

# **Book of Heaven**

**The Call of the Creature  
to the Order, the Place and the Purpose  
for which He was Created by God**



## **Volume 2**

**by the Servant of God  
Luisa Piccarreta  
little Daughter of the Divine Will**



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## Volume 2

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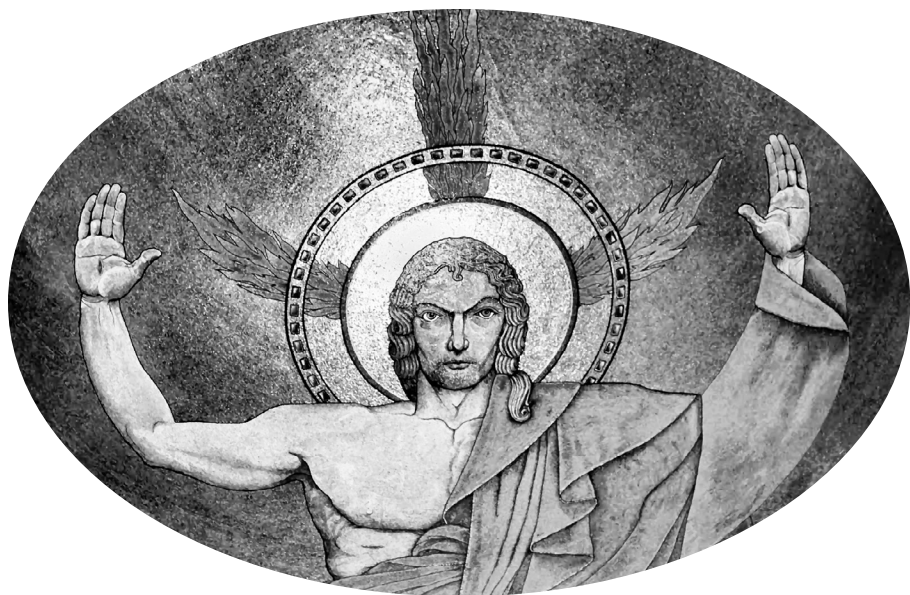
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J.M.J.

**February 28, 1899 – *By order of the confessor I begin to write what passes between me and Our Lord, day by day. Year 1899, month of February, day 28.***

I confess the truth, I feel great repugnance; the effort I have to make in order to conquer myself is so great that the Lord alone can know the torture of my soul. But, O holy obedience, what a powerful bond you are! You alone could win over me, and surpassing all my repugnance, almost impassable mountains, you bind me to the Will of God and of the confessor. But, please, O Holy Spouse, as great as my sacrifice is, so much help do I need; I want nothing but that You hold me in your arms and sustain me. In this way, assisted by You, I will be able to say only the truth, only for your glory, and to my confusion.

This morning, since the confessor celebrated Mass, I also received Communion. My mind was in a sea of confusion because of this obedience that the confessor gave me, to write everything that passes in my interior. As I received Jesus, I began to tell Him of my pains, especially my insufficiency, and many other things. But Jesus did not seem to care about this thing of mine, and did not answer to anything. A light came to my mind, and I said: ‘Who knows whether I myself am the cause for which Jesus is not showing Himself as usual.’ So, with all my heart, I said to Him: ‘O please! My Good and my All, don’t show Yourself so indifferent with me—You make my heart split with pain. If it is because of the writing—let it be, let it be, even if it cost me the sacrifice of my life, I promise I will do it!’ Then Jesus changed appearance and, all benign, He told me: “What do you fear? Have I not assisted you the other times? My light will surround you everywhere, and so you will be able to manifest it.”

### **Purity of intention.**

While He was saying this, I don't know how, I saw the confessor near Jesus; and the Lord told him: "See, everything you do passes into Heaven. Therefore, see with what purity you must operate, thinking that all of your steps, words and works come before my presence, and if they are pure—that is, if they are done for Me—I take greatest delight in them and I feel them around Me like many messengers that remind Me continuously of you. But if they are done for low and earthly purposes, I feel bothered by them." And as He was saying this, He seemed to grab his hands, and raising them up to Heaven, He said to him: "Your eyes always on high; you are of Heaven—work for Heaven!"

While I was seeing the confessor, and Jesus saying this to him, in my mind it seemed to me that if one operated in that way, it would happen as to a person who has to leave one house to move to another. What does he do? First he sends all of his things and everything he possesses, and then he goes himself. In the same way, we first send our works to take a place for us in Heaven, and then, when our time comes, we go ourselves. O, what a beautiful cortege they will make for us!

### **Faith.**

Now, while seeing the confessor, I remembered he had told me that I was to write about Faith in the way in which the Lord had spoken to me about this virtue. While I was thinking of this, in one instant the Lord drew me so much to Himself, that I felt I was outside of myself, in the the vault of the heavens together with Jesus, and He told me these exact words: "Faith is God."

But these two words contained an immense light, such that it is impossible to explain them—but I will do what I

can. In the word “Faith”, I comprehended that Faith is God Himself. Just as material food gives life to the body so that it may not die, Faith gives life to the soul—without Faith, the soul is dead. Faith vivifies, Faith sanctifies, Faith spiritualizes man, and makes him keep his eyes fixed on a Supreme Being, in such a way that he learns nothing of the things of down here; and if he learns them, he learns them in God. O, the happiness of a soul who lives of Faith!—her flight is always toward Heaven. In everything that happens to her she always looks at herself in God; and so, just as in tribulation, Faith raises her in God and she does not afflict herself, not even with a lament, knowing that she is not to form her contentment here, but in Heaven; in the same way, if joy, riches and pleasures surround her, Faith raises her in God, and she says to herself: “O, how much more content and rich I will be in Heaven!” So, she feels bothered by these earthly things, she despises them, and tramples them underfoot. It seems to me that to a soul who lives of Faith, it happens as to a person who possessed millions upon millions of coins, and even entire kingdoms, and someone else wanted to offer him a cent. What would he say? Would he not disdain it? Would he not throw it in his face? I add: and what if that cent were all muddy, just as earthly things are? Even more: what if that cent were only lent to him? This person would say: “I enjoy and possess immense riches, and you dared to offer me this miserable cent, so muddy, and only for a short time?” I believe he would quickly remove his gaze from it, and would not accept the gift. So does the soul who lives of Faith with regard to earthly things.

Now, let us go back again to the idea of food: by taking food, the body is not only sustained, but shares in the substance of the food, which transforms into the body itself. The same for the soul who lives of Faith: since Faith is God Himself, the soul comes to live of God Himself; and by nourishing herself with God, she comes to share in the substance of God;

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and by sharing in Him, she comes to resemble Him and to be transformed with God Himself. Therefore, it happens to the soul who lives of Faith, that, just as God is holy, the soul is holy; powerful God—powerful the soul; wise, strong and just God—wise, strong and just the soul; and so with all the other attributes of God. In sum, the soul becomes a little god. O, the blessedness of this soul on earth, to then be more blessed in Heaven!

I also understood that the words that the Lord says to His beloved souls—“I will espouse you in the Faith”—mean nothing less but that the Lord, in this mystical marriage, comes to endow the souls with His own virtues. It seems to me that it happens as to two spouses: as they join their properties together, the belongings of one can no longer be distinguished from those of the other, but both of them become their owners. However, in our case, the soul is poor—all the good comes from the Lord, who lets her share in His possessions.

The life of the soul is God—Faith is God, and the soul, by possessing Faith, comes to graft all the other virtues into herself, in such a way that Faith is like a king in her heart, and the other virtues remain around It, as the subjects that serve Faith. So, without Faith, virtues themselves are virtues that have no life.

It seems to me that God communicates Faith to man in two ways: the first is holy Baptism; the second is when blessed God, by unleashing a particle of His substance into the soul, communicates to her the virtue of making miracles, like raising the dead, healing the sick, stopping the sun, and the like. O, if the world had Faith, it would change into a terrestrial paradise!

O, how high and sublime is the flight of the soul who exercises herself in Faith. It seems to me that by exercising

herself in Faith, the soul acts like those timid little birds which, for fear of being caught by hunters, or of some other snare, establish their dwelling at the top of the trees, or in high places. Then, when they are forced to take food, they descend, take the food, and immediately fly back into their dwelling. And some of them, more cautious, take the food and don't even eat it on the ground, but in order to be safer, they carry it up to the top of the trees, and there they swallow it.

In the same way, the soul who lives of Faith is so timid with earthly things, that for fear of being snared, she doesn't so much as glance at them. Her dwelling is up high—that is, above all the things of the earth, but especially in the wounds of Jesus Christ; and from within those blessed rooms she moans, cries, prays and suffers together with her Spouse Jesus over the condition and the misery in which mankind lies. While she lives inside those holes of the wounds of Jesus, the Lord gives her a particle of His virtues, and the soul feels those virtues within herself as if they were her own. However, she realizes that even though she sees them as her own, the possession of them is given to her, for they have been communicated by the Lord.

It happens to her as to a person who has received a gift which he did not have. What does he do? He takes it and makes himself the owner of it; however, every time he looks at it, he says to himself: “This is mine, but it was given to me by so and so.” So also does the soul whom the Lord transforms in Himself, by unleashing a particle of His Divine Being from Himself. Now, just as this soul abhors sin, she also feels compassion for others, and prays for those whom she sees walking on the path of the precipice. She unites herself with Jesus Christ, and offers herself as victim in order to placate divine justice, and to spare creatures the deserved chastisements. And if the sacrifice of her life were



necessary—O, how gladly she would make it for the salvation of one soul alone!

### **How she sees the Divinity of Jesus.**

After the confessor told me to explain to him how I sometimes see the Divinity of Our Lord, I answered that it was impossible for me to be able to tell him anything. But, at night, blessed Jesus appeared to me and almost reproached me because of this refusal of mine, and then He flashed through me with two most luminous rays. With the first one I understood in my intellect, that Faith is God and God is Faith. I tried to say a few things about Faith; now I will try to say how I see God—and this was the second ray.

While I am outside of myself, and I find myself in the height of the heavens, I seem to see God within a light. He Himself seems to be light, and within this light there is beauty, strength, wisdom, immensity, height, depth—endless and boundless. Even in the air we breathe is God present, and we breathe Him; so, each one can make Him his own life, as indeed He is. Nothing escapes Him, and nothing can escape Him. This light seems to be all voice, though it does not speak; and all operating, though it always rests. It is present everywhere, though it occupies no space; and while it is present everywhere, it also has its own center. O, God, how incomprehensible You are! I see You, I feel You, You are my life, You restrict Yourself within me, but You remain always immense and lose nothing of Yourself. Yet, I feel I am stammering, and it seems I can say nothing.

In order to explain myself better, according to our human language, I will say that I see a shadow of God in the whole creation, because in the whole creation—someplace He has cast the shadow of His beauty, someplace His fragrances, someplace His light, as in Sun, in which I see a special

shadow of God. I see Him as though concealed within this sphere, as the king of all other spheres. What is the Sun? It is nothing but a globe of fire. One is the globe, but its rays are many; from this we can easily understand how the globe is God, and the rays are the immense attributes of God.

Second. The Sun is fire, but It is also light and heat. Here is the Most Holy Trinity veiled in the Sun: the fire is the Father, the light is the Son, the heat is the Holy Spirit. However, the Sun is one, and just as one cannot separate fire from light and heat, so one is the power of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, who in reality cannot be separated from one another. And just as fire produces light and heat at the same time, in such a way that fire cannot be conceived without light and heat; in the same way, the Father cannot be conceived before the Son and the Holy Spirit, and vice versa, but all Three of the Them have the same eternal beginning.

I add that the light of the Sun diffuses everywhere; in the same way, God penetrates everywhere with His immensity. However, let us remember that this is but a shadow, because the Sun cannot reach where It cannot penetrate with Its light, while God penetrates everywhere. God is most pure Spirit, and we can represent Him with the Sun, which makes Its rays penetrate everywhere, and no one can grab them with their hands. Moreover, God looks at everything—the iniquities and the evils of men—but He remains always as He is, pure, holy and immaculate. A shadow of God is the Sun, which sends Its light over rubbish, but remains immaculate; It spreads Its light in the fire, but is not burned; in the sea and in the rivers, but is not drowned. It gives light to all, It fecundates everything, It gives life to all with Its heat, but does not become poor in light, nor does It lose any of Its heat. Even more, while It does so much good to all, It needs no one, and remains always as It is—majestic, shining, ever immutable. O, how well one can see the divine qualities in the Sun! With His immensity, God

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is present in the fire, but is not burned; in the sea, but is not drowned; under our steps, but is not trampled. He gives to all, but does not become poor, and needs no one; He looks at everything—even more, He is all eyes, and there is nothing He does not hear. He is aware of each fiber of our hearts, of each thought of our minds, but, being most pure Spirit, He has neither ears nor eyes, and no matter what happens, He never changes. The Sun invests the world with Its light, and It does not tire; in the same way, God gives life to all, helps and rules the world, and He does not tire.

A man can hide or place shelters so as not to enjoy the light of the Sun and Its beneficial effects, but he does nothing to the Sun—the Sun remains as It is, while all the evil will fall upon man. In the same way, by sin, the sinner can move away from God and no longer enjoy His beneficial effects, but he does nothing to God—the evil is all his own.

The roundness of the Sun also symbolizes the eternity of God, which has no beginning and no end. The penetrating light of the Sun itself is such that no one can restrict it in his eye; and if one wanted to stare at It in Its midday fullness, he would remain dazzled; and if the Sun wanted to draw near man, man would be reduced to ashes. The same for the Divine Sun: no created mind can restrict It in its little mind so as to comprehend It in all that It is; and if it wanted to try, it would remain dazzled and confused; and if this Divine Sun wanted to display all Its love, allowing man to feel It while he is in his mortal flesh, he would be reduced to ashes.

So, God has cast a shadow of Himself and of His perfections over the whole creation; it seems that we see Him and touch Him, and we are touched by Him continuously.

In addition to this, after the Lord said those words—“Faith is God”—I said to Him: ‘Jesus, do You love me?’ And He added: “And you, do you love Me?” Immediately I said:

‘Yes Lord, and You know that without You I feel that life is missing in me.’

“Well then”, Jesus continued, “you love Me, I love you—so, let us love each other, and remain always together.” This is how He ended for this morning. Now, who can say how much my mind has comprehended of this Divine Sun? I seem to see It and touch It everywhere. Even more, I feel invested by It, inside and out, but my capacity is so very little—while it seems it comprehends something about God, the moment I see Him, it seems I have comprehended nothing; even more, it seems I have spoken nonsense. I hope that Jesus will forgive my nonsense.

