

Corpus Christi

The Body and Blood of Christ

In the Divine Will



Meditations by
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Little Daughter of the Divine Will

Feast of Corpus Christi

Book of Heaven - Volume 12 - October 24, 1918

The soul must invest herself with Jesus to be able to receive Him in the Sacrament.

I was preparing myself to receive my sweet Jesus in the Sacrament, and I prayed that He Himself would cover my great misery. And Jesus told me: “My daughter, in order to allow the creature to have all the necessary means to receive Me, I wanted to institute this Sacrament on the last day of my Life, so as to line up my whole Life around each Host, as preparation for each creature who would receive Me. The creature could never have received Me, if she had not had a preparing God, Who was taken only by excess of Love for wanting to give Himself to the creature. And since the creature was unable to receive Me, that same excess of Love led Me to give my whole Life in order to prepare her, so It placed my steps, my works, my Love before her own. And since within Me there was also my Passion, It placed also my pains in order to prepare her. So, invest yourself with Me; cover yourself with each one of my acts, and come.”

Afterwards, I lamented to Jesus because He no longer makes Me suffer as He used to; and He added: “My daughter, I look not so much at the suffering, but at the good will of the soul - at the love with which she suffers. Because of it, the tiniest suffering becomes great; trifles take life within the All, and acquire value, and the lack of suffering is even

greater than suffering itself. What a sweet violence it is for Me, to see a creature who wants to suffer for love of Me. What do I care if she does not suffer, when I see that not suffering is for her a more transfixing nail than suffering itself? On the other hand, lack of good will, things which are forced and without love, as great as they may be, remain small. I do not look at them; on the contrary, they are a weight for Me.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 9 - April 10, 1910
Preparation and thanksgiving at Communion.

I write to obey, but I feel my heart crack from the effort I am making. But, Viva Obedience – Viva the Will of God! I write, but I tremble, and I myself don't know what I am saying. Obedience wants me to write something about how I prepare myself and thank blessed Jesus at Communion. I don't know how to say anything about it, because my sweet Jesus, in seeing my incapacity and that I am good at nothing, does everything Himself: He prepares my soul, and He Himself administers to me the thanksgiving; and I follow Him.

Now, the way of Jesus is always immense, and together with Jesus, I too feel immense, and as if I were able to do something. Then Jesus withdraws, and I remain always the stupid one that I am, the little ignorant one, the little cattiva [bad, naughty]. And is exactly because of this that Jesus loves me – because I am ignorant, and I am no one, and I can do nothing. Knowing that I want to receive Him at any cost, so as not to receive dishonor in coming into me, but rather, highest honor, He Himself prepares my poor soul. He gives me His own things, His merits, His clothing, His works, His desires – in sum, all of Himself. If necessary, also that which the Saints did, because everything is His own; if necessary, also that which the Most Holy Mama did. And I too say to all: ‘Jesus, give honor to Yourself in coming into me. My Queen Mama, Saints, all Angels, I am so very poor; everything that is yours – put it in my heart, not for me, but for the honor of Jesus.’ And I feel that all of Heaven concurs to preparing me. And after Jesus has descended within me, I seem to see Him all pleased, seeing Himself honored by His own things; and sometimes He tells me: “Brava, brava, my daughter, how happy I am – how pleased I am. Everywhere I look, within you, I find things worthy of Me. Everything that is Mine, is yours; how many beautiful things you made Me find!”

Knowing that I am poor poor, that I have done nothing, and that nothing is mine, I laugh at the contentment of Jesus, and I say: ‘Thank goodness Jesus thinks like this! It is enough that He came – this is enough for me. It doesn't matter that I have used His own things – the poor must receive from the rich.’ Now, it is true that a few glimmers here and there remain in me, about the way Jesus has at Communion, but I am unable to reunite these glimmers together, and form a preparation and a thanksgiving. I lack the capacity; it seems to me that I prepare Myself in Jesus Himself, and that I thank Him with Jesus Himself.

Book of Heaven – Volume 9 - July 8, 1910
For Jesus, the body is like the Tabernacle, the soul is like the pyx.

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my highest Good, and having received Communion, in receiving the holy host, it stopped in my throat, and as I suckled it in order to push it down, I suckled a sweet and delicious humor. Then, after suckling very much, it went down, and I could see the host changed into a baby, who said: “Your body is my Tabernacle, your soul is the pyx that contains Me; the beating of your heart is like the host that serves Me in order to transform Myself into you, as if within a host. With this difference: that in the host, as it is consumed, I am subject to continuous deaths; while the beating of your heart, symbolizing your love, is not subject to be consumed, and so my Life is continuous. Therefore, why so much affliction about my privation? If you don't see Me, you feel Me; if you don't feel Me, you touch Me... and now with the fragrance of my perfumes which diffuse around you; now with the light with which you feel invested; now by making a liquor that cannot be found on earth descend into you; now by just touching you; and the many other ways which are invisible to you.”

Now, in order to obey, I will write these things that Jesus says happen to me often, and also while being fully awake. These fragrances - I myself am unable to tell what kind they are – I call ‘the fragrance of love’; and I feel it at Communion, if I pray, if I work, especially if I have not seen Him, and I say to myself: ‘Today He has not come. Don't You know, O Jesus, that without You I cannot be, nor do I want to be?’ And immediately, as I move, or if I move the bed sheets, I feel that fragrance coming out, and in my interior I hear Him say: “I am here”. Other times, while I am all afflicted, as I raise my eyes, a ray of light comes before my sight. However, these things I take in no account, nor do they satisfy me. That which, alone, makes me happy is Jesus; all the rest I receive with certain indifference.

I wrote this only to obey.

Book of Heaven – Volume 12 - June 20, 1918

“Further, I reach such jealousy of love that if to Priests I give the power of Consecrating Me in the Sacramental HOSTs so as to give Me to souls, in these souls—as they repeat their ACTS in My Will, as they resign themselves, as they make the HUMAN will leave to allow the DIVINE Volition to enter—I reserve to Myself the privilege of consecrating them. Moreover, what the Priest does over the HOST, I do with them. And not one time, but whenever she repeats her ACTS in My Will she calls Me like a powerful magnet. Then I Myself consecrate for Me that privileged soul, and I repeat the words of Consecration.

“Further, I do this with justice because the soul, by living in My Will, sacrifices herself more than those souls who receive Communion and do not live in My Will. Those [souls who live in My Will] empty themselves of themselves to place Me [in them]. They give Me complete dominion, and if necessary they are prompt to suffer any pains to live in My Will.

“Moreover, I cannot wait. My Love cannot wait to communicate Myself to them until it is convenient for the Priests to give (them) the Sacramental HOSTs. Therefore I do everything Myself. Oh, how many times I give Myself in Communion before the Priest feels the convenience of communicating It to them! If this were not so, My Love would remain as bound and shackled in the Sacraments. No, no, I am free! The Sacraments I have in My Heart; I am the owner, and I can exercise them wherever I want!”

Then, while He said this, it seemed that He traveled around everywhere to see if there were souls who would live in His Will in order to consecrate them. How beautiful it was to see my amiable Jesus traveling as in haste to do the office of Priest, and to hear Him repeat the words of Consecration over those souls who were doing and living in His Volition! Oh, those blessed souls who undergo the Consecration of Jesus [by] living in His Volition!

Book of Heaven – Volume 12 - February 6, 1919

“My daughter, as the soul encloses My Volition [in herself] and loves Me, she encloses Me in My Volition. Then loving Me, she forms around Me the accidents to imprison Me within, and she forms a HOST for Me. Thus, if she suffers, if she repairs, etc., she encloses My Volition. She forms many HOSTs in order to communicate Me and give Me enough to eat in a manner DIVINE and worthy of Me. As soon as I see the HOSTs formed in the soul, I [immediately] go to take them to nourish Myself so as to satisfy My insatiable hunger—[which is] that the creature give Me love for Love. Thus you can say to Me: ‘You have communicated me, I also have communicated You.’”

Whereupon I: “Jesus, my HOSTs are Your same things. Rather Your things are Yours, therefore I always remain beneath You.”

Then Jesus: “For who really loves Me, I do not know or want to keep account. Moreover, in My HOSTs it is Jesus Who gives to you, and in you it is all Jesus that you give to Me. Do you want to see it?”

And I: “Yes.”

He extended His hand into my heart and took out one of the little, small white balls. He broke it [open], and [from] within came forth another Jesus.

Then He: “Have you seen? How happy I am when the creature arrives at being able to communicate Me! Therefore, make many HOSTs for Me, and I will come to nourish Myself in you. I will renew the contentment, the glory, and the love as when, in instituting Myself Sacramentally, I received Myself.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 12 - February 27, 1919

“My daughter, how much darkness! It is so much that the earth appears [as] covered by a black mantle. It is so much that creatures no longer see; they remain either blind, or they do not have the light to see. Moreover, I not only want DIVINE air for Me, but also light. Therefore, [let] your ACTS be continuous in My Volition, which [will] not only form the air for your Jesus, but also the light. You will be My reflector, My reverberation, the reflection of My Love and of My own Light. Rather, I tell you that as you form your ACTS in My Volition, you will not only erect Tabernacles, but—as you form your thoughts, your desires, your words, your reparations, your ACTS of love—many HOSTs will be released from you as consecrated by My Will.

“Oh, what free vent My Love will have! I will have a free field in everything. No longer obstructed, I will have as many Tabernacles as I wish. The HOSTs will be innumerable. At each instant we will communicate together, and even I will cry out: ‘Freedom, Freedom! Everyone come into My Will and enjoy true Liberty!’

“Outside of My Will, how many obstacles does the soul not find! But in My Will is freedom. I leave her free to love Me as she wishes. Indeed, I say to her: ‘Leave your HUMAN spoils, take the DIVINE. I am not stingy or jealous of My goods, I want that all is taken. Love Me immensely. Take, take My Love. Make My Power yours, make My Beauty yours. However much more you take, so much more is your Jesus content.’

“The earth forms few Tabernacles for Me. The HOSTs are almost numbered—and then, the sacrileges, the irreverence’s that she gives Me, oh, how My Love is offended and obstructed! On the contrary, in My Will nothing obstructs. There is no shadow of offense, and the creature gives Me love, DIVINE reparations, and complete correspondence. Moreover, she substitutes together with Me for all the evils of the HUMAN family. Be attentive, and do not move yourself from the place where I call you and want you.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 12 - January 1, 1920

“But do you know what the garments of the soul who lives in My Volition are [made of]? They are not [made] of gold, but of the purest Light. Moreover, this garment of Light will be as a mirror in order to show to all Heaven how many ACTS she has done in My Volition. [This is] because she enclosed all of Me in every act that she did in My Will. Further, this garment will be adorned by many mirrors, and one will see all of Me in every mirror. Thus, wherever it is looked at—from behind, from the front, from the right, [or] from the left—they will see Me multiplied as many times for as many ACTS as she did in My Volition. I could not give a more beautiful garment to them [souls], it will be the emblem of only [those] souls who live in My Volition.”

I was left a little confused in hearing this, and He added: “How do you doubt? Moreover, doesn’t [the same thing] happen in the Sacramental HOSTs? If there are a thousand HOSTs, a thousand times I am there—and to a thousand souls I give Myself in Communion, complete [and] entire. If there are one hundred HOSTs, there one hundred Jesus’, and I can give [Myself in communion] to only a hundred.

“Thus, in every act done in My Will, the soul encloses Me inside, and I remain sealed within the will of the soul. Consequently, these ACTS done in My Volition are Eternal Communions. They are not subject to the species being consumed as the Sacramental HOSTs are, [where] My Sacramental Life ends by consuming the species. Rather, in the HOSTs of My Will there does not enter either flour or other material. The food, the material of these HOSTs of My Will, is My own Eternal Will united to the will of the soul, which is Eternal with Me, and these two wills are not subject to being consumed.

“Therefore, what marvel it is that all My Person will be seen multiplied as many times for as many ACTS as she did in My Will—even more, because I have remained sealed in her, and she [has remained sealed] as many times in Me! Thus even the soul will remain multiplied as many times in Me for however many ACTS as she did in My Volition. These are prodigies of My Volition, and this is enough to remove any doubt from you.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 12 - May 28, 1920

“My daughter, enter into My Will so that I can find you in all HOSTs, not only [those] present, but also [those of the] future. Thus together with Me you will undergo as many Consecrations for however many I underwent. In every

HOST I put a Life of Mine, and I want another in exchange. But how many do not give it to Me! Others receive Me, I give Myself to them, but they do not give themselves to Me, and My Love remains aching, obstructed, and suffocated—without exchange.

