state, my Adorable Jesus made me see His Most Sacred Humanity, all of His Wounds, His Pains; and from within His Wounds, even from the Drops of His Blood, many Branches came out, loaded with Fruits and Flowers, and it seemed that He communicated His Sufferings to me, as well as all His Branches loaded with Flowers and Fruits.

V6 – 12.15.05 - “My daughter, I wanted to be Crucified and lifted up on the Cross, so that, in whatever way they want Me, souls may find Me. So, someone wants Me as Teacher for he feels the necessity to be instructed, and I lower Myself to teach him both the small things and the Highest and Most Sublime, such as to make of him the Most Learned. Another moans in abandonment, in oblivion; he would like to find a Father, he comes to the Foot of My Cross, and I make Myself Father, giving him a home in My Wounds, My Blood as Drink, My Flesh as Food, and My very Kingdom as Inheritance.”

V7 – 4.25.06 - “My daughter, everything is Yours: My Sufferings and all of Myself - I Give you everything as Gift.” Then He added: “My daughter, how many things creatures do against Me - what a thirst for sins they have, what a thirst for Blood! I would want to do nothing but pour the bowels of the earth inside out and burn them all up.”

V7 – 9.23.06 - At that moment, I came back into myself and I found Him within Me; and as though wanting to give tit for tat, He kept saying: “See, I AM all in you, and all for you.” He seemed to have the Crown of Thorns; He would push it onto His Head, and Blood would come out; and He would repeat: “This Blood I AM shedding for Love of you.” He would show me His Wounds and would add: “These – all for you.”

V8 – 11.21.07 - Continuing in my usual state, I was Uniting myself with Our Lord, making His thought, His Heartbeat, His Breath and all of His Movements One with mine, and then adding the intention of going to all creatures, to give all this to all. And since I was United to Jesus in the Garden of Olives, I also gave to all and to each one, and also to the purging souls, the Drops of His Blood, His Prayers, His Pains and all the Good He Did, so that all the breaths, movements and heartbeats of creatures might be Repaired, Purified, Divinized; and I gave the Fount of all Goods, which are His Pains, as Remedies for all. While I was doing this, Blessed Jesus told me in my interior: “My daughter, with these intentions of Yours, you Wound Me continuously; and since you do them often, one Arrow does not wait for another, and I AM always Wounded again.”

V8 – 9.6.08 - “My daughter, I wanted My Flesh to be scattered in pieces, and My Blood to be shed from My whole Humanity, so as to Reunite all of dispersed humanity. In fact, of all that was torn from My Humanity – Flesh, Blood, Hair – nothing was dispersed in My Resurrection, but everything was Reunited again to My Humanity. By this, I incorporated all creatures within Me. So, after this, if one wanders away from Me, it is out of his obstinate human will that he tears himself from Me to go out and be lost.”

V9 – 8.2.09 - “My daughter, do not oppress Yourself. When toys are made of wretched matter and they break, one throws them away; but if they were made of Gold or of Diamonds, or of any other Precious Material, one has them fixed, and they always serve to Form the Amusement of the one who has the Good of Possessing them. So you are for Me: a Toy made of Diamonds and

of Purest Gold, because you have My Image in you, and because I paid the Price of My Blood to Purchase you, and you are Adorned with the Likeness of My Sufferings. Therefore, you are not a wretched object that I could throw away; rather, it costs Me very much. You can be tranquil – there is no danger I may throw you away.”

V9 – 10.4.09 - ‘My Jesus, are Your Blood, Your Pains, Your Cross not there for me? I have been so bad, that having trampled them under my feet with my sins, maybe You have exhausted them for me. But, O please!, Forgive me; and if You do not want to Forgive me, leave me Your Divine Will and I shall be Content.

V9 – 11.25.09 - “My daughter, men did nothing but work the Skin of My Humanity, while the Eternal Love Worked all of My Interior. So, in My Agony, the Eternal Love, the Immense Love, the Incalculable Love, the Hidden Love - not men - opened large Wounds in Me, Pierced Me with flaming Nails, Crowned Me with burning Thorns, made Me Drink boiling gall. And My Humanity, unable to contain so many different Martyrdoms at the same time, poured out large Streams of Blood; It Writhed, and reached the point of saying: *‘Father, if it be possible, let this Chalice pass from Me; yet, not My will, but Yours be done’* - that It did not say in the rest of the Passion. “

V9 – 7.4.10 - “My daughter, in a Special Way I wanted to Suffer the Agony in the Garden, in order to help all of the dying to die well. Look well at how My Agony is combined with the Agony of Christians: tediums, sadnesses, anguishes, the Sweat of Blood – I felt the death of all and of each one, as if I were really dying for each one in particular; so I felt the tediums, the sadnesses, the anguishes of each one within Me, and with My own I offered Help, Comfort and Hope to all, so that, as I felt their deaths in Me, they all might receive the Grace to die in Me, as though in One Single Breath - with My Breath, and to be Beatified immediately by My Divinity.”

V9 – 9.3.10 - As I was in my usual state, Blessed Jesus came as a Child; He Kissed me, He Clasped me, He Caressed me, and He returned many times with Kisses and Embraces. I was surprised that Jesus had so exceeded with me, most miserable one, being with me amid Kisses and Embraces. I returned them, but timidly; and Jesus, with a Light that came out from Him, made me comprehend that when He Comes it is always a Great Good - not only for me, but for the whole world, because by Loving one soul and Pouring Himself out with her, He comes to regard the whole of humanity. In fact, in that soul there are many Bonds that Unite everyone: Bonds of Likeness, Bonds of Paternity and Sonship, Bonds of Brotherhood, Bonds of having all come out and been Created by His Hands, Bonds of having all been Redeemed by Him, and because of this He sees us Marked with His Blood.

V10 – 11.12.10 - I was thinking about Blessed Jesus when He was carrying the Cross to Calvary, especially when He met with Veronica, who offered Him a piece of Cloth so that He might dry His Face, all dripping with Blood. And I said to my Lovable Jesus: ‘my Love, Jesus, Heart of my Heart, if Veronica offered You a Cloth, I don’t want to offer You little Cloths to dry Your Blood, but I offer You my heart, my continuous heartbeat, all my Love, my little intelligence, my breath, the circulation of my blood, my movements – all of my being to dry Your Blood; and not only from Your Face, but from all of Your Most Holy Humanity. I intend to tear myself into as

many pieces for as many as are Your Wounds, Your Sorrows, Your Bitternesses, the Drops of the Blood You shed, so as to place on all of Your Sufferings, on some my Love, on some a relief, on some a Kiss, on some a Reparation, on some an act of compassion, on some a thanksgiving, etc. I do not want any little particle of my being, any drop of my blood, to be left without occupying itself with You. And do You Know, O Jesus, what I want as recompense? That in all of the tiniest particles of my being You Impress and Seal Your Image, so that, in finding You in everything and everywhere, I may Multiply my Love...'; and so forth with all the other nonsense I said.

V10 – 6.21.11 - “My daughter, Love Acted Powerfully in My Mother. Love Consumed Her completely in Me, in My Wounds, in My Blood, in My very Death, and It made Her die in My Love.”

V11 – 11.1.12 - Being very afflicted because of the privation of my Adorable Jesus, I was Praying and Repairing for all. But at the extreme of my bitterness, I turned the thought to myself and I said: ‘Have Mercy on me - Forgive this soul! Your Blood, Your Pains – are they not mine too? Do they perhaps count less for me?’

“...Does it not seem strange to you that one who has formed One Single thing - One Single Will - with Me, asks Me for Mercy, Pardon, Blood, Pains, when I made her the owner together with Me? I do not Know what Mercy, what Pardon to give her, since I gave her everything.”

V11 – 5.9.13 – “...Even the Kisses that My Mama gave Me Enclosed the Kiss of all humanity, returning to Me the Kiss of all creatures. I felt My Sweet Mama everywhere. I felt Her in My Breath; and if it was labored, She would relieve it. I felt Her in My Heart; and if It was embittered, She would Sweeten It. I felt Her in My Step; and if it was tired, She would give Me vigor and rest.... And who can tell you how I felt Her in My Passion? At each lash, at each Thorn, at each Wound, at each Drop of My Blood - I felt Her everywhere, carrying out the Office of My True Mother. Ah, if souls reciprocated Me, if they drew everything from Me - how many Heavens and how many Mothers would I have on earth!”

V11 – 9.21.13 – “Since I contain the Creative Power within Myself, the Prayers, the Steps, the Works I did and the Blood I shed, are in continuous Act of Praying, of Operating, of Walking, etc., just as the sun is in continuous act of giving light. So, My Prayers continue, My Steps are always in the Act of Running after souls; and so with the rest. Otherwise, what great difference would exist between My Operating and that of My Saints?”

V11 – 4.10.14 - This morning my always Lovable Jesus came as Crucified and shared His Pains with me. He drew me so much to Himself, into the Sea of His Passion, that I could almost follow It step by step. But who can say all that I could comprehend? There are so many things that I don't know where to begin. I shall only say that in seeing the Crown of Thorns being torn off of Him, since the Thorns were keeping the Blood from coming all out, as the Crown of Thorns was torn off, that Blood Poured outside through those little holes, flowing over His Face, over His Hair, in large Rivulets, and Descending over the Whole Person of Jesus. And Jesus: “Daughter, these Thorns that prick My Head shall prick the pride, the conceit, the most hidden wounds of

man, so as to make the pus that they contain come out. And the Thorns dipped in My Blood shall Heal him, and shall return to him the Crown that sin had taken away from him.”

V11 – 11.20.14 – “If you let My Divine Will flow as Life within you, My Divine Will shall make My Passion flow within you. So, you shall feel It Flowing in each one of your thoughts, in your mouth - you shall feel your tongue soaked in It, and your word shall come out warm with My Blood, and you shall speak eloquently about My Pains. Your heart shall be filled with My Pains, and in each of its outpourings, it shall bring the Mark of My Passion to your whole being; and I shall keep repeating to you, always: ‘Here is My Life, here is My Life.’ I shall Delight in giving you Surprises, Narrating to you now one Pain, now Another, that you have not yet heard or understood. Aren’t you Happy?”

V11 – 12.17.14 - “My daughter, you too can form hosts and Consecrate them. Do you see the Garment that covers Me in the Sacrament? These are the accidents of the bread with which the Host is formed. The Life that exists in this Host is My Body, My Blood and My Divinity. The attitude that contains this Life is My Supreme Will, and this Supreme Will carries out the Love, the Reparation, the Immolation, and all the rest that I do in the Sacrament, that never moves one point from My Volition. There is nothing that comes from Me that is not led by My Volition.”

V11 – 9.18.15 – “Therefore, Live in My Divine Will and fear nothing. Even more, in these times of human carnage, I want you not only to Live in My Divine Will, but to Live also among your brothers - between Me and them. You shall hold Me tightly within yourself, sheltered from the offenses that creatures send Me; and as I give you My Humanity and what I Suffered as Gift, while keeping Me sheltered, you shall give to your brothers My Blood, My Wounds, My Thorns and My Merits for their Salvation.”

V11 – 9.14.15 - “My daughter, My Passion, My Wounds, My Blood, everything I did and Suffered, are in Continuous Act in the midst of souls, as if I were Operating and Suffering at this very moment. They serve Me as Props on which I can lean, and as Props on which souls can lean so as not to fall into sin, and be Saved. Now, during these times of scourges, I AM like someone Who Lives up in the air, with no ground underneath, and amid continuous blows: Justice Knocks Me from Heaven, and creatures, through sin, from the earth.

Now, the more the soul remains around Me, Kissing My Wounds, Repairing Me, offering My Blood - in a word, Re-doing, herself, what I Did during the Course of My Life and Passion - the more Props she Forms so that I can lean on them and not fall, and the larger the circle becomes in which souls find Support so as not to fall into sin, and be Saved. Do not get tired, My daughter, of being around Me, and of going over My Wounds, over and over again. I Myself shall administer to you the thoughts, the affections, the words, so that you may remain around Me.”

V11 – 11.1.15 - Then, coming back, He showed His Most Holy Humanity beaten up, Wounded, Dislocated - all Blood. I remained horrified, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, look - I keep within Me all the poor wounded ones who are under the bullets, and I Suffer together with them. I want that you too take part in these Pains for their Salvation.”

V11 – 11.11.15 - “My daughter, in Issuing the creature, My Divinity remained as though Wounded by My own Love for Love of the creature. This Wound made Me come down from Heaven to earth, and Cry, and Shed My Blood, and Do all that I Did.