**March 10, 1899 – *The Lord shows her many chastisements.***

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all embittered and afflicted, and He told me: “My daughter, my Justice has grown too heavy, and the offenses I receive from men are so many that I can no longer sustain them. So, the scythe of death is about to harvest much—suddenly and by means of diseases. The chastisements I will pour upon the world are so many, that they will be a sort of judgment.” Who can say the so many chastisements He showed me, and how terrified and frightened I was left? The pain that my soul feels is so great, that I believe it is better to keep silent.

But I continue, because obedience wants it so. I seemed to see streets filled with human flesh, and blood inundating the ground, and cities besieged by enemies who spared not even children. They seemed to be like many furies come out of hell; they respected neither churches nor priests. The Lord seemed to send a chastisement from Heaven—what it is I don’t know; it just seemed to me that we will all receive a mortal blow, and some will be victims of death, others will

recover. I also seemed to see plants withered, and many other troubles which are to come over the harvests. O God, what pain to see these things, and to be forced to manifest them! Ah, Lord, placate Yourself! I hope that your Blood and your wounds will be our remedy. Or rather, pour the chastisements upon this sinner, for I deserve them; or otherwise take me, and then You will be free to do whatever You want; but as long as I live, I will do everything I can to oppose it.

**March 13, 1899 – *All Creation speaks of the love of God for man, and teaches him how he must love Him.***

This morning, beloved Jesus did not make Himself seen in the usual way, all affability and sweetness—but severe. I felt my mind in a sea of confusion, and my soul so afflicted and annihilated, especially because of the chastisements I saw in these past days. In seeing Him with that appearance I did not dare to tell Him anything; we looked at each other, but in silence. O God, what pain! Then, in one instant, I also saw the confessor, and Jesus, sending forth a ray of intellectual light, spoke these words: “Charity. Charity is nothing but an outpouring of the Divine Being, and this outpouring I have diffused over the whole Creation, in such a way that all Creation speaks of the love I have for man, and all Creation teaches him how He must love Me—from the largest being to the most tiny little flower in the field.

“See”, it says to man, “with my sweet fragrance and by always facing the sky, I try to send an homage to my Creator. You too, let all your actions be fragrant, holy, pure; do not offend my Creator with the bad odor of your actions. O please, O man”, the little flower repeats to us, “don’t be so senseless as to keep your eyes fixed on the earth; but rather, raise them up to Heaven. See, up there is your destiny, your fatherland—up there is my Creator and yours who awaits you.”

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The water that flows continuously before our eyes also says to us: “See, I have come out of darkness, and I must flow and run so much until I go and bury myself in the place from which I came. You too, O man, run—but run into the bosom of God, from which you came. O please! I beg you, do not run along the wrong paths, the paths which lead to the precipice; otherwise—woe to you!”

Even the wildest animals repeat to us: “See, O man, how wild you must be for all that is not God. See, when we see that someone is approaching us, with our roars we strike so much fear that no one dares to come close to us any more, to disturb our solitude. You too, when the stench of earthly things—that is, your violent passions—are about to make you muddy and fall into the abyss of sins, with the roars of your prayers and by withdrawing from the occasions in which you find yourself, you will be safe from any danger.” And so with all the other beings—it would take too long to tell them all. With one voice they resound among themselves, and repeat to us: “See, O man, our Creator made us for love of you, and we are all at your service. And you, don’t be so ungrateful—love, we beg you; love, we repeat to you; love our Creator.”

After this, my lovable Jesus told me: “This is all I want: love God and your neighbor for love of Me. See how much I have loved man—and he is so ungrateful. How could you not want me to chastise them?” At that very moment, I seemed to see a terrible hail, and an earthquake which is to cause considerable damage, to the point of destroying plants and men. Then, with all the bitterness of my soul, I said to Him: ‘My always lovable Jesus, why so indignant? If man is ungrateful, it is not so much because of malice, but because of weakness. O, if they knew You a little bit—O, how humble and palpitating they would be! Therefore, placate Yourself. I commend to you at least Corato and those who belong to me.’ As I was saying this, it seemed to me that something was to

happen also in Corato, but it would be nothing compared to what would happen in other towns.

**March 14, 1899 – *The evil of man forces God to chastise him.***

This morning, my most sweet Jesus, transporting me with Him, made me see the multiplicity of the sins that are committed; they were such and so many, that it is impossible to describe them. I could also see a star of enormous magnitude in the air, and within its roundness it contained black fire and blood. It would strike so much fear and fright in looking at it, that it seemed that death would be a lesser evil than to live in these times so sad. In other places, one could see volcanoes with more mouths opening, which are also to inundate the country nearby. One could also see sectarian people, who will go on causing fires. While I was seeing this, my lovable but afflicted Jesus told me: “Have you seen how much they offend Me, and what I keep prepared? I am withdrawing from man.” And as He was saying this, we both withdrew into my bed, and I could see that because of this withdrawal of Jesus, men would give themselves over to more awful actions, more murders; in a word, I seemed to see people against people. Once we had withdrawn, Jesus seemed to place Himself in my heart, and He began to cry and sob, saying: “O man, how much I have loved you! If you knew how I grieve in having to chastise you! But my Justice forces Me to this. O man, O man! How I cry and grieve over your lot.” Then He would burst into tears and, again, He would repeat those words.

Who can say the pity, the fear, the torment that arose in my soul, especially in seeing Jesus so afflicted and crying! I did as much as I could to hide my sorrow, and in order to console Him I said to Him: ‘O Lord, it will never be that You chastise man. Holy Spouse, do not cry; just as You have done

the other times, You will do now: You will pour it into me; You will make me suffer, and so your Justice will not force You to chastise the people.’ Jesus would continue crying, and I would repeat: ‘But, listen to me a little bit—have You not put me in this bed so that I might be victim for others? Have I perhaps not been ready to suffer the other times so as to spare creatures? Why do You not want to listen to me now?’ But with all my poor speaking, Jesus would not calm Himself from crying. So, no longer able to hold it, I too broke the dike of my crying, saying to Him: ‘Lord, if your intention is to chastise men, I too do not have the heart to see creatures suffer so much. Therefore, if You truly want to send the scourges, and my sins no longer make me worthy to suffer in the place of others, I want to come—I want to be on this earth no more.’ Then the confessor came, and as he called me to obedience, Jesus withdrew, and so it ended.

The following morning, I kept seeing Jesus withdrawn within my heart, and I saw that people would come even inside my heart, and would tread upon Him and trample Him underfoot. I would do as much as I could to free Him, and Jesus, turning to me, told me: “Do you see where the ingratitude of man reaches? They themselves force Me to chastise them, and I cannot do otherwise. And you, my dear one, after you have seen Me suffer so much—may you hold crosses more dearly, and pains as delights.”

### **March 18, 1899 – *Charity is simple.***

This morning, my beloved Jesus continued to make Himself seen from within my heart, and in seeing Him a little bit more cheered, I plucked up courage, and I began to pray that He would not send so many chastisements. And Jesus told me: “What moves you, O my daughter, to pray Me not to chastise creatures?”



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Immediately I answered: ‘Because they are your images, and if creatures should suffer, You Yourself would suffer.’ And Jesus, heaving a sigh, told me: “Charity is so dear to me, that you cannot comprehend it. Charity is simple, just like my Being which, though immense, is yet most simple; so much so that there is no place which It does not penetrate. So Charity is; being simple, it diffuses everywhere; it has regard for no one—whether a friend or an enemy, whether a citizen or a stranger, it loves all.”

**March 19, 1899 – *The devil can speak about virtue, but he cannot infuse it in the soul.***

This morning, as Jesus made Himself seen, I was afraid it might not be truly Jesus, but the devil that wanted to deceive me. After I made the usual protests, Jesus told me: “Daughter, do not fear for I am not the devil. Besides, he if he speaks about virtue, it is a colored virtue, not true virtue, nor does he have the virtue of infusing it in the soul, but only of speaking about it. And if sometimes he shows he wants to make the soul practice a little bit of good, she is not persevering, and in the very act in which the soul does that little bit of good, she is listless and agitated. I alone have the power to infuse Myself in her heart, to make her practice virtues, and suffer with courage, tranquillity and perseverance. And then, when has the devil ever gone in search for virtues? His hunting is for vices. Therefore, do not fear, and be tranquil.”

**March 20, 1899 – *The world has reduced itself to such a sad state because it has lost subordination to leaders, God being the first.***

This morning, Jesus transported me outside of myself and showed me many people, all in discord. O, how much this grieved Jesus! In seeing Him suffer very much I prayed Him

to pour it into me. But since He still continues in wanting to chastise the world, Jesus did not want to pour it into me. However, after I prayed Him and prayed Him, to make me content He poured a little bit. Then, being a little relieved, He told me: “The reason why the world has reduced itself to such a sad state is that it has lost subordination to leaders; and since the first leader is God against whom they have rebelled, it happened as a consequence that they have lost any subjection to and dependence on the Church, the laws and all the others who are said to be leaders. Ah! my daughter, what will happen to so many members infected by this bad example of the very ones who are said to be leaders—that is, superiors, parents, and many others? Ah! They will reach such a point that neither parents, nor brothers, nor kings, nor princes will be recognized any more. These members will be like many vipers that will poison one another. Therefore, see how necessary chastisements are in these times, and how necessary it is for death to almost destroy this sort of people, so that the few who will be left may learn at the expense of others to be humble and obedient. So, let Me do; do not want to oppose my chastising the people.”

**March 31, 1899 – *The value of sufferings.***

This morning, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen crucified, and after He communicated His pains to me, He told me: “Many are the wounds that made Me suffer during my Passion, but one was the cross. This means that many are the roads through which I draw souls to perfection, but one is the Heaven in which these souls must unite. So, if one misses that Heaven, there is no other which can make them blessed forever.”

Then He added: “Take a look: one is the cross, but this cross was formed with various pieces of wood. This means that one is Heaven, but this Heaven contains various places,

more or less glorious; and these places will be distributed according to the sufferings suffered down here, more or less heavy. O, if all knew the preciousness of suffering, they would compete with one another to suffer more! But this science is not recognized by the world, and so they abhor all that can make them richer for eternity.”

**April 3, 1899 – *Humility without confidence is false virtue.***

After going through several days of privation and of tears, I found myself all confused and annihilated within myself. In my interior I kept saying, continuously: ‘Tell Me, O my Good, why have You moved away from me? Where have I offended You, that You no longer make Yourself seen—and if You show Yourself, You are almost concealed, and silent? O please, do not make me wait and wait any longer, for my heart cannot take any more!’

Finally, Jesus showed Himself a little more clearly, and in seeing me so annihilated, He told me: “If you knew how much I like humility... Humility is the littlest plant that can be found, but its branches are so high as to reach Heaven, wind their way around my throne, and penetrate deep into my Heart. This little plant is humility, and the branches which this plant produces, are confidence; so, there cannot be true humility without confidence. Humility without confidence is false virtue.” From the words of Jesus it shows that my heart was not only annihilated, but also a little discouraged.

**April 5, 1899 – *How Jesus keeps her concealed in His Love.***

My soul continued in its annihilation and fear of losing sweet Jesus, when, in one instant, He made Himself seen all of a sudden, and told me: “I keep you in the shadow of my Charity; and since a shadow penetrates everywhere, my love keeps you concealed everywhere and in everything. What do

you fear then? How can I leave you while I keep you so sunken within my love?” While Jesus was saying this, I wanted to ask Him why He was not making Himself seen as usual, but Jesus disappeared from me immediately, and did not give me the time to tell Him even one word. O God, what pain!

**April 7, 1899 – Luisa refreshes Jesus. He says to her: “I want to make of you an object of my satisfactions”.**

I continue in the same state, but this morning especially, it was most bitter for me; I had almost lost the hope that Jesus would come. O, how many tears I had to shed! It was the very last hour, and Jesus was still not coming. O! God, what to do? My heart was in such a strong pain, and continuous throbbing—but so strong, that I felt a mortal agony. In my interior I said to Him: ‘My good Jesus, don’t You Yourself see that I feel life missing in me? Tell me at least: how can one be without You? How can one live? Though I am ungrateful at so many graces, yet I love You, as I offer You this most bitter pain of your absence to repair for my ingratitude. But come—have patience, Jesus. You are so good, don’t make me wait any more—come. Ah, don’t You Yourself know what a cruel tyrant love is, that You don’t have compassion for me?’

While I was in this state, so sorrowful, Jesus came and, all compassion, told me: “I have come now, do not cry any more—come to Me.” In one instant I found myself outside of myself together with Him, and I looked at Him, but with such fear that I might lose Him again, that tears would pour in large streams from my eyes. Jesus continued: “No, do not cry any more. Take a look at how I am suffering; look at my head—the thorns have penetrated so deep that they no longer show outside. Do you see how many gashes and blood cover my body? Come close to Me, give me a refreshment.”

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By occupying myself with the pains of Jesus, I forgot about my own a little bit, and so I started from His head. O, how harrowing it was to see those thorns so sunk into His flesh that one could not pull them out. While I was doing that, Jesus would lament, so great was the pain He suffered. After I pulled that crown of thorns off, all broken, I put it together again, and knowing that the greatest pleasure one can give Jesus is to suffer for Him, I took it and I drove it onto my head. Then, He had me kiss His wounds, one by one, and in some of them He wanted me to suckle the blood. I was trying to do everything He wanted, though in mute silence, when the Most Holy Virgin came and told me: “Ask Jesus what He wants to make of you.”

I would not dare, but Mama encouraged me to do it. To make Her content, I drew my lips near the ear of Jesus, and in a whisper I said to Him: “What do You want to make of me?” And He answered: “I want to make of you an object of my satisfactions”; and in the very act of saying these words, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

### ***April 9, 1899 – Jesus refreshes her from the pains of His privation.***

This morning, Jesus made Himself seen and transported me into a church. There I attended Holy Mass and I received Communion from the hands of Jesus. After this, I clung to His feet, but so strongly that I could not detach myself. The thought of the pains of the past days—that is, the privation of Jesus—made me fear so much that I might lose Him again that, while at His feet, I cried and said to Him: ‘This time, O Jesus, I will not leave You any more, because when You go away from me You make me suffer and wait so much.’

Jesus told me: “Come into my arms for I want to refresh you from the pains of these past days.” I almost did not dare

to do it, but Jesus stretched out His hands and raised me from His feet; He hugged me and said: “Do not fear, for I won’t leave you. This morning I want to make you content—come and stay with me in the Tabernacle.” And so we both withdrew into the Tabernacle. Who can say what we did? Now He would kiss me, and I Him; now I would rest in Him, and Jesus in me; now I would see the offenses He received and would make acts of reparation for the different offenses. Who can say the patience of Jesus in the Sacrament? It is such and so great that it is frightening just to think about it.