“Therefore, come into My Will to undergo all the Consecrations that I underwent, and I will find in every HOST the exchange of your life—and not only while you are on the earth, but also when you are in Heaven. [This is] because, having anticipatly consecrated yourself in My Will while you are on earth, as I underwent the Consecrations even to the end, so you will undergo them. Furthermore, I will find the exchange of your life even to the last day.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 13 - October 29, 1921

"But the prison and the darkness have yet another meaning: the long sojourn of my imprisonment in Tabernacles and the solitude in which I am left, often with no one to speak to or to give a glance of love. Other times, in the Sacred HOST I feel the touch of unworthy tongues, the stench of festering and corrupt hands. There is no one who touches Me with pure hands and perfumes Me with his love. How many times HUMAN ingratitude leaves Me in the dark without even the meager light of a lamp! Thus my imprisonment continues, and it will continue still longer. Since we are both prisoners—you, a prisoner in your bed, all alone for the sake of my Love; Myself, a prisoner for you—[I want] to bind all creatures with my Love, using the chains that keep Me bound. We will keep each other company, there fore, and you will help Me lay out the chains that will be used to bind all hearts to my Love."

Book of Heaven – Volume 13 - November 26, 1921

I have been watching over each one of your ACTS, and immediately I made my Volition flow, as to a place of honor. I Myself knew how many graces were necessary, having to work the greatest miracle that exists in the world, which is that of living continuously in my Volition: the soul must assimilate everything of God in its act, so as to give it back again intact, just as the soul assimilated it, and then to assimilate it again. Thus, it even surpasses the miracle of the EUCHARIST: the accidents [of bread and wine] possess neither reason nor will nor desires that could put themselves in opposition to my Sacramental Life. The HOST does nothing itself; the work is all my own: if I want it, then I do it. Instead, to bring about the miracle of living in my Volition, I must bend a HUMAN will and reason, a desire, and a love that is purely free: how many things are necessary? And so, there are many souls who go to communion and who take part in the miracle of the EUCHARIST; but, because they would have to sacrifice themselves more in order to bring about the miracle of my Will having life within them, there are very few who are so disposed."

Book of Heaven – Volume 14 - March 24, 1922

Every Act Done in the DIVINE Will Multiplies the Sacramental Life of Jesus.

As I continued in my usual state, my ever-lovable Jesus came and said to me:

"My daughter, when the soul does its ACTS in my Will it multiplies my Life. If it does ten ACTS in my Will, it multiplies Me ten times; and if it does twenty, one hundred, one thousand, or even more ACTS in my Will, so many times does it multiply Me. It is similar to the sacramental consecration. I am multiplied into as many HOSTs as are consecrated. But in the case of the consecration I need the HOSTs to be able to multiply Myself, and I need a priest to consecrate them. Whereas in my Will I need the ACTS of creatures which are living HOSTs, not dead like the HOSTs before their consecration, so that my Will may consecrate and enclose Me in these ACTS. Thus am I multiplied in each act of a soul when it is done in my Will.

Because of this my Love finds its complete release and satisfaction in souls that do my Will and live within my Volition. It is they who constantly provide the basis not just for the ACTS that all creatures owe Me, but also for my Sacramental Life itself. How many times does my Sacramental Life remain enclosed and shackled within a few consecrated HOSTs. Few are those who receive communion and often there are no priests to consecrate Me. My Sacramental Life not only fails to be multiplied as it desires, but often ceases to exist. Oh, how my Love suffers! I would like to multiply my Life every day into as many HOSTs as there are creatures, so that I could give Myself to them. Yet I wait in vain; my Will remains impotent.

But what I have decided, shall be. That is why I am taking a different path and multiply Myself, alive, in each act done by creatures in my Will. I want these ACTS to bring about the multiplication of my Sacramental Life. Oh yes, only those souls who live in my Will provide all the communions creatures fail to receive, and make up for all the consecrations priests have failed to make! In them I will find everything, even the multiplication of my Sacramental Life.

Book of Heaven – Volume 14 - July 6, 1922

After this I continued with the rest of the Hours of the PASSION and was contemplating the EUCHARISTIC Supper when my sweet Jesus moved within me and touched me with the tip of a finger. Then He called me loudly from within, so loudly that I heard Him with my ears and said to myself:

"What might Jesus want, that He calls so?"

Speaking to me, He said:

"I could not catch your attention. I had to call out to you to make you listen."

Listen my daughter, when I instituted the Eucharistic Supper I saw and called all to come to Me, all generations, from the first to the last man, so that I could give to all my Sacramental Life, and not just once but just as often as man needs corporal nourishment. I desired to constitute Myself as the nourishment of their souls. But I felt very abused when I realized that this, my Sacramental Life, was encompassed by indifference, by carelessness, and even by ruthless death. I felt all the crudeness of the death of my Sacramental Life, and so painfully, so repeatedly. But then I took a better look and, making use of the Power of my Will, I called around Me the souls that were to live in my Will, and oh, how happy I felt! I felt as if surrounded by these souls which the Power of my Will had absorbed and the center of whose life was my Volition. I saw in them my own immensity; within them I found myself protected from all creatures, and I entrusted to them my Sacramental Life. I deposited my Sacramental Life in them not only for them to cherish, but also for them to reciprocate Me with a life of their own for each consecrated HOST. This is natural for them to do because my Sacramental Life takes its life from my Eternal Will, which these souls have as the center of their lives. Therefore, when my Sacramental Life is formed within them, the same Will that ACTS within Me, ACTS also within them. As I feel their lives within my Sacramental Life their lives are multiplied in each HOST and I feel that they give Me in reciprocity Life for Life.

Oh, how I exulted upon seeing you as the first soul whom I called in a special way to live in my Will! I deposited in you the first of all my Sacramental Lives, and I entrusted you to the Power and Immensity of my Supreme Will so that they would render you capable of receiving this deposit. From that moment you were present to me and I made you the depository of my sacramental Life and, in you, all those who would live in my Will. I gave you primacy over all, and justly so, because my Will is above all, even above the Apostles and the priests. It is true they consecrate Me, but their lives do not remain conjoined with mine. What's more, they abandon Me, they forget Me, and take no care of my Presence. On the other hand, those souls who live in my Will are lives within my very Life, and, therefore, inseparable from Me. That is why I love you so; it is my own Will in you that I love."

Book of Heaven – Volume 15 - March 27, 1923

Sorrows of the Sacramental Life of Jesus. Graces with which He anticipated us in order to receive Him.

After I received Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen; and as soon as I saw Him, I threw myself to His feet, to kiss them and to cling completely to Him. And Jesus, extending His hand to me, told me: "My daughter, come into my arms, and deep into my Heart. I covered Myself with the Eucharistic veils in order not to strike fear. I 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 thing with Me, letting my Sacramental blood flow inside her veins in order to become 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 Me. But in order for this transformation to occur, the disposition was needed on the part of the creature; and my Love, taking to excess, in instituting the Sacrament of the

Eucharist, released from within my Divinity more graces, gifts, favors and light for the good of man, to render him worthy to receive Me. I can say that It unleashed so much good as to surpass the gifts of Creation. First I wanted to give him the graces in order to receive Me, and then Myself, to give Him the true fruit of my Sacramental Life.

However, in order to anticipate the souls with these gifts, it takes a little emptying of themselves, hate of sin, and desire to receive Me. These gifts do not descend into rotteness and mud. So, without my gifts they do not have the true disposition to receive Me, and in descending into them, I do not find the space to communicate my Life; I am as though dead for them, and they are dead for Me. I burn, and they do not feel my flames; I am Light, and they remain more blinded... Ah, how many sorrows in my Sacramental Life! Many, feeling nothing good in receiving Me for lack of disposition, reach the point of nauseating Me; and if they continue to receive Me, it is to form my Calvary and their eternal damnation. If it is not love that moves them to receive Me, it is one more affront that they do to Me - one more sin which they add to their souls. Therefore, pray and repair for the many abuses and sacrileges that they do in receiving Me in the Sacrament.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 15 - May 2, 1923

“When my ‘Fiat voluntas tua’ has its fulfillment ‘on earth, as It is in Heaven,’ then the second part of the Pater Noster will be fulfilled, that is, ‘Give us today our daily bread.’

“I always said, ‘Our Father, on behalf of everyone, I beseech You for three kinds of daily bread. The first is the bread of your Will; indeed, It is more than bread, for ordinary bread is necessary only two or three times a day. This bread, instead, is necessary at every moment and in every circumstance. It must be not merely bread, but as balsamic which brings life, the circulation of DIVINE Life in the creature. Father, without this Bread of your Will, I will never be able to receive all the fruits of my Sacramental Life, which is the second kind of bread I ask You for every day. Oh, what a bad state my Sacramental Life is in because, rather than nourishing them, the Bread of your Will finds the Sacramental Bread corrupted by the HUMAN will! Oh, it disgusts Me! Oh, how I abhor it! Even though I go to them, I cannot give them fruits, blessings or holiness because I do not find in them the bread of our Will. Even if I give them something, it is only a small portion, according to their dispositions—not all the graces that are within Me. My sacramental life waits patiently for man to take the bread of our Supreme Will, so as to give him all the blessings of my sacramental life. So, the sacrament of the EUCHARIST and all the sacraments left to my Church and instituted by Me will bear all the fruit they contain and will be brought to maturity only when our Bread, the Will of God, will be done ‘on earth as It is in Heaven.’

“After that I asked for the third bread, which is material bread. How could I say, ‘Give us this day our bread,’ in view of the fact that man, who should have done our Will, took as his own what was Ours? The Father would have given no more of the Bread of his Will, of the bread of my Sacramental Life or of the daily bread of the natural life to illegitimate sons, to evil and usurping men, but only to his legitimate sons, to good men who keep the Father’s blessings in common. Therefore, I said ‘Give us our bread.’ Then they will eat the blessed bread, and everything will smile upon them. Heaven and earth will bear the imprint of the harmony of their Creator.

“Afterwards, I added, ‘Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.’ Then, charity will also be perfect. Forgiveness will have the character of heroism, as when I was upon the cross. This will occur when man eats the bread of my Will as he has eaten the bread of my HUMANITY. Then, the VIRTUESs will be absorbed into my Will, receiving the character of true heroism and of DIVINE VIRTUES. They will be like many little streams flowing from the great sea of my Will.

“I added, ‘And lead us not into temptation’; how could God ever lead man into temptation? Because man is always man, in possession of free will, I never take away the rights that I gave him in creating him. And man, fearful of himself, cries out in silence, and without expressing himself in words, asks: ‘Give us the Bread of your Will, so that we can resist all temptations; and by VIRTUES of this Bread, free us from every evil. Amen.’

“You see, therefore, all of man’s blessings will find their renewal, their connection with ‘Let Us make man in our own image and likeness,’ the validity of each one of his ACTS, the restitution of lost privileges, the assurance that he will regain his lost happiness, both earthly and heavenly.

“It is so necessary that my Will be done ‘on earth as It is in Heaven,’ that I was interested in nothing else nor did I teach any other prayer except the Pater Noster. The Church, faithful executor and repository of my teachings, prays it

always. The learned and the ignorant, the great and the small, priests and laymen, kings and subjects: everyone must pray that my ‘Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven.’

“So, don’t you want my Will to descend upon the earth? Just as the Redemption had its beginning in a virgin, rather than my becoming incarnate in all men so as to redeem them (even though whoever wants to can enter into the good of Redemption and receive Me personally in the EUCHARIST), so now my Will must have its beginning, its possession, growth and development in a virgin creature. Then, whoever wants to and is properly disposed will enter into the blessings that follow from living in my Will.

“If I had not been conceived in my beloved Mother, the Redemption would never have happened. Likewise, if I do not accomplish the wonder of making a soul live in my Supreme Will, then the ‘Fiat voluntas tua,’ ‘on earth as It is in Heaven,’ will never take place among mankind.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 15 - June 18, 1923

“I want you to know the reason that I wanted to receive Myself in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. This was a great miracle that is incomprehensible to the HUMAN mind. For the creature to receive both man and God, to enclose the Infinite in a finite being, and to give this Infinite Being the honor and dignity that is its due, as well as a worthy dwelling place: this mystery is so abstruse and incomprehensible that even the apostles, while they easily believed in the incarnation and other mysteries, became uneasy and tended to disbelief. Their assent came only through my repeated exhortations. So, what could I do? In instituting this Sacrament I had to think about everything. Though the creature had to receive Me, the honor, dignity and worthy dwelling place due to the DIVINITY must not be wanting.

“So, my daughter, when I instituted the Blessed Sacrament, my Eternal Will, in union with my HUMAN Will, made present to Me all the HOSTs that will receive sacramental consecration until the end of time. One by one, I looked at and consumed each of them. I saw my sacramental Life in each HOST, vibrant and desiring to give itself to creatures. My HUMANITY, in name of the entire HUMAN family, assumed the obligation for everyone and provided a dwelling place in itself for each HOST. My DIVINITY, which was inseparable from Me, surrounded each Sacramental HOST with honors, praises and DIVINE benedictions, so that my Majesty might be received with suitable dignity. Every Sacramental HOST was entrusted to Me and contains the dwelling place of my HUMANITY and the cortege of honors of my DIVINITY. Otherwise, how could I have descended into the creature? It was only for this—by receiving Myself I rescued my dignity, my honors, and a dwelling place worthy of my person—that I tolerated the sacrileges, the indifference, the irreverence and the ingratitude of creatures. If I had not received Myself, I would not have been able to descend into creatures. They would have lacked the way and the means to receive Me.