Now, the soul who Lives in My Divine Will feels this Wound of Mine vividly, as if it were her own. She cries and prays, and would suffer anything to save the poor creature, and so that My Wound of Love may not be exacerbated by the offenses of creatures.”

V11 – 4.23.16 - “My daughter, each Pain I Suffered, each Drop of Blood, each Wound, Prayer, Word, Action, Step, etc., produced a Light within My Humanity, that Embellished Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed Enraptured. Now, at each thought that the soul has about My Passion, at each Act of Compassion, Reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw Light from My Humanity, and be Embellished in My Likeness. So, each additional thought about My Passion shall be one more Light that shall bring her Eternal Joy.”

V11 – 6.4.16 - “My daughter, it is their very bitternesses that Divine Justice is Pouring upon the peoples. I wanted to Pour them in you *First*, in order to spare some points, to make you content; and what was left I Poured upon them. My Justice demands satisfaction.” And I: ‘my Love and my Life, I Know little about Justice; if I pray to You, it is for Mercy. I make appeal to Your Love, to Your Wounds, to Your Blood. After all, they are always Your children, Your Dear Images. Poor brothers of mine, how shall they go on?’

V11 – 6.15.16 - “The Most Powerful Prayers over the Heart of My Son, and those that move Him the Most, are for the creature to Clothe herself with everything He Himself did and Suffered, since He gave everything as Gift to the creature. Therefore, My daughter, surround your head with the Thorns of Jesus, bead your eyes with His Tears, impregnate your tongue with His Bitterness, Clothe your soul with His Blood, adorn yourself with His Wounds, pierce your hands and feet with His Nails, and like another Christ present Yourself before His Divine Majesty. This sight shall Move Him in such a way that He shall not be able to deny anything to the soul who is Clothed with His own Insignia. “

V11 – 10.13.16 - I was doing the *Hours of the Passion*, and Blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, in the course of My mortal Life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the Cortège of My Humanity, gathering everything I did – My Steps, My Works, My Words, and even My Sighs, My Pains, the Drops of My Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of My Custody, and of paying Me Honor; Obedient to My every Wish, they would Rise to and Descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a Special Office, and as the soul remembers My Life, My Passion, My Blood, My Wounds, My Prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they Unite them to Mine, and they bring them before My Majesty to Renew for Me the Glory of My own Life. The Delight of the Angels is So Great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what Attention and Respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says.”

V11 – 2.2.17 - As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always Lovable Jesus, all dripping with Blood, with a horrible Crown of Thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the Thorns.

“...This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What shall happen to this child and to this disciple? They shall be the sorrow of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah! man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with Tears of Blood!”

V12 – 5.12.17 – “With more reason, I would say to one who doubts about My Love, and feared that she might be lost: ‘How is this? I Give you My Flesh for Food, you Live completely of My own. If you are ill, I Heal you with the Sacraments; if you are stained, I Wash you with My Blood. I can say that I AM almost at Your disposal - and you doubt? Do you want to sadden Me?’”

V12 – 5.16.17 - And He: “These *Hours* are the order of the Universe; they put Heaven and earth in Harmony, and hold Me back from sending the world to ruin. I feel My Blood, My Wounds, My Love, and everything I Did, being placed in circulation; and they Flow over all in order to save all. And as souls do these *Hours of the Passion*, I feel My Blood, My Wounds, My Yearnings to save souls, being put on the Way, and I feel My Life being repeated. How could creatures obtain any Good if not by means of these *Hours*? Why do you doubt? This thing is not yours, but Mine. You have been the strained and weak instrument.”

V12 – 10.4.17 - “How much Love! How much Love! See, as I Suffered, and Pain remained in Me, I would say: ‘My Pain, go, run, run - go in search of man. Help him, and may My Pains be the Strength of his.’ As I shed My Blood, I would say to each Drop: ‘Run, run - save man for Me. And if he is dead, give him Life, but Divine Life. And if he escapes, run after him, besiege him from all sides, confound him with Love until he surrenders.’”

V12 – 12.30.17 - ‘Placate Yourself, Oh Jesus! Look at us within Yourself, as the Fruit of Your Blood, of Your Wounds, and change the scourges into Graces.’”

V12 – 7.12.18 - “My daughter, why do you fear? Don’t you Know that for each word on My Passion, for each thought, compassion, reparation, memory of My Pains, as many Ways of Electricity of Communication open between Me and the soul, and therefore the soul keeps Adorning herself with as many Varieties of Beauties? She has done the *Hours of My Passion*, and I shall receive her as daughter of My Passion, Clothed with My Blood and Adorned with My Wounds. This Flower has grown inside your heart, and I Bless it and receive it in My Heart as a Favorite Flower.”

V12 – 8.1.19 - I go on amidst privations and anxieties, and I often lament to my Sweet Jesus. And He came; and drawing close to me, He clasped me to His Heart and told me: “Drink from My Side.” I drank the Most Holy Blood that came out from the Wound of His Heart. How Happy I was! But Jesus, not Content with letting me Drink the *First time*, told me to Drink a *Second*

time, and then a *Third*. I remained amazed at His Goodness - that, without my asking, He Himself wanted me to Drink.

Then He added: “My daughter, every time you remember that you are without Me and you suffer, your heart remains Wounded with a Divine Wound that, being Divine, has the Virtue of being Reflected in My Heart and of Wounding It. This Wound is Sweet - it is Balm to My Heart, and I use it to Soothe Myself from the cruel wounds that creatures give Me – of the neglect of Me, of the scorns that they give Me, reaching the point of forgetting about Me. So, if the soul feels cold, dry, distracted, and she feels pain from this because of Me, she remains Wounded, and she Wounds Me - and I feel relieved.”

V12 – 11.15.18 - “My daughter, one who thinks only of Repairing Me and of Saving souls, Lives at the expense of My Sanctity. In seeing that the soul wants nothing other than to Repair Me, and Echoing My Enflamed Heartbeat, she asks Me for souls, I see in her the Characteristics of My Humanity; and taken by folly toward her, I make her Live at the expense of My Sanctity, of My Desires, of My Love, at the expense of My Strength, of My Blood, of My Wounds, etc.”

V12 – 11.29.18 - Then, afterwards, my Lovable Jesus spent some time with me, and it seemed that He was dipping the point of His Finger in His Most Precious Blood, and would pass it over my forehead, my eyes, my mouth, my heart; and then He Kissed me. In seeing Him so Affectionate and Sweet, I tried to suckle from His Mouth the Bitternesses that His Heart contained, as I used to do before.

V12 – 1.2.19 - “My daughter, My Humanity, under the blows of the Scourges, was silent. And not only was My Mouth silent, but everything was silent in Me: Esteem, Glory, Power, Honor, were silent. But in a mute language, and Eloquently, Spoke My Patience, the Humiliation, My Wounds, My Blood, the Annihilation of My Being, almost to dust. And My Ardent Love for the Salvation of souls placed an Echo on all My Pains. “

V12 – 1.27.19 - As I was in my usual state, my always Lovable Jesus, on Coming, made me see His Adorable Heart, all Full of Wounds, from which Rivers of Blood gushed out. And, all Sorrowful, He told me: “My daughter, among the many Wounds that My Heart contains, there are *Three Wounds* that give Me mortal Pains and such Bitterness of Sorrow as to surpass all the other Wounds together. These are the Pains of My Loving souls. “

V12 – 1.29.19 – “This is why I Chose you as the Second Link of Connection with My Humanity, forming One Single Link with Mine, Living in My Volition, Repeating My very Acts. Otherwise, on this Side My Love would remain without Outpouring, without Glory on the part of creatures for what My Divinity Operated in My Humanity, and without the Perfect Purpose of Creation, that Must be Enclosed and Perfected in My Divine Will. It would be as if I had Shed all My Blood, Suffered so much, and no one had Known it. Who would have Loved Me? Which heart would be shaken? No one; and therefore in no one would I have had My Fruits, the Glory of Redemption.”

V12 – 3.14.19 - And he (Luisa’s late confessor said to her): “You Immersed yourself in the Divine Volition, and took Its Power, the Immensity of Its Love, the Immense Value of the Pains

of the Son of God and of all the Divine Qualities. You came over me and poured them upon me; and as you poured them, I received the Bath of the Love that the Divine Power contains, the Bath of the Beauty, the Bath of the Blood of Jesus, and of all the Divine Qualities. Who can tell you the Good you did to me? They were all Baths that contained a Divine Power and Immensity. Repeat it for me - repeat it for me.”

V12 – 3.18.19 – “So, My little Humanity, as It was Conceived, began to Suffer alternations of Pains and Deaths, and all souls swam within Me as if inside an Immense Sea, Forming the members of My Members, the Blood of My Blood, the Heart of My Heart.”

V12 – 4.19.19 - “My daughter, My Humanity was the Sole Organ that Reordered the Harmony between Creator and creature. I Did for each soul all that they were obliged to do toward their Creator, not excluding even the very lost souls, because for all Created things I was to Give to the Father Complete Glory, Love and Satisfaction. With this difference only: that for the souls who somehow fulfill their duties toward the Creator – as almost no one arrives at satisfying them all - their Glory Unites to Mine, and everything they do remains as though Grafted in Mine; while the lost ones remain as though parched members that, lacking the vital humors, are not fit for receiving any Graft of the Good I have Done for them, but are only fit for burning in the eternal fire. So, My Humanity Restored the lost Harmony between creatures and Creator, and Sealed it at the Price of Blood and Unheard-of Pains.”

V12 – 12.6.19 - Now, I remember that one night I was doing the Adoration to my Crucified Jesus, and was saying to Him: ‘My Love, in Your Divine Will I find all generations; and I, in the name of the whole human family, Adore You, Kiss You, Repair You for all. Your Wounds, Your Blood, I give to all, so that all may find their salvation. And if the lost souls can no longer Benefit from Your Most Holy Blood, nor Love You, I myself take It for them, so as to do, myself, what they should do. I do not want Your Love to remain defrauded in anything on the part of creatures. I want to make up, Repair You, Love You for all, from the *First* to the last man.’

V12 – 1.17.21 – “So, there is nothing in Redemption that does not contain the Imprint of the ‘*Fiat Mihi*’ of My Mama. Even My very Humanity, My Steps, the Works, the Words, were Sealed by Her ‘*Fiat Mihi*.’ My Pains, the Wounds, the Thorns, the Cross, My Blood, had the Imprint of Her ‘*Fiat Mihi*’, because things carry the Imprint of the Origin from which they came out.”

V12 – 2.21.22 - After this, He added: “Let us say ‘*Fiat*’ Together.” And everything - Heaven and earth - was Filled with Adorations to the Supreme Majesty. And, again, He repeated: “*Fiat*”, and the Blood, the Wounds, the Pains of Jesus, Arose and Multiplied to Infinity.

V13 – 9.28.21 - “My daughter, I AM Eternal Light, and everything that comes out of Me is Light. So, it is not just My Heartbeat that unleashes Light, but each one of My Thoughts, Breaths, Words, Steps, each Drop of My Blood, are Light that is unleashed from Me, and Diffusing in the midst of all creatures, They take Their Place as Life of each one of them, wanting the Requital of their little lights.”

V13 – 10.21.21 - “My daughter, every time the soul thinks about My Passion, remembers what I Suffered, or compassionates Me, the application of My Pains is Renewed in her; My Blood Rises

to Inundate her, and My Wounds place Themselves on the Way to Heal her if she is wounded, or to Embellish her if she is healthy – and all My Merits, to Enrich her.

“...My Pains, My Wounds, My Blood, are Strength that removes weaknesses, Light that gives Sight to the blind, Tongue that Loosens the tongues and Opens the hearing, Way that Straightens the crippled, Life that Raises the cadavers. All the Remedies that are needed for the whole of humanity are in My Life and Passion.”

V13 – 1.3.22 – “And just as My Love immediately prepared the Remedy to Save man, Descending from Heaven by becoming Man, so this soul who Lives in My Divine Will, by giving herself back to the Beginning, to her Eternal Origin from which she came, even before My Humanity was Formed already Kissed and Adored My Blood, My Wounds; she Honored My Steps, My Works, and Formed a worthy Cortege to My Humanity.”

V13 – 1.28.22 - “My Humanity, while on earth, saw Itself as very narrow before the Divinity; and since It was Inseparable from the Divinity, I did nothing but Enter into the Immensity of the Eternal Will and Open many Founts for the Good of creatures. In fact, since they were Opened by a Man-God, I gave the human family the Right to draw near these Founts, and take whatever they wanted. So, I Formed the Fount of Love, that of Prayer, another of Reparation, the Fount of Forgiveness, that of My Blood, another of Glory.”