But while I was doing this, Jesus made me see the confessor who was coming to call me into myself. Jesus told me: “Enough now—go, for obedience is calling you.” And it seemed that my soul would return to my body, and indeed the confessor was calling me to obedience.

**April 12, 1899 – Jesus says: “*Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart*”. Hypocrisy, a profound pain for Jesus.**

Today, without having me wait too long, Jesus came quickly and told me: “You are my tabernacle. Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart; or rather, in you I find something more: I am able to share my pains with you and to have you with Me, a living victim before divine justice, which I do not find in the Sacrament.” And while saying these words, He enclosed Himself within me.

While within me, Jesus would make me feel, now the pricks of the thorns, now the pains of the cross, the labors and the sufferings of His Heart. Around His Heart I could see a braid of iron spikes, which made Jesus suffer very much. Ah, how much pity I felt in seeing Him suffer so much! I would have wanted to suffer everything myself, rather than let my sweet Jesus suffer, and from the heart I prayed Him to give the pains and the suffering to me.

Jesus told me: “Daughter, the offenses which most pierce my Heart are the masses said sacrilegiously, and the hypocrisies.” Who can say what I understood in these two words? It seemed to me that externally one shows that he loves and praises the Lord, but internally he has poison ready to kill Him; externally, one shows that he wants the glory and the honor of God, while internally he seeks his own honor and esteem. All works done with hypocrisy, even the holiest ones, are works completely poisoned, which embitter the Heart of Jesus.

***April 16, 1899 – Preparation for Communion. Offenses given to Jesus by His own.***

While I was in my usual state, Jesus invited me to go around to see what creatures were doing. I said to Him: ‘My adorable Jesus, this morning I don’t feel like going around and seeing the offenses that they give You. Let us stay here, the two of us together.’

But Jesus insisted that He wanted to go around, and so, to make Him content, I said to Him: ‘If You want to go out, let us rather go inside some churches, because the offenses they give You are fewer there.’ And so we went inside a church, but there also He was offended—more than in other places; not because more sins are committed in the churches than in the world, but because those are offenses given by His dearest ones, by the very ones who should lay down their soul and body to defend the honor and the glory of God. This is why they reach His adorable Heart more painfully. I could see devout souls who, because of bagatelles of no importance, did not prepare well for Communion. Instead of thinking of Jesus, their minds were thinking about their little disturbances, about many trifles, and this was their occupation. How Jesus pitied them, and how much pity they themselves aroused!

They paid attention to so many straws, to so many specks; but then, they didn't so much as glance at Jesus.

Jesus said to me: "My daughter, how these souls prevent my Grace from pouring into them. I do not look at trifles, but at the love with which they come to Me; yet, they make an exchange: they pay more attention to straws than to love. But while love destroys the straws, with many straws love cannot increase even a tiny bit; rather, it is decreased. But what is worse about these souls is that they get so disturbed, and they waste much time. They would like to spend entire hours with their confessors to talk about all these trifles, but they never get down to work with a good and courageous resolution, in order to root those straws out. What should I tell you then, O my daughter, about certain priests of these times? One can say that they operate almost satanically, reaching the point of making themselves idols of souls. Ah, yes! It is by my sons that my Heart is pierced the most, because if the others offend Me more, they offend the members of my body; but my own offend Me in my most sensitive and tender parts, deep into my inmost Heart." Who can say the torment of Jesus? In speaking these words He was crying bitterly. I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and repair Him, but while I was doing this, Jesus and I, together, withdrew into my bed."

**April 21, 1899 – *Jesus, the poorest of the poor.***

This morning, while I was in my usual state, in one instant I found myself within myself, but without being able to move. I realized that someone was entering my little room; then he closed the door again, and I felt he was drawing near my bed. In my mind I thought that someone had entered furtively, without anyone of my family seeing him, and had penetrated even into my little room. 'Who knows what he will do to me?' My fear was so great that I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and I trembled all over. O! God, what to do? I said to



myself: ‘My family did not see him; I feel all numb and I cannot defend myself, nor can I ask for help. Jesus, Mary, my Mama—help me! Saint Joseph, defend me from this danger!’

When I realized that he was getting upon my bed, and he curled up near me, my fear was such that I opened my eyes and I said to him: ‘Tell me, who are you?’ He answered: “I am the poorest of the poor, I don’t have a place to stay. I have come to you, if you want to keep me with you in your little room. See, I am so poor that I don’t even have clothes; but you will take care of everything.” I looked well at him; he was a five or six year old boy, without clothes, without shoes, but so very beautiful and graceful. Immediately I answered him: ‘For me, I would gladly keep you, but what will my father say? I am not a free person who can do whatever she wants; I have my parents who prevent me. As for clothing you, I can do it with my poor toils, I will make any sacrifice—but as for keeping you here, it is impossible. Besides, don’t you have a father, don’t you have a mother, don’t you have a place to stay?’

But the boy answered bitterly: “I have no one. O please! Don’t make me wander any more—let me stay with you!” I myself did not know what to do—how to keep him. A thought flashed within me: ‘Who knows whether it is Jesus? Or maybe it is some demon, to disturb me.’ So, again I said to him: ‘But, tell me the truth at least—who are you?’ And he repeated: “I am the poorest of the poor.” I replied: ‘Have you learned how to make the sign of the cross?’ “Yes”, he answered. ‘Well then, make it, I want to see how you make it.’ So he signed himself with the cross. I added: ‘And the Hail Mary—do you know how to say it?’ “Yes, but if you want me to say it, let us say it together.”

I began the Hail Mary and he was saying it together with me, when a most pure light was unleashed from His adorable

forehead, and I recognized that the poorest of the poor was Jesus. In one instant, through that light that Jesus sent me, He made me lose consciousness again, and drew me outside of myself. I saw myself all confused before Jesus, especially because of my many rebuffs, and immediately I said to Him: ‘My dear little one, forgive me. Had I recognized You, I would not have forbidden You to enter. And then, why did You not tell me that it was really You? I have many things to tell You; I would have told them to You, and would not have wasted time in so many useless things and fears. Besides, in order to keep You I don’t need my family—I can keep You freely, because You don’t allow Yourself to be seen by anyone.’ But while I was saying this, Jesus disappeared; and so it ended, leaving me a pain, for not having told Him anything of what I wanted to tell Him.

**April 23, 1899 – *The praises and scorns of others.***

Today I did my meditation on the harm that can come to our souls from the praises that other creatures give us. While I was doing the application to myself, to see whether there was complacency for human praises within me, Jesus came close to me and told me: “When a heart is full of the knowledge of self, the praises of men are like sea waves that rise and overflow, but never go out of their boundary. In the same way, human praises yell and shout, they clamor, they get close even to the heart, but in finding it full and well surrounded by the strong walls of the knowledge of self, unable to find a place for themselves, they draw back, causing no damage to the soul. So, this is what you must be careful about: taking the praises and scorns of creatures into no account.”

**April 26, 1899 – *Souls who are detached. Luisa prays for the healing of a speech defect of her confessor.***

Today, while my loving Jesus was making Himself seen, it seemed to me that He was sending me many flashes of light which penetrated through all of me, when, in one instant, I found myself outside of myself together with Him, and the confessor was there. Immediately I prayed my beloved Jesus to give a kiss to the confessor, and to go into his arms for a little while (Jesus was a child). To make me content, immediately He kissed the confessor on his face, but without wanting to detach from me. I remained all afflicted, and I said to Him: ‘My little treasure, my intention was for You to kiss, not his face, but his mouth, so that, touched by your most pure lips, it might be sanctified and strengthened from that weakness. In this way, it will be able to announce your holy word more freely, and to sanctify others. O please! I pray You to make me content.’ So, Jesus gave him another kiss on his mouth, and then He said: “I am so very pleased with the souls who are detached from everything, not only in the affect, but also in the effect, that as they keep stripping themselves, my light keeps investing them, and they become just like crystals, such that the light of the sun finds no impediment to penetrate inside of them, unlike buildings and other material things.”

Then He added: “Ah! They think that they strip themselves, but instead, they come to be clothed not only with spiritual things, but also with corporal ones, because my providence has a care, all particular and special, for these detached souls. My providence covers them everywhere; it happens that they have nothing, but they possess everything.”

After this, we withdrew from the confessor, and we found many religious people who seemed all to have their goals set on working for their interest. Passing through their midst, Jesus said: “Woe—woe to one who works for the purpose of gaining money! You have already received your recompense.”

**May 2, 1899 – *How all Heaven is veiled in the Church.***

This morning, Jesus aroused much compassion; He was so afflicted and in suffering that I would not dare to ask Him any question. We would look at each other in silence; every now and then He would give me a kiss, and I would kiss Him; and He continued to make Himself seen in this way several times. On the last time He made me see the Church, telling me these exact words: “All Heaven is veiled in my Church. Just as in Heaven one is the head, which is God, and many are the saints, of different conditions, orders and merits, so in my Church, in which all Heaven is veiled, one is the head, which is the Pope, and the Sacrosanct Trinity is veiled even in the triple tiara that covers his head; and many are the members that depend on this head—that is, different dignities, various orders, superior and inferior, from the littlest to the greatest, they all serve to embellish my Church. Each one, according to its degree, has the office entrusted to it, and by the exact fulfillment of the virtues it comes to give from itself a splendor so very fragrant to my Church, that the earth and Heaven are perfumed and illuminated, and the people are so drawn by this light and by this fragrance, that it is almost impossible for them not to surrender to the truth. I leave it to you, then, to consider those infected members which, instead of shedding light, cast darkness. How much torment they cause in my Church.”

While Jesus was saying this, I saw the confessor near Him. Jesus stared at him with His penetrating gaze; then He turned to me and told me: “I want you to have full confidence in the confessor, even in the smallest things; so much so, that there must be no difference for you between Me and him, and according to your confidence and faith in his words, so I will concur.” In the very act in which Jesus was saying these words, I remembered about certain temptations of the devil which had produced a little bit of distrust in me. But Jesus,

with His vigilant eye, immediately corrected me, and at that very moment I felt that distrust being removed from within my interior. May the Lord be always blessed, who has so much care for this soul, so miserable and sinful.

**May 6, 1899 – *Luisa looks for Jesus amid the Angels.***

This morning, Jesus hardly made Himself seen; I was feeling my mind so confused, that I almost could not understand the loss of Jesus, when I felt surrounded by many spirits—maybe they were Angels, I cannot tell with certainty. While I was in their midst, every now and then I would investigate—who knows, I might feel at least the breath of my beloved; but as much as I did, I found nothing that would reveal the presence of my loving Good. Then, all of a sudden, I felt a sweet breath coming from behind my shoulders, and immediately I cried out: ‘Jesus, my Lord!’

He answered: “Luisa, what do you want?”

‘Jesus, my beautiful One, come, do not remain behind my shoulders for I cannot see You. I have been waiting for You and investigating for the whole morning—who knows, I might see You amid these angelic spirits that surrounded my bed. But I could not, therefore I feel very tired, because I can find no rest without You. Come, for we will rest together.’ So Jesus placed Himself near me, and sustained my head.

Those spirits said: “Lord, how quickly she recognized You. Not even at your voice, but at your mere breath, immediately she called You.” Jesus answered them: “She knows Me, and I know her. She is so very dear to Me, like the pupil of my eyes.” And while He was saying this, I found myself in the eyes of Jesus. Who can say what I felt, being in those most pure eyes? It is impossible to manifest it with words. The very Angels remained astonished.

**May 7, 1899 – *Purity of intention in operating.***

While I was doing my meditation during the day, Jesus kept making Himself seen near me, and told me: “My Person is surrounded by all the works that souls do, as by a garment; and the more purity of intention and intensity of love they have, the more splendor they give Me, and I will give them more glory; so much so, that on the Day of Judgment I will show them to the whole world, to let the whole world know how my children have honored Me, and how I honor them.”

Assuming a more afflicted air, He added: “My daughter, what will happen to so many works, even good, done without purity of intention, out of habit and self-interest? What shame will not fall upon them on the Day of Judgment, in seeing so many works, good in themselves, but made rotten by their intention, such that, their very actions, instead of rendering honor to them, as they would to many others, will give them shame? In fact, I do not look at the greatness of the works, but at the intention with which they are done. Here is all my attention.”

Jesus kept silent for a little while, and I kept thinking about the words He had spoken to me while I was meditating within my mind, especially on the purity of intention, and on the fact that, when creatures do good, they must disappear, making the creature one with the Lord Himself, as if creatures did not exist.

Then Jesus continued, saying to me: “Yet, it is so. See, my Heart is so very large, but the door is very narrow. No one can fill the void of this Heart but souls who are detached, naked and simple. In fact, as you see, since the door is small, any hindrance, even the slightest—that is, a shadow of attachment, an intention which is not upright, a work done without the purpose of pleasing Me—prevents them from entering to delight in my Heart. Much love of neighbor enters

my Heart, but it must be so united to mine as to form one single love, in such a way that one cannot be distinguished from the other. But as for the other love of neighbor which is not transformed into my love—I do not look at it as something that belongs to Me.”

**May 9, 1899 – *Threat of chastisements. Jesus gives His bitter breath to Luisa.***

This morning I was in a sea of affliction because of the loss of Jesus. After much hardship, Jesus came and drew so close to me, that I could not even see Him; He reached the point of placing His forehead upon mine, of leaning His face on mine, and so with all the other members.

Now, while Jesus was in this position, I said to Him: ‘My adorable Jesus, You don’t love me any more.’ And He: “If I did not love you, I would not be so close to you.’ And I added: ‘How can You say that You love me if You no longer let me suffer as before? I am afraid You don’t want me to be in this state any more—at least, free me also from the bother of the confessor.’

While I was saying this, it seemed that Jesus would not pay attention to my words, but rather, He made me see a multitude of people, who were committing every kind of evil. Indignant with them, Jesus would make different kinds of contagious diseases swoop down into their midst, and many would die black as charcoal. It seemed that Jesus would exterminate that multitude of people from the face of the earth. While seeing this, I prayed Jesus to pour His bitternesses into me, so as to spare the people, but He would not pay attention to me in this either; and replying to the words I had said before, He added: “The greatest chastisement I can give you, the priest, and the people, is to free you from this state of suffering. My Justice would pour out in all of Its fury, because It would

find no opposition. This is so true, that the worse evil for someone is to be given an office and then to be removed from it. It would be better for him had he not been admitted to that office, since, by abusing it and not profiting from it, he has rendered himself unworthy of it.”