“That is my way of doing things. In all of my works, I do each of them Myself once, thereby giving life to all the other times they are repeated. All these repetitions are united to the first Act as though they were one act alone. So, the power, the immensity and the all-seeingness of my Will made Me embrace all times. It made present to Me all communicants and all Sacramental HOSTs, and I received Myself as many times in order to communicate Myself into each creature. Who could have thought of such an excess of love? Before I could descend into the hearts of creatures, I had to receive Myself in order to rescue my DIVINE rights and to be able to give them not only Myself, but the very same ACTS that I performed in receiving Myself, thus giving them the proper dispositions and almost the right to receive Me.”

I was astonished, almost to the point of doubt. Jesus added:

“Why do you doubt? Isn’t this the work of God? Isn’t this act, though one act alone, responsible for all the others? Wasn’t it the same with my Incarnation, my Life and my PASSION? I was incarnated only once, lived only one Life and suffered only one PASSION; yet, my Incarnation, Life and PASSION are for everyone together and for each in particular, as if for each creature alone. They are still in act for each creature, as if at this moment I were being incarnated or suffering my PASSION. If that were not the case, I would act not as God but as a creature, who, not possessing a DIVINE Power, can neither go to everyone nor give itself to everyone.

“Now, my daughter, I want to tell you about another excess of my love. Whoever does my Will and lives in It comes to embrace the actions of my HUMANITY, because I am very desirous that the creature become like Me. Since its will and my Will are one, my Will finds it pleasing and, amusing Itself, deposits in the creature all the good that is within

Me, even the sacramental HOSTs. My Will, Which is within the creature, surrounds it with DIVINE honors and dignity, and I entrust Myself to it, because my Will has made it actor, spectator and guardian of all my goods, of my works and of my very Life.”

Book of Heaven – Volume 16 - October 16, 1923

"My daughter, in order for my Will to descend upon the earth, it is necessary that your will rise into Heaven and to rise into Heaven and to live in the Celestial Fatherland, it is necessary to empty it of all that which is human, which is not holy, pure and upright. Nothing enters into Heaven and makes permanent life with Us if it has not been all divinized and transformed all into Us; nor can my Will descend upon the earth and develop its life as in its own center if It does not find the human will emptied of everything, in order to fill it with all the goods that my Volition contain... She will be none other than a most thin veil that I will make use of to cover myself and to live there within, almost as in a consecrated HOST, in which I form my life, I do all that good that I want, I pray, I suffer, I enjoy, and the HOST does not impose itself, It leaves Me free; its office is to loan itself to keep Me hidden, and in mute of silence assents to conserve my Sacramental Life. It is this point where we are: Your volition to enter into Heaven and mine to descend upon the earth; therefore, yours must no longer have life, it must not have reason to exist.

This happened in my Humanity that while I had a Human Will this was all intent to give life to the Divine Will. It never took the liberty of acting on its own, not even to breathe, but even took and gave its breath in the Divine Will; and, therefore, the Eternal Will remained in my Humanity as in Heaven, so on earth, It lived its terrestrial life there and my Human Will sacrificed all to the Divine, impetrated that at the opportune time It would descend upon the earth to live in the midst of creatures as It lives in Heaven. Do you not want to give your prime place on earth to my Will?"

Now while He said that, it seemed to me I found myself in Heaven and as from a single point I saw all the generations and I, prostrating myself before the Supreme Majesty, I took the mutual Love of the Divine Persons, their perfect Adorations, the Sanctity always one of their Will, and I offered it in the name of everyone as exchange of love, of adoration, and of submission and union that each creature ought to have with its Creator. I wanted to unite Heaven and earth, Creator and creature so that they would embrace one another and give the kiss of union of their wills.

And so my Jesus added: "This is your duty of living in the midst of Us and to make what is yours ours and to give it to Us for all your brothers thus We, drawn by that which is ours, can be bound with the human generations and give them again the supreme kiss of the union of their will with ours that We gave to man in the Creation."

Book of Heaven – Volume 16 - November 5, 1923

"My daughter, this mirror is the accident of bread that keep me imprisoned in them. I form my life in the HOST, but it gives Me nothing; not an affection nor palpitation or 'I LOVE YOU'. It is as dead for Me. I remain alone, without the shadow of any exchange, and therefore my Love is almost impatient to go out, to break this glass (of the accident), descending into hearts, in order to find in them the exchange that the HOST neither knows how nor can give Me.

"But do you know where I find my true exchange? In the soul who lives in my Will. I, as I descend into her heart, quickly I consume the accident of the HOST, because I know that accidents more noble and more dear to Me are ready to imprison Me, in order to not let Me go out from that heart that will give me not only life in itself, but life for life. I will no longer be alone, but with my most trusted company. We will be two hearts, palpitating together; we will love united; our desires will be one alone. And so I remain in her and I live my life there, living in truth, as I do in the Most Holy Sacrament... But do you know what these actions are that I find in the soul that does my Will? They are his acts done in my Volition, that more than accidents extends himself around Me and imprison Me, but within a noble Divine not obscure prison because its acts done in my Volition more than sun illuminate and warm. Oh, how I feel happy in living real life in her, because I feel myself as if I found myself in my Royal Celestial Palace! Look at Me in your heart how content I am with it, how I delight myself in appearance the most pure joys!"

And I: "My beloved Jesus, is this not a new and singular thing that You are saying to me, that who lives in your Will lives real life in it? Is it not rather that mystical life that You live in the hearts that possess your Grace?"

And Jesus: "No, no. It is not mystical life as for those that possess my Grace, but do not live with their acts identified in my Volition and do not have sufficient manner in order to form for Me the accidents in order to imprison Me.

It would be as if the priest lacked the HOST and wanted to pronounce the words of Consecration; he could say them, but he could say them to empty space; my Sacramental Life would certainly not have existence. Thus I found myself in the hearts that while they possess my Grace but do not live fully in my Volition, I am in them by grace but not really."

And I: "My Love, but how can it be that You can live really in the soul that lives in your Volition?"

And Jesus: "My daughter, do I not perhaps live in the Sacramental HOST alive and true, in Soul, Body, Blood and Divinity? And why do I live in the HOST in Soul, Body, Blood and Divinity? Because there is not a will that opposes mine. If I would find in the HOST the will that opposes itself to mine, I would not live in her either real life nor perennial life. And this is also the reason for which the Sacramental accidents are consumed when the creature received Me, because I do not find a will united with Me, in a manner that they want to lose theirs in order to acquire mine, but I find a will that wants to act, that wants to do by itself, and I make my little visit and depart.

"On the other hand, who lives in my Will, my Volition and its are one alone; and if I do it in the HOST, much more can I do it in him, much more that I find a palpitation and an affection by exchanging my and my gain, that which I do not find in the HOST. In a soul that lives in my Will, it is necessary my real life in her, otherwise how could she live with my Volition?

"Ah, you do not want to understand that the sanctity of living in my Volition is a sanctity all different from the other sanctities, and take away the crosses and mortifications the acts necessary of life that done in my Will embellish her more. It is not other than the life of the blessed of Heaven, who since they live in my Volition, in virtue of It have Me in each of them as if I work for one alone, living in true and not mystically but really living in them. And since it cannot be said, "life of Heaven" if they do not have Me in them as real life, and if they lacked even the tiny particle of my Life in them, it would be neither complete nor perfect their happiness, so for who lives in my Volition it would not be either full nor perfect my Will in him if he lacked my real Life that this Will emits.

"It is true that they are all prodigies of my Love, rather this is the prodigy of prodigies that until now my Volition has retained in itself and that now wants to put forth in order to reach to the primary purpose of the creation of man. Therefore, my first real Life I want to form in you."

And I, in hearing that, said: "Ah, my Love, Jesus, yet I feel myself so evil for all these contrasts, and You know it...! It is true that it would be better for me to abandon myself in your Arms and asking You that which they do not give me; but with all that, I feel in me a breath of disturbance that disturbs the peace of my soul, and You say that You want to form real Life in me? Oh, how far I am from it!"

And Jesus again: "Do not give a thought to that. What I want is that you place there nothing of your own in that you obey for how much you can. It is known that all the other sanctities, that is that of obedience and of the other virtues, are not exempt from pettiness, disturbance, disagreements and loss of time that impede the forming of a beautiful sun; at the most they form a little star. Only the sanctity of my Volition is that which exempts from these miseries. And then my Will imposes all the Sacraments in their effects. Therefore, abandon yourself all in my Will, make It all yours and you will receive the effects of the absolution or anything else that you have been denied.

"And so I recommend to you not to lose time that by losing time you come to impede my real Life that I am forming in you."

Book of Heaven – Volume 18 - November 5, 1925

"Do not allow your love to stop; run to all the Tabernacles, each Sacramental HOST; and you will hear the Holy Spirit moaning with unnarratable sorrow in each HOST. When souls receive the Sacrament of the EUCHARIST, not only their life is given to them, but my Own Life. Thus, the fruit of this Sacrament is to form my Life in them; and each Communion serves to make my Life grow, to develop in them in such a manner that they are able to say 'I am another Christ.' But, oh Me, how few take advantage of it! Indeed, how many times do I descend into hearts and find arms that wound Me; and they repeat the tragedy of my Passion to Me! And, as they consume the Sacramental Species, instead of pressing Me to remain with them, I am constrained to go out bathed in tears, crying over my Sacramental lot; and I do not

find anyone to quiet my crying and my doleful moans... If you could break the veils of the HOST that cover Me, you would find Me bathed in tears, knowing the lot that awaits Me in descending into hearts.

"Therefore, let your exchange of love be continuous for each HOST to quiet my crying; you will render less sorrowful the moans of the Holy Spirit. Do not stop; otherwise, We will not find you always together with Us in our moans and in our secret tears; We will feel a void in your exchange of love...

Book of Heaven – Volume 19 - February 23, 1926

Why Jesus Calls Luisa "the little newborn of his Will": Because She is Continually in the Act of Being Born in the Divine Volition; and This is Because She is United to the Single Act of God, the Only Act that Luisa does at this Point in Her Life. The Divine Works Done Once Remain in Continuous Act Which Never End.

Jesus, my Love and my Life, come, help me in my weakness and embarrassment in writing. Rather, let your Will, Itself, come to write, so that nothing be mine but only and all what you want to be written. And you, my Mamma and Celestial Mother of the Divine Will, come, guide my hand while I write; impress the words in me and make me easily understand the concepts which Jesus puts in my mind so I can write worthily about his most Holy Will; and my sweet Jesus will be content.

I was thinking: why does Blessed Jesus so often call me "the little newborn of his most Holy Will?" Perhaps it is because I am still wicked; and, not having made one step in his Will, with good reason He calls me 'scarcely newborn.'

Now while I thought about this, my adorable Jesus put his arm around my neck and, squeezing me to his Heart, said to me: "I want to deny nothing to the little newborn in my Will. Do you want to know why I call you my little newborn? Newborn means to be in the act of being born. So, you must be reborn in each of your acts in my Will; and my Will, in order to repair for all the oppositions of the human will, wants to call you into my Volition to make you be reborn as many times as the human wills have opposed themselves to It. Therefore, you must preserve yourself always newborn. For whoever is in the act of being born it is easy to be reborn as often as is wanted and to preserve her without the growth of the human will. When one grows older, it becomes more difficult to preserve her from the life of her own ego.

That isn't all. To the newborn of my Will it was necessary, proper, decorous for her and for our Will Itself that she be united to that single act of the Eternal One Who has no succession of Acts. This single act gives to the Divine Being all his grandeur, magnificence, immensity, eternity and power; in sum, it encloses everything in order to send forth from this single act all that He wishes. So, our little newborn in our Will, uniting herself with the single act of the Eternal One, must always be doing a single act, that is, to always be in continuous act of being born, to always do one single act: our Will alone. And while she does this single act, she must be reborn continually, but reborn to what? To new beauty, to new sanctity, to new light, to new likeness with her Creator. And, as you are reborn in our Will, the Divinity feels Itself reciprocated in Its purposes for which It put forth Creation and feels return to Itself the joys and felicity that creatures should give It. And, squeezing you to the Divine bosom, It calls you with joy and infinite graces and makes known other knowledges about our Will; and quickly makes you reborn again in our Will.

How beautiful is the lot of my little newborn. Are you not content? See, I also was born one time; but that birth made Me be reborn continually, reborn in each consecrated HOST, reborn every time the creature returns to my grace. The first birth gives Me the field to be reborn always. So it is with the divine works: done once, the act remains continuous without ever ending. So will it be with my little newborn of my Will; born once, she will remain in the act of continuous rebirth. Therefore, I am so attentive that your will not enter in you. I surround you with so much grace to make you always be reborn in my Will and my Will reborn in you.

Book of Heaven – Volume 19 - March 28, 1926

How by Living in the Divine Will all Goods Become Centered in the Soul; and How the Primary Purpose of the Redemption was the Divine Fiat.