V14 – 2.9.22 – “Not only does sin take Beauty away, but it forms deep wounds, rotten and gangrenous, that corrode the most intimate parts; they consume his vital humors, so everything he does are dead works - skeletal. They snatch from him the Nobility of his Origin, the Light of his Reason - and he becomes blind. And I, in order to fill the depth of his wounds, let My Flesh be torn to shreds; I reduced all of Myself to a Wound, and by shedding Blood in Rivers, I made the Vital Humors Flow in his soul, so as to give Life back to him again. Ah! Had I not had the Fount of the Life of My Divinity within Me, which, as My Humanity died at each Pain that they gave Me, substituted My Life, I would have died from the very beginning of My Passion.

Now, My Pains, My Blood, My Flesh that fell off in shreds, are always in Act of Giving Life to man; but man rejects My Blood so as not to receive Life; he tramples My Flesh so as to remain Wounded. Oh! how I feel the weight of ingratitude.”

V14 – 2.24.22 – “So, when I felt the Cross upon My Shoulders, I felt the Softness, the Sweetness, of the Cross of the souls who would Suffer in My Divine Will. Ah! My Heart heaved a sigh of Relief, and the Softness of the Crosses of these souls made the Cross adapt to My Shoulders, sinking so deep as to give Me a deep Wound; and although it gave Me sharp Pain, I also felt the Softness and the Sweetness of the souls who would Suffer in My Divine Will. And since My Divine Will is Eternal, their suffering, their reparations, their acts, ran within each Drop of My Blood, in each Wound, in each offense.”

V14 – 2.26.22 – “Now, My Redemption Ransomed the creature from sin, and My Humanity Acted just like a tender mother with her newborn: since he can take no other food, in order to give life to her baby, she opens her breast and attaches her baby to it; and from her own blood, converted into milk, she administers to him the nourishment to give him life. More than mother, My Humanity let many holes be opened in Itself by Blows of Lash, almost like many Breasts,

that sent out Rivers of Blood, so that My children, by attaching themselves to Them, might suckle the Nourishment to receive Life and Develop their Growth. And with My Wounds I Covered their deformities, rendering them more Beautiful than before; and if in Creating them I made them like Clearest and Noble heavens, in Redemption I Adorned them, studding them with the Most Refulgent Stars of My Wounds so as to Cover their ugliness and render them more Beautiful. To their wounds and deformities I attached the Diamonds, the Pearls, the Gems of My Pains in order to hide all their evils and Clothe them with such Magnificence as to surpass the State of their Origin.

This is why, with Reason, the Church says: ‘Happy fault’ - because with sin came Redemption; and My Humanity not only Nourished them with Its Blood, but Clothed them with Its own Person, and Adorned them with Its own Beauty. But now My Breasts are always Full to Nourish My children. What shall not be the condemnation for those who do not want to attach themselves to them to receive Life and Grow, and to have their deformities covered?”

V14 – 3.1.22 - I was very afflicted because of the privation of my Sweet Jesus. Then, after much struggling, He came, and from His Wounds He made His Blood Flow over my breast, around my neck; and as those drops of Blood fell upon me, many Brightest Rubies were Formed, that Formed the Most Beautiful of Ornaments. And Jesus looked at me and told me: “My daughter, how well does the Necklace of My Blood suit you - how It Embellishes you. Look - you Yourself, look how Beautiful It makes you appear.”

V14 – 3.10.22 - “My daughter, everything that one does in My Divine Will is like Sun that Diffuses to all; and as one prays in My Divine Will, offering My Blood, My Pains, My Wounds, these convert into as many Rays of Light that Diffuse to all. They Descend rapidly into the deepest prison of Purgatory and convert their Pains and darkness into Light.”

V14 – 3.18.22 – “My Love is Operative - it cannot be without Operating. Therefore, for all and for each one I prepared what is needed in order to Rehabilitate him, to Heal him, to Embellish him Anew. I did everything so that, if he makes up his mind, he may find everything ready and at his disposal. So I keep My Chains ready to Burn up his own; the shreds of My Flesh to Cover his wounds and Adorn him with Beauty; My Blood to Give him Life again - I have everything ready. I keep what is needed in store for each one; but My Love wants to Give Itself - It wants to Operate. I feel a restlessness, an Irresistible Force that gives Me no Peace if I do not Give. And do you Know what I Do? When I see that no one takes, I concentrate My Chains, the Shreds of My Flesh, My Blood, in one who wants Them and who Loves Me, and I Stud him with Beauty, Bejeweling him all over with the Chains of My Love; I increase a hundredfold the Life of Grace for him, and so My Love Pours Itself out and Calms Itself.” But while He was saying this, I saw His Chains, the Shreds of His Flesh, His Blood, Running onto me; and He Amused Himself in applying Them on me and in Bejeweling me all over.”

V14 – 6.9.22 – “And while they are the ones who do not Love Me, they think that I AM severe and almost a Being that strikes fear; while by just taking a look at My Life, they can but notice that I did only One Act of Justice – when, in order to Defend the House of My Father, I took the ropes and snapped them to the right and to the left, to drive out the profaners. Everything else,

then, was all Mercy: Mercy My Conception, My Birth, My Words, My Works, My Steps, the Blood I Shed, My Pains - everything in Me was Merciful Love. Yet, they fear Me, while they should fear themselves more than Me.”

V14 – 6.11.22 – “Now let us come to the True Spiritual Life. It is Conceived in My Womb; My Blood, My Love and My Breath Form It. Then I Feed It at My Breast; I Swaddle It with My Graces. Then I move on to make It Walk with My Truths.”

V14 – 6.15.22 – “This is why, from the *First* moment of My Conception, the Power of My Divine Will Formed as many Conceptions for as many creatures as would come into existence. It Multiplied My Words, Thoughts, Works, Steps, and Extended Them from the *first* to the *last* man. The Power of the Eternal Volition converted My Blood, My Pains, into Immense Seas of which all could avail themselves. If it wasn’t for the Prodigy of the Supreme Will, My very Redemption would have been individual, circumscribed, and only for a few generations.”

V14 – 7.24.22 - I don’t Know how, I felt as if the weight of all was leaning on my shoulders. I saw my unworthiness and weakness, and I felt such repugnance as to feel faint, to the point that Blessed Jesus, having compassion for me, took me in His Arms and pressed me to His Heart, letting me place my mouth at the opening of the Wound that Pierced Him, saying to me: “Drink, My daughter, the Blood that gushes forth from this Wound, that you may receive the Strength that you lack. Courage, do not fear, I shall be with you; we shall share together all the weight, the work, the pains and the deaths.”

V14 – 9.11.22 – “And do you want to Know where this seed of My Divine Will was Sown? In My Humanity. In It, it Germinated, was Born and Grew. So, this Seed can be seen in My Wounds, in My Blood, wanting to be Transplanted into the creature, so that she may take Possession of My Divine Will and I of hers, and so that the work of Creation may return to the Origin, just as It came out, not only by means of My Humanity, but also of the creature herself.”

V14 – 9.24.22 - “My daughter, cover Me and warm Me, for I AM cold. See, the creature, by sin, had stripped herself of all Goods, and I wanted to Form for her a more Beautiful Garment, Weaving It with My Works, Pearling It with My Blood, and Adorning It with My Wounds. But what is not My Sorrow in seeing this Garment, so Beautiful, being rejected, as she contents herself with remaining naked? And I feel stripped in them, and I feel their cold. Therefore Clothe Me, for I need it.”

V14 – 10.27.22 – “This is My usual Way: *First* I Fecundate My Works, I Form them within Me, and at the appropriate time I put them out. Even more, *You Must Know* that My Humanity contained *Two generations* within Itself: the children of darkness and the Children of Light. The *First* I came to Ransom, and so I gave out My Blood in order to place them in Safety.”

V14 – 11.20.22 - I was thinking of how my Sweet Jesus, when He was in the Garden, Suffered many Pains, but not on the part of creatures, since He was alone, or rather, abandoned by all - but on the part of His Eternal Father. There were Currents of Love between Him and the Celestial Father, and all creatures were placed in these Currents, in which there was all the Love of a God for each one of them, and all the Love that each of them owed God. And since this was missing,

He arrived at Suffering such Pains as to surpass all other Pains, to the point of Sweating Living Blood. And my Sweet Jesus, pressing me to His Heart to be relieved, told me: “My daughter, the Pains of Love are the Most excruciating. See, in these Currents of Love between Me and My Father there is all the Love that all creatures owed Me, and therefore there is betrayed Love, denied Love, rejected Love, unknown Love, trampled Love, etc. Oh! how piercingly it reaches My Heart, to the point that I feel Myself dying.”

V15 – 3.27.23 - “My daughter, come into My Arms, and deep into My Heart. I have covered Myself with the Eucharistic Veils so as not to strike fear. I have Descended into the deepest abyss of humiliations in this Sacrament in order to Raise the creature up to Me, Identifying her with Me so much as to Form One Single Thing with Me, and, by letting My Sacramental Blood Flow inside her veins, Constitute Myself Life of her heartbeat, of her thought, and of her whole being. My Love Devoured Me and wanted to Devour the creature in My Flames, to make her be Reborn as another Me. This is why I wanted to hide Myself under these Eucharistic veils and, so hidden, enter into her to Form this Transformation of the creature into Myself.”

V15 – 4.25.23 – “Besides, man was a slave, imprisoned by his own sins, infirm, covered with wounds - the most repugnant; and I came as a Loving Father to Shed My Blood in order to Rescue him, as a Doctor to Heal him, as a Teacher to Teach him the Way, the Escape, so as not to fall into hell.”

V15 – 4.28.23 – “Therefore, after having obtained the *Second Purpose*, I want to secure the *First* one – that My Divine Will be Done on earth as It is in Heaven, and that man, who had gone out of My Divine Will, Enter into Mine once again. And in order to obtain this, I Give to this *First* creature all My Merits, all My Works and Steps, My Palpitating Heart, My Wounds, My Blood - the Whole of My Humanity, to Dispose her, to Prepare her, to let her Enter into My Divine Will. In fact, *First* she must take the Complete Fruit of My Redemption, and then, as though in Triumph, Enter the Possession of the Immense Sea of My Supreme Will. I do not want her to Enter as a stranger, but as a daughter; not as poor, but as Rich; not as ugly, but as Beautiful, as if she were another Me. Therefore, I want to Centralize the Whole of My Life in you.” And while He was saying this, it was as if many Seas were Coming out of Him, that Poured upon me, and I remained inside of them, sunken; and at the same time, a Sun, beating down with Its Light, receiving the Complete Fruit of Redemption in order to be able to give the Complete Fruit of Its Divine Will to the creature. It was the Sun of the Eternal Volition, that Celebrated the Entrance of the human will into Its own. And Jesus: “This Divine Will of Mine Grew within My Humanity like a Flower, that I Transplanted from Heaven into the True Eden of My terrestrial Humanity. It Germinated in My Blood, it Bloomed from My Wounds, to make of it the Greatest Gift to the creature. Don’t you want to receive It?”

V15 – 6.21.23 - Then, after this, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw as if contagious diseases were to come, and many were carried to leper hospitals. A general fright was reigning, and many other maladies of new kinds. But I hope that Jesus may want to Placate Himself by the Merits of His Most Precious Blood.

V15 – 7.5.23 – “And when, wanting to scrutinize Me also, Pilate asked Me: “Are you a King? And where is Your Kingdom?”, I wanted to give another Sublime Lesson by saying: “I AM King”. And I wanted to say: “But do you Know what My Kingdom is? My Kingdom is My Pains, My Blood, My Virtues. This is the True Kingdom that I Possess, not outside of Me, but within Me. What one Possesses on the outside is not a True Kingdom, nor a safe Dominion, because that which is not inside of man can be taken away, usurped, and he shall be forced to leave it. But that which he has inside, no one shall be able to take away from him - its Dominion shall be Eternal within him. The Characteristics of My Kingdom are My Wounds, the Thorns, the Cross. In It I do not Act like the other kings who make their peoples Live outside of them, unsafe, and eventually, even starving. Not I - I Call My peoples to Dwell inside the Rooms of My Wounds, Fortified and Defended by My Pains, their thirst Quenched by My Blood, their hunger Satisfied by My Flesh. This alone is True Reigning; all other reigns are reigns of slavery, of dangers and of death, while in My Kingdom there is True Life.”

V16 – 11.5.23 - “My daughter, do I perhaps not Live in the Sacramental Host, Alive and Real, in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? And why do I Live in the Host in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? Because there is not a human will that opposes Mine. If I found in the Host a human will opposed to Mine, I would Form neither Real nor Perennial Life in it.”