Then, Jesus continued to come quite a few times today, but so afflicted as to move one to pity and to tears—maybe even the stones. I tried to console Him as much as I could; now I would embrace Him, now I would sustain His head which was in great pain; now I would say to Him: ‘Heart of my heart, Jesus, it has never been your usual way to appear so afflicted to me. If other times You made Yourself seen afflicted, by pouring it into Me, You would immediately change appearance; but now I am being denied the opportunity to give You this relief. Who would have thought, after You have consented to pour and to share your sufferings with me for so long, and You Yourself did so much to dispose me, that now I would have to be deprived of it? Suffering for love of You was my only relief; it was suffering that made me bear my exile from Heaven. But now, being deprived of it, I feel I have no place on which to lean any more, and life becomes tedious to me. O please! O Holy Spouse, beloved Good, my dear Life, O please!—let the pains come back to me, give me suffering. Do not look at my unworthiness and at my grave sins, but at your mercy, which has not exhausted itself.’

While I was pouring myself out with Jesus, He drew closer to me and told me: “My daughter, it is my Justice that wants to pour Itself out over the creatures. The number of sins in men is almost complete, and Justice wants to come out, to make pomp of Its fury, and to find reparation for the injustices of men. Look—to show you how embittered I am and to content you a little bit, I want to pour only my breath into you.” And so, drawing His lips near mine, He sent me His breath, which was so bitter that I felt my mouth, my heart



and my whole person being intoxicated. If His mere breath was so bitter, what must be the rest of Jesus? He left me with such pain, that I felt my heart pierced through.

**May 12, 1899 – *Jesus makes her content, pouring sweetnesses and bitternesses from His Side.***

This morning, continuing to make Himself seen afflicted, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and showed me the various offenses He was receiving. I began to pray again that He would pour His bitternesses into me. At the beginning Jesus did not pay attention to me, and He just told me: “My daughter, only then is Charity perfect when it is done for the sole purpose of pleasing Me; and only then is it called true Charity and is it recognized by Me, when it is stripped of everything.”

Taking the occasion from His very words, I said to Him: ‘Jesus, my dear, it is precisely for this that I want You to pour your bitternesses into me—to be able to relieve You from so many pains; and if I pray You also to spare the creatures, it is because I remember well that on other occasions, after You had chastised the creatures, in seeing them suffer so much from poverty and other things, You too suffered very much. On the other hand, when I have been attentive and I have prayed You and importuned You to the point of tiring You, so much so that You were pleased to pour it into me, sparing them, afterwards You have been very content about it. Don’t You remember? Besides, are they not your images?’

Seeing Himself persuaded, Jesus told me: “Because of you, it is necessary to make you content—draw near Me and drink from my Side.” So I did; I drew near Him to drink from His Side, but instead of bitterness, I suckled a most sweet blood, which inebriated all of me with love and with sweetness. Yes, I was content, but this was not my intention;

so, turning to Him, I said: ‘My dear Good, what are You doing? What comes out is not bitter, but sweet. O please! I pray You, pour your own bitternesses into me.’ And Jesus, looking at me benignly, told me: “Keep drinking, for the bitter will come afterwards.”

So, I attached myself to His Side again, and after the sweet kept coming for a while, the bitter also came. But who can say the intensity of the bitterness? After I was satiated from drinking, I got up, and looking at His head which had the crown of thorns, I removed it and I drove it onto my head. Jesus seemed to be all compliant, while other times He had not permitted this. How beautiful it was to see Jesus after He had poured His bitternesses! He seemed almost disarmed, without strength, but all meek, like a humble little lamb—all compliant. I realized that it was very late, but since the confessor had come early in the morning to call me to obedience, it wasn’t that I knew that I was to be called by obedience, for at the obedience Jesus leaves me free. So, turning to Him, I said: ‘Most sweet Jesus, do not allow that I cause trouble to my family and bother to the confessor by having him come again; O please! I beg You, You Yourself, let me return into myself.’ Jesus told me: “My daughter, today I do not want to leave you.” And I: ‘I too do not have the heart to leave You... but, just for a little while, to let my family see that I am inside myself, and then we will return to be together.’ So, after a long differing, saying good-bye to each other, He left me for a little while. It was precisely lunchtime, and my family was just coming to call me. But even though I felt I was inside myself, I felt all full of suffering, my head would not hold up. That bitter and that sweet which I had drunk from the Side of Jesus gave me such satiety and suffering together, that it was impossible for me to take anything else. The word I had given to Jesus kept me on tenterhooks; so, with the pretext that my head was aching, I said to my family: ‘Let me be alone, for I don’t want anything.’

So I was left free again, and immediately I began to call my sweet Jesus; and He, always benign, came back. But who can say what happened to me today; how many graces Jesus gave to my soul; how many things He made me understand? It is impossible to express it with words. Then, after staying for a long time, in order to calm my sufferings, Jesus poured sweet milk from His mouth, and then, around evening, He left me, giving me His word that He would come back soon. And so I found myself inside myself again, but a little bit more free of sufferings.

**May 16, 1899 – *The virtue of the Cross. Stripping oneself of one's own will.***

Jesus continued for a few more days to manifest Himself in the same way—not wanting to detach Himself from me. It seemed that that little bit of sufferings He had poured into me attracted Him so much, that He could not be without me. This morning He poured a little bit more of bitterness from His mouth into mine, and then He told me: “The cross disposes the soul to patience. The cross opens Heaven, and unites Heaven and earth together—that is, God and the soul. The virtue of the cross is powerful, and when it enters into a soul, it has the virtue of removing the rust of all earthly things. Not only this, but it causes her boredom, bother and contempt for the things of the earth, giving her, instead, the flavor and the enjoyment of celestial things. However, few are those who recognize the virtue of the cross; therefore they despise it.”

Who can say how many things I understood about the cross while Jesus was speaking? The speaking of Jesus is not like ours, in which one understands only as much as is said. Rather, one single word leaves an immense light, and to ruminate well on it one could remain occupied the whole day in most profound meditation. Therefore, if I wanted to

tell everything I would be too long, and I would also lack the time to do it.

After a little while, Jesus came back again, but a little more afflicted. I immediately asked the reason for it, and Jesus showed me many devout souls, and told me: “My daughter, what I look at in the soul is when she strips herself of her will. Only then does my Will invest her, divinize her, and make her all Mine. Take a look at these souls who call themselves devout... as long as things go their way. But then, one little thing—if their confessions are not long enough, if the confessor does not satisfy them—is enough for them to lose peace; and some reach the point of no longer wanting to do anything. This says that it is not my Will that predominates in them, but their own. Believe, O my daughter, that they have taken the wrong way, because when I see that they really want to love Me, I have many ways to give my Grace.” How pitiful it was to see Jesus suffer for this kind of people! I tried to compassionate Him as much as I could, and so it ended.

**May 19, 1899** – *Humility is the safeguard of the celestial favors.*

This morning I felt a fear within me that it might not be Jesus, but the devil, who wanted to deceive me. Jesus came, and seeing me with this fear, He said to me: “Humility is the safeguard of the celestial favors. Humility clothes the soul with such safety that the tricks of the devil cannot penetrate into her. Humility places all celestial graces in safety, so much so, that when I see humility, I let flow, abundantly, all kinds of celestial favors. Therefore, do not want to disturb yourself for this, but rather, with a simple eye, look always into your interior, to see whether you are invested with beautiful humility, and do not worry about all the rest.”

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Then He showed me many religious people and, among them, priests—even of holy life. But as good as they were, they lacked that spirit of simplicity in believing in the many graces and the many ways the Lord uses with souls. Jesus said to me: “I communicate Myself both to the humble and to the simple, because they immediately believe in my graces and take them into great consideration, though they may be ignorant and poor. But with these others you see, I am very reluctant, because the first step which draws the soul near Me is belief; and it happens that these, with all of their science and doctrine, and even holiness, never come to experience a ray of celestial light—that is, they walk along the natural way, and they never arrive at touching, even slightly, that which is supernatural. This is also the reason for which in the course of my mortal life there was not one learned, one priest, one man of power, among my followers, but all ignorant and of low condition—because these were more humble and simple, and also more disposed to make great sacrifices for Me.”

### **May 23, 1899 – *Sweetness. Detachment from oneself.***

This time my adorable Jesus wanted to play a little bit. He would come, He would show He wanted to listen to me, but as I would begin to speak, He would disappear from me like a flash. O, God, what pain! While my heart was swimming in this most bitter pain of Jesus’s distance, and it was also almost a little restless, Jesus came back again, telling me: “What is it? What is it? More peaceful, more calm. Speak, speak, what do you want?” But the moment I spoke, He disappeared.

I did as much as I could to calm myself, but—no, after a while my heart returned to being unable to give itself peace, without its only and sole comfort; and maybe more than before. Coming back again, Jesus told me: “My daughter, sweetness has the virtue of making things change their nature; it knows well how to convert bitter into sweet. Therefore, more sweet,

more sweet!” But He gave me no time to say a word. This is how I spent the morning.

After this, I felt I was outside of myself, together with Jesus. There were many people; some aspired to riches, some to honor, some to glory, and some even to sanctity, and many other things—but not for God, but rather, to be considered someone by creatures. Turning to them, shaking His head, Jesus said: “Foolish you are—you are working your own net to entangle yourselves.”

Then, turning to me, He told me: “My daughter, this is why the first thing I recommend is detachment from all things, and also from oneself. When the soul has detached herself from everything, she has no need to struggle in order to stay away from all the things of the earth which, by themselves, come around her. But rather, in seeing themselves ignored, and even more, despised, saying good-bye to her, they take leave of her to bother her no more.”

**May 26, 1899 – *Contempt of oneself must be united to Faith.***

This morning, I was in such a state of annihilation of myself, to the point of feeling obnoxious and annoyed. It seemed to me I was the most abominable being that could be found. I saw myself like a little worm that tossed and turned, but remained always there—in the mud, unable to take one step. O, God, what human misery! Yet, after I have been given so many graces, I am still so bad!

My good Jesus, always benign with this miserable sinner, came and told me: “Contempt of yourself is praiseworthy when it is well invested with the spirit of Faith; but when it is not invested with the spirit of Faith, instead of doing you good, it can harm you. In fact, in seeing yourself as you are, unable to do anything good, you will be discouraged, disheartened, without daring to take one step on the path of good. But by

leaning on Me—that is, by investing yourself with the spirit of Faith—you will come to know and despise yourself, and at the same time, to know Me, confident of being able to do anything with my help. And here is how, by acting in this way, you will walk according to the truth.”

How much good these words of Jesus have done to my soul! I understood that I must enter into my nothingness and know who I am, but I must not stop there. Rather, immediately after I have known myself, I must fly into the immense sea of God, and stop there, to draw all the graces that my soul needs; otherwise, nature becomes weary and the devil will look for means in order to cast it into discouragement. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory.

**May 31, 1899 – *Oppositions serve so that the truth may shine more in its own time.***

This morning, as I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came, and at that very moment I saw the confessor. Jesus appeared a little disappointed with him, because it seemed that the confessor wanted everyone to approve that my situation was a work from God, and almost wanted to convince other priests by showing them something of my interior.

Jesus turned to the confessor and said to him: “This is impossible. Even I received oppositions, and from people among the most distinguished, and also from priests and other authorities. They found fault with my holy works, to the point of saying that I was possessed by the devil. But I allow these oppositions, even from religious people, so that the truth may shine more in its own time. If you want to consult with two or three priests among the most good and holy, and also learned, in order to receive enlightenment and also to do what I want

in the things to be done, which is advice from the good and prayer—this, I allow. But the rest—no, no. It would be as though wanting to waste my works, making fun of them—which displeases Me very much.”

Then He said to me: “All I want from you is an upright and simple operating. Do not bother about the pros and the cons of creatures; let them think what they want, without being the least troubled, since wanting that all be favorable is wanting to deviate from the imitation of my own Life.”

**June 2, 1899 – *The greatest favor that can be done for a soul, is to make her know herself.***

This morning, my most sweet Jesus wanted to let me touch my nothingness with my own hands. In the act in which He made Himself seen, the first words with which He addressed me were: “Who am I., and who are you?” In these two words I saw two immense lights: in one I comprehended God, in the other I saw my misery, my nothingness. I saw I was nothing but a shadow, just like the shadow formed by the Sun in illuminating the earth: it is dependent on the Sun, and as the Sun moves from it to other places, the shadow ceases to exist outside of Its splendor. The same for my shadow—that is, my being: it is dependent on the mystical Sun God, who can dissolve this shadow in one simple instant. What to say, then, about how I have deformed this shadow which the Lord has given me, which is not even my own? The mere thought of it was horrifying; it was stinking, putrid, all full of worms. Yet, in such a horrifying state I was forced to stand before a God so holy. O, how content I would have been, had I been allowed to hide in the darkest abysses!

After this, Jesus told me: “The greatest favor I can do for a soul, is to make her know herself. The knowledge of self and the knowledge of God go together; the more you know



yourself, the more you know God. When the soul has known herself, as she sees that she can do nothing good by herself, her shadow, her being, transforms her in God, and it happens that she does all of her operations in God. It happens that the soul is in God and walks beside Him, without looking, without investigating, without speaking—in a word, as if she were dead. In fact, knowing the depth of her nothingness, she dares to do nothing by herself, but she blindly follows the trajectory of the operations of God.”

It seems to me that to a soul who knows herself it happens as to those people who travel in a steamer: in moving from one point to another, without taking a step of their own, they make long journeys, but everything by virtue of the steamer that transports them. In the same way, the soul, by placing herself in God, just like the people in a steamer, makes sublime flights on the way to perfection, knowing, however, that it is not her, but rather, she does it by virtue of that blessed God who carries her within Himself. O, how the Lord favors her, enriches her, and concedes the greatest graces, knowing that she attributes nothing to herself, but everything to Him. O, soul, you who know yourself—how fortunate you are!

**June 3, 1899 – *Jesus pours His bitternesses.***

This morning, I was in a sea of affliction, for Jesus had not yet come; I felt such pain that I felt my heart being ripped out. When the confessor came to call me to obedience, for he had to celebrate Holy Mass, Jesus did not let even a shadow of Himself be seen, as He usually does. In fact, when He does not come, He allows His hand, or His arm to be seen; and especially on a day in which I receive Communion, as this morning, He Himself comes, He purifies me, and prepares me to receive Him in the Sacrament.

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I was saying to myself: ‘Holy Spouse, lovable Jesus, how is this? Aren’t You coming to prepare me Yourself? How can I receive You?’ But meanwhile, the time came, the confessor came, but Jesus did not come at all. What a harrowing pain, how many bitter tears!

The confessor told me: “You will see Him at Communion, and out of obedience you will ask Him why He does not come and what He wants from you.”