Having made Holy Communion I was calling everyone, my Queen Mamma, the Saints, the first man, Adam, with the succession of all generations even to the last man who will come upon the earth; and, then, all created things, so that all, together with me, prostrate around Jesus, would adore Him, bless Him, love Him, in order that nothing would be

lacking around Him of all the works gone forth from his hands; neither a heart which beats, nor sun which shines, nor the vastness of the blue sky studded with stars, nor the sea which murmurs, not even the little flower which sends up its perfume. I wanted everyone and everything to center around Jesus HOST so that they would render Him the honors due Him. His Will made everything present to me as if all were mine; and I wanted to give all to Jesus.

Book of Heaven – Volume 20 - April 16, 1927

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in instituting the Most Holy EUCHARIST, placed his Sacramental Life in the Heart of his Mother. The Most Holy Virgin of sorrows found the secret of her strength in the Divine Will, because This contains immeasurable Strength.

While I was doing the hour which regarded the institution of the Most Holy EUCHARIST, my Jesus, all goodness, said to me:

"My daughter, when I set about to accomplish an act, first I observe if there is at least one creature in whom I can deposit it, who takes, that is to say, the good that I do and keeps it guarded and well defended; and then I work.

"Even when I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament, I looked about for this creature. My Queen Mother, with maternal longing, offered Herself to receive this my act and the deposit of my great gift, saying to Me: 'My Son, if to watch over You and defend You I offered You in your Conception my womb and my whole being, now I offer You my maternal Heart to receive this sacred Deposit. I draw around your Sacramental Life my affections, my heart beats, my love, thoughts, all Myself, in order to keep You defended, accompanied, loved, repaired. I take the pledge of reciprocating to You the great gift that you make to creatures! Entrust Yourself to your Mother and I will take care of the defence of your EUCHARISTIC Life.

"Since You Yourself have constituted Me Queen of all Creation, I have the right of drawing around You, in homage, in adoration, all the light of the sun, the stars, the sky, the sea, all the inhabitants of the air. In order to give You love and glory, I will surround You with the entire universe!"

"Having guaranteed the safety of the great deposit of my Sacramental Life and being certain of the vigilant guardianship of my Mother, who had given Me so many proofs of her fidelity, I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament. Among all, She was the only creature worthy of guarding, defending and repairing my act.

"See, then, when men receive Me, I descend into them together with the acts which my inseparable Mother accomplished.

"My daughter, when I want to do a grand work worthy of Me, it is necessary that first of all I select a creature to whom to entrust my Gift and from whom, in my turn, I have reciprocity.

"The farmer who wants to sow, doesn't cast the seeds in the middle of the road, but goes in search of the proper field. First, he works the ground and forms the furrow; then he casts the seed which he covers over with earth. With anxiousness he awaits the time of the harvesting which, recompensing him for the labor performed, will give him the return for the seeds which he has entrusted to the earth. In like manner so does an individual who intends to form a beautiful object: at first he prepares the material for it; then he works it and completes it.

"And this is what I wish to do with souls. First I will accord them the great Gift of the manifestations of my Will; afterward, I will entrust to them the care of my Sacramental Life."

After some moments, while I continued to consider all that my beloved Jesus had done and suffered in the course of his existence on earth, He, with kindness added:

"My daughter, my Life here below was most brief, and the greater part of It passed hiddenly. Yet, in spite of the fact that It had been of so short a duration, since my Humanity was animated by a Divine Will, how much good did It not do? All the Church leans upon my Life and drinks to satiety from the fountain of my Doctrine. Each word of mine is a fountain of Eternal Life which is given to every Christian. Every example of mine was more refulgent than a sun. It illuminates, warms, fecundates the souls and brings to maturity the most sublime sanctity. In the souls in which my Will

reigns in all its fullness, the minutes correspond to centuries and centuries of the fullness of goods; while, on the other hand, where It does not reign, the very centuries of life do not contain and are none other than a few minutes of good."

At last I suffered myself to reflect upon the grief that had afflicted my sorrowful Mother in separating herself from Jesus placed in the sepulchre. I thought to myself: "How could She ever have enough strength to leave Him, although dead? How ever was She not consumed by Her maternal Love, before distancing Herself from Him a single step? Yet She left Him .. What heroism did She not show, what fortitude!"

"My daughter," my sweet Jesus explained to me, "do you want to know Who gave my Mother the strength to leave me? It was my Will reigning in Her. She lived by a Will which was not human, but Divine and, therefore, contained in Herself an immeasurable strength. Indeed, you must know that my transfixed Mother in the very instant in which She left Me in the sepulchre was held immersed by my Will in two immense seas: one of sorrows and the other of joys and beatitudes; while that of sorrows obtain for Her all martyrdoms, that of joy let Her enjoy all contentments.

"Scarcely was I dead than her most pure soul followed Me into Limbo and there assisted at the feast that I made with all the Patriarchs, the Prophets, her father Joachim, her mother Anne, dear St. Joseph. During the time of my presence, Limbo became Paradise, and I naturally could not do less than render participant of this first feast of the just souls, She who was inseparable from Me in pains. Her joy was such and so much that She had the strength of separating Herself from my body, of retiring and awaiting my Resurrection in completion of the Redemption. Joy sustained Her in sorrow and sorrow sustained Her in gladness. To the soul who possesses my Will there cannot lack either strength, or power, or joy; she has everything at her disposition.

Book of Heaven – Volume 20 - [Date Unknown]

Solitude in which Jesus is placed by those who receive Him sacramentally; his tears, his sorrows. The mute species and the living species. Continuation of the Life of Jesus in the creature.

After Holy Communion I was making my usual thanksgivings and my Highest Good, Jesus, made Himself seem afflicted and taciturn, as if He felt the need of companionship. I, pressing myself tightly to Him, sought to console Him, and I assured Him that I would be always united to Him, to never leave Him alone. And Jesus seemed all content, and to vent his sorrow He said to me:

"My daughter, be faithful to Me and never leave Me alone, because the pain of solitude is the most oppressive. You know that companionship is the food and the vent of whoever suffers; whereas, without the companionship of who is loved, oh, how oppressive solitude becomes! My daughter, how many souls receive Me Sacramentally in their hearts and place Me in solitude! I feel Myself in them as in a desert, and as if I did not pertain to them; they treat Me as a stranger. But do you know why they do not take part in my Life, in my sanctity, in my graces and in my sorrows? This is why: companionship signifies taking part in all that which the person loved does and suffers. Souls, therefore, who receive Me and do not take part in my Sacramental Life, form for Me the most bitter solitude, by which, remaining alone like this, they render Me impotent to manifest how much I burn with love for them. Isolated, thus, is my Love, isolated my sanctity, my virtue, my Life, in sum all is solitude within Me and outside of Me. Oh, how many times I descend into hearts and cry because I find Myself alone; and thus I feel Myself not cared for, nor appreciated, nor loved; so much that I am constrained by their indifference to reduce Myself to melancholy silence; to see Myself secluded in their hearts; while, with Divine and invincible patience, I await the consummation of the Sacramental Species within which the Eternal Fiat has imprisoned Me. My real presence then goes away; and, with sorrow, I remove Myself because I have been able to leave nothing of my Sacramental Life in them, except perhaps only my tears.

"Therefore, so many souls are seen who receive Me Sacramentally but do not give to Me; they are barren of virtue, barren of love, of sacrifice. Poor things; they feed themselves with Me; but, since they do not keep Me company, they remain devoid of Me. Oh, in what straits of sorrow and cruel martyrdom is my Sacramental Life placed! Many times I feel Myself drowned with Love; I would want to relieve Myself, and I long to descend into hearts; but, also, I am constrained to go out of them more afflicted than before, because they have not paid attention not even to the flames that burn Me! At other times the pain of sorrow overwhelms Me; I long for a heart in order to have some relief to my pains; but what do I get!... He would rather I take part in his sorrow, not he in mine; and, yet, with fatherly goodness I do it: hiding my own sorrows, my tears in order to console him, while I remain without the longed for relief. Oh, who can tell you the so many sorrows of my Sacramental Life?"

"There are many more who receive Me and place Me in bitter solitude in their hearts than those who give Me unworthy company! On the other hand, when I descend into a heart which gives Me company, then, with fatherly care, I place my Life in communication with it and leave there, as on deposit, my virtues, the fruit of my sacrifices, participation in my sacramental life. That fortunate heart then becomes my abode, the hiding place of my pains, the place of my refuge. I feel myself in it as recompensed for the sacrifice of my EUCHARISTIC Life, because I find someone who breaks my solitude, who dries my tears, who gives Me liberty of letting Me vent my Love and my sorrows.

"That fortunate soul serves Me as a living species and very differently than the Sacramental Species, which give Me nothing. Those give Me nothing. They do not speak a word to Me to break my solitude; they are mute species.

"On the other hand, when I am in the soul who serves Me as living species, I and she develop life together; our hearts beat with a single beat; and, if I see her disposed, I communicate to her my pains and I continue in her my Passion. I can say that from the sacramental species I pass into living species to continue my Life upon the earth, not alone, but together with her. Therefore, my daughter, when I find a heart which loves Me and gives me sweet companionship, giving Me liberty to do what I wish, I reach to excesses; I disregard everything; I give so much that the poor creature feels herself drowned by my Love, by my Grace. Then, my Sacramental Life no longer remains sterile, no, but reproduces and bilocates itself, continuing then to remain always in her. This soul becomes my conqueror who administers to this poor Beggar of love her life and says to Me: 'My Love, Your turn with pains have ended; now is my turn; therefore, quit begging and let me suffer in your place.'

"Oh, how content I am then!... My Sacramental Life remains in its place of honor, because it reproduces another of its lives in the creature.

"Therefore, I want you always with Me, living life together; you make yours my Life and I will make mine yours."

Book of Heaven – Volume 35 - November 29, 1937

Our pains, united with the pains of Jesus, form His Life within us. There is no good which doesn't come from them. How lack of love martyrs the divine Love.

My poor mind swims in the sea of the Divine Volition. I feel that It breathes, palpitates and circulates, more than blood, inside the veins of my soul, saying: 'I am here, inside and outside of you - more than your own life. I run within each one of your acts. With my Love I make everything easy for you, and I make you happy.'

In the meantime, He was showing me all the pains that I suffered, invested by light - holding them tightly close to His Heart as many conquests of His Will. I remained preoccupied, and my always adorable Jesus, visiting me, said: "My little daughter of my Divine Will, know that all the pains which my Most Holy Humanity suffered on earth - every tear I shed, every drop of my Blood, every step and motion, and even my breath - were and still are invested by one single voice, with which they speak and shout continuously: 'We want the Kingdom of the Divine Will to reign and dominate in the midst of the creatures. We want our divine rights to be placed in force!...' And they pray, speak and moan around our Supreme Throne, without ever ceasing, that the Will of Heaven and of the earth may be one.

Now, whoever unites with my sufferings, with my heartbeats, breaths, steps and works - prays, speaks and moans together with all I did and suffered on earth. There is no good which does not arise from my sufferings. United with those of the creature, my sufferings form the depository - the HOSTs which receive her pains, forming one single prayer together, one single voice - one single Will. Even more, my pains carry the pains of the creature and everything she does before our Majesty, in order to make her want and do what I did. The pains of the creature kidnap my pains on earth in order to involve all the creatures in both my pains and her own, to dispose all the creatures to receive the Life of my Divine Will. The union with Me - of her pains with my pains - produces the great prodigy of my Life in the creature; a Life which operates, speaks and suffers as if I were on earth again. So, I animate the whole being of the creature with the

power of my acts. My Life flows even in the most tiny trifles, so that all may be mine, animated by my Creative Power, and she may give Me the Love and the Glory of my own Life.

Book of Heaven – Volume 35 - January 24, 1938

How our Lord left for Heaven remaining on earth in the Tabernacles, to accomplish the Kingdom of the Divine Will. One who lives in the Divine Will can say with Jesus: ‘I leave and I stay.’

My flight in the Divine Volition continues. While I was visiting Jesus in the Sacrament, I wanted to embrace all the Tabernacles and each Sacramental HOST in order to live together with my Prisoner Jesus. And I was thinking to myself: ‘What a sacrifice. What a long imprisonment - not of days, but of centuries! Poor Jesus... could He at least be repaid for this!

And my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, all immersed in His flames of Love, said to me: “My good daughter, my first prison was Love. It imprisoned Me so much that I had not even have the freedom to breathe, to palpitate or to work if these too were not imprisoned in my Love. Therefore, my Love imprisoned Me inside the Tabernacle, but with reason and with highest divine Wisdom. Now, You must know that the chains of my Love made Me depart from Heaven during my Incarnation. I left to descend upon earth in search of my children and my brothers and sisters, in order to form for them, with my Love, so many prisons of Love as to make it impossible for them to leave. But while I left, I also remained in Heaven, since my Love - being my prison - bound Me within the celestial regions.

Now, having completed my office down here, I left for Heaven, remaining imprisoned inside each Sacramental HOST. Do you know why? Because my Love, being my sweet imprisonment, told me: ‘The purpose for which you descended from Heaven to earth is not accomplished. Where is the Kingdom of our Will? It does not exist, neither is it known. So, remain there as a Prisoner in each Sacramental HOST. In this way, there will not be only one Jesus, as in your Humanity, but a Jesus for each Sacramental HOST which will exist. In a fury of love, your many Lives will make a way to the Divinity, as well as in each heart which will receive You. These Lives will have a little word to say to make our Will known, because when they descend into each heart, they will not be mute, but speaking, and You will speak about our FIAT in the secret of their hearts. You will be the Bearer of our Kingdom.’ I recognized the demands of my Love as just, so I remained willingly on earth in order to form the Kingdom of my Will - until the complete fulfillment of the work.