V16 – 11.10.23 – “Between two little ones I was to Enclose the Purpose of the Creation of man - I was to realize My Designs upon him: through one, I was to Redeem him, Wash him of his ugliness with My Blood, and Give him Forgiveness; through the other one, I was to Make him return to his Beginning, to his Origin, to the lost Nobility, to the Bonds of My Divine Will broken by him, admitting him once again to the Smile of My Eternal Will, Kissing each other and Live one within the other.”

V16 – 11.15.23 – “And besides, the creature had profaned her taste with her own human will; she had caused the breath of her soul to stink with so many ugly things as to be disgusting to Me. She had reached the point of having a taste for the most revolting things, to the point of letting a rotten fluid flow over the *Three Powers* of her soul, such that her Nobility could no longer be recognized. Therefore, *First* I had to take care of all this with My Redemption, giving her all the Remedies, giving all these evils the Bath of My Blood in order to Wash them.”

V16 – 12.8.23 - I was thinking about the Immaculate Conception of my Queen Mama, and after I received Holy Communion, my always Lovable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior as though inside a room, that was all Light. In this Light He showed everything He had done during the Course of His Life. One could see, lined up in order, all His Merits, His Works, His Pains, His Wounds, His Blood - everything that the Life of a Man and God contained, as though in the Act of Preserving a soul so very dear to Him from the slightest evil that could possibly shadow Her. I was amazed at seeing so much Attention of Jesus, and He said to me: “To My little Newborn I want to Make Known the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, Conceived without sin.

First You Must Know that My Divinity is One Single Act; all Acts Concentrate into a Single One. This is What it Means to be God – the Greatest Portent of Our Divine Essence: not to be

subject to succession of acts. And if to the creature it seems that We do now something, and now something else, it is, rather, that We Make Known what is present in that Single Act; in fact, since the creature is incapable of knowing it all at once, We Make it Known little by little. Now, everything that I, Eternal Word, was to do in My assumed Humanity Formed One Single Act with that Single Act that My Divinity contains. Therefore, before this Noble creature was Conceived, everything that the Eternal Word was to do upon earth already existed; and so, in the Act in which this Virgin was Conceived, all My Merits, My Pains, My Blood - everything that the Life of a Man and God contained, lined up around Her Conception, and She was Conceived in the Endless Abysses of My Merits, of My Divine Blood, and in the Immense Sea of My Pains. By Virtue of them, She remained Immaculate, Beautiful and Pure; My Incalculable Merits barred the enemy's way, and he could do no harm to Her."

V16 – 1.14.24 – “Therefore, My daughter, before being tied to the pillar to be Scourged, I wanted to be stripped in order to Suffer and Repair for the nakedness of man when he stripped himself of the Royal Garment of My Divine Will. I felt such confusion and Pain within Me in seeing Myself stripped in the midst of enemies who were mocking Me, that I Cried over the nakedness of man and I offered My Nakedness to My Celestial Father, so that man might be Clothed once again with the Royal Garment of My Divine Will. And as Ransom, so that this would not be denied to Me, I offered My Blood, My Flesh torn to shreds, and I let Myself be stripped not only of My Garments, but also of My Skin, to be able to pay the price and satisfy for the crime of this nakedness of man. I Poured out so much Blood in this Mystery, that in no other did I Pour so much – so much as to be enough to Cover him with a *Second Garment*, a Garment of Blood, so as to Cover him again, and then Warm him and Wash him, to Dispose him to receive the Royal Garment of My Divine Will.”

V16 – 3.2.24 - “My daughter, the whole Creation was Created so that all would do My Divine Will. The Life of creatures was to Flow within My Divine Will like the blood flows in the veins.

“...Now, who is first in that family - who receives his place of Honor close to the father? Is it perhaps not the one who came last? So, My daughter, only those who shall have preserved intact within themselves the Purpose of Creation shall be My True Legitimate Children. By doing My Divine Will, they have Preserved within themselves the Pure Blood of their Celestial Father, Who has given them all the Features of His Likeness, and therefore it shall be very easy to recognize them as Our Legitimate Children. Our Divine Will shall Preserve them Noble, Pure, Fresh, all Love for the One Who Created them. And as Our Children, who have always been in Our Divine Will, and who have never given Life to their own, they shall be as though the *First* to be Created by Us, giving Us the Glory and the Honor of the Purpose for which all things were Created. This is why the world cannot end: We are waiting for the Generation of Our Children who, by Living in Our Divine Will, shall give Us the Glory of Our Works. These shall have My Divine Will Alone as Life; it shall be so very natural in them to do the Divine Will - Spontaneous, Effortless, just as natural is the heartbeat, the breathing, the blood circulation.”

V17 – 7.1.24 – How Beautiful and Touching it was to hear Jesus Pray! And since I was accompanying Him in the Sorrowful Mystery of His Scourging, He made Himself seen Deluging Blood, and I heard Him say: “My Father, I offer You this Blood of Mine. Oh please! let It Cover

all the intelligences of creatures, rendering all their evil thoughts vain, dampening the fire of their passions, and making Holy intelligences *Rise Again*. May this Blood cover their eyes and be a veil to their sight, so that the taste for evil pleasures may not enter into them, and they may not dirty themselves with the mud of the earth. May this Blood of Mine Cover and Fill their mouths, and render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all of their bad words. My Father, may this Blood of Mine Cover their hands, and strike in them terror for so many wicked actions. May this Blood Circulate in Our Eternal Will to Cover all, to Defend and be a Defending Weapon for creatures before the Rights of Our Justice.”

V17 – 10.6.24 – “But do you want to Know what this Heartbeat of My Divine Will does in the creature? If she thinks, My Divine Will Runs and Circulates like Blood in the veins of the soul, and gives her the Divine Thought, that she may put aside the human thought and give place to the thought of My Divine Will.”

V17 – 5.17.24 - I go back to my refrain, and I say: ‘I Love You in Your Act of Descending from Heaven; I impress my *‘I Love You’* in Your Act of being Conceived; *‘I Love You’* in the *First Drop* of Blood that was Formed in Your Humanity;”

... My *‘I Love You’* Seals each Drop of the Blood You shed, each Blow You received, each Wound that Formed in Your Body, each Thorn that Pierced Your Head, the Bitter Pains of the Crucifixion, the Words You Pronounced on the Cross.”

V18 – 10.1.25 - I was accompanying the Pains of the Passion of my Sweet Jesus according to my usual way, and I offered the very Privation of Him and the torture it caused me, as attestation of my sorrowful Love, for His Relief and as Compassion for His Pains. Now, while I was doing this, my Beloved Good moved one Arm within my interior, Raising His Right Hand and letting Rivulets of Blood and of Light Flow from His Fingers over my poor soul, that was withered and burned by the Powerful Blowing of His Privation - and with such sadness that Jesus Himself was shaken; and moved to compassion, wanting to cheer me, He said to me: “My daughter, Courage, do not fear. One who Lives in My Divine Will is in the Center of My Humanity, because the Divine Will is in Me like the sun within its sphere: even though the rays invade the earth, it never departs from up high, from its center; it remains always encircled within its sphere, in its majestic throne; and while its light reaches everywhere, dominating everything, everything serves as its footstool, as all await its beneficial light. So was My Divine Will within Me – like Center in the Sphere of My Humanity; and from My Sphere started the Light, reaching everyone and every place. This had been the first act of man - to reject My Supreme Will; therefore it was appropriate for My Humanity to take the *First Step* toward It, Centralizing this Eternal Will within Me, as Center of Life, and bringing It to man once again, through My Life, My Works and Pains, so that he might return to his Creator, placing himself in the Order for which he had been Created.

Do you see, then, My daughter? The soul who Lives in My Divine Will is in the Center of My Humanity, and everything I Did and Suffered is all around her, and for her help. If she is weak, It administers to her My Strength; if shaded, My Blood Washes her and Embellishes her; My Prayers Sustain her; My Arms Hold her tightly and Cover her with My Works. In sum, everything is for her Defense and Help. This is why the thought of My Pains is as though natural in you – because, since you Live in My Divine Will, they surround you like many Clouds of Light

and of Grace. Within the Sphere of My Humanity, My Divine Will placed My Works, My Steps, My Words, My Blood, My Wounds, My Pains, and everything I Did, as though on the Way, in order to Call man and Give him sufficient Aids and Means to Save him and to Make him *Come Back* again into the Womb of My Divine Will.”

V18 – 10.17.25 – “Now, since the Eternal Wisdom has Established that the soul too should have Food, she was assigned the Supreme Will as Delicious Food. So, one who takes this Food is Strong in doing good; she is as though Soaked with Love for her God. This Food increases the Divine Blood in order to Form the Growth of the Life of God within her. Like Sun, it is Reflected in her intelligence, to Make her Know her Creator and be Formed in His Likeness. It puts Liveliness in the whole soul, in order to put all Virtues in Force, and It pushes her to New Works and to Sacrifices Unheard-of. The Food of My Divine Will Gives Itself in every instant, at each breath, at night, during the day, in each thing, and as many times as one wants; nor is there any danger, as with corporal food, that in taking too much of it, it may do harm and even produce illnesses - no, no; rather, the more one takes of it, the more it Fortifies and Raises the soul to the Likeness of her Creator. One can remain with one’s mouth always opened, in the Act of taking this Celestial Food. All the opposite for one who does not take this Food of My Divine Will. For one who does not take It at all, it can be said that she disposes herself to die Eternally. As for one who seldom Feeds herself, she is weak and inconstant in Good, she is cold in Love, she is lacking in Divine Blood, in such a way that the Divine Life grows as though anemic within her.”

V18 – 11.1.25 - Then, I felt exhausted and I could take no more. And my Sweet Jesus, having compassion for me, came out from within my interior, all labored, with His Mouth all Filled with Blood. The Blood was so much that it prevented Him from Speaking; but with His sad Gaze, He asked for my help. Before the Pains of Jesus, I forgot about my own; even more, since He was Present, I had no more pain, and I prayed Him to let us Suffer together. Then, after we Suffered together for a little while, the Blood from His Mouth stopped, and looking at the way I had reduced myself because of His Privation, He Clapsed me to Himself, He Laid Himself within me in order to Fill me with Himself;..”

V18 – 11.5.25 – “...But, do not stop, keep flying, and you shall 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, that 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, that withers them even more.”

V18 – 11.12.25 – “...If that of the Virgin was enough to make Me Descend into the midst of creatures, in order to Make man Rise, My Divine Operating was needed. And so, this is why I Embraced all those acts and I made them My own, I made up for all, I accomplished everything, and for all I placed the Divine Imprint on all the Good acts, from the *first* to the *last* man who is to come upon earth. And this Imprint was made by Me with Unheard-of Pains, and with the shedding of My Blood. And so, like Magnanimous King, I gave to all the Coins with which to Purchase Heaven for themselves. All this had been Established by the Uncreated Wisdom, and not even one Act of all this could be missing in order for Redemption to take place.”

V18 – 1.28.26 - “My daughter, the Primary Purpose of My Coming upon earth was indeed this one – that man would return into the Womb of My Divine Will, as he came out of it when he was Created. But in order to do this, I had to Form, by means of My Humanity, the Root, the Trunk, the Branches, the Leaves, the Flowers, from which the Celestial Fruits of My Divine Will were to come out. No one can have the Fruit without the Tree. This Tree was Watered by My Blood; It was Cultivated by My Pains, by My Sighs and Tears; the Sun that shone upon It was the Sun of My Divine Will alone.”

V19 – 3.28.26 – “...If you could penetrate into each Drop of My Blood, into each one of My Heartbeats, Breaths, Steps, Works, Sorrows and Tears, you would find the Fiat having Primacy in Them, that I longed and asked for, for creatures.”

V19 – 5.23.26 - I was accompanying my Sweet Jesus in His Sorrowful Agony in the Garden, especially when all the weight of our sins unloaded itself upon His Most Holy Humanity, to the point of making Him shed Living Blood. Oh! how I would have wanted to relieve Him from Pains so excruciating.

V19 – 6.6.26 – “My Redemption was to serve to Plant the Tree of My Divine Will that, Watered with My Blood, Cultivated and Hoed with My Sweats and Unheard-of Pains, Fertilized with the Sacraments, *First* would make the Tree Develop, then would Make the Flowers Bloom, and finally would make the Celestial Fruits of My Divine Will Mature.”