So, after Communion I saw my good Jesus, always benign with this miserable sinner. He transported me outside of myself, and I was holding Him in my arms; He was a child, all afflicted. Immediately I began to say: ‘My little Child, my sole and only Good, how is it that You do not come? In what have I offended You? What do You want from me that You make me cry so much?’ And in the act of saying this, my pain was so great, that even though I was holding Him in my arms, I kept crying. But even before I finished speaking the last word, drawing His mouth close to mine, Jesus poured His bitternesses, without answering a word. When He would stop pouring, I would begin speaking again, but Jesus would not pay attention to me, and would begin to pour again. After this, without answering anything of what I wanted, He told me: “Let me pour into you, otherwise, just as I have destroyed other places with the hail, I will destroy your area. Therefore, let Me pour, and do not think about anything else.” He told me nothing else, and so it ended.

**June 5, 1899 – *Her miserable state. The health of the confessor.***

My state of annihilation still continues. It was such that I did not dare to say a word to my beloved Jesus. But this morning, having compassion for my miserable state, Jesus Himself wanted to cheer me; and here is how: as He made

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Himself seen, and I felt all annihilated and ashamed before Him, Jesus drew near me, but so close, that it seemed that He was in me and I in Him; and He told me: “My beloved daughter, what is it that makes you so afflicted? Tell Me everything, for I will content You, and will remedy everything.”

Since I continued to see myself the way I described the other day, in seeing myself so bad, I did not dare to tell Him anything. But Jesus repeated: “Come, come, tell Me what you want—do not hesitate.” Seeing myself almost forced, bursting into flooding tears, I said to Him: “Holy Jesus, how do You want me not to be afflicted—after so many graces, I shouldn’t be so bad any more. Sometimes, also in the good works I try to do, I mix so many defects and imperfections, that I myself feel horror. What must they be before You, who are so perfect and holy? And then, the suffering, so very scarce compared to before, your long delays in coming—everything tells me in clear notes that my sins, my awful ingratitude, are the cause of it, and that You, indignant with Me, deny me even that daily bread which You usually concede to everyone, which is the cross. So, You will end up abandoning me completely. Can there be a greater affliction than this?” Jesus, all compassion for me, pressed me to His Heart and told me: “Do not fear, this morning we will do things together; in this way I will make up for your things.”

So, first it seemed that Jesus contained a fount of water and another of blood within His breast, and in those two fountains He plunged my soul—first in the water, and then in the blood. Who can say how purified and embellished my soul became? Then, we began to pray together, reciting three Glory Be’s, and He told me that He was doing this to make up for my prayers and adorations to the Majesty of God. O, how beautiful and touching it was to pray together with Jesus! After this, Jesus told me: “Don’t let yourself be afflicted by the lack of suffering. Do you want to anticipate

the hour established by Me? My operating is not hurried, but everything has its time. We will fulfill everything, but at the appropriate time.”

Then, afterwards, because of a fully providential circumstance, unexpectedly, since the Viaticum had come out of the church for other sick people, I too received Communion. Who can say, after all that had passed between Jesus and me, the kisses and the caresses that Jesus gave me? It is impossible to say everything. After Communion, I seemed to see the Sacred Host, and in the Host I could see, now the mouth of Jesus, now His eyes, now one hand, and then He showed all of Himself. He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself, now in the vault of the heavens, now on earth in the midst of people, but always together with Jesus. Every once in a while He would repeat: “O, how beautiful you are, my beloved! If you knew how much I love you... And you, how much do you love Me?”

On hearing these words being spoken to me, I experienced such confusion that I felt I was dying; but in spite of this, I had the courage to say to Him: ‘Jesus, my beautiful One, yes, I love You very much. And You, if You really love me, tell me also, do You forgive me for all the evil I have done? But, concede also suffering to me.’ And Jesus: “Yes, I forgive you, and I want to content you by pouring in abundance my bitternesses into you.” And so Jesus poured His bitternesses. It seemed to me that He had a fount of bitternesses in His Heart, received through the offenses of men, and most of it He poured into me. Then Jesus told me: “Tell Me, what else do you want?”

And I: ‘Holy Jesus, I commend to You my confessor—make him a saint, and grant him also health for his body. But then, is it completely your Will for this father to come?’ And Jesus: “Yes.” And I: ‘If it were your Will, You would let him

be well.' And He: "Be quiet, do not want to investigate my judgments too much." At that very moment He showed me the improvement in the health of the body, and the sanctity of the soul of the confessor, and He added: "You want to rush things, but I do everything at the right time."

Then, I commended to Him the people that belonged to me, and I prayed for sinners, saying to Jesus: 'O, how I wish that my body would split into tiny little pieces, provided that sinners would convert!' So I kissed the forehead, the eyes, the face, the mouth of Jesus, doing various adorations and reparations for the offenses that sinners gave Him. O, how content Jesus was, and I too. Then, having Jesus promise to me that He would not leave me any more, I returned to myself; and so it ended.

**June 8, 1899 – *Luisa wants everyone to convert.***

My adorable Jesus still continues to make Himself seen all benignity and sweetness. This morning, while I was together with Him, He repeated again: "Tell me, what do you want?" Immediately I said: 'Jesus, my dear, what I would really want is that the whole world would convert.' (What a request out of proportion!) But still, my loving Jesus told me: "I would content you if all had the good will to be saved. And yet, to show you that I would gladly grant everything you have said, let us go together into the midst of the world, and all of those whom we will find with the good will to be saved, as evil as they may be, I will give to you."

So we went out in the midst of people, to see who had the good will to be saved, but to our highest displeasure, we found a number so very scarce, that it is sorrowful just to think about it. In this number, so very scarce, there was my confessor, the majority of priests and part of the faithful, but not everyone from Corato. Then He showed me the various

offenses He was receiving; I prayed Him to let me share in His sufferings, and Jesus poured His bitternesses from His mouth into mine. After this, He told me: “My daughter, I feel my mouth too embittered. O please! I beg you to sweeten it.”

I said to Him: “I would gladly give You anything, but I have nothing. You Yourself, tell me, what can I give You?” And He told me: “Let me suckle milk from your breasts, for in this way you will be able to sweeten Me.” And at the very moment He was saying this, He lay down in my arms and began to suckle. While He was doing this, a fear came to me that it might not be baby Jesus, but the devil, therefore I placed my hand on His forehead and I signed Him with the cross: ‘Per signum Crucis.’ Jesus looked at me all festive, and while still suckling, He smiled, and with His lively eyes He seemed to tell me: “I am not a demon, I am not a demon.”

After He seemed to be satiated, He got up on my lap, and kissed me all over. Now, since I too felt my mouth bitter from the bitternesses He had poured into me, I felt like I wanted to suckle from the breasts of Jesus, but I did not dare to. But Jesus invited me to do it, and so I plucked up courage and I began to suckle. O, what sweetness of paradise came from that holy breast! But who can express it? Then I found myself inside myself, all inundated with sweetnesses and contentments.

Now I will explain that, when it happens that Jesus suckles from my breasts, my body does not participate in this at all; rather, it happens when I am outside of myself. It seems that this thing occurs only between the soul and Jesus, and when He wants to do this, He is always a child. It is so true that it is only the soul and not the body, that, when this happens, I am always either in the vault of the heavens, or wandering through other points of the earth. Sometimes, then, I have said that as I returned to myself, I felt a pain at that place from which baby Jesus had suckled, because in suckling,

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sometimes He would do it a little strongly, so much so, that it seemed that through that suckling He wanted to pull out my heart from within my breast. Therefore I felt a sensible pain, and as I returned to myself, the soul would communicate it to the body.

But then, this happens also in other things, as for example when the Lord transports me outside of myself and lets me share in His crucifixion. Jesus Himself lays me on the cross, and pierces my hands and feet through with the nails. I feel such pain that I feel I am dying. Then, when I find myself inside myself, I feel it well in my body, so much so, as to be unable to move my fingers or my arm, and so forth with the other sufferings that the Lord shares with me—to say everything, I would be too long.

I also remember that when Jesus would suckle from my breasts, He would place His mouth there, but it is from my heart that I would feel Him draw whatever He suckled; so much so, that while He would do this, at times I have felt my heart being torn from my breast, and sometimes, feeling a most vivid pain, I said to Him: ‘My pretty little one, indeed You are too impertinent! Do it more mildly, for it hurts very much.’ And He would laugh to Himself.

In the same way, when it is I that suckle from Jesus, it is from His Heart that I draw that milk, or blood; so much so that, for me, suckling from the breast of Jesus is the same as drinking from His side. I will add also another thing: since the Lord every now and then is pleased with pouring a most sweet milk from His mouth, or with letting me drink His most precious Blood from His side, then, when He wants to suckle from me, He suckles nothing else but what He Himself has given me, because I have nothing with which to sweeten Him, but much with which to embitter Him. This is so true that, sometimes, in the very act in which He would suckle from

me, I would suckle from Jesus, and I would realize clearly that what He was drawing from me was nothing other than what He Himself was giving me. It seems I have explained myself enough, as much as I could.

**June 9, 1899 – *The very grave sin of abortion. Union of sufferings and of prayers.***

I spent this morning very anguished because of the many offenses which I saw Him receive from men, especially because of certain horrendous dishonesties. How much the loss of souls grieved Jesus! More so, since it was a newborn baby that they were going to kill, without administering holy baptism to him. It seems to me that this sin weighs so much on the scale of Divine Justice, that it is the one that most cries out for revenge before God. Yet, these sorrowful scenes are renewed so very often. My most sweet Jesus was so afflicted as to arouse pity. Seeing Him in such a state, I did not dare to tell Him anything, and Jesus just told me: “My daughter, unite your sufferings to Mine, your prayers to Mine, so that they may be more acceptable before the majesty of God, and may appear not as your things, but as my own works.” Then He continued to make Himself seen other times, but always in silence. May the Lord be always blessed.

**June 11, 1899 – *The light in order to comprehend Luisa.***

My sweet Jesus continues to make Himself seen only very few times, and almost always in silence. I felt my mind all confused and full of fear that I might lose my sole and only good, and about many other things, which it is not necessary to say here. O, God, what pain! While I was in this state, He made Himself seen for just a little; He seemed to carry a light, and from that light many other little globes of light were coming out. Jesus told me: “Remove every fear



from your heart. See, I have brought you this globe of light to place it between you and Me, and among those who approach you. For those who approach you with an upright heart and to do good to you, these little globes of light that come out, will penetrate into their minds, will descend into their hearts, will fill them with joy and with celestial graces, and they will comprehend with clarity that which I operate in you. Those, then, who will come with other intentions, will experience the opposite, and will be dazzled and confused by these little globes of light.” So I remained more tranquil. May everything be for the glory of God.

**June 12, 1899 – *Jesus Himself prepares her for Communion.***

This morning, having to receive Communion, I was praying good Jesus to come to prepare me Himself, before the confessor would come to celebrate Holy Mass. ‘Otherwise, how can I receive You, being so bad and not disposed?’ While I was doing this, my Jesus was pleased to come, and in the very act of seeing Him, it seemed to me that He did nothing but dart through me with His gazes, most pure, and sparkling with light. Who can say what those penetrating gazes operated in me, letting not even the shadow of a little speck escape? It is impossible to say it; rather, I would have wanted to let all this pass in silence, because the internal operations of grace can hardly be expressed as they are with one’s mouth; rather, it seems that one would counterfeit them. But lady obedience does not want it, and when it is for her, one must close one’s eyes and surrender without saying anything else, otherwise—woes everywhere! In fact, since she is a lady, by herself she makes herself be respected.

Therefore I continue. In the first gaze, I prayed Jesus to purify me, and so it seemed to me that everything that shadowed my soul was shaken off of it. In the second gaze, I prayed Him to illuminate me, because, what good comes to a

precious stone from being pure, if it is not sparkling so as to capture to gaze of those who look at it? They will look at it, yes, but with an indifferent eye. Much more was I in need of that light, which would not only render my soul resplendent, but would make me understand the great action I was about to do, since I was not only to be looked at, but identified with my sweet Jesus. Therefore, it was not enough for me to be purged, but also illuminated. So, in that gaze Jesus seemed to penetrate through me, just as the light of the Sun penetrates through crystal. After this, seeing that Jesus continued to look at me, I said to Him: ‘Most loving Jesus, since You were pleased first to purge me, and then to illuminate me, be so kind now as to sanctify me; more so, since I have to receive You, who are the Holy of Holies, and therefore it is not right that I be so different from You.’

So, always benign toward this miserable one, Jesus leaned toward me, took my soul in His arms, and seemed to retouch it all over with His own hands. Who can say what those touches of those creative hands operated in me? How my passions, at those touches, put themselves in their place! My desires, inclinations, affections, heartbeats and my other senses, sanctified by those divine touches, changed into something wholly other, and, united among themselves, no longer clashing as before, formed a sweet harmony for the hearing of my dear Jesus. It seemed to me that they were like many rays of light, which wounded His adorable Heart. O, how Jesus amused Himself, and what happy moments those have been for me! Ah, I experienced the peace of the saints! It was a paradise of contentments and of delights for me.

After this, Jesus seemed to clothe my soul with the garment of Faith, of Hope and of Charity, and in the very act of clothing me, Jesus whispered to me the way I was to exercise myself in these three virtues. Now, while I was doing this, unleashing another ray of light, Jesus made me

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understand my nothingness. Ah! I seemed to be a grain of sand in the midst of a most extensive sea, which is God; and this little grain went to dissolve itself inside that immense sea—it dissolved in God. Then He transported me outside of myself, carrying me in His arms, and kept whispering to me various acts of contrition for my sins. I only remember that I have been an abyss of iniquities. Lord, O, how many awful ingratitude I have had toward You!

While I was doing this, I looked at Jesus; He had the crown of thorns on His head. I stretched out my hand, and I removed it from Him, saying: ‘Give the thorns to me, O Jesus, for I am a sinner. The thorns befit me, not You, who are the Just One, the Holy One.’ So, Jesus Himself drove it onto my head.

Then, I don’t know how, I saw the confessor from afar. Immediately I prayed to Jesus that He would go to prepare the confessor to be able to receive Him at Communion. And Jesus seemed to go to father. After a little while He came back and told me; “I want the way you deal with Me and with the confessor to be one; and I want the same from him. He must look at you and deal with you as if you were another Me, because, since you are victim as I was, I want no difference at all; and this, so that everything may be purged, and my love alone my shine in everything.”

I said to Him: ‘Lord, this seems impossible—that I may deal with the confessor as one does with You, especially in seeing the instability.’ And Jesus: “Yet, it is so; true virtue, true love, makes everything disappear, destroys everything, and with enchanting mastery makes God alone shine through all of its operations, and it looks at everything in God.”

After this, the confessor came to call me to obedience and then celebrate Holy Mass; and so it ended. Then I listened to Holy Mass and I received Communion. Now, who can say the

intimacy that passed between Jesus and me? It is impossible to manifest it; I have no words to make myself understood, therefore I let it pass in silence.