You see, by departing for Heaven while remaining on earth, my Life, spread in many Sacramental HOSTs, will not be useless down here. I will certainly form the Kingdom of my Will. I would never have stayed if I knew I wasn’t going to obtain the intent; more so, since this is for Me a sacrifice greater than my very mortal Life. How many secret tears, how many bitter sighs in the midst of many devouring flames of love! I would like to devour all souls inside my Love to make those who are going to live in my Divine Volition rise again to new Life. This Kingdom will come from the center of my Love. It will burn the evils of the earth, relying upon Itself and arming Its Omnipotence; so, victory after victory, It will win our Reign in the midst of the creatures, to give It to them.

Book of Heaven – Volume 36 -

Difference between the life that Jesus forms in the Sacramental HOSTs and the life Jesus forms in one who lives in His Will.

I was always along the way of the Divine Will and, feeling worried, I said to myself: how can it be that so many divine lives can be formed in us for as many acts that we do in It? And my always adorable Jesus, in order to let me understand better, told me: "My daughter, everything is easy to us because when we find one who gives her human will to live in Ours, we delight to form even in the motion, in the breathing, in the step, new lives which move, breathe and speak. The human will gives us many veils in which we form many of our lives. This is the ultimate expression of our love, and we like it so much that, provided that the human will gives us its little veil, we populate all its acts with the variety of our divine lives. 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.

But what does the HOST give to me? Nothing. Not one 'I love you'- not a breath, not a heartbeat; not a single step to accompany. I am lonely and many times this loneliness oppresses me - embitters me - and I burst into tears. How heavy it is for me not having one to whom I can say a word. I am in the nightmare of a deep silence. What can the HOST give to me? The hiding place in which to hide myself. The tiny little prison to make me, I would almost say... to make me unhappy. But since it is my Will that wants me to remain in each Sacramental HOST - and my Will never brings unhappiness, either to Us or to the creatures who live in It - It makes flow in my Sacramental Life our celestial joys, which are inseparable from us. This, from our side, but the HOST never gives me anything. It doesn't defend me, it doesn't love me. Now, if I form my lives in the HOSTs that give Me nothing, how much more would I form them those who live in my Will.

The difference between my Sacramental lives and the many lives I form in one who lives in my Will is incalculable. It is greater than the difference between Heaven and earth. It is, primarily, that we are never alone, and having company is the greatest joy that delights both the divine and the human life. Now you must know that, as I form my Life in the thought of the creature who lives in my Will, I feel the company of the human intelligence, which courts me and loves me. It comprehends me, placing its memory, intellect and will in my power. Since these three powers were created in our image, I feel our eternal memory - which forgets nothing - given to us for company. I feel the company of my Wisdom, which understands me and also the company of the human will fused with Mine - loving me with my eternal love. How could I not multiply, for each of her thoughts, as many of our lives. When we find her understanding and loving us more, we can say that we find our reward, since the more lives we form, the more we let ourselves be understood. We redouble our love and she loves us more. If we form our life in her word, we find company in her word, and since our Fiat is her own, we also find all the prodigies it operated when our Fiat was pronounced. If we form our life in her breath we find her breath, which breathes together with ours and keeps company with our omnipotent breath which, in creating her, gave her life. If we form our life in her motion, oh!, we find her hands that hug us, squeeze us tightly and don't want to leave us, ever again. If we form it in her steps, they follow us everywhere.

THE VIRGIN MARY
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL
Meditations for the Month of May, for the House of the Divine Will.

DAY 27 - Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:

Dearest child, do not deny me your company in so much bitterness. The Divinity has already decreed the last day of my Son down here. One of His apostles has already betrayed Him, giving Him up into the hands of the Jews, to make Him die. My dear Son, taken by excess of love and not wanting to leave His children, for whom He came to search upon earth, has already left Himself in the Sacrament of the EUCHARIST, so that whoever wants Him, can possess Him. So, the life of my Son is about to end, and He is about to take flight for His celestial Fatherland.

ROUNDS

NINETEENTH HOUR

The soul follows Jesus to the entrance into Jerusalem and requests the victory of the Divine Will over the human will. It follows it afterwards to the institution of the sacraments.

My Celestial lover, my "I love You" follows You into the triumphant entrance that You made in Jerusalem. I impressed it everywhere: on the branches of the palms, on the cloaks that were thrown at Your feet, on the cries of "Viva" with which the crowds received You!

My Divine King, Your appearance as a victorious conqueror, seem to give me the glad news that soon the Reign of Your Divine Will on earth will come. For this reason, I will not leave You. I will not tire of following You with my "I love You" until You, Yourself will promise me of its happy coming.

Already I seem to feel whispering in Your ear: "Oh soul, follow me. My love feels the need of Your company, my enemies, envious of the cries of 'Viva' from the mobs, try to take my life and therefore I, before dying (I die) want to institute the Sacrament of the EUCHARIST to leave a last remembrance of the intense love that I nurture for my children and to be able to create a perennial life among them.

Profit by this My gift, so as to ask of Me without intermission for My Divine Will!

My love, I press myself tightly to You to place my “I love You” in every sacrament that You instituted. I deposit in every baptism that is administered, in order to ask in virtue of it, to grant the Divine Fiat to each baptized person. I repeated in the sacrament of Confirmation so as to invoke the victory of Your Divine Will in every confirmed person. With this “I love You” of mine, I want to seal in the sacrament of Extreme Unction so as to obtain that every dying person complete his last act of his life in the Divine Will.

I impress it in the sacrament of Divine Orders, to ask of You that priests that conform to Your Will may possess and extend Your Holy Kingdom. My “I love You” is impressed on the sacrament of Matrimony to ask of You to produce families trained in the school of Your Divine Fiat.

It introduces itself in the sacrament of Penance so as to ask You to give in every confession of the faithful, death to sin and life to Your Divine Will.

My Jesus Savior, I want that my “I love You” never abandon You and be eternal with You. Therefore, I leave with my “I adore You, bless You and thank You” in every Sacramental HOST, in every sacred tear that You shed for every consecrated particle, in every offense that You receive and in each reparation that You accomplish, to ask with You that the Kingdom of Your Divine Will reigns on earth as it does in Heaven. My Celestial Archer, wound from every tabernacle of human will, extend over them Your chains of love. Use all Your amorous strategies to conquer them. Then, in exchange, give us Your Will so that it can be one with ours on earth as it is in Heaven.

Hours of the Passion

The soul follows Jesus into Gethsemane and into the sufferings of His Passion.

My afflicted Jesus, now that You left Yourself in the sacrament of the EUCHARIST, so that You could descend into each heart, place Yourself at the disposition of creatures, saying to them: “I do not leave you. I remain with you all so that I can form the Kingdom of My Divine Will among you, My children.” Your love is felt to be appeased and You now enter fully into the sea of Your Passion.

I now see that Your steps are directed to the Garden of Gethsemane and that You prostrate Yourself on the ground and pray. At the same time, Your breathing becomes grave. You become short of breath, You sigh, You agonize and sweat blood. All this is done before the sins of man, the suffering of Your Passion each of which carries an infamous sample of the homicidal army of the human will that wars against God.

My agonizing Jesus, my poor heart knows no surcease when it sees You fall to the earth bathed in Your own blood. By the merits of this, Your so cruel martyrdom, I ask of You that Your Divine Will extends its Kingdom on earth and with its Divine armies, meter out death for the human will and make each heart occupy the proper vital position.

My Jesus, I want to give You help by allowing my “I love You, adore You, bless You and thank You” to flow in every drop of blood that You shed, in every suffering of Yours, every sigh and anguish. With my “I love You” I would like to make clouds so high that they would hide from Your view, the ugly spectacle of so many sins.

Oh Jesus, if Your Divine Will would reign, You would not find Yourself in such sorrow, such agonizing torture. So, promise me that the triumph of Your Divine Will, will not be long in coming.

My suffering Jesus, Your enemies are already in the garden. They bind You with ropes and chains. They step over You, they drag You and lead You from tribunal to tribunal.

My love, I follow you step by step so as to seal all Your sufferings with my, “I love You,” and to ask of You that with the same ropes and chains with which You are tied, You wish to tie our rebellious will so that it will not oppose Your Divine Will, but will ever let it reign.

My Jesus, Your enemies do not leave You alone. They fill you with pain, cover You with expectorations; accuse You as a criminal and after condemning You to death, place You in prison. Jesus, my prisoner, I do not leave You. My “I love You,” invests these disgusting expectorations so that You may not be nauseated, but find in them only the

sweetness of my love. I want to cover You again with my “I love You,” so that it may protect You from the insults that are thrown at You, assuage Your pains and transforms them into a defensive army that sets your enemies to flight.

My “I love You“ will serve as a light in that dark prison in which they lead You. It will keep You company and will induce You to free us from the prison of our will so as to render us children of Your Divine Fiat.

How I suffer, my Love! With my “I love You,” I want to form a cloak of light that will dazzle and humiliate Your enemies, so that they may be persuaded to never torment You any more but to acknowledge You as their King. And You, please use Your Mercy to cure us from the insanity in which the human will creates in us- a craze that lets us lose the rationality of the true good, because it prevents us from doing Your Divine Will.

The Queen of Heaven in the Reign of the Divine Will.

CHAPTER XI - July 8, 1935

Those Who Live in the Divine Will Acquire Inseparability From Their Creator, and in Heaven They Will Be Transformed Into Suns and Stars That Will Crown the Celestial Sovereign. Participation of the Queen of Heaven at the Institution of the Sacrament of the Holy EUCHARIST.

Wandering in the Divine Will, I found myself delighted and surprised before the most beautiful work of the Holy Trinity, that is to say before our Queen Mother. While I was contemplating in silent admiration, my lovable Jesus said to me with sweetness and with indescribable love:

“My child, how beautiful my Mother is! Her empire extends everywhere. Her beauty ravishes and enchants all hearts. There is no being that does not bend its knees to venerate Her. Think . . . for such beauty emanates from the inseparability bestowed upon Her by my Divine Will.

“In virtue of the same identical Fiat that We always pronounce together, She takes part in all my works and has the right to do all that I do. I don't do anything without her contribution. In all my life there was no action in which She did not participate. We are inseparably united even in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and together We pronounce that Fiat, that all powerful Fiat, that transubstantiated the bread and wine into my Body and Blood, into my Soul and Divinity.

"Just as I would like to have obtained her Fiat before taking human form in the flesh of her virginal womb, so I still wanted it when I was about to begin my Sacramental Life. Besides, how could I have had the heart to exclude my Mother from an act in which my Love gave vent to exuberant excesses, incredible in magnitude? And not only did I want Her with Me in performing this prodigy, but I also made Her Queen of my Sacramental Life.

“There are not enough words to express the impetus with which She accepted the new mission of Motherhood, nor phrases to express the tenderness with which She renewed the offer of her womb and of her beautiful soul so that She could protect Me from the horrendous ingratitude and enormous sacrileges which I would have to undergo in the Sacrament of my Love!

“My daughter, if I greatly insist that my Will become the Life of man, it is because I desire to have him as a companion in my acts since I yearn that he love Me with my same Love, and that he act through my own actions. I do not want to be the isolated God, and I do not consent that my creatures live alone without taking part in our Divine work.

“See how my Celestial Mother has, in an admirable way, taken part in everything that I did during my mortal Life, thanks to the single will that loved Us! When I produced miracles, She was united with Me in the operation of the prodigy. When I recalled the dead to life, I felt that She remained united to Me within the power of my Will. When I suffered, She suffered with Me in totality and constancy.

“The inseparability of person and of action was the supreme honor that She received from the Divine Fiat. Additionally, in time her work fused with mine, and it proved to Me more love and greater glory than I could desire. In such a way I deposited and She received in her maternal Heart the works performed. She was even jealous to the point of taking care of my very breath. The unity of our Wills, united as one, and Her having become sacred through my works, produced a flame of pure love sufficient to burn and consume the entire world.”

After a few moments of silence, during which I remained imbued with an unspeakable joy and ineffable understanding of the seas of grace of my Celestial Sovereign, my greatest good Jesus added:

"My daughter, admire my Mother! Her majesty is enchanting, before her holiness the heavens bow. Her praises are of incalculable value, who can claim to be like Her? She is par excellence, the only true Mistress and Mother of all creatures, and the Queen of the Universe! Of all the treasures that She possesses, do you want to know, my daughter, what is most precious to Her? They are the souls!

"Each soul is dearer to Her than the entire world. Moreover, because no one enters Heaven except through her means and by virtue of her Motherhood and sufferings, She consequently considers them all as her property. It is thus justifiable to give to the Holy Virgin the title of Mistress of Souls. They form all of her riches, her ineffable joy, and the pride and the conquest of her infinite love! See, therefore, how rich She is! Her riches are special. They are full of loves that speak, of loves which are singing the praises of the Celestial Mistress.