V19 – 7.1.26 – “So, My Coming upon earth served to form all this; each one of My Sayings, Works, Pains, Prayers, Examples, Instituted Sacraments, were Ways that I Formed, means of Transportation to let them arrive more quickly, stairs to let them Ascend. It can be said that I gave them the Clothes of My Humanity reddened with My Blood to let them be Clothed decently in this Kingdom of My Divine Will, so Holy, that, in Creation, the Uncreated Wisdom Established to give to man as Inheritance.”

V19 – 7.14.26 – “Each one of My Thoughts, Gazes, Breaths, Heartbeats, each Drop of My Blood, everything – everything Carried the Seal of the Fiat of My Supreme Kingdom.”

V19 – 7.29.26 – “Now, had I come upon earth to Redeem him, one Drop of My Blood, one little Pain of Mine would have been enough to put him in Safety; but since I came not only to Save him, but to give him back My Divine Will, that he had lost, this Divine Will wanted to Descend into all My Pains, into My Tears, into My Sighs and Moans – into everything I Did and Suffered,

in order to Reacquire the Dominion in all and over all human acts, and therefore be able to Form, once again, Its Kingdom in the midst of creatures.”

V20 – 10.17.26 - Then I Descend into everything that my Jesus did in Redemption – in His Tears, in His Baby Moans, in His Works, Steps and Words, in His Pains, in His Wounds, in His Blood, and even in His Death, so that His Tears may Pray that His Fiat Come, His Moans and everything He Did, all in chorus, may supplicate that His Fiat be Known, and that His very Death may Make the Life of His Divine Will Rise again in the creatures.

V20 – 10.24.26 - I feel I would want to overwhelm everything – the smallest and the greatest thing, Heaven and earth, the very Acts of Jesus and Jesus Himself - and force them, so that everything and everyone may say together with me: *“We want the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. We want It Reigning and Dominating in our midst.”* More so, since all want It; the very Acts of Jesus, His Life, His Tears, His Blood, His Wounds, say from within: *“May Our Kingdom Come upon earth”*. And so I Enter into the Act of Jesus, and I repeat along with it: *“May the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat Come soon”*.

“...If you could see inside each one of My Tears, each drop of My Blood, each Pain, and all of My Works, you would find, within them, the Fiat that they were asking for, and how they were directed toward the Kingdom of My Divine Will.”

V20 – 11.19.26 – “This Agony of My Divine Will is so Painful, that My Humanity, that wanted to Suffer it in the Garden of Gethsemani, reached the point of seeking help from My very Apostles - and even that I did not obtain; and the spasm was such that I sweated Living Blood. And feeling Myself succumbing under the enormous weight of the Agony of My Divine Will, so long and terrible, I invoked the Help of My Celestial Father, saying to Him: ‘Father, if it be possible, let this Chalice pass from Me’.”

V20 – 12.8.26 – “But do you Know who tears these Veils to let It Come out to Dominate in her own heart? One who recognizes It in each one of My Acts, and invites It to Come out. She tears the Veil of My Works, she Enters into them, she recognizes the Noble Queen, and she prays It – she presses It to no longer remain hidden; and opening her heart to It, she invites It to enter. She tears the Veil of My Tears, of My Blood, of My Pains, the Veil of the Sacraments, the Veil of My Humanity, and giving her subjection to It, she implores It to no longer remain Veiled, but to make Itself Known as Queen – that It is - in order to take Its Dominion and Form the Children of Its Kingdom.”

V20 – 12.24.26 – “Now, one who does My Divine Will and Lives in It, is a member that belongs to the body of Creation, and therefore she Possesses the Universal Strength of all Created things, excluding not even that of her Creator, because My Divine Will Circulates in the veins of all Creation as more than blood within the body – a Blood that is Pure, Holy, Vivified with Light, and that reaches the point of Spiritualizing the body itself.”

V20 – 2.19.27 – “You fight with Me when, investing everything I Did and Suffered in My Humanity – that is, My Tears, My Most Intimate Pains, My Prayers, My Steps, My Words, and

even the Drops of My Blood – you impress in them Your ‘*I Love You*’, and for each one of My Acts you ask for the Coming of the Kingdom of My Supreme Fiat.”

V22 – 8.21.27 - I saw the Eyes of Jesus everywhere within me, and He told me that those Eyes were tired of looking at the earth, and He was looking for shelter. The Light of the Eyes of Jesus fixed on various points of the earth, and the evils committed in those places were so many that that Light incited Him to destroy them. I prayed Him to spare them, placing His Blood, His Pains, His Life, His Eternal Will before Him; and Jesus, all Goodness, told me: “My daughter, the Power of the Prayers, of the Acts, of the Pains Suffered in My Divine Will is unreachable. While you were praying and suffering, My Blood, My Steps, My Works were Praying, My Pains were being Multiplied and Repeated. So, all that is done in It gives Me the occasion to Repeat again what I Did while being on earth. And this is the Greatest Act in order to placate Divine justice.”

V24 – 4.16.28 – “See, also in Instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Our Fiat Formed the Echo; the Echo Invested the bread and the wine, and Formed in them My Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. That Echo still Resounds in each Host, and so My Sacramental Life is Perpetuated continuously.”

V26 – 7.24.29 – “And therefore, in the time of Its Kingdom, It shall be Present not only in their midst, but inside each one of them as Perennial Life; and in order to come to this, It must be recognized – how It is like Head and Primary Life of each creature; and because this Head is not recognized, Its Strength, Its Sanctity, Its Beauty, does not Flow to the members, nor can It let Its Noble and Divine Blood Flow in their veins, and therefore the Life of Heaven cannot be seen in creatures.”

V28 – 6.2.30 – “To dispose of souls, to Fulfill with one a Design of Mine, with one another, is a Right that I have reserved to Myself alone. And besides, which is greater: to receive Me in the Sacrament every day, to enter into their mouth, descend into their stomach, and maybe even into souls full of passions, in order to communicate My Life, My Blood, to mix It with their blood – or to give a Kiss, an Embrace, to one who Loves Me and Lives only for Me?”

V29 – 4.4.31 - After this, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Fiat, and Blessed Jesus came back with His Heart Open, from which Blood was Pouring; and in that Divine Heart one could see all the Pains of Jesus, that He Suffered in all the parts of His Divine Person, all Centered in the Heart. Even more, in It was the Place and the Origin of all His Pains that, spreading through all of His Most Holy Humanity, Rose back like many Rivulets into His Most Holy Heart, bringing to It the torment that His whole Divine Person Suffered.

V30 – 3.27.32 - “My daughter, My Conception, My Birth, My hidden Life, My Gospel, the Miracles, My Pains, My Tears, My Blood that was shed, My Death, United all together, Formed an Invincible Army in order to accomplish My Redemption. In the same Way, all My Manifestations on My Divine Will, from the *First* to the *last* Word that I shall Speak, must serve to Form the Fierce Army, all of Love, of Invincible Strength, of Irresistible Light, of Transforming Love. They shall cast a Net around the creature, such that, if she wants to get out, she shall be caught inside,…”

V33 – 3.25.34 – “My Hands Generate Works, Wounds, Nails, Blood, Embraces, to constitute Myself Works of each one, Balm to Soothe their Wounds, Nails to Wound them and Purge them, Blood to Wash them, Embraces to Hug them and Carry them in My Arms as though in Triumph. The whole of My Humanity Generates continuously, to Reproduce It in each creature.”

V33 – 5.6.34 – “In order to Heal man My Pains were needed; it took My Death to give him Life; yet, one Tear of Mine, one Sigh of Mine, One Single Drop of My Blood would have been enough to Save all, because everything I Did was Animated by My Supreme Will.”

V33 – 11.5.34 – “Then I came upon earth; but do you Know where I found the little place in which to enclose My Life? In the True Love of the creature. From that time I already saw your Love that, surrounding Me like a Crown, Invested My Whole Humanity and Flowed within My Blood, through each little particle of Me, almost being kneaded with Me. Everything was in Act for Me, and as though Present, and My Tears found the little place in which to pour Themselves; My Love, My Pains, My Life, the Refuge in which to remain safe; and My Death found even the Resurrection within the True Love of the creature; and My Divine Will found Its Kingdom in which to *Reign*.”

V33 – 5.14.35 - I am in the Arms of my Adorable Divine Volition, though Immersed in the Pain of the Privation of my Blessed Jesus. Hours are centuries without Him. What Pain! What a continuous death, with no pity and no mercy. Justly does He punish me, because too ungrateful and uncorresponding have I been. But, Oh please! My Love, hide my miseries inside Your Wounds, Cover me with Your Blood. I Unite my pains to Yours, that they may cry out, together, ‘Pity! Forgiveness!’ over this poor creature. But without You I can endure no more.

But while I was pouring out my sorrow, my Sweet Jesus, moved to Compassion for my long Martyrdom, like flash that escapes made me His short little visit, and told me: “My Blessed daughter, do not become alarmed, My Divine Will places everything in your power, in such a way that you can say: ‘Everything is mine.’ My Pains, My Wounds, My Blood – everything is yours. So, you have no need to ask Me for Them - but take Them, to use Them for your needs.”

V33 – 6.10.35 – “And if you knew how Happy I AM and how My Love is Wounded in hearing you repeat that you want to Love Me! And you Love Me in each Created thing, you Love Me in My Conception, in My Birth, in each of My Baby Tears – I feel them Pearled with your Love; each Pain, each Drop of My Blood – I feel the Life of your Love. And I, to repay you, in each thing I did during My Life down here, I do nothing other than Form Rain of Love for you.”

V33 – 7.8.35 – “Now, *You Must Know* that when I Instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Her (Mary) Divine Fiat was together with Mine, and together We Pronounced the Fiat that the bread and the wine be Transubstantiated into My Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. Ah! just as in being Conceived I wanted Her Fiat, so did I want It in this Solemn Act that gave Origin to My Sacramental Life.”

V33 – 7.21.35 – “But while I was delirious and could endure no more, my always Lovable Jesus came back to His little daughter, making Himself seen with a Wound in His Heart that Poured out Blood and Flames, as though wanting to Cover all souls with His Blood and Burn them with

His Love; and all Goodness, He told me: “My daughter, Courage, Your Jesus is Suffering too, and the Pains that give Me more Suffering are the Most Intimate, that make Me shed Blood and Flames. But My Greatest Pain is the continuous waiting. My Gazes are always Fixed on souls, and I see that one creature has fallen into sin, and I wait and wait for her return to My Heart, to Forgive her; and not seeing her coming, I wait with the Forgiveness in My Hands. That waiting Renews My Pain and forms such torment for Me as to make Me Pour out Blood and Flames from My Pieced Heart. The hours, the days that I wait seem like years to Me. Oh! how hard it is to wait.”

V33 – 10.7.35 – “The Creation serves precisely for this - making the creature Live of My Divine Will; and because she does not, she suffocates this Life of Mine in the Created things. My very Coming upon earth was the Life of My Divine Will that I came to give her. Even more, *You Must Know* that as soon as the soul decides that she wants to Live in My Divine Will, My Most Holy Humanity takes Its place in her; My Blood, like pouring rain, Pours upon her; My Pains, like Impregnable Wall, Surround her, Fortify her, Embellish her in such an Admirable Way as to Captivate this Divine Will of Mine to Live in her. My very Death Forms the Continuous Resurrection of the soul to Live in It. So, the creature feels Regenerated continuously in My Blood, in My Pains, in My Love, and even in My Breath, in which she finds sufficient Grace in order to Live of My Divine Will. In fact, I place everything at her disposal; just as I kept My Most Holy Humanity at the disposal of My Divine Volition, so do I place It inside and outside the creature, to give Life to My Divine Will in her.

Now, until she decides to Live in It, My Blood does not Rain down because it has nothing to Regenerate into Divine; My Pains do not Form the Wall of Defense because the human will forms the continuous collapse of My Works, and renders My Death as though Powerless for her *Rising Again* completely in My Divine Will. And so My Life, My Pains, My Blood, if the soul does not Live of My Divine Will, remain at the door of the human will, waiting with Invincible Patience to Enter, to Assail her from all sides, to give her the Grace of Living of My Divine Will; and unable to Enter, everything remains suffocated in Me – My Blood, My Pains, My Life – and Oh! how I Suffer in seeing that she gives Me no freedom to give her the Good I want. My Love tortures Me; My Pains, My Wounds, My Blood, My Works, like many pitying voices, tell Me constantly: ‘This creature hinders us, she renders us useless and as though Lifeless for her, because she does not want to Live of Divine Will.’ My daughter, how Painful it is to want to do Good, being capable of doing it, and not doing it.”