**June 14, 1899 – *Jesus wants to chastise the world.***

This morning, most loving Jesus would not come; in my interior I kept thinking: ‘How is it that He is not coming? What is new now? Yesterday He came so often, and today, the hour is getting late, and He has not yet showed Himself at all. What heartbreak! What patience it takes with Jesus! It seemed to me that my whole interior was taking up arms, for it wanted Jesus, and it waged such a war against me as to give me pains of death. My will, superior to everything, tried to put peace by persuading my senses, inclinations, desires, affections and all the rest, to calm down, for Jesus would come. So, after prolonged suffering, Jesus came, carrying a cup in His hand, full of coagulated blood, putrefied and stinking; and He told me: “Do you see this cup of blood? I will pour it over the world.”

While He was saying this, Mama came, the Most Holy Virgin, and my confessor together with Her. They prayed to Jesus that He would not pour it over the world, but have me drink it. The confessor said to Him: “Lord, why keep her as victim if You do not want to pour it over her? I absolutely want You to let her suffer and to spare the people.”

Mama was crying, and insisted with Jesus, and with the confessor, that he would not give up praying until Jesus would be content with accepting the exchange. Jesus insisted that He wanted to pour it over the whole world, and at first He almost seemed to frown. I saw myself all confused; I was unable to say anything, because the sight of that cup full of blood, so ugly, was so horrifying, as to cause my whole nature to tremble. What would it be to drink it? However,

I was resigned—if the Lord would give it to me, I would accept it. Who can say, then, the chastisements contained in that blood, if the Lord would pour it over the world? It seems that from this very day He keeps the hail prepared which will cause great damage, and it seems that it must continue in the following days.

But then, Jesus seemed a little bit more calm, so much so, that He seemed to embrace the confessor because he had prayed to Him in that way, however, without coming to any conclusion on whether He would pour it over the people or not. So it ended, leaving me an indescribable pain because of what may happen.

***June 16, 1899 – Chastisements are necessary in order to humiliate the creatures.***

He still continues to make Himself seen with the intention to chastise; I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, and to spare the whole world, and if this were not possible, to spare at least those who belong to me, and my town. The intention of the confessor also seemed to unite to this intention. So, it seemed that, conquered by the prayers, Jesus poured a little bit from His mouth, but not that cup mentioned above. That little bit He poured, He seemed to pour in order to somehow spare my town, though not completely, as well as those who belong to me.

However, this morning, I myself have been a cause of affliction for Jesus. Since after He had poured I saw Him more calm, without thinking I said to Him: “My lovable Jesus, I pray You to free me from the bother I cause to the confessor of having Him come every day. What would it cost You to free me Yourself, releasing me from that state of sufferings Yourself, just as You Yourself put me in it? Indeed it would cost You nothing, and if You want, You can do

everything.’ But while I was saying this, Jesus’s face turned so afflicted, that I felt that affliction penetrate deep into my inmost heart; and without telling me a word, He disappeared. How mortified I remained—the Lord alone knows, thinking, especially, that He might not come any more. However, after a little while He came back, but with greater affliction, with His face all swollen and full of blood from offenses He had just received. All sad, Jesus said: “Look at what they have done to Me—how can you say that you don’t want Me to chastise creatures? Chastisements are necessary in order to humiliate them, and not to let them grow bolder.”

**June 17, 1899 – *Luisa does not want to take part in the chastisements.***

It continues always in the same way, but this morning especially, I have done nothing but argue with my dear Jesus: He wanted to keep sending the hail, as He did in these past days, and I did not want it. But then, in the middle of this, it seemed that a thunderstorm was getting ready, commanding the demons to destroy several places with the scourge of hail. At that very moment, I saw the confessor calling me from afar, giving me the obedience to go and put the demons to flight, so that they might not do anything. As I went out to go there, Jesus came to meet me, making me draw back. I said to Him: ‘Blessed Lord, I can’t—it is obedience that called me, and You know that You and I must surrender to this virtue, without being able to oppose it.’

And Jesus: “Well then, I will do it for you.” And so He commanded the demons to go to places farther away, and not to touch, for now, the lands belonging to our town. Then He said to me: “Let us go.” So we came back—I into my bed, and Jesus beside me. As we arrived, Jesus wanted to rest, saying that He was very tired. I stopped Him, saying to Him: “What is this sleep that You want to have now? And then, a beautiful

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obedience You had me do!—You want to sleep. Is this the love You have for me, and the way You want to content me in everything? Do You want to sleep? Sleep then, as long as You give me your word that You won't do anything.'

Being sorry for my discontent, He told me: "My daughter, yet, I would like to content you. Let us do it this way: let us go out together again, in the midst of people, and let us see who are those who need to be punished because of their wicked actions—who knows whether, at least under the scourge, they might surrender. And then, those whom you want, those who need less to be punished, and whom you don't want to be punished, I will spare."

And I: 'Lord, I give You thanks for your highest goodness in wanting to content me, but in spite of this I cannot do what You are telling me; I do not feel the strength to put my will in chastising any of your creatures. What would be the torment of my poor heart in hearing that that person or that other has been chastised, and I have put my will in it. May it never be—may it never be, O Lord.' Then, the confessor came to call me into myself, and so it ended.

### **June 19, 1899 – Instability in doing good.**

Yesterday, having gone through a day of purgatory because of the almost total privation of my highest good, and because of the many temptations that the devil put in me, it seemed to me I committed a lot of sins. O, God, what pain, to offend God!

This morning, as soon as I saw Jesus, immediately I said to Him: 'Good Jesus, forgive me for the many sins I committed yesterday'; and I wanted to tell Him all the evil I felt I had done. Interrupting me, He said to me: "If you make yourself disappear, you will never commit sins."

I wanted to continue to speak, but Jesus, making me see many devout souls and showing He did not want to hear what I wanted to tell Him, began again to speak: “That which most displeases Me about these souls is their instability in doing good. One little thing, one disappointment, even one defect, is enough; and while that is the time in which it is more necessary for them to cling more to Me, they become irritated, they get disturbed, and they neglect the good which they had started. How many times I have prepared graces to give to them, but in seeing them so unstable, I have been forced to hold them back.”

Then, knowing that He did not want to hear anything of what I wanted to tell Him, and seeing that my confessor was not well in the body, I prayed at length for him, and I asked Jesus various questions, which it is not necessary to say here. And Jesus, benignly, answered everything, and so it ended.

**June 20, 1899 – *The love with which Saint Aloysius operated.***

It continues always in the same way. This morning, it seems that Jesus wanted to cheer me a little bit, after I had gone in search for Him for some time. I saw a child from afar, like lightning that falls down from heaven; I ran up to him, and as I arrived, I took him in my arms. A doubt came to me that it might not be Jesus, so I said to him: ‘My dear little treasure, tell me, who are you?’ And He: “I am your dear and beloved Jesus.” And I to Him: ‘My beautiful little baby, I pray You to take my heart and bring it with You to Paradise, for after the heart, the soul too will come.’ Jesus seemed to take my heart, and He united it so much with His own that they became one.

Afterwards, Heaven opened; it seemed that a very great feast was being prepared. At that very moment a young man of lovely appearance came down from Heaven, all dazzling



with fire and flames. Jesus told me: “Tomorrow is the feast of my dear Aloysius—I must go attend.” And I: ‘And so You leave Me alone—what shall I do?’ And He: “You too will come. Look at how beautiful Aloysius is; but the greatest thing in him, which distinguished him on earth, was the love with which he operated. Everything was love in him—love occupied him interiorly, love surrounded him externally; so, one can say that even his breath was love. This is why it is said of him that he never suffered distraction—because love inundated him everywhere, and with this love he will be inundated eternally, as you see.”

And in fact it seemed that the love of Saint Aloysius was so very great, as to be able to burn the whole world to ashes. Then, Jesus added: “I stroll over the highest mountains, and there I form my delight.” Since I did not understand the meaning of it, He continued: “The highest mountains are the Saints who have loved Me the most, and in them I form my delight, both when they are on earth, and when they pass into Heaven. So, everything is in love.”

After this, I prayed Jesus to bless me and those whom I was seeing at that moment; and He, giving His blessing, disappeared.

**June 21, 1899 – *Jesus says: “For love of you I will not leave Corato”. Jesus jokes with Luisa.***

Since He was not coming, I kept thinking: ‘Who knows whether Jesus will not come any more, leaving me in abandonment.’ And I would say nothing but, ‘Come my beloved, come...’. All of a sudden He came and told me: “I will not leave you, I will never abandon you. You too—come, come to Me.” Immediately I ran to place myself in His arms, and while I was like this, Jesus continued: “Not only will I not leave you, but for love of you I will not leave Corato.”

Then, almost without my realizing it, in one instant He disappeared. I remained with a yearning for Him, more than before, and I kept saying: ‘What have You done to me? How is it... so quickly have You gone away from me, without even saying good-bye?’ While I was pouring out my pain, the image of baby Jesus which I have near me, seemed to become alive, and every now and then He would put out His head from within the glass bell to see what I was doing; and when He would see that I noticed, immediately He would go back inside. I said to Him: ‘It shows that You are too impertinent, and that You want to behave like a child. I feel I’m going mad with pain because You are not coming, and You are there playing. Well then, play and joke as You please, for I will have patience.’

**June 22, 1899 – *Luisa does not let Jesus sleep.***

This morning, my sweet Jesus wanted to continue to play His little games with me, and to joke. He would come, He would place His hands on my face in the act of wanting to caress me, but as He was about to do it, He would disappear. Then He would come again, He would stretch out His arms around my neck in the act of wanting to hug me, but as I stretched out my arms to hug Him, He would escape me like a flash, and I could not find Him. Who can say the pains of my heart? While my heart was swimming in this sea of immense grief, to the point of feeling life abandoning me, Queen Mama came, carrying a child in Her arms. We hugged, the three of us together, Mama, the Son, and I—so I could have the time to say to Him: ‘My Lord Jesus, it seems to me that You have withdrawn your grace from me.’ And He: “Silly—silly little one that you are! How can you say that I have withdrawn my grace when I am within you? What is my grace if not Myself?” I remained more confused than before, seeing that I was unable to speak, and that in those two words I had

uttered, I had spoken nothing but nonsense. Afterwards, the Queen Mother disappeared, and Jesus seemed to enclose Himself in my interior, and there He remained.

Today then, during the meditation, He made Himself seen sleeping inside of me. I was looking at Him, delighting in His beautiful face, but without waking Him up, content with at least seeing Him, when, in one instant, the beautiful Queen Mama came again; She took Him from within my heart, shaking Him hurriedly so as to wake Him up. After He woke up, She placed Him in my arms again, telling me: “My daughter, don’t let Him sleep, because if He does, you will see what happens.” A thunderstorm was preparing. Half asleep, the Baby stretched out His little hands around my neck, and clasping me, He said to me: “My mama, my mama, let me sleep.” And I: ‘No no, no no my beautiful one, I am not the one who does not want to let You sleep; it is our Lady Mama that does not want it, and I pray You to content Her. It is certain that nothing can be denied to a mama—and besides, to that Mama!’ After I kept Him awake for a little while, He disappeared, and so it ended.

**June 23, 1899 – *Luisa sees the confessor together with Jesus, and prays for him.***

After I listened to Holy Mass and received Communion, my loving Jesus made Himself seen within my heart; then I felt I was going outside of myself, but without Jesus. I saw my confessor, and since he had told me, “Our Lord will come after Communion, and you will pray to Him for me”, as I saw my confessor, I said to him: ‘Father, you told me that Jesus was going to come, but He has not come.’ He said to me: “It is because you don’t know how to look for Him—this is why you say that He has not come. Look well, for He is in your interior.”

I went about looking within me, and I saw the feet of Jesus, which had come out from within my interior. Immediately I grabbed them with my hand, and I pulled Jesus out. I hugged all of Him, and in seeing Him with the crown of thorns on His head, I removed it from Him and I placed in the hand of the confessor, telling him to drive it onto my head. And so he did; but—no, as hard as he tried, he could not manage to make even one thorn penetrate. I said to him: ‘Do it harder—don’t be afraid that I might suffer very much, because as you see, there is Jesus here that gives me strength.’

But as much as he tried, it all turned out impossible. Therefore he said to me: “I am not strong enough for this—it is into bones that these thorns must penetrate, and I don’t have the strength to do it.” So I turned to my sweet Jesus, saying: ‘You see how father does not know how to put it on—do it Yourself a little bit.’ And so Jesus stretched out His hands, and in one instant He made all those thorns penetrate into my head, to my unspeakable pain and contentment.

After this, the confessor and I, together, prayed to Jesus that He would pour His bitternesses [into me], so as to spare people the so many scourges which He is pouring over them, as He seemed to do today, since hail was ready to come down not too far from us; and the Lord, to condescend to our prayers, did pour a little bit.

Moreover, since I continued to see the confessor, I began to pray to Jesus for him, saying to Him: ‘My good and dear Jesus, I pray You to give grace to my confessor, to make him all yours, according to your Heart, and to give him corporal health also. You have seen how he cooperated both in relieving your head from the thorns, and in having You pour. If he could not manage to drive the thorns into my head, it wasn’t for the purpose of not relieving You, nor was it his will, but because he did not have enough strength to do it; therefore, because

of this also You must answer him. So, tell me, O my sole and only Good, will You make him be well, both in the soul and in the body?’ Jesus would hear me, but would not answer me. I would pray Him with greater solicitude, saying: ‘This morning I will not leave You, nor will I stop praying, if You do not give me your word that You will grant what I ask for him’; but Jesus would not say a word. Then, all of a sudden, we found ourselves surrounded by people; they seemed to be sitting around a table, eating, and there was also my portion. Jesus told me: “My daughter, I am hungry.” And I: ‘I give You my portion, aren’t You happy?’ And Jesus: “Yes, but I do not want to be seen.” And I: ‘Well then, I will pretend that I take it for myself, and without letting others notice, I will give it to You.’ And so we did.

After a little while, standing up and drawing His lips near to my face, Jesus began to play something like the sound of a trumpet from His mouth. All of those people turned pale and trembled, saying among themselves: “What is this? What is this? Now we die!” I said to Him: ‘Lord, my Jesus, what are You doing? How is this?—up until now You did not want to be seen, and now You start playing. Be quiet, be quiet—don’t make people scared; don’t You see how they are all frightened?’ And Jesus: “This is nothing yet—what will happen when, all of a sudden, I will play even louder? They will be caught by such fear, that many, many will lose their lives.” And I: ‘My adorable Jesus, what are You saying? You always go there: that You want to do justice; but—no! Mercy! Mercy on your people, I pray.’ So, Jesus assumed His sweet and benign look, and I, continuing to see the confessor, began to importune Him again; and Jesus told me: “I will make your confessor like a grafted tree, in which the old tree can no longer be recognized, either in the soul or in the body; and as a pledge of this, I have placed you in his hands as victim, so that he may take advantage of it.”