"As Mother, She shall have the possession of an innumerable stock of children, and, as Sovereign of the Reign of the Divine Will, She shall have her subjects. These children and these subjects will form her most shining crown. As suns and as stars they will shine around her august body with such beauty as to ravish the Heavens. The children of the Reign of my Divine Will will be the first to give Her glory and to render to Her the honors of Queen.

"Therefore I beg you to intensely pray that this Kingdom come on Earth soon. The Divine Mother, who was already crowned by the Holy Trinity, waits that her beloved children adorn Her with a new wreath of glory—proclaiming Her already in this life as their Queen, and offering their own existence in attestation of [their] love. How many Divine secrets would men uncover if they understood the meaning of living in my Will! On your part, my daughter, you should prefer to die rather than not live in my Will!"

CHAPTER XVIII - May 28, 1937

The Supreme Being, When He Willed the Incarnation of the Eternal Word in the Womb of the Celestial Queen, Entrusted to Her the Task of Carrier of Souls to Jesus.

This morning, after having received Holy Communion, my Celestial Mother made a sweet and dear surprise to me. She made Herself seen inside of me with the baby Jesus, whom She held tightly to her maternal Heart, and so covered by her arms that, in order to see Him and enjoy Him with my love, I was forced to abandon myself also into her embrace. Yes, I wanted to be so close, to be held tightly to Them so that I could love with the same love that Jesus and the Queen Mother had for each other. Moreover, while I was thus, in all goodness and tenderness the Sovereign Queen said to me:

"My darling child, know that I am the bearer of Jesus. This task was given to Me by the Supreme Being. Only after He had been assured that I had the grace, the love, the capacity, and the same Divine Will to care for Him, defend Him, and love Him, only then did He give Me the gift and made the Eternal Word become Incarnate in my womb.

"The Supreme Being said to Me: 'My daughter, We are making You the great gift of the Life of the Son of God. Thus, since You will possess Him, You can give Him to whoever You wish—but you must defend Him, and never leave Him alone when You give Him. You must supply love if they do not love Him, and make reparation if they offend Him. In short, see that He lacks nothing for decency, holiness, and the decorum that He needs. Be attentive, Daughter, It is the greatest gift that We make to You. We also give you the gift of bilocation [for] as many times as you wish. Therefore whoever wants Him may receive Him, and also possess this great gift.'

"Consequently, my darling, this Son is mine, I am the possessor of his Life. Furthermore, since He is mine I know his amorous secrets, his anxieties, his sighs. These are so powerful that they can drive Him to tears, and with repeated sobs He tells me: 'My Mamma, give Me to souls, I want souls!' Then I, his Mother, sigh and cry together with Him. I want what He wants, which is that they all possess my Son.

"I must, however, be sure of the safety of his Life, the great gift that God entrusted to Me. Therefore, because of this, in the Sacrament He descends into the hearts of creatures, and I also descend to protect my gift. If I were to leave my poor Son alone, and if He did not have his Mother with Him, some bad souls would hurt Him!

"For those who do not heartily tell Him 'I love You' when they receive Him, I dispose to love Him in their stead. For those who receive Him distracted, without thinking of the great HOST that they are receiving, I pour myself out to Him so as not to allow Him to feel the distractions and coldness of creatures. For those who almost make Him weep, I dry his tears, I soothe Him, and at the same time scold those creatures so [that] they will stop making Him sad.

"Who can relate to you the moving scenes that take place in the hearts of those who receive Him Sacramentally? There are souls who would like to love Him more, and in that case I give them both my love and that of Jesus so that they can love Him with our own Love. These are scenes of Heaven, before which even the Angels are enraptured, and at the same time make Us recover from the pains that other creatures give Us.

"Who can tell you everything? I am the Bearer of Jesus, He does not want to go to creatures without Me, so much so that when the Priest gets ready to pronounce the words of the Consecration on the Holy HOST, I spread my maternal wings so that He descends from between my hands to be consecrated. Furthermore, if unworthy hands would ever touch Him, I would make reparation with mine, defending Him and covering Him with my love.

"This is not all. I am always attentive to see if creatures want my Son. Thus, if some sinner repents of his grave sins, and the light of grace appears in his heart, then I quickly bring Jesus to him as confirmation of the pardon, and provide all that is needed so that He may remain in that converted heart!

"The Divine Will which I possess reveals to Me who [it is who] wants Him, and I rush to him. [I] fly there, never leaving him, because I am the Bearer of Jesus. This is a task given to Me by the Supreme Being, and from which I must not evade. It is a task that at the same time makes Me experience the joys of my Motherhood, makes Me taste the fruit of my sorrows, gives Me the glory of the Kingdom that I possess, and the fulfillment of the Divine Will on earth."

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE PASSION

Fourth Hour From 8 to 9 PM

The EUCHARISTIC Supper

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your love, I see that as You finish the legal supper together with your dear disciples, You stand up, and united with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given you food, wanting to repair for all the lack of thanksgiving of the creatures, and for all the means He gives us for the preservation of corporal life. This is why, O Jesus, in anything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, "Thanks be to You, O Father". I too, Jesus, united with You, take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: "Thank You for myself and for all", in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

The washing of the feet

But, O my Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You make your beloved disciples sit down again; You take a bucket of water, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate Yourself at the apostles' feet, with a gesture so humble as to draw the attention of all Heaven, and to make It remain ecstatic. The apostles themselves stay almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet. But tell me, my Love, what do You want? What do You intend to do with this act so humble? A humility never before seen, and which will never be seen!

"Ah, my child, I want all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I ask for them, I importune them and, crying, I plot love traps around them in order to obtain them!

Prostrate at their feet, with this bucket of water mixed with my tears, I want to wash them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament.

I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the EUCHARIST, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to my dear Mama, but I Myself want to purify them, down to the most intimate fibers, in order to dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament; and in the apostles I intended to prepare all souls.

I intend to repair for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of divine spirit and of disinterest. Ah, how many good works reach Me more to dishonor Me than to honor Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me! More to give Me death than to give Me life! These are the

offenses which sadden Me the most. Ah, yes, my child, count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and repair with my own reparations. Console my embittered heart."

O my afflicted Good, I make your life my own, and together with You I intend to repair for all these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate hiding places of your divine Heart and repair with your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses, which You receive from your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything, and together with You I want to go through all the souls who are about to receive You in the EUCHARIST, enter into their hearts, and place my hands together with yours, to purify them.

O please, O Jesus, with these tears of yours and this water with which You washed the feet of the apostles, let us wash the souls who must receive You; let us purify their hearts; let us inflame them, and shake off the dust with which they are dirtied, so that, when they receive You, You may find in them your satisfactions, instead of your bitternesses.

But, my affectionate Good, while You are all intent on washing the feet of the apostles, I look at You, and I see another sorrow which pierces your Most Holy Heart. These apostles represent all the future children of the Church, and each of them, the series of each one of your sorrows. In some, weaknesses, in some, deceits; in one, hypocrisies, in the other, excessive love for interests; in Saint Peter the lack of firmness and all the offenses of the leaders of the Church; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all the apostates, with all the series of great evils which they commit.

Ah, your sorrow is suffocated by pain and by love; so much so, that unable to contain it, You pause at the feet of each apostle and burst into tears, praying and repairing for each one of these offenses, and impetrating the appropriate remedy for all.

My Jesus, I too unite myself to You; I make your prayers, your reparations and your appropriate remedies for each soul, my own. I want to mix my tears with yours, that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You, to share in your pains.

But, sweet Love of mine, as You continue to wash the feet of the apostles, I see that You are now at Judas' feet. I hear your labored breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and unable to speak with your voice because it is suffocated by crying, you look at him with eyes swollen with tears, and say to him with your heart: "My child, O please, I beg you with the voices of my tears - do not go to hell! Give Me your soul, which I ask of you, prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what do you want? What do you demand? I will give you everything, provided that you do not lose yourself. O please, spare this sorrow to Me, your God!" And again, You press those feet to your Heart. But in seeing the hardness of Judas, your heart is cornered; your heart suffocates You, and You are about to faint. My Heart and my Life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are your loving devices, which You use with each obstinate sinner.

O please, I beg You, my Heart - as I compassionate You and repair for the offenses which You receive from the souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert, let us go around the earth, and wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, your kisses and your squeezes of love to bind them to You, in such a way that they will not be able to escape, and therefore relieve You from the pain of the loss of Judas.

Institution of the EUCHARIST

My Jesus, my joy and delight, I see that your love runs, and runs rapidly. You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the altar where there is bread and wine ready for the consecration. I see you, my heart, assuming a look wholly new and never seen before: your Divine Person acquires a tender, loving, affectionate appearance; your eyes blaze with light, more than if they were suns; your rosy face is radiant; your lips are smiling and burning with love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see You, my Love, all transformed: your Divinity seems to overflow from your Humanity.

My Heart and my Life, Jesus, this appearance of yours, never before seen, draws the attention of all the apostles. They are caught by a sweet enchantment and do not dare even to breathe. Your sweet Mama runs in spirit to the foot of the altar, to admire the portents of your love. The Angels descend from Heaven, asking themselves: "What is this? What is

this? These are true follies, true excesses! A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but Himself. And where? In the most wretched matter of a little bread and a little wine."

But while they are all around You, oh insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands; You offer it to the Father, and I hear your most sweet voice say: "Holy Father, thanks be to You, for always answering your Son. Holy Father, concur with Me. One day, You sent Me from Heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of my Mama, to come and save our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each HOST, to continue their salvation and be life of each one of my children. Do You see, O Father? Few hours of my life are left: who would have the heart to leave my children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies - the obscurities, the passions, the weaknesses to which they are subject. Who will help them? O please, I supplicate You to let Me stay in each HOST, to be life of each one, and therefore put to flight their enemies; to be their light, strength and help in everything. Otherwise, where shall they go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal, my love is irresistible - I cannot leave my children, nor do I want to."

The Father is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of the Son. He descends from Heaven; He is already on the altar, and united with the Holy Spirit, concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with sonorous and moving voice, pronounces the words of the Consecration, and without leaving Himself, creates Himself in that bread and wine.

Then You communicate your apostles, and I believe that our celestial Mama did not remain without receiving You. Ah, Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send to You an act of adoration in your new state of profound annihilation.

But, O sweet Jesus, while your love remains pleased and satisfied, having nothing left to do, I see, O my Good, on this altar, HOSTs which will perpetuate until the end of centuries; and lined up in each HOST, your whole sorrowful passion, because the creatures, at the excesses of your love, prepare for You excesses of ingratitude and enormous crimes. And I, Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the pyxes and in each consecrated HOST which will ever be until the end of the world, to emit my acts of reparation, according to the offenses You receive.

O Jesus, I contemplate You in the Holy HOST, and as though seeing You in your adorable Person, I kiss your majestic forehead; but in kissing You, I feel the pricks of your thorns. O my Jesus, in this holy HOST, how many creatures do not spare You thorns. They come before you, and instead of sending You the homage of their good thoughts, they send You their evil thoughts; and You lower your head again as You did in the Passion, receiving and bearing the thorns of these evil thoughts. Oh my Love, I draw near You to share in your pains; I place all my thoughts in your mind in order to expel these thorns which sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and therefore console your sad mind. Jesus, my Good, I kiss your beautiful eyes; I see your loving gaze toward those who come before your presence, anxious to receive the return of their gazes of love. But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the exchange of gazes of love! You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips wet with your tears. My Jesus, do not cry; I want to place my eyes in yours to share in these pains with You, and to cry with You. And wanting to repair for all the distracted gazes of creatures, I offer You my gazes, always fixed in You.

Jesus, my Love, I kiss your Most Holy ears; I now see You intent on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to your ears prayers badly said, full of diffidence, prayers done out of habit; and in this Holy HOST, your hearing is molested more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in your ears to repair You, and I want to place my ears in yours, not only to share these pains with You, but to offer You my continuous act of reparation, and to console You.

Jesus, my Life, I kiss your Most Holy Face; I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. The creatures, O Jesus, come before the Holy HOST, and with their indecent postures and evil discourses, instead of giving you honor, seem to send you slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them in all peace and patience, and You bear everything! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You and to receive the insults which come to You from your creatures, but to share with You all your pains. With my hands, I intend to caress You, wipe off the spit, and press You tightly to my heart; and of my being, to make many tiny little pieces, placing them before You, like many souls who adore You; and to turn my movements into continuous prostrations, to repair for the dishonors You receive from all creatures.

My Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy lips; I see that in descending sacramentally into the hearts of your creatures, You are forced to lean on many cutting, impure, evil tongues. Oh, how embittered You remain! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each creature, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them!

My weary Good, I kiss your Most Holy head. I see it tired, exhausted, and all occupied in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do you do? And You: "My child, in this HOST I work from morning to evening, forming chains of love; and as souls come to Me, I bind them to my Heart. But do you know what they do to Me? Many wriggle free by force, shattering my loving chains; and since these chains are linked to my Heart, I am tortured and become delirious. Then, in breaking my chains, they render my crafting useless, looking for the chains of the creatures. And they do this even in my presence, using Me in order to reach their own ends. This grieves Me so much as to make Me faint and rave."