V34 – 12.8.36 - “I want to Honor My Celestial Mother, I want to Narrate the Story of Her Immaculate Conception. I Alone can Speak of It, because I AM the Author of So Great a Prodigy. Now, My daughter, the *First Act* of this Conception was a Fiat of Ours, Pronounced with such Solemnity and with such Fullness of Graces, as to Enclose everything and everyone. Everything did We Centralize in this Conception of the Virgin; Our Fiat, in which there is no past or future, held the Incarnation of the Word as Present, and made Her to be Conceived and Incarnated within the very Incarnation of Me, Future Redeemer. My Blood, that I was as though in Act of shedding, Watered Her, Embellished Her, Confirmed Her, Fortified Her constantly in a Divine Manner.”

“.... I, Word of the Father, having to Descend from Heaven in order to Incarnate Myself in the Womb of a Virgin, the mere Virginity, and Our having made Her exempt from original sin, was not sufficient to the Sanctity of My Divinity; therefore it was necessary for Our Love and Our Sanctity that this Virgin be Conceived in Me *First*, with all those Prerogatives, Virtues and Beauties that the Life of the Incarnate Word was to Possess; and because of this I was then able to be Conceived in She Who had been Conceived in Me, and in Her I found My Heaven, the Sanctity of My Life, My very Blood that had Generated Her and Watered Her many times.”

V34 – 4.4.37 – “My daughter, you deceive Yourself. More so, since Our Love for her is So Great, that as soon as she gives Us her human will, We Wall the creature up, *First* with a Wall of Light, in such a way that if she wanted to get out, the Light Eclipses her and she does not Know where to move her step, because she finds Light everywhere, and not knowing where to go, she draws back and hides in the Bosom of her Creator. The *Second Wall* is everything that My Humanity did while on earth: My Tears, My Works, Steps and Words, My Pains, My Wounds, My Blood, Form a Wall around this Happy creature to prevent her exit. In fact, My Humanity contains the Secret, the Strength, the Life in order to give Life to one who Lives in the Divine Volition; and do you think that after having obtained the intent of Conquering this human will by dint of Pains, I would let what Costs Me Blood, Life and Death escape from Me?”

V34 – 5.6.37 - I took part in His Pains and died together with Him. His Divine Blood was Flowing, His Wounds were open; and He, with a Tender and moving Tone, such that I felt my heart split, told me: “I AM inside of you – I AM yours. I AM at your disposal. My Wounds, My Blood, all My Pains are yours – you can do with Me whatever you want. Or rather, be Magnanimous, be Brave, aAt as Lover and True Imitator of Me – take My Blood to give It to whomever you want; take My Wounds to Heal the Wounds of sinners; take My Life to give Life of Grace, of Sanctity, of Love, of Divine Will to all souls; take My Death to make many souls who are dead in sin Rise Again. I give you all the Freedom - do as you please. See to it, My daughter - I have given Myself and that’s enough. You shall make sure that everything may come back to My Glory and to make Me Loved. My Divine Will shall make you fly to bring My Blood, My Wounds, My Kisses, My Paternal Tendernesses to My children and brothers of Yours. Therefore, do not be Marveled, the Divine Operating is precisely this – to constantly remain in Act of Repeating Its Works, to give Them as Gift to the creatures.”

V35 – 10.31.37 – “Now, *You Must Know* that the *First Passports* were formed by Me and by My Celestial Mother for the *First Children* of My Divine Will, and they contain My Signature, written with My Blood and with the Sorrows of the Most Holy Virgin. To all other Passports also Runs My Signature, otherwise they would not be recognized.”

V35 – 11.29.37 - “My little daughter of My Divine Will, *You Must Know* that all the Pains that My Most Holy Humanity Suffered on earth - each Tear I shed, every Drop of My Blood, each Step and Motion, and even My Breath - were and are Invested by One Single Voice, with which they Speak and Cry Out continuously: ‘We want the Kingdom of the Divine Will *Reigning* and *Dominating* in the midst of creatures! We want Our Divine Rights to be placed in Force!’”

V35 – 12.18.37 – “My Tears are Full of Lives, and are always in Acts of Pouring Themselves upon the sinner in order to Touch him, to Move him to repentance and to convert him; as well as upon Upright and Good souls, to Embellish them and Captivate their hearts to Love Me. Each Pain, each Drop of My Blood, are distinct Lives of Mine that they contain, and therefore they Form the Strength for the Pains of creatures, and the Bath for all their sins.”

V35 – 12.28.37 – “So, My Life down here served to Return, to Restore and to Rescue this Dwelling, that We had Formed for Ourselves with so much Love. It was Ours too - it was befitting to Save it, to be able to Inhabit it again. Therefore, in order to Save it, I used all possible and imaginable Remedies: I exposed My very Life in order to Fortify it and Cement it again; I shed all My Blood in order to Wash it from all the filth; and with My Death I wanted to give it Life again, to make it worthy to receive once again, as its Inhabitant, the One Who had Created it.”

V35 – 1.16.38 – “If My Celestial Mama swaddled Me, I Called you to swaddle you together with Me. In sum, I Called you in each Word I Spoke, in every Step I took, in each Pain I Suffered, in every Drop of My Blood; I called you even in My last Breath on the Cross, to give you everything as Gift; and in order to keep you Safe, I placed you with Me in the Hands of My Celestial Father.”

V35 – 2.20.38 - My God, I felt I was battling with a Power; and in order to Win, my mind brought itself before the Divinity, and I placed around It the expanse of the heavens with all the stars in prayer, the vastness of the light of the sun with the might of its heat, the entire Creation - in prayer; and then the Seas of Love and Power of the Queen of Heaven, the Pains and the Blood shed by Jesus, like many Seas around the Divinity - all in Prayer; and then the many Jesuses of each creature, so that they might have a sigh, a plea, to obtain what I wanted.

V36 – 5.15.38 - “My daughter, the more one Suffers, the more he feels the need to be Loved. I AM the one who Suffered more than anybody else, and My Pains, My spilled Blood and My Tears turned into Loving Voices, Imploring Love from those I Love so much, and who made me Suffer and Cry so much. Those who Love me bring the Sweetest Relief to My Pains; they dry My Tears while My Blood turns into a Bath of Love for them. But do you Know who turns My Suffering and Tears into Joy and Gladness? Those who Live in My Divine Will. They always find in It Love with which to Love me, Sustaining me in My Suffering and giving me continuous Relief. Then I feel like a Triumphant King who, although Wounded, Won the human will of the creature by the Weapons of His Sufferings and Love. Oh! How Happy I AM in feeling Loved and Living together with the ones for whom I sustained such a Painful and Bloody Battle. I Created everything to be Loved and if Love is lacking I don’t really Know what to do with the creature.”

V36 – 8.21.38 – “And, then, My Eucharistic Life proves and confirms what I AM telling you: aren’t, perhaps, the accidents of the bread like small veils in which I AM Consecrated, Alive and Real in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? If there are one thousand Hosts, I Form My Life in each one of them. If there’s one Host only, I Form one Life.”

V36 – 12.25.38 – “Then I received the Courting of the Angels, who never left Me alone. And since all times belong to Me, I was also courted by all the many peoples, who were going to Live

in My Divine Will. My Divine Will was Carrying them in Its Arms, and I felt them beating in My Heart, in My Blood and in My Steps. In feeling Invested by these people, Loved by My own Divine Will, I felt Repaid for My Descent from Heaven to earth.”

V36 – 12.28.38 – “There was not a Pain, not a Drop of the Blood I shed that was not felt by My Mother. But after doing these things as My Mother, she would then take all My Pains and My Blood, and hide them inside Her Maternal Heart to Love them and continue Her Maternity.”

From the Catechism of the Catholic Church

CCC - 433 The name of the Savior God was invoked only once in the year by the high priest in atonement for the sins of Israel, after he had sprinkled the Mercy Seat in the Holy of Holies with the sacrificial blood. The Mercy Seat was the place of God’s Presence.²⁵ When St. Paul speaks of Jesus Whom “God put forward as an expiation by His Blood,” he means that in Christ’s humanity “God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself.”²⁶

CCC – 1432 - Let us fix our eyes on Christ’s Blood and understand how precious it is to His Father, for, poured out for our salvation, it has brought to the whole world the Grace of repentance.²⁸

CCC- St. Peter can formulate the apostolic faith in the Divine Plan of salvation in this way: “You were ransomed from the futile ways inherited from your fathers . . . with the Precious Blood of Christ, like that of a lamb without blemish or spot. He was destined before the foundation of the world but was made manifest at the end of the times for your sake.”⁴⁰²

From the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ

Second Hour - No, I shall not move from under Your Mantle. At Your Wish, I shall fly to Jesus; I shall bring Him Your Love, Your Affections, Your Kisses together with mine, and I shall place them in each Wound, in every Drop of His Blood, in every Pain and insult, so that, in feeling the Kisses and the Love of His Mama in each Pain, His Sufferings may be Sweetened.

Third Hour - Jesus, my Life, Your Sweet and Penetrating Gaze seems to search all of the Apostles; and also in this Act of taking food Your Heart remains pierced in seeing Your dear Apostles still weak and listless, especially the perfidious Judas, who has already put a foot in hell. And You, from the bottom of Your Heart, say Bitterly: *“What is the utility of My Blood? Here is a soul so Favored by Me – yet, he is lost!”*

...My Sweet Good, while I remain close to You, I see that the food You are taking together with Your dear Disciples is nothing but a lamb. This is a figurative lamb: just as this lamb has no vital humor left by force of fire, so You, Mystical Lamb, having to Consume Yourself completely for creatures by Force of Love, shall keep not even a Drop of Blood for Yourself, but shall Pour It all out for Love of us.

Fourth Hour - O Jesus, I Kiss Your Right Foot, and I intend to Repair for those who receive You to offend You. O please, when they dare to do this, I beg You to Renew the Miracle You made to Longinus. Just as You Healed him and Converted him at the touch of the Blood that gushed

forth from Your Heart, pierced by his lance, in the same way, at Your Sacramental Touch, convert the offenses into Love, and the offenders into Lovers!

Fifth Hour - But, O My Jesus, while I hold You in my arms, Your Sufferings increase. My Life, I feel Fire flowing in Your Veins, and I feel Your Blood boiling, wanting to burst the Veins to come out.

Sixth Hour - The Blood that boils in Your Veins comes to Face all these offenses, bursts the Veins and Pours out in large torrents; it makes You all wet, It flows to the ground, and You give Blood for offenses - Life for death. Ah Love, to what a state I see You reduced! You are about to Breathe Your last. Oh, my Good, my Sweet Life, O please, do not die! Raise Your Face from this ground, that You wet with Your Most Holy Blood! Come into my arms! Let me die in Your place!

How many Crowns of Thorns the evil thoughts of creatures place upon Your Adorable Head, to the point that Your Blood drips everywhere, from Your Forehead and from Your Hair! Jesus, I compassionate You, and would like to place upon You as many Crowns of Glory; and in order to soothe You, I offer You all the Angelic Intelligences and Your own Intelligence, to give You an Act of Compassion and of Reparation for all.

O Jesus, I Kiss Your pitying Eyes, and in them I see all the evil gazes of creatures, that make Tears and Blood flow over Your Face. I compassionate You, and I would like to soothe Your sight by placing before You all the Pleasures that can be found in Heaven and on earth through Union of Love with You.

Seventh Hour - My Sweet Good, my heart can no longer bear it; I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize. Blood flows, in torrents, from all Your Body, and with such abundance, that unable to keep standing, You have fallen into a pool of it. O my Love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your Adorable Face and Your Creative Hands lean into the ground and are smeared with Blood. It seems to me that to the rivers of iniquities that the creatures send You, You want to answer with Rivers of Blood, so that these sins may be drowned in it, and with it You may give to each one the deed of Your Forgiveness. But, please, O My Jesus, Rise; what You Suffer is too much. Let it be enough for Your Love!

And while my Lovable Jesus seems to be dying in His own Blood, Love gives Him New Life. I see Him move with difficulty. He stands up, and soaked as He is with Blood and mud, He seems to want to Walk, but not having Strength, He can barely drag Himself. Sweet Life of mine, let me carry You in my arms.

...My Sweet Jesus, as You return to the Garden, it seems You cannot take any more. You Raise Your Face, soaked with Blood and earth, to Heaven, and You repeat for the *Third time*: "*Father, if it is possible, let this Chalice pass from Me. Holy Father, Help Me! I need comfort! It is True that because of the sins that weigh upon Me, I AM nauseating, repugnant, the least among men, before Your Infinite Majesty; Your Justice is angry with Me – but look at Me, O Father, I AM always Your Son, Who Forms One Single Thing with You. O please, help - pity, O Father! Do not leave Me without comfort!*"

... Jesus, My Love, who can resist in seeing You in these extreme conditions? What Heart shall ever be so hard as to not break in seeing You so drowned in Blood?