**June 25, 1899 – *Three spiritual joys of Faith.***

This morning, Jesus continued to make Himself seen every now and then, sharing a little bit of His sufferings with me, and sometimes the confessor appeared with Him. Since he had told me to pray for certain needs of his, in seeing him together with Our Lord I began pray Jesus to grant what he wanted.

While I was praying, all goodness, Jesus turned to the confessor and said to him: “I want Faith to inundate you everywhere, just like those boats inundated with the waters of the sea. And since I Myself am Faith, you would be inundated with Me, who possesses everything, can do everything and gives freely to those who trust in Me; and without your thinking of what will come, of when it will, and of how you will do it, I Myself will be there to assist you according to your needs.”

Then He added: “If you exercise yourself in this Faith, almost swimming in it, as recompense I will infuse three spiritual joys in your heart: first, you will penetrate the things of God with clarity, and in doing holy things you will feel inundated with such gladness, with such joy, as to feel as though soaked with it. This is the unction of my grace. Second, you will feel boredom for earthly things, and you will feel joy in your heart for celestial things. Third, total detachment from everything, and there, where you felt inclination in the past, you will feel bother; this I have been infusing in your heart for some time, and you are already experiencing it. Because of this, your heart will be inundated with the joy which naked souls enjoy, who have their hearts so inundated with my love, that they are not affected at all by the things that surround them externally.”

**July 4, 1899 – *Jesus speaks about disturbance.***

This morning, Jesus renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion; our Queen Mama was also present, and Jesus, speaking of Her, said: “My Kingdom was in the Heart of my Mother, and this, because Her Heart was never disturbed even slightly; so much so, that in the immense sea of the Passion, She suffered immense pains, and Her Heart was pierced through by the sword of sorrow, but She did not receive the slightest breath of disturbance. Therefore, since my Kingdom is a Kingdom of peace, I was able to lay my Kingdom within Her, and to reign freely without any obstacle.”

Jesus kept coming other times, and I, seeing myself all full of sins, said to Him: ‘My Lord Jesus, I feel I am all covered with wounds and with grave sins. O please! I beg You—have pity on this miserable one!’ And Jesus: “Do not fear, for there are no grave sins; and besides, one must have horror for sin, but not become disturbed, because agitation, wherever it comes from, never does good to the soul.” Then He added: “My daughter, you are victim, as I am—let all your works shine with the same intentions as Mine, pure and holy, so that, finding my own image in you, I may pour the influence of my graces freely, and I may offer you, adorned in this way, as fragrant victim before Divine Justice.”

**July 9, 1899 – *Jesus shares His pains with the soul in order to continue His Passion.***

This morning, Jesus wanted to renew in me the pains of the crucifixion. First He transported me outside of myself, up on a mountain, and then He asked me whether I wanted to be crucified. And I: ‘Yes, my Jesus, I yearn for nothing but the cross.’

As I was saying this, a huge cross appeared; He laid me upon it, and nailed me to it with His own hands. What

atrocious pains I suffered in feeling my hands and feet being pierced through by those nails, and what is more, they did not have a point, and it was hard and very painful to make them penetrate; but with Jesus everything was tolerable. After He finished crucifying me, He told me: “My daughter, I make use of you in order to continue my Passion. Since my glorified body can no longer be capable of suffering, by coming into you, I make use of your body just as I used Mine during my mortal life, to be able to continue and to suffer my Passion, and therefore to be able to offer you as living victim of reparation and propitiation before Divine Justice.”

After this, Heaven seemed to open and a multitude of Saints came down, all armed with swords. A voice like thunder came out from within that multitude, saying: “We come to defend the Justice of God, and to take revenge on men, who have so much abused His Mercy!” Who can say what was happening on earth at this descent of the Saints? I am only able to say that some were fighting in one place, some in another; some were fleeing, and some were hiding. It seemed that all were in dismay.

### **July 14, 1899 – *Jesus cannot leave one who loves Him.***

These days, my adorable Jesus continues to make Himself seen very few times; His visit is like a flash—when one would want to keep on looking, it is already gone; and if sometimes He stays for a little while, it is almost always in silence. Other times, He says something, but the moment He goes away, He seems to withdraw that word, together with the light that comes to me from His word; so much so, that afterwards, I no longer remember anything of what He said, and my mind remains in the same confusion as before. What a miserable state! My dear Jesus, have pity on this misery—continue to make use of your mercy!



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So, in order not to be too long, saying what happened to me day by day, I will say now, all at once, a few words He told me in these past days.

I remember that after I had shed most bitter tears, Jesus made Himself seen, and since I lamented to Him that He had left me, Jesus called many Angels and Saints to Himself, and turning to them, He said: “Listen to what she says—that I have left her. Tell her a little—can I leave those who love Me? She has loved Me—how can I leave her?” The Saints were in agreement with the Lord, and I remained more humiliated and confused than before.

Another time, after I said to Him, ‘In the end, You will end up leaving me completely’, Jesus said to me: “Daughter, I cannot leave you, and as a pledge of this I have placed my sufferings in you.” Then, while I was occupied with this thought, ‘How is it, Lord, that You have permitted the coming of the confessor? Everything could have passed between me and You’, in one instant, I found myself outside of myself, lying on a cross, but there was no one who could nail me to it. I began to pray the Lord to come to crucify me Himself, and Jesus came and told me: “See how necessary it is for the priest to be in the middle of my works—and this is just help to complete the crucifixion. Indeed, without anybody else, you cannot crucify yourself by yourself; it always takes the help of others.”

**July 18, 1899 – *How Sacramental Jesus and the soul draw and bind each other.***

It continues almost always in the same way. This time it seemed that in my heart there was Sacramental Jesus, spreading many rays in my interior from the Holy Host. Many threads were coming out of my heart, which intertwined with all those rays of light. It seemed to me that Jesus, with His

love, was drawing all of my heart to Himself, and my heart, with those threads, was drawing and binding all of Jesus to remain with me.

**July 22, 1899 – *How the cross renders the soul transparent. How to avoid the precipice.***

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen with a golden cross, all shining, hanging from His neck, and in looking at it, He was immensely pleased. In one instant the confessor was present, and Jesus said to him: “The sufferings of these past days have increased the splendor of the cross; so much so, that in looking at it, I take great delight.”

Then He turned to me and told me: “The cross communicates such splendor to the soul as to render her transparent. Just as one can give all the colors he wants to an object which is transparent, in the same way, with its light the cross provides all features and the most beautiful shapes that can possibly be imagined, not only by others, but by the very soul who experiences them. Furthermore, on a transparent object one can immediately detect dust, little stains, and even a shadow. Such is the cross: since it renders the soul transparent, it immediately reveals to the soul the little defects, and the slightest imperfections, so much so, that there is no hand of master more capable than the cross in keeping the soul prepared, to make of her a residence worthy of the God of Heaven.” Who can say what I understood of the cross, and how enviable is the soul who possesses it?

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself at the top of a most high staircase. There was a precipice under it, and what is more, the steps of this staircase were movable and so narrow that one could barely put the tips of his toes on it. What terrified the most was the precipice, and the fact that one could find no support whatsoever, and

if one tried to cling to the steps, they would come out. The sight of other people, almost all of them falling, made one's bones shiver. Yet, there was no way other than going up those stairs. So I tried. But after I did just two or three steps, in seeing the great danger for me of falling into the abyss, I started to call Jesus, to come to my aid. Not knowing how, I found Jesus close to me, and He told me: "My daughter, what you have seen is the path which all men cover on this earth. The movable steps, on which they cannot even lean to find support, are the human supports, the earthly things; if one tries to lean on them, instead of giving him help, they give him a push to fall more quickly into hell. The safest means is to climb, almost flying, without touching the ground, by force of one's arms, with the eyes all fixed on oneself—without looking at others—and also by keeping them all intent on Me, in order to receive help and strength. In this way one can easily avoid the precipice."

**July 28, 1899 – *The cross is the noblest mark in the soul.***

This morning, my adorable Jesus came with an appearance all admirable and mysterious. He was wearing a chain at His neck, hanging over His whole breast. At one end of the chain, one could see something like a bow; at the other end, something like a quiver full of precious stones and gems which formed an ornament of the most beautiful sort on the breast of my sweet Jesus. He also had a lance in His hand. While in this appearance, He told me: "The human life is a game; some play pleasure, some play money, some, their own lives, and many other games they play. I too delight in playing with souls; but what are the jokes I make? They are the crosses which I send. If they receive them with resignation and thank Me for them, I amuse Myself and I play with them, delighting immensely, receiving great honor and glory, and letting them make the greatest gains."

As He was saying this, He began to touch me with the lance; all the precious stones that the bow and the quiver contained came out, and turned into many crosses and arrows which wounded the creatures. Some of them, but extremely few, rejoiced, kissed them, and thanked Him, engaging in a game with Jesus; others then, would take them and throw them in His face. O, how afflicted Jesus would be left, and what a loss for those souls! Then Jesus added: “This is the thirst which I cried out on the cross, which, unable to quench entirely at that time, I delight in continuing to quench in the souls of my dear ones who suffer. So, when you suffer, you come to give a refreshment to my thirst.”

As He came other times, and I prayed Him to free the confessor, who was suffering, He told me: “My daughter, don’t you know that the noblest mark I can impress in my dear children is the cross?”

**July 30, 1899 – *Do not judge your neighbor.***

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning, as Jesus transported me outside of myself according to His usual way, we passed through the midst of many people, and the majority of them were intent on judging other people’s actions, without looking at their own. My beloved Jesus told me: “The surest means to be upright with one’s neighbor is to not look at all at what they are doing, because looking, thinking and judging is all the same. Besides, by looking at his neighbor, one comes to defraud his own soul; therefore it happens that he is not upright either with himself, or with his neighbor, or with God.”

After this, I said to Him: ‘My only good, it has been a while since You gave me even just a kiss.’ And so we kissed each other. Then, almost wanting to correct me, He added: “My daughter, what I recommend to you is to preserve and

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cherish my words, because my word is eternal and pure as I am Myself, and by preserving it in your heart and profiting from it, you will have your sanctification and will receive an eternal splendor as recompense, which is produced by my word. By doing otherwise, your soul would receive a void, and you would remain my debtor.”

### **July 31, 1899 – *Intellectual communication between Jesus and the soul. The mouth remains mute.***

Jesus came also this morning, though always in silence. But I was very content, as long as I had my treasure, Jesus, because by having Him, I had all my contentments. In seeing Him, I comprehended many things about His beauty, about His goodness and other things, but since it was all through the intelligence and by means of intellectual communication, my mouth is incapable of expressing anything, so I let it pass in silence.

### **August 1, 1899 – *About purity.***

This morning my most gentle Jesus, carrying me outside of myself, made me see the corruption into which mankind has decayed. It is horrifying to think about it! While I was in the midst of these people, almost crying, Jesus was saying: “O, man, how you have disfigured, deformed, disennobled yourself! O, man, I made you so that you might be my living temple, but you have made of yourself the dwelling of the devil. Look, even the plants, by being covered with leaves, flowers and fruits, teach you honesty and the modesty you must have with your body; but you, having lost any modesty and even the natural reserve you should have, have become worse than the animals, so much so, that I have nothing else to which to compare you. You were my image, but now I no longer recognize you; even more, I am so horrified at your

impurities, that the mere sight of you nauseates Me, and you yourself force Me to flee from you.”

While Jesus was saying this, I felt tortured with the pain of seeing my beloved Jesus so embittered, so I said to Him: ‘Lord, You are right that You find nothing good in man any more, and that he has reached such blindness as to no longer be able even to keep to the laws of nature. So, if You want to look at man, You will do nothing but send chastisements; therefore I pray You to keep your gaze on your mercy, and in this way everything will be remedied.’ As I was saying this, Jesus told me: “Daughter, give Me a refreshment for my pains.” In the act of saying this, He removed the crown of thorns, which seemed to be sunken into His adorable head, and He drove it into mine. I felt most bitter pains, but I was content that Jesus was being refreshed. After this, He told me: “Daughter, I greatly love pure souls, and just as I am forced to flee from the impure, I am drawn by the pure, as by a magnet, to dwell with them. To pure souls I gladly lend my mouth to let them speak with my own tongue, therefore they have to make no effort to convert souls. With these souls, I delight not only in continuing my passion within them, and so continuing Redemption, but what is more, I greatly delight in glorifying my own virtues in them.”

### **August 2, 1899 – *Correspondence to Jesus.***

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all afflicted and almost angry with men, threatening to send the usual chastisements and to make people die suddenly under lightnings, hail and fire. I prayed Him very much to placate Himself, and Jesus told me: “The iniquities that rise from the earth to Heaven are so many, that if prayer and souls who are victims before Me were missing for a quarter of an hour, I would make fire come out of the earth and inundate the people.”

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Then He added: “See how many graces I was supposed to pour over the creatures, but since I find no correspondence, I am forced to hold them back within Myself; even more, they make Me change them into chastisement. Be careful, you, O my daughter, to correspond to Me in the so many graces I am pouring into you, because correspondence is the open door to let Me enter into the heart and form my residence in it. Correspondence is like that good welcome, that esteem, which is used with people when they come to visit us, in such a way that, drawn by that respect, by those affable manners used with them, they are forced to come again, and reach the point of not being able to detach themselves. Everything is in corresponding to Me, and according to how souls correspond to Me and treat Me on earth, so will I behave with them in Heaven. Making them find the doors open, I will invite the whole celestial court to welcome them, and I will place them on the most sublime throne; but it will be all the opposite for those who do not correspond to Me.”

### **August 7, 1899 – *About our nothingness.***

This morning my lovable Jesus would not come. After much waiting and waiting, finally He came; my confusion and annihilation was such that I was unable to tell Him anything. Jesus told me: “The more you annihilate yourself and come to know your nothingness, the more my Humanity, unleashing rays of light, will communicate my virtues to you.”

I said to Him: ‘Lord, I am so bad and ugly as to be horrifying to myself. What must I be before You?’ And Jesus: “If you are ugly, I can make you beautiful.” And in the act of saying this, He sent a light from Himself to my soul, and it seemed that He would communicate His beauty to it. Then, embracing me, He began to say: “How beautiful you are—but beautiful of my own beauty; this is why I am drawn to

love you.” Who can say how confused I remained, more than ever! But, may everything be for His glory.

**August 8, 1899 – *A resigned soul is Jesus’s rest.***

He continues to make Himself seen for just a little and almost angry with men. As much as I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, it was impossible, and without paying attention to what I was saying to Him, He told me: “Resignation absorbs all that can be painful and disgusting to one’s nature and renders it sweet. And since my Being is peaceful and tranquil, in such a way that, no matter what may happen in Heaven and on earth, It cannot receive the slightest breath of disturbance, resignation has the virtue of grafting these very virtues of Mine into the soul. A resigned soul is always at rest; and not only herself, but she also allows Me to rest peacefully within her.”