How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your love is cornered, and in order to relieve you from the offenses you receive from these souls, I ask You to chain my heart with those chains broken by them, in order to give You my return of love in their place.

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss your breast. The fire You contain in it is such that, in order to give a little vent to your flames and to take a little break from your work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting arrows of love which come out from your breast toward them. Your game is to form arrows, darts, lightnings; and when they strike souls, You become festive. But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and lightnings of ingratitude in return. And You remain so afflicted as to cry bitterly! Oh Jesus, here is my breast, ready to receive not only your arrows destined to me, but also those which the other souls reject; so You will no longer remain defeated in your love game. In this way, I will also repair for the coldness, the lukewarmness and the ingratitude, which You receive from them.

Oh Jesus, I kiss your left hand, and I intend to repair for all the illicit or blameworthy touches, done in your presence; and I beg You always to hold me tightly to your Heart!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your right hand, and I intend to repair for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated! How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven into unworthy hands and breasts; and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to stay. Even more, in some of your ministers, You find the ones who renew your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide! Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But unfortunately, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of the Jews, You are in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting, again, for your death and also for their conversion. Oh Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I beg You to call me near You, and in order to repair You, I will cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with your virtues to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in me, I will pray for Priests, that they may be your worthy Ministers. Amen.

O Jesus, I kiss your left foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You out of habit and without the necessary dispositions.

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 which 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!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your most sweet Heart, into which all offenses pour, and I intend to repair for everything, to give you return of love for all, and to share in your pains, always together with You!

O Celestial Archer, if any offense escapes my reparation, I beg You to imprison me in your Heart and in your Will, so that I may repair for everything. I will pray the sweet Mama to keep me always with Her, in order to repair everything, and for everyone. We will kiss You together, and keeping You sheltered, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness which You receive from the creatures. O please, O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor sinful soul.

Enclose me in your Heart, and with the chains of your love, do not only imprison me, but bind, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours!

And so, my Love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be made of Love; your flames will be my food, your breath will be mine, the fences preventing me from going out will be your Most Holy Will. So I will see nothing but flames, I will touch nothing but fire; and while they give me life, they will give me death, like that You suffer in the Holy HOST. I will give You my life, and so, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be released in me. Is this not your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the HOST, in order to be released by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of love, bless me, give the mystical kiss of love to my soul, while I remain clasped and clinging to You.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Holy Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and the offenses of the creatures at the excesses of your love, although wounded and embittered, you do not draw back; rather, You want to drown everything in the immensity of your love.

I see You, O Jesus, as You administer Yourself to your apostles, and then You add that they too must do what You have done, giving them authority to consecrate; so You ordain them priests and institute the other Sacraments. You take care of everything, and You repair for everything: the sermons badly given, the Sacraments administered and received without disposition, and therefore without effects; the mistaken vocations of priests, on their part and on the part of those who ordain them, not using all means in order to discern the true vocations. Ah, nothing escapes You, O Jesus, and I intend to follow You and to repair for all these offenses.

Then, after You have given fulfillment to everything, You gather your apostles and set out for the Garden of Gethsemani, to begin your sorrowful Passion. I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

Letter 26. To Mother Paolina

J.M.J.

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei!

My good and reverend Mother Paolina,

(...) Now let's come to us, my good mother. I delayed writing you in order to let Holy Christmas draw near and then send you my poor wishes. But what can I, poor little ignorant, wish to you? So I ask dear Baby Jesus that He Himself bring you my sincere wishes. During these days, you will prepare your heart in order to form it as a HOST in which the Divine Infant will come to be reborn in you, and will bring you, as a wish and a gift, the heartbeat and the word of the Fiat, His baby tears, His tender moans and wails, in order to be consoled and to receive your tender love in return. My Mother, welcome Him soon, soothe His crying, warm Him, and be attentive so that He may always remain with you. This is what the Celestial Baby wants: He comes to remain with you. I am sure that you will not send Him back, and He will make of you His Royal Palace, His little Paradise. This is the wish I am sending you; I believe you will be content.

Letter 27. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei!

My good Mother Cecilia,

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

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

Letter 84.

J.M.J.

Fiat – In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Courage and trust. The Divine Will has found Its work in your soul, and when you suffer more, it seems that Jesus wants to hasten His work, to receive the contentment to see you as He wants and likes, and to be able to say: “My daughter is like Me, in the sufferings as much as in wanting what I Myself wanted – only the Will of the Celestial Father. How happy I am! It is true that you suffer, but I run to sustain you in my arms, that you may feel my strength and the powerful breath of my Will, which searches for the new life I want in you, and converts all your pains into precious gems of love. And when I feel embittered, I run, I come to you, to be sweetened in your pains which carry the seal of my Divine Will, and to sweeten the bitternesses that, unfortunately, the other creatures give Me. **Therefore, I recommend to you, my daughter: be patient, be my HOST, let Me come to be consecrated in you. But I do not want you as a dead HOST, but alive and speaking; and may your suffering be the lamp, always lit, which never extinguishes, and which loves Me incessantly.**” *My blessed daughter, how good is Jesus! It seems that He reduces us to dust in order to give us new life, and to find His own Life in us.*

PREPARTION FOR HOLY COMMUNION TOGETHER WITH THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Oh Heavenly Mother, the hour draws near; a few more moments and Jesus will come to settle in my poor heart.

Oh Mother, sweetest Mother, take your little child in your arms and, sweetly rocking her in your maternal arms, bring her to Jesus. And while You, oh Mother, will cover all my being with your most holy hands, put to sleep my thoughts, my affections, my desires and all that which is not from God.

Touch my forehead with your Divine fingers and make me understand who Jesus is and the great gift He makes me, giving me all Himself; so that knowing Him I might be able to love Him more.

Oh Mother, touch my eyes and, while You purify them for me, make them worthy for looking only at Jesus.

Touch my ears; purify them and place your fingers on them as a seal; so that they may open only to listen to Jesus’ voice.

Touch my mouth and, while You purify my lips and my tongue, Oh Mother You Yourself intercede before me; so that, penetrated by your voice, Jesus may concede that which is of His Will.

Oh Mother, touch my hands and, while You purify them, dispose them in such a way as to be able to embrace and hug Jesus.

Oh Mother, touch my feet and purify them in such a way as to be able not to walk, but to fly always more toward Jesus.

Oh Mother, while You hold me tightly in your arms, look at my poor heart. Take it between your hands and shake off the dust by which it is soiled. Purify its affections; grant that my desires may be so ardent as to be able to continuously wound the Heart of my Jesus.

Oh Mother, in this heart, cold as it is, pour all your Love; fill it with your virtues; bless it for me with your most holy hands; so that, now that Jesus is coming, He may find it enriched by You and will never be able to reject it.

Mother, give one of your maternal glances to all my being. After having purified and beautified me, be so kind as to present me to Jesus. Look at me still, Mother. I would like You to take away something from this miserable ego of mine. Do You not see? I still need You to completely destroy this ego. You alone can do it. Therefore, You Yourself ask Jesus for it, and I am sure that He will want to deny You nothing.

Oh Mother, put Jesus’ mind in mine to be able to understand Him with His own intelligence, His eyes in mine to be able to look at Him with His own eyes, His hearing in mine to be able to hear Him with His own hearing, His mouth in

mine to be able to receive Him with His own tongue, His arms in mine to be able to embrace Him with his own arms; so that He may no longer be able to detach Himself from me, His feet in mine so that, wherever I go, He may not find me but in Himself and He always in me, His Heart in mine so that upon Jesus' coming He may not find but Himself and that I may be hidden all in Him so that He will not find my love but His own Love.

Grant, oh Mother, that my heart may be the little host, consecrated and transformed all into Him, in such a way as to be a pyx, tabernacle and continuous life of love and immolation with Jesus Himself.

Now Mother, I am content. Take me in your arms to the Alter. You also descend with Him into my heart and all three of Us together will sing the hymn of thanksgiving.

And you, all the Angels and Saints of Paradise, come around me. Accompany me to Jesus. Amen.

LUISA'S PREPARATION FOR HOLY COMMUNION

I would feel a great need to receive Communion; for the whole day and night I would do nothing but prepare myself. My eyes could not close to sleep because of the continuous throbbing of my heart, and I would say to Him: 'Lord, hurry, for I cannot be without You. Accelerate the hours, let the sun rise quickly, for I cannot resist anymore, my heart is fainting.' He Himself would make me such loving invitations that I would feel my heart crack. He would say to me: "See, I am alone, do not be troubled because you cannot sleep – this is about keeping company with your God, with your Spouse, with your All, who is continuously offended. O please! do not deny Me this relief, because then, in your afflictions I will not leave you." (Vol. 1)

Book of Heaven - Volume 12 - October 24, 1918

I was preparing myself to receive my sweet Jesus in the Sacrament, and I prayed that He Himself would cover my great misery. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, in order to allow the creature to have all the necessary means to receive Me, I wanted to institute this Sacrament on the last day of my Life, so as to line up my whole Life around each Host, as preparation for each creature who would receive Me. The creature could never have received Me, if she had not had a preparing God, Who was taken only by excess of Love for wanting to give Himself to the creature. And since the creature was unable to receive Me, that same excess of Love led Me to give my whole Life in order to prepare her, so It placed my steps, my works, my Love before her own. And since within Me there was also my Passion, It placed also my pains in order to prepare her. *So, invest yourself with Me; cover yourself with each one of my acts, and come.*"

LUISA'S PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Book of Heaven - Volume 9 -November 4, 1909

Having received Communion, I was saying to my adorable Jesus: *'I am now tightly united with You – even more, I am identified with You. If we are one single thing, I leave my being in You, and I take Yours. So I leave You my mind, and I take Yours; I leave You my eyes, my mouth, my heart, my hands, my steps... Oh! how happy I will be from now on! I will think with your mind, I will look with your eyes, I will speak with your mouth, I will love with your Heart, I will work with your hands, I will walk with your feet... And if something comes to me, I will say: "I left my being in Jesus and I took His own – go to Jesus, and He will answer you for me." Oh, how blissful I feel! Ah yes, I take from You also your beatitude, isn't it true, Jesus? But, my Life and my Good, with your beatitude You render all Heaven blissful, while if I take your beatitude I make no one blissful.'*

Biographical notes

The Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta was born in Corato in the Province of Bari, on April 23, 1865 and died there in the odor of sanctity on March 4, 1947.

Luisa had the good fortune to be born into one of those patriarchal families that still survive in our realm of Puglia and like to live deep in the country, peopling our farmhouses. Her parents, Vito Nicola and Rosa Tarantino, had five

children: Maria, Rachele, Filomena, Luisa and Angela. Maria, Rachele and Filomena married. Angela, commonly called Angelina, remained single and looked after her sister until she died.

Luisa was born on the Sunday after Easter and was baptized that same day. Her father – a few hours after her birth – wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the parish church where holy Baptism was administered to her.

Nicola Piccarreta was a worker on a farm belonging to the Mastroilli family, located at the middle of Via delle Murge in a neighborhood called *Torre Disperata*, 27 kilometers from Corato. Those who know these places, set among the sunny, bare and stony hills, can appreciate the solemnity of the silence that envelops them. Luisa spent many years of her childhood and adolescence on this farm. In front of the old house, the impressive, centuries-old mulberry tree still stands, with the great hollow in its trunk where Luisa used to hide when she was little in order to pray, far from prying eyes. It was in this lonely, sunny spot place that Luisa's divine adventure began which was to lead her down the paths of suffering and holiness. Indeed, it was in this very place that she came to suffer unspeakably from the attacks of the devil who at times even tormented her physically. Luisa, to be rid of this suffering, turned ceaselessly to prayer, addressing in particular the Virgin Most Holy, who comforted her by her presence.

Divine Providence led the little girl down paths so mysterious that she knew no joys other than God and his grace. One day, in fact, the Lord said to her: *"I have gone round and round the world again and again, and I looked one by one at all my creatures to find the smallest one of all. Among so many I found you. Your littleness pleased me and I chose you; I entrusted you to my angels so that they would care for you, not to make you great, but to preserve your littleness, and now I want to begin the great work of fulfilling my will. Nor will you feel any greater through this, indeed it is my will to make you even smaller, and you will continue to be the little daughter of the Divine Will"* (cf. Volume XII, March 23, 1921).

When she was nine, Luisa received Jesus in the Eucharist for the first time and Holy Confirmation, and from that moment learned to remain for hours praying before the Blessed Sacrament. When she was eleven she wanted to enroll in the Association of the Daughters of Mary – flourishing at the time – in the Church of San Giuseppe. At the age of eighteen, Luisa became a Dominican Tertiary taking the name of Sr. Maddalena. She was one of the first to enroll in the Third Order, which her parish priest was promoting. Luisa's devotion to the Mother of God was to develop into a profound Marian spirituality, a prelude to what she would one day write about Our Lady.