... You shall allow me to take this Blood that You have shed, that I may give It to all men, as Pledge of Salvation for each one, and bring You as comfort and in exchange, their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Celestial Mama, I come to You in order to go to all souls, to give to them the Blood of Jesus. Sweet Mama, Jesus wants comfort, and the greatest comfort we can give Him is to bring Him souls.

Magdalene, accompany us! All of you, Angels, come and see how Jesus is reduced! He wants comfort from all, and His state of exhaustion is such that He refuses no one.

My Jesus, while You Drink the Chalice full of intense Bitternesses, that the Celestial Father has sent You, I hear You Sigh, Moan, Rave more, and with suffocated Voice, You say: *"Souls, souls, come, relieve Me! Take a place in My Humanity; I want you, I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to My Voices; do not render vain My Ardent Desires, My Blood, My Love, My Pains! Come, souls, Come!"*

Delirious Jesus, each one of Your Moans and Sighs is a Wound to my heart, that gives me no Peace. So I make Your Blood, Your Divine 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 shall 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.

... Ah, Mama, I hear the Sobs of Jesus, Who sees, repaid with offenses, the Most Dear Predilections of Love, that 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 that is in Suffering and the Likeness to Jesus they acquire.

... 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 that 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 shall Judge them, He shall find them Covered with His own Blood, Abandoned in His Arms, and so He shall 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 that 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 that 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 Divine 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 shall 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 shall certainly be lost!

No, Mama, this Blood shall 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 shall certainly be able to Know Jesus. Then, press them to Your Maternal Heart; Infuse in them the Life of Jesus, that 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, shall 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 shall not be able to resist Your Love and Prayers, and while making Your Heart Content, He shall 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 that 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 shall 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 shall 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.

... Even more, my Sweet Jesus, then You shall give Your very Most Holy Humanity to my soul, so that, in looking at me, You may see me through Yourself; and in looking at Yourself, You may find nothing for which to Judge me. Then You shall Bathe me in Your Blood;...

... Let me dry Your Face, wet with Blood, and upon which slaps and spit are about to pour. I cling tightly to Your Heart, I do not leave You – I shall follow You. And You, Bless me and assist me. Amen.

Eighth Hour - Oh my Jesus, it is already midnight. You feel that Your enemies are drawing near; tidying Yourself up and drying up Your Blood, Strengthened by the comforts received, You go to Your disciples again.

Ninth Hour - Ah, my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind Yourself Your Precious Blood, and Your Golden Hair that they tear from Your Head! My Life and my All, allow me to gather it, that I may bind all the steps of the creatures who do not spare You even at nighttime; rather, they use the night to offend You more – some for gatherings, some for pleasures, some for theatricals, some for committing sacrilegious thefts! My Jesus, I Unite myself to You in order to Repair for all these offenses.

But, Oh my Jesus, we are now at the Cedron Stream, and the perfidious Jews prepare to throw You into it. They make You bump against a rock that is there, with such violence as to make You shed Most Precious Blood from Your Mouth, with which You Mark that rock!

Eleventh Hour – *“Let Your ice cold Blood flow in My Veins so as to refresh My Blood that is all in Flames. Let Your trembling flow within My Limbs, so that, being Identified with Me, you may be Strengthened and Warmed in order to feel part of My Pains, and you may also acquire Strength in seeing Me Suffer so much. This shall be the Most Beautiful defense that you can make for Me. Be Faithful to Me, and Be Attentive.”*

Sweet Love of mine, the clamor of Your enemies is so intense and so great that I can no longer sleep. The shoves become more violent. I hear the noise of the chains with which they bound You, and so tightly as to make Living Blood ooze from Your Wrists, with which You Mark those streets.

Remember that my blood is in Yours, and as You shed It, mine Kisses It, Adores It and Repairs It. May Your Blood be Light to all those who offend You at night, and a Magnet to draw all Hearts around You, my Love and my All.

... But, Sweet Love of mine, let me tidy You up, fix Your Hair, remove the spit, dry Your Blood, and enclose myself in Your Heart, as I see that Caiphas, tired, wants to withdraw, delivering You into the Hands of the soldiers.

Thirteenth Hour – *“Do you see these souls, O Father? I want to answer You for all of them, for their thoughts, words, works and steps - at the cost of Blood and death.”*

... Your Hands are already swollen and black from the tightness of the knots, and they spurt Blood from several points.

... I see that Your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on the last of Your days. As they release You, in seeing that You are all Majesty and that You look at them with so much Love, in return they unload onto Your Face slaps so violent as to make It turn red with Your Most Precious Blood.

Fourteenth Hour - But, as I follow You, I see that at the moment of descending from the palace of Caiphas, You, my Sun, Jesus, meet Beautiful Mary, our Sweet Mama. Your Gazes meet and Wound each other; and even though you feel relieved in seeing each other, yet New Sorrows arise: for You, in seeing the Beautiful Mama pierced, pale and wrapped in mourning; and for Dear Mama, in seeing You, Divine Sun, eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium - Crying and wrapped in Blood.

Sixteenth Hour - But, still, wanting to give some satisfaction to the Jews, almost to dampen their hatred, their fury, their rage, and their ardent thirst for Your Blood, proposes You, with Barabbas, for their choice. But the Jews cry out: *“We do not want Jesus free, but Barabbas!”*

... *Do You see, O Father, their hatred, their fury, their rage against Me, that almost makes them lose the Light of Reason, for thirst for My Blood? And I want to Repair for all of the hatreds, the revenges, the anger, the murders, and impetrate the Light of Reason for all.*

... They now take the ropes and bind Your Arms so tightly, that they swell immediately, and Blood spurts from the ends of Your Fingers.

... I see that the executioners take the ropes, and beat You without pity, to the point of bruising all of Your Most Holy Body. Their fierceness, their fury in beating You is such that they are already tired. But two more take their place; they take thorny rods, and they beat You so much that, soon, rivers of Blood begin to pour from Your Most Holy Body. Then they lash it all over, forming furrows, and filling it with Wounds. But this is not all; two more take their turn, and with hooked iron chains, they continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, that Flesh, beaten and Wounded, rips open even more, and falls to the ground, torn into pieces. The Bones are uncovered, the Blood pours down – so much, as to form a pool of Blood around the pillar.

My Jesus, my stripped Love, while You are under this storm of blows, I cling to Your Feet, to take part in Your Pains and be covered completely by Your Most Precious Blood. But each blow You receive is a wound to my heart; more so, since in pricking up my ears, I hear Your moans. But they are not heard, because the storm of the blows deafens the air all around. And in those moans, You say: *“All of you who Love Me, come to learn the Heroism of True Love! Come*

to dampen in My Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions, for so many intoxications and pleasures, for so much sensuality! In this Blood of Mine you shall find the Remedy for all of your evils."

... They now cut the ropes, and You, almost dead, fall into Your own Blood. And in seeing the shreds of Your Flesh, You feel like dying of grief, because in those detached pieces of Flesh You see the reprobate souls. And Your Sorrow is such, that You gasp in Your own Blood.

Seventeenth Hour - The executioners, enraged in seeing that, in so many Pains, You look at them with so much Love, and that Your Loving Gaze, Forming a Sweet Enchantment, almost like many Voices, Prays and Supplicates for more Pains and New Pains - though inhuman, yet forced by Your Love, make You stand on Your Feet. Unable to stand Yourself, You fall again into Your own Blood, and, irritated, with kicks and shoves, they make You reach the place where they shall Crown You with Thorns.

... Your Blood pours down upon Your Face, in such a way that one can see nothing but Blood. But under those Thorns and that Blood, Your Most Holy Face appears, Radiant with Sweetness, with Peace, and with Love. And the executioners, wanting to complete the tragedy, blindfold You, place a reed in Your Hand as scepter, and begin their mockeries.

... The Blood that flows from Your Most Holy Head is so much, that reaching Your Mouth, It prevents You from letting me hear clearly Your most Sweet Voice, so I cannot do what You do.

... And now I want to dry Your Blood and Kiss You, because I see that Your enemies take You to Pilate, who shall condemn You to death. My Love, help me to follow Your Sorrowful Way, and Bless me.

... My Jesus, You are naked, but still, You Clothe Yourself – I see You are Clothed with Blood, Your Flesh torn, Your Bones uncovered, Your Most Holy Face unrecognizable. The Thorns stuck in Your Most Holy Head reach into Your Eyes – into Your Face, and I see nothing but Blood that, pouring down to the ground, forms a Bloody torrent behind Your Feet.

My Jesus, I can no longer recognize You because of the way You have been reduced! Your state has reached the most profound excesses of humiliations and spasms!

Ah, I can no longer bear the sight of You, so Sorrowful – I feel I am dying. I would want to snatch You from the presence of Pilate, to enclose You in my heart and give You rest. I would want to heal Your Wounds with my Love, and flood the whole world with Your Blood, to enclose all souls in it and conduct them to You, as the conquest of Your Pains!

... Your Blood Marks Your Steps, and as You go out, You hear the tumultuous crowd anxiously awaiting Your condemnation.

... *Ah, My Heart cannot bear these Bitter Pains; I feel death at each Heartbeat, at each Breath, and I keep repeating: 'Why shall so much Blood be shed in vain?'*

... Not knowing what else to do, for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a bucket of water brought to him, and washing his hands, he says: *"I am not responsible for the Blood of this Just One."* And he condemns You to death. But the Jews cry out: *"May His Blood fall upon us and upon our children!"*

... But while You Repair for this, Your Heart bleeds with Sorrow in seeing Your chosen people, struck by the malediction of Heaven, that they themselves, with full will, have wanted, sealing it with Your Blood that they cursed!

Eighteenth Hour - Each drop of Your Blood repeats: "*Cross!*"

... At the cruel tearing, many Thorns break, remaining stuck inside Your Most Holy Head. Blood pours down in torrents, and Your Pain is such that You moan. But the enemies, heedless of the tortures, Clothe You with Your own Garment, and then put the Crown back, pushing it violently upon Your Head. The Thorns are driven into Your Eyes, into Your ears – there is not one part of Your Most Holy Head that does not feel their piercing. Your Pain is such that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from Head to Foot; You are about to die among atrocious spasms of Pain, and with Your languishing Eyes, filled with Blood, You look at me, with difficulty, asking for help in so much Pain!

"... Ah, My child, this second Crowning is much more Painful. I feel My Head swimming in the midst of Thorns; at every movement I make, or blow they give to Me, I Suffer many cruel deaths. In this way I Repair for the malice of the offenses; I Repair for those, who, in whatever interior state they find themselves, instead of thinking of their own Sanctification, waste and reject My Grace, giving Me back more piercing Thorns; while I AM forced to Moan, to Cry Tears of Blood, and to Sigh for their Salvation.

... You have taken only the first Steps, and You already fall under It. As You fall, You knock against the stones; the Thorns are driven more into Your Head, while all Your Wounds are embittered, and pour out New Blood. And since You do not have the Strength to get up, Your enemies, irritated, try to make You stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me Kiss You, dry Your Blood, and Repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

My Life, Jesus, making You Suffer unheard-of spasms, Your enemies have managed to put You on Your Feet, and as You walk, staggering, I hear Your panting Breath. Your Heart beats more strongly and New Pains pierce It intensely. You shake Your Head in order to clear Your Eyes from the Blood that fills them, and You gaze anxiously.

... My Suffering Jesus, I too Unite with the pierced Mama. I make all Your Pains, and every drop of Your Blood my own; in each Wound I want to Act as a mama for You, and together with Her, and with You, I Repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin.

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms, and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty, they manage to put You on Your Feet again. And You Repair for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by every class of people, and You Pray for obstinate sinners, shedding Tears of Blood for their conversion.

... My Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica, who, fearless and Courageous, with a cloth dries Your Face all covered with Blood, and You leave Your Face impressed on it, in sign of gratitude.

... O Jesus, I still have my blood left, that I want to pour over Your Wounds as balm and soothing liniment, in order to relieve You and Heal You completely. Again, I intend, O Jesus, to make my thoughts flow in the heart of every sinner, to reprimand him continuously, that he may not dare to offend You. And I pray to You with the Voice of Your Blood, so that all may surrender to my poor prayers. In this way I shall be able to bring them into Your Heart!