Jesus' voice led Luisa to detachment from herself and from everyone. At about eighteen, from the balcony of her house in Via Nazario Sauro, she had a vision of Jesus suffering under the weight of the Cross, who raised his eyes to her saying: *"O soul, help me!"*. From that moment an insatiable longing to suffer for Jesus and for the salvation of souls was enkindled in Luisa. So began those physical sufferings which, in addition to her spiritual and moral sufferings, reached the point of heroism.

The family mistook these phenomena for sickness and sought medical help. But all the doctors consulted were perplexed at such an unusual clinical case. Luisa was subject to a state of corpse-like rigidity – although she showed signs of life – and no treatment could relieve her of this unspeakable torment. When all the resources of science had been exhausted, her family turned to their last hope: priests. An Augustinian priest, Fr. Cosma Loiodice, at home because of the Siccardian* laws, was summoned to her bedside: to the wonder of all present, the sign of the Cross which this priest made over the poor body, sufficed to restore her normal faculties instantly to the sick girl. After Fr. Loiodice had left for his friary, certain secular priests were called in who restored Luisa to normality with the sign of the Cross. She was convinced that all priests were holy, but one day the Lord told her: *"Not because they are all holy – indeed, if they only were! – but simply because they are the continuation of my priesthood in the world you must always submit to their priestly authority; never oppose them, whether they are good or bad"* (cf. Volume I). Throughout her life, Luisa was to be submissive to priestly authority. This was to be one of the greatest sources of her suffering. Her daily need for the priestly authority in order to return to her usual tasks was her deepest mortification. In the beginning, she suffered the most humiliating misunderstandings on the part of the priests themselves who considered her a lunatic filled with exalted ideas, who simply wanted to attract attention. Once they left her in that state for more than twenty days. Luisa, having accepted the role of victim, came to experience a most peculiar condition: every morning she found herself rigid, immobile, huddled up in bed, and no one was able to stretch her out, to raise her arms or move her head or legs. As we know, it required the presence of a priest who, by blessing her with the sign of the Cross, dispelled that corpse-like rigidity and enabled her to return to her usual tasks (lace-making). She was a unique case in that her confessors were never spiritual directors, a task that Our Lord wanted to keep for himself. Jesus made her hear his voice directly, training her, correcting her,

reprimanding her if necessary and gradually leading her to the loftiest peaks of perfection. Luisa was wisely instructed and prepared during many years to receive the gift of the Divine Will.

The archbishop at that time, Giuseppe Bianchi Dottula (December 22, 1848-September 22,1892), came to know of what was happening in Corato; having heard the opinion of several priests, he wished to exercise his authority and assume responsibility for this case. After mature reflection he thought it right to delegate to Luisa a special confessor, Fr. Michele De Benedictis, a splendid figure of a priest, to whom she opened every nook and cranny of her soul. Fr. Michele, a prudent priest with holy ways, imposed limits on her suffering and instructed her to do nothing without his permission. Indeed, it was Fr. Michele who ordered her to eat at least once a day, even if she immediately threw up everything she had swallowed. Luisa was to live on the Divine Will alone. It was under this priest that she received permission to stay in bed all the time as a victim of expiation. This was in 1888. Luisa remained nailed to her bed of pain, sitting there for another 59 years, until her death. It should be noted that until that time, although she had accepted her state as a victim, she had only occasionally stayed in bed, since obedience had never permitted her to stay in bed all the time. However, from New Year 1889 she was to remain there permanently.

In 1898 the new prelate, Archbishop Tommaso de Stefano (March 24, 1898 - 13 May 1906) delegated as her new confessor Fr. Gennaro Di Gennaro, who carried out this task for twenty-four years. The new confessor, glimpsing the marvels that the Lord was working in this soul, categorically ordered Luisa to put down in writing all that God's grace was working within her. None of the excuses made by the Servant of God to avoid obeying her confessor in this were to any avail. Not even her scant literary education could excuse her from obedience to her confessor. Fr. Gennaro Di Gennaro remained cold and implacable, although he knew that the poor woman had only been to elementary school. Thus on February 28, 1899, she began to write her diary, of which there are thirty-six large volumes! The last chapter was written on December 28, 1939, the day on which she was ordered to stop writing.

Her confessor, who died on September 10,1922, was succeeded by the canon, Fr. Francesco De Benedictis, who only assisted her for four years, because he died on January 30, 1926. Archbishop Giuseppe Leo (January 17, 1920- January 20,1939) delegated a young priest, Fr. Benedetto Calvi, as her ordinary confessor. He stayed with Luisa until she died, sharing all those sufferings and misunderstandings that beset the Servant of God in the last years of her life.

At the beginning of the century, our people were lucky enough to have Blessed Annibale Maria Di Francia present in Puglia. He wanted to open in Trani male and female branches of his newly founded congregation. When he heard about Luisa Piccarreta, he paid her a visit and from that time these two souls were inseparably linked by their common aims. Other famous priests also visited Luisa, such as, for example, Fr. Gennaro Braccali, the Jesuit, Fr. Eustachio Montemurro, who died in the odor of sanctity, and Fr. Ferdinando Cento, Apostolic Nuncio and Cardinal of Holy Mother Church. Blessed Annibale became her extraordinary confessor and edited her writings, which were little by little properly examined and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. In about 1926, Blessed Annibale ordered Luisa to write a book of memoirs of her childhood and adolescence. He published various writings of Luisa's, including the book *L'orologio della Passione*, which acquired widespread fame and was reprinted four times. On October 7,1928, when the house of the sisters of the Congregation of Divine Zeal in Corato was ready, Luisa was taken to the convent in accordance with the wishes of Blessed Annibale. Blessed Annibale had already died in the odor of sanctity in Messina.

In 1938, a tremendous storm was unleashed upon Luisa Piccarreta: she was publicly disowned by Rome and her books were put on the Index. At the publication of the condemnation by the Holy Office, she immediately submitted to the authority of the Church.

A priest was sent from Rome by the ecclesiastical authorities, who asked her for all her manuscripts, which Luisa handed over promptly and without a fuss. Thus all her writings were hidden away in the secrecy of the Holy Office.

On October 7, 1938, because of orders from above, Luisa was obliged to leave the convent and find a new place to live. She spent the last nine years of her life in a house in Via Maddalena, a place which the elderly of Corato know well and from where, on March 8, 1947, they saw her body carried out.

Luisa's life was very modest; she possessed little or nothing. She lived in a rented house, cared for lovingly by her sister Angela and a few devout women. The little she had was not even enough to pay the rent. To support herself she worked diligently at making lace, earning from this the pittance she needed to keep her sister, since she herself needed neither clothes nor shoes. Her sustenance consisted of a few grams of food, which were prepared for her by her assistant, Rosaria Bucci. Luisa ordered nothing, desired nothing, and instantly vomited the food she swallowed. She did not look

like a person near death's door, but nor did she appear perfectly healthy. Yet she was never idle, she spent her energy either in her daily suffering or her work, and her life, for those who knew her well, was considered a continuous miracle.

Her detachment from any payments that did not come from her daily work was marvelous! She firmly refused money and the various presents offered to her on any pretext. She never accepted money for the publication of her books. Thus one day she told Blessed Annibale that she wanted to give him the money from her author's royalties: "*I have no right to it, because what is written there is not mine*" (cf. Preface of the *L'orologio della Passione*, Messina, 1926). She scornfully refused and returned the money that pious people sometimes sent her.

Luisa's house was like a monastery, not to be entered by any curious person. She was always surrounded by a few women who lived according to her own spirituality, and by several girls who came to her house to learn lace-making. Many religious vocations emerged from this "upper room". However, her work of formation was not limited to girls alone, many young men were also sent by her to various religious institutes and to the priesthood.

Her day began at about 5.00 a.m., when the priest came to the house to bless it and to celebrate Holy Mass. Either her confessor officiated, or some delegate of his: a privileged granted by Leo XIII and confirmed by St. Pius X in 1907. After Holy Mass, Luisa would remain in prayer and thanksgiving for about two hours. At about 8.00 a.m. she would begin her work which she continued until midday; after her frugal lunch she would stay alone in her room in meditation. In the afternoon – after several hours of work – she would recite the holy Rosary. In the evening, towards 8.00 p.m., Luisa would begin to write her diary; at about midnight she would fall asleep. In the morning she would be found immobile, rigid, huddled up on her bed, her head turned to the right, and the intervention of priestly authority would be necessary to recall her to her daily tasks and allow her to sit up in bed.

Luisa died at the age of eighty-one years, ten months and nine days, on March 4, 1947, after a fortnight of illness, the only one diagnosed in her life, a bad attack of pneumonia. She died at the end of the night, at the same hour when every day the priest's blessing had freed her from her state of rigidity. Archbishop Francesco Petronelli (May 25, 1939- June 16, 1947) archbishop at the time. Luisa remained sitting up in bed. It was impossible to lay her out and – an extraordinary phenomenon – her body never suffered *rigor mortis* and remained in the position in which it had always been.

Hardly had the news of Luisa's death spread, like a river in full spate, all the people streamed into her house and police intervention was necessary to control the crowds that flocked there day and night to visit Luisa, a woman very dear to them. A voice rang out: "*Luisa the Saint has died*". To contain all the people who were going to see her, with the permission of the civil authorities and health officials, her body was exposed for four days with no sign of corruption. Luisa did not seem dead, she was sitting up in bed, dressed in white; it was as though she were asleep, because as has already been said, her body did not suffer *rigor mortis*. Indeed, without any effort her head could be moved in all directions, her arms raised, her hands and all her fingers bent. It was even possible to lift her eyelids and see her shining eyes that had not grown dim. Everyone believed that she was still alive, immersed in a deep sleep. A council of doctors, summoned for this purpose, declared, after attentively examining the corpse, that Luisa was truly dead and that her death should be accepted as real and not merely apparent, as everyone had imagined.

Luisa had said that she was born "upside down", and that therefore it was right that her death should be "upside down" in comparison with that of other creatures. She remained in a sitting position as she had always lived, and had to be carried to the cemetery in this position, in a coffin specially made for her with a glass front and sides, so that she could be seen by everyone, like a queen upon her throne, dressed in white with the *Fiat* on her breast. More than forty priests, the chapter and the local clergy took part in the funeral procession; the sisters took turns to carry her on their shoulders, and an immense crowd of citizens surrounded her: the streets were incredibly full; even the balconies and rooftops of the houses were swarming with people, so that the procession wound slowly onwards with great difficulty. The funeral rite of the little daughter of the Divine Will was celebrated in the main church by the entire chapter. All the people of Corato followed the body to the cemetery. Everyone tried to take home a keepsake or a flower, after having touched her body with it; a few years later, her remains were translated to the parish of Santa Maria Greca.

On November 20, 1994, on the Feast of Christ the King, in the main church, Archbishop Carmelo Cassati, in the presence of a large crowd including foreign representatives, officially opened the Cause of Beatification of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta.

Important dates

1865 - Luisa Piccarreta was born on April 23, the Sunday after Easter, in Corato, Bari, to Nicola Vito and Rosa Tarantino, who had five daughters: Maria, Rachele, Filomena, Luisa and Angela. A few hours after Luisa's birth, her father wrapped her in a blanket and took her to the main church for baptism. Her mother had not suffered the pangs of labor: her birth was painless.

1872 - She received Jesus in the Eucharist on the Sunday after Easter, and the sacrament of Confirmation was administered to her on that same day by Archbishop Giuseppe Bianchi Dottula of Trani.

1883 - At the age of eighteen, from the balcony of her house, she saw Jesus, bent beneath the weight of the Cross, who said to her: "*O soul! Help me!*". From that moment, solitary soul that she was, she lived in continuous union with the ineffable sufferings of her Divine Bridegroom.

1888 - She became a Daughter of Mary and a Dominican Tertiary with the name of Sr. Maddalena

1885-1947 - A chosen soul, a seraphic bride of Christ, humble and devout, whom God had endowed with extraordinary gifts, an innocent victim, a lightening conductor of Divine Justice, bedridden for sixty-two years without interruption, she was a herald of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

March 4 - Full of merits, in the eternal light of the Divine Will she ended her days as she had lived them, to triumph with the angels and saints in the eternal splendor of the Divine Will.

March 7 - For four days her mortal remains were exposed for the veneration of an immense throng of the faithful who went to her house to have a last look at Luisa the Saint, so dear to their hearts. The funeral was a realm triumph; Luisa passed like a queen, borne aloft on shoulders among the lines of people. All the clergy, secular and religious, accompanied Luisa's body. The funeral liturgy took place in the main church with the participation of the entire chapter. In the afternoon, Luisa was buried in the family Chapel of the Calvi family.

July 3, 1963 - Her mortal remains were definitively laid to rest in Santa Maria Greca.

November 20, 1994 - Feast of Christ the King: Archbishop Carmelo Cassati officially opened the Beatification Cause of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta in the principal church of Corato, in the presence of a huge crowd of people, locals and foreigners.

*Come Holy Spirit, Come Supreme Will, down to reign in Your Kingdom on earth and in our hearts!
Come Holy Spirit, Come Supreme Will, down to reign in Your Kingdom on earth and in our hearts!
Come Holy Spirit, Come Supreme Will, down to reign in Your Kingdom on earth and in our hearts!*