... Let me sustain You, and protect Your Most Holy Face with my hands. I see You touch the ground and gasp in Your Blood. But Your enemies want to make You stand; they pull You by the ropes, they lift You by Your Hair, they kick You - but all in vain. You are dying, my Jesus! What Pain - my heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary. As they drag You, I hear You Repair for all the offenses of the souls consecrated to You, that weigh upon You so much that, as much as You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled upon, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red trace of Your Precious Blood.

... But New Sufferings await You here. They strip You again, tearing off both Garment and Crown of Thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the Thorns being torn from inside Your Head. And as they pull Your Garment, they tear also the lacerated Flesh attached to it. The Wounds rip open, Your Blood flows to the ground in torrents; the Pain is such that, almost dead, You fall.

But nobody is moved to compassion for You, my Good! On the contrary, with bestial fury they put the Crown of Thorns on You again. They beat it on well, and the torture they cause You because of the lacerations and the tearing of Your Hair clotted in the coagulated Blood, is such that only the Angels could tell what You Suffer, while, horrified, they turn their Celestial Gaze away, and weep!

Nineteenth Hour - I see You all shivering, and my heart breaks with pain in seeing You dripping Blood from all parts of Your Most Holy Body!

... My Jesus, if Love had not wanted You to Suffer greater Pains than these, You would certainly have died from the sharpness of the Pain You Suffered in this *Third Crowning* with Thorns. But now I see that You can no longer bear that Pain, and with Your Eyes covered with Blood, You look to see whether one, at least, would come close to You to sustain You in so much Suffering and in such great confusion.

... My Love, please, hold me to Yourself; I want to Kiss, one by one, the Drops of Blood that flow down Your Most Holy Face, and I pray You that each one of these Drops may be Light for every mind of creature, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

... As many Drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I beg You to Wash in this most Precious Blood of Yours. Oh my Jesus, for the Bitter Pain You Suffer, I ask You to open the Heavens to all, and to Bless all creatures. May Your Blessing call all sinners to conversion, and all heretics and unbelievers to the Light of the Faith.

... Yes, O Jesus, for the Blood You shed from this Hand, I beg You to extinguish the Flames that burn these souls. May this Blood be Refreshment and a Healthy Bath for all, such as to purge them from any stain and dispose them to the Beatific Vision. My Love and my all, for this sharp Pain You Suffer, I ask You to close hell to all souls, and to hold back the Lightnings of Divine Justice irritated, alas, by our own sins! O Jesus, let Divine Justice be appeased, so that the Divine Chastisements may not pour down upon the earth, and Treasures of Divine Mercy may be opened for the benefit of all. My Jesus, I place the world and all generations into Your Arms, and

I beg You, Oh my Sweet Love, with the Voices of Your own Blood, to deny no one Your Forgiveness, and by the Merits of Your Most Precious Blood, to concede to all the Salvation of their souls! Do not exclude anyone, Oh Jesus!

My Love, Jesus, Your enemies are not yet content. With diabolical fury, they grab Your Most Holy Feet, contracted by the great Pain Suffered in the tearing of Your Arms, and they pull them so much that Your Knees, Your Ribs and all the Bones of Your Chest, are dislocated. My heart cannot sustain this, my Dear Good; I see Your Beautiful Eyes eclipsed and veiled with Blood, for the intensity of the Pain.

... Blessed Feet of my Jesus, I Kiss you, I Adore you, I Thank you; and for the most bitter Pains you Suffer, for the tearing and for the Blood you shed, I beg you to enclose all souls in Your Most Sacred Wounds.

O Jesus, do not disdain anyone! May Your nails nail our Powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste that does not come from You. Oh my Crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a Bath of Blood, that asks continuously for souls. By the Power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again!

... These Flames Call loving souls to find a Happy Residence in Your Heart, and I, Oh Jesus, for the sake of Your Most Precious Blood, ask You for Sanctity for these souls. Oh please, do not allow them ever to go out from Your Heart, and with Your Grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls, who may continue Your Life upon earth.

You wanted to give a distinct place in Your Heart to the loving souls; let them never lose this place. Oh Jesus, may the Flames of Your Heart burn me and consume me; may Your Blood Embellish me; may Your Love keep me always nailed to It through Suffering and Reparation.

Oh my Jesus, the executioners have now nailed Your Hands and Feet to the Cross, and turning It over in order to bend the nails, they force Your Adorable Face to touch the ground, soaked with Your own Blood; and You, with Your Divine Lips, Kiss it.

.... *O Father, allow Me to Bind all souls to this Cross, and to plead Forgiveness for them with the Voices of My Blood and of My Wounds. O Father, do You not see how I have reduced Myself?*

... *Look well at Me, how I have reduced Myself because of them; if You are not moved to compassion for them, may You at least be softened by this Face of Mine, dirtied with spit, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen by the so many slaps and blows received. Have pity, My Father!*

Twentieth Hour - And not only Your Voice, but also Your Blood and Your Wounds, Cry out to every heart after sin: "*Come into My Arms, for I Forgive you, and the Seal of Forgiveness is the Price of My Blood.*" Oh my Lovable Jesus, repeat this Word again to all the sinners that are in the world. Beseech Mercy for all; apply the Infinite Merits of Your Most Precious Blood for all.

...My Sweet Jesus, I thank You for the many Thorns that pierced Your Adorable Head, for the Drops of Blood shed by It, for the blows You received on It, and for the Hair they tore from You. I thank You for all the Good You have done and impetrated for all, for the Enlightenments and the Good Inspirations You have given us, and for all the times You have Forgiven all of our sins of thought, of pride, of conceit and of self-esteem.

I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all, Oh my Jesus, for all the times we have Crowned You with Thorns; for all the Drops of Blood we made You shed from Your Most Sacred Head; for all the times we have not corresponded to Your Inspirations.

... Oh my Jesus, I Adore Your Most Holy Eyes, and I thank You for all the Tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel pricks of the Thorns, for the insults, the derisions and the contempts You bore during all of Your Passion.

... I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have Suffered in Your Most Holy Shoulders, for all the blows You have received, for all the Wounds You have allowed them to open on Your Most Sacred Body, and for all the Drops of Blood You have shed.

Twenty First Hour - But I see that, in Your Love, You are not stealing the heart of that thief alone, but also that of many who are dying! Ah, You place Your Blood, Your Love, Your Merits at their disposal, and You use all Divine Devices and Stratagems in order to Touch their hearts and steal them all for Yourself.

... O Jesus, enclose all souls – all of them, in Your Most Holy Body, in Your Blood, in Your Wounds. And by the Merits of this Most Precious Blood of Yours, do not allow even one soul to be lost! Together with Your Voice, may Your Blood cry out for all, again: *"Today you shall be with Me in Paradise."*

... Mother and Son - You understand each other, and You sigh with satisfaction and feel comforted in seeing that You can Give Your Mama to the creature; and considering the whole mankind in John, with a Voice so Sweet as to move all hearts, You say: *"Woman, behold Your son"*; and to John: *"Behold Your Mother."* Your Voice Descends into Her Maternal Heart, and United to the Voices of Your Blood, it keeps saying: *"My Mother, I Entrust all of My children to You; feel for them all the Love that You feel for Me. May all Your Maternal Cares and Tendernesses be for My children. You shall Save them all for Me."*

... O Jesus, we turn to Your own source and we offer You Your Blood, Your Wounds, the Infinite Love of Your Heart!

... But I shall not remain indifferent; like a dove, I want to take Flight onto Your Wounds, Kissing Them, Soothing Them, and Diving into Your Blood, to be able to say, with You: *"Souls, souls!"* I want to sustain Your Pierced and Sorrowful Head, to Repair and ask for Mercy, Love and Forgiveness for all.

Reign in my mind, Oh Jesus, and Heal it by Virtue of the Thorns that pierce Your Head; and do not allow any disturbance to enter into me. Majestic Forehead of my Jesus, I Kiss you; draw all of my thoughts to contemplate You and to comprehend You.

Most Sweet Eyes of my Good, though covered with Blood, look at me – look at my misery, look at my weakness, look at my poor heart, and let it experience the Admirable Effects of Your Divine Gaze.

... Enflamed Breast of my Jesus, give me Your Flames; You can no longer contain them, and my heart anxiously searches for them through that Blood and those Pains.

... Oh my Jesus Crucified, I Adore Your Most Precious Blood; I Kiss Your Wounds one by one, intending to lavish in them all my Love, my Adorations, my most heartfelt Reparations. May Your Blood be for all souls, Light in darkness, Comfort in sufferings, Strength in weakness,

Forgiveness in guilt, help in temptations, Defense in dangers, Support in death, and Wings to carry them all from this earth up to Heaven.

... *Oh please, have pity on My Blood, on My Wounds, on My Death! This Cry shall be continuous to your hearts. Oh please, do not abandon Me!"*

Twenty Second Hour - The Love that Enflames Your Heart withers You and burns You completely; and You, unable to contain it, feel the intense torment, not only of the corporal thirst, but of the shedding of all Your Blood – and even more, of the Ardent Thirst for the Salvation of our souls.

... My dead Jesus, with this Cry You also place all of us into the Hands of the Father, because You do not reject us. Therefore You Cry out loudly, not only with Your Voice, but with all Your Pains and with the Voices of Your Blood:

"Father, into Your Hands I commend My Spirit and all souls."

... Oh Jesus, I Kiss Your Beautiful Eyes, still wet with Tears and covered with dried Blood, and I ask Your Forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with evil and immodest gazes.

Twenty-Third Hour - Therefore, pushed by a Supreme Force, to be assured of Your Death, a soldier rips Your Heart open with a lance, opening a profound Wound. And You, My Love, shed the last Drops of Blood and water contained in Your Enflamed Heart.

Twenty-Fourth Hour - In looking at the wide Wound, You (Mary) Kiss it, You lap up the Blood; and feeling the Life of Jesus in Yourself, You have the Strength to Fulfill the bitter separation.

... And now, my afflicted Mama, allow me to Kiss His Heart and to lap up His Most Precious Blood; You Yourself, Enclose His Heart in mine, that I may Live of His Love, of His Desires, of His Pains. Lastly, take the stiffened Right Hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last Blessing.

... But I see that You are forced to return to Jerusalem along the path from which You came. After only a few Steps, You are already before the Cross on which Jesus Suffered so much, and died. You run to Embrace It, and in seeing It colored with Blood, the Pains that Jesus Suffered on It are Renewed in Your Heart, one by one.

... You are now at the point at which You met Him this morning – exhausted, under the enormous weight of the Cross, dripping Blood, and with a bundle of Thorns on His Head, that, bumping against the Cross, penetrated deeper and deeper, giving Him Pains of Death at each blow. In Crossing Your Gaze, the Gaze of Jesus looked for pity; but the soldiers, pushed Him and made Him fall to deny You this comfort, making Him shed New Blood. You see the ground soaked with It; You throw Yourself to the ground, and as You Kiss that Blood, I hear You say: *"My Angels, come to place Yourselves as Guardians of this Blood, so that not one Drop of It may be tread upon and profaned."*

Sorrowful Mama, allow me to give You my hand to lift You and raise You, because I see You faint on the Blood of Jesus. As You walk, You find New Sorrows. Everywhere You see traces of Blood, and You remember the Pains of Jesus; so You hasten Your step and enclose Yourself in the Cenacle.

... When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears – come then, to return to me the company that I have given You many times in Life.

Come to my assistance; place Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with Your Tears, cover me with the Blood of Jesus, Clothe me with His Merits, Embellish me and Heal me with Your Sorrows and with all the Pains and Works of Jesus; and by Virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total Forgiveness.

From the Letters of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta

Letter #6 - I return to you the wishes for the new year. But my wishes are always the same – that in all things you may always do the Divine Will. It shall be your breath, your heartbeat, your refuge. In It you shall find True Peace, and you shall give It to others; more so, since by doing the Divine Will, a Sweet Blood shall Descend into your veins, that shall put to flight all troubles of soul and body.

Letter #20 - Therefore, to say that the heart Reigns, if the Divine Will does not Reign, is absurd. They can be called devotions, pious practices...; if the Divine Will does not Reign, the Kingdom does not exist. It exists in Heaven, but has no place on earth. However, the Holy Church, Organ and Messenger of the Supreme Fiat, through the Sacred Heart, through the Celestial Mama, beseeches the Kingdom of the Divine Will. She does not say it with words, but says it with facts. The Divine Volition is the King – His Heart, His Wounds, His Precious Blood, the Sweet Queen, Form the Ministers that surround the King, and through them beseech the Kingdom of the Divine Will in souls.

FIAT!!!