**August 10, 1899 – *About justice. The fruits of justice: truth and simplicity. How Jesus is wounded by simplicity.***

This morning, as my sweet Jesus came, He transported me outside of myself, and then He disappeared. As He left me alone, I saw as though two candelabra of fire descending from heaven, which then, dividing into many pieces, formed many lightnings and much hail that came down upon earth, causing very great torment over plants and men. The horror and the vehemence of the thunderstorm was such, that one could not even pray, and people could not manage to withdraw into their homes. Who can say how frightened I was left? So I began to pray in order to placate the Lord, and as He came back, I saw that He was carrying an iron rod in His hand, which had a ball of fire at the top. He told me: “My Justice has been withheld for a long time, and with reason It wants to take revenge on the creatures, who have dared to destroy



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every justice within them. Ah, yes, I find no justice in man! He has counterfeited himself completely in his words, in his works and steps; everything is deception, everything is fraud, everything is injustice, which have penetrated into his heart, in such a way that, inside and out, he is but a bilge of vices. Poor man, how you have reduced yourself!”

While saying this, He was swinging the rod He had in His hand, in the act of wounding man. I said to Him: ‘Lord, what are You doing?’ And He: “Do not fear; do you see this ball of fire? It will cause fire, but will only strike the evil—the good will receive no harm.” And I added: ‘Ah, Lord! Who is good? We are all evil. I beg You not to look at us, but at your infinite mercy; in this way You will be placated for all.’

After this, He added: “The daughter of justice is truth. Just as I am the eternal Truth, and I do not deceive, nor can I deceive, in the same way, the soul who possesses justice makes truth shine in all of her actions. Therefore, since she knows by experience the true light of truth, if someone wants to deceive her, since that light which she feels within herself is missing, she immediately recognizes the deceit. And so it happens that with this light of truth she deceives neither herself, nor her neighbor, nor can she be deceived. The fruit produced by this justice and by this truth is simplicity, which is another quality of my Being—being simple; so much so, that I penetrate everywhere; there is nothing that can prevent Me from penetrating inside of it. I penetrate into Heaven and into the abysses, into good and into evil; but my Being, which is most simple, by penetrating even into evil, does not get dirty; even more, it does not receive the slightest shadow. In the same way, through justice and truth, gathering this beautiful fruit of simplicity within herself, the soul penetrates into Heaven, she enters into hearts to lead them to Me, she penetrates into everything that is good; and if she finds herself with sinners and sees the evil that they do, she does not get

dirty because, being simple, she immediately brushes it off, without receiving any harm. Simplicity is so beautiful, that my Heart is wounded at one gaze alone of a simple soul. She is the admiration of angels and men.”

**August 12, 1899 – *Jesus transforms her completely in Himself, and teaches her Charity.***

This morning, after He made we wait for some time, my adorable Jesus came, telling me: “My daughter, this morning I want to conform you completely to Myself. I want you to think with my own mind, look with my own eyes, listen with my own ears, speak with my own tongue, operate with my own hands, walk with my own feet, and love with my own Heart.”

After this, Jesus united His senses, mentioned above, to mine, and I saw that He was giving me His own shape; not only this, but He gave me the grace to make use of it as He Himself did. Then He continued: “Great graces am I pouring in you—make sure you keep them well.” And I: ‘I fear very much, O my beloved Jesus, in knowing myself all full of misery, that instead of doing good, I may make bad use of your graces. But what I fear the most is my tongue that oftentimes makes me slip in charity toward my neighbor.’ And Jesus: “Do not fear, I Myself will teach you the way you must keep in speaking with your neighbor. First: when you are told something about your neighbor, cast a gaze upon yourself and observe whether you are guilty of that same defect, for in that case wanting to correct is wanting to make Me indignant and to scandalize your neighbor. Second: if you see yourself free of that defect, rise then, and try to speak as I would have; in this way you will speak with my own tongue. By doing so, you will never fail in charity with your neighbor; on the contrary, with your words, you will do good to yourself and to your neighbor—and to Me you will give honor and glory.”

**August 13, 1899 – *Jesus assumes the image of Luisa.***

He continued to make Himself seen this morning, for just a little, always threatening to send chastisements; and as I would go about praying Him to placate Himself, He would escape me like a flash. The last time He came, He made Himself seen crucified. I placed myself near Him to kiss His most holy wounds, doing various adorations, but while I was doing this, instead of Jesus Christ I saw my own image. I was surprised, and I said: ‘Lord, what am I doing? Am I doing the adorations to myself? This cannot be done.’

At that very instant He changed into the person of Jesus Christ, and He told me: “Do not be surprised that I have assumed your own image. If I suffer in you continuously, what is the wonder that I have assumed your very shape? Besides, is it not to make of you an image of Myself that I make you suffer?” I remained all confused, and Jesus disappeared. May everything be for His glory, and may His holy name be always blessed.

**August 15, 1899 – *Charity orders all virtues. The Virgin Mary assumed into Heaven. The ‘Hail Mary’ together with Jesus.***

This morning my most sweet Jesus came all festive, carrying a bundle of most graceful flowers in His hands; and placing Himself in my heart, now He would surround His head with those flowers, now He would hold them in His hands, amusing and delighting His whole self. While He was celebrating with these flowers, and it seemed He had made a great gain, He turned to me and told me: “My beloved, this morning I have come to place in order all virtues in your heart. The other virtues may remain separate from one another, but Charity binds and orders everything. Here is what I want to do in you—to order Charity.”

I said to Him: ‘My sole and only Good, how can you do this since I am so bad and full of defects and imperfections? If Charity is order, aren’t these defects and sins disorder that keeps my soul all messy and upside-down?’ And Jesus: “I will purify everything, and Charity will put everything in order. Besides, when I let a soul participate in the pains of my Passion, there cannot be grave sins; at most, some venial involuntary defects, but my love, being fire, will consume everything that is imperfect in your soul.” So it seemed that Jesus purified me and ordered all of me; then He poured as though a rivulet of honey from His Heart into mine, and with that honey He watered all of my interior, in such a way that everything that was in me remained orderly, united and with the mark of Charity.

After this, I felt I was going out of myself into the vault of the heavens, together with my loving Jesus. It seemed that everything was in feast—Heaven, earth and Purgatory. All were inundated with a new joy and jubilation. Many souls were going out of Purgatory and, like bolts of lightning, reached Heaven in order to be present at the feast of our Queen Mama. I too pushed myself through that immense crowd of people—Angels, Saints and souls from Purgatory which already occupied that new Heaven. It was so immense, that the heavens that we see, compared to that one, seemed a little hole to me; more so, since I had the obedience of the confessor. But as I went about looking, I could see nothing but a most refulgent Sun spreading Its rays, which penetrated through me, in such a way as to make me become like crystal; so much so, that my little spots appeared very clearly, as well as the infinite distance that exists between Creator and creature. More so, since each one of those rays had its imprint: some delineated the sanctity of God, some the purity, some the power, some the wisdom, and all the other virtues and attributes of God. So, in seeing her nothingness, her miseries and her poverty, the soul would feel annihilated,

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and instead of looking, she would fall down, her face to the ground, before that Eternal Sun which no one can face.

But what is more, in order to see the feast of our Queen Mama, one had to look from within that Sun, so much did the Most Holy Virgin appear to be immersed in God; in fact, in looking from other points, one could see nothing. Now, while I was in this state of annihilation before that Divine Sun, Baby Jesus, being held in the arms of the Queen Mama, told me: “Our Mama is in Heaven; to you I give the office of acting as my mama on earth. And since my life is continuously subject to scorns, to poverty, to pains, to the abandonment of men, and my Mama, while being on earth, was my faithful companion in all of these pains—not only this, but She tried to relieve Me in everything, as much as Her strengths were capable of—you too, acting as my mother, will keep Me faithful company in all of my pains, suffering in my place as much as you can; and where you cannot reach, you will try to give Me at least a refreshment. Know, however, that I want you all intent on Me. I will be jealous even of your breath, if you do not do it for Me; and when I see that you are not all intent on contenting Me, I will give you no peace and no rest.”

After this, I began to act as his mama, but—O, how much attention was needed to make Him content! To see Him content, one could not even take a glance at any other place. Now He wanted to sleep, now He wanted to drink, now He wanted to be cheered with caresses; and I had to be ready for anything He wanted. Now he would say: ‘My Mama, my head is hurting—O please, relieve Me!’; and immediately I would check His head and, finding some thorns, I would remove them, and placing my arms beneath His head I would make Him rest. While I would make Him rest, all of a sudden He would get up and say: “I feel a weight and a suffering at my Heart, to the point that I feel I am dying. Take a look at what

is in there.” And observing the interior of His Heart, I found all the instruments of the Passion; I removed them one by one, and I placed them in my heart. Then, seeing Him relieved, I began to caress Him and kiss Him, and I said to Him: ‘My sole and only treasure, You didn’t even let me watch the feast of our Queen Mama, or listen to the first canticles that the Angels and the Saints sang as She entered Paradise.’

And Jesus: “The first canticle that they sang to my Mama was the ‘Hail Mary’, because in the ‘Hail Mary’ there are the most beautiful praises, the greatest honors; and the joy which She felt in being made Mother of God is renewed. Therefore, let us recite it together to honor Her, and when you come to Paradise I will let you find it as if you had recited it together with the Angels and the Saints for the first time in Heaven.”

So, we recited the first part of the ‘Hail Mary’ together. O, how tender and moving it was to hail our Most Holy Mama together with Her beloved Son! Each word He said carried an immense light, through which one could comprehend many things about the Most Holy Virgin. But who can say them all—especially because of my inability? Therefore I let them pass in silence.

**August 16, 1899 – *She continues to act as a mama for Jesus.***

Jesus continues to want me to act as His mother. He made Himself seen as a most gracious little baby, crying; and to calm His crying, holding Him in my arms, I began to sing. It so happened that when I would be singing, He would stop crying; when I wouldn’t, He would start crying again. I would rather have kept silent on what I was singing—first, because I don’t remember everything, since I was outside of myself, and one can hardly remember all the things that happen; and also because I believe it is nonsense. But lady obedience, who is too impertinent, does not want to give up, and it is enough

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that one does what she wants, for her to be content even with nonsense. I don't know, they say that this lady obedience is blind, but to me it seems, rather, that she is all eyes, because she looks at the tiniest things, and when one does not do as she says, she becomes so impertinent as to give you no peace. And so now, to have peace from this beautiful lady obedience—because, then, she is so good when one does as she says, that whatever ones wants, through her, one obtains—I will say what I remember of my singing:

*“Little Baby, You are little and strong  
from You I expect every comfort;  
little Baby, gracious and beautiful,  
You enamor even the stars;  
little Baby, steal my heart so as to fill it with your love;  
little Baby, tender little one, make me a little baby too;  
little Baby, You are a Paradise,  
O please! Let me come to delight in your eternal smile.”*

### **August 17, 1899 – The power and office of “Lady Obedience.”**

This morning, after receiving Communion, I was saying to my lovable Jesus: “How is it that this virtue of obedience is so impertinent, and sometimes so strong as to reach the point of being capricious.”

And He: “Do you know why this noble lady obedience is as you say? Because she gives death to all vices and, naturally, one who has to inflict death upon someone else must be strong and courageous; and if he does not succeed with this, he will use impertinences and caprices. If this is necessary

in order to kill the body, which is so fragile, much more so in order to give death to vices and to one's own passions; in fact, it is so hard that sometimes, while they seem to be dead, they begin to live again. And so this diligent lady is always in motion, and spying continuously. If she sees that the soul raises the slightest difficulty at what is commanded of her, fearing that some vice may begin to live again in her heart, she wages such a war against her and gives her no peace, until the soul prostrates herself at her feet and does, in mute silence, whatever she wants. This is why she is so impertinent and almost capricious, as you say.

Ah, yes, there is no true peace without obedience; and if it seems that one may enjoy peace, it is a false peace, because it gets along with one's own passions, but never with virtues. And one ends up in ruin, because by moving away from obedience, one moves away from Me, who was the King of this noble virtue.

Moreover, obedience kills one's own will and pours the Divine in torrents; so much so, that one can say that the obedient soul no longer lives of her will, but of the Divine. Can there ever be a life more beautiful, more holy, than to live of the Will of God Himself? With the other virtues, even the most sublime, there can be love of self, but with obedience—never.”

**August 18, 1899 – *Truth places the soul in order.***

This morning, as most loving Jesus came, I said to Him: ‘My beloved Jesus, I believe that everything I write is all nonsense.’ And Jesus: “My word is not only truth, but also light, and when a light enters a dark room—what does it do? It dispels the darkness, and makes one distinguish the objects that are in it, whether they are ugly or beautiful, whether there is order or disorder; and from the way that room is found, one



judges the person that occupies it. Now, the human life is the dark room, and when the light of truth enters a soul, it dispels the darkness—that is, it makes her distinguish what is true from what is false, the temporal from the eternal, in such a way that she casts vices away from herself and places the order of virtues within her. In fact, since my light is holy—it is my very Divinity—it cannot communicate anything but sanctity and order, and so the soul feels light of patience, of humility, of charity and the like come out of herself. If my word produces these signs in you, why fear?”

After this, Jesus let me hear how He was praying the Father for me, saying: “Holy Father, I pray to You for this soul—let it be that she fulfill Our Most Holy Will perfectly in everything. Let it be, O adorable Father, that her actions be so conformed to Mine, that one might not be distinguished from the other, so that I may accomplish what I have designed upon her.” But who can say the strength I felt being infused in me by this prayer of Jesus? I felt my soul being clothed with such strength, that in order to fulfill the Most Holy Will of God I would not have cared suffering a thousand martyrdoms, if this were what He pleased. May the Lord be always thanked, who uses so much mercy with this poor sinner.

**August 21, 1899 – *Effects of pleasing Jesus alone.***

After having spent two days of sufferings, my benign Jesus showed Himself all affability and sweetness. In my interior I kept saying: ‘How good the Lord is with me; yet, I find nothing in me that might please Him.’ And Jesus, answering me, told me: “My beloved, just as you find no other pleasure and contentment than being with Me, conversing with Me, and pleasing Me alone, in such a way that all other things that are not Mine are disgusting for you, in the same way, my pleasure and my consolation is to come and be with you, and speak with you. You cannot comprehend the power that a

soul who has the sole purpose of pleasing Me alone has over my Heart, in drawing me to herself. I feel so bound to her, that I am forced to do what she wants.”

While Jesus was saying this, I understood that He was speaking in that way because during the past days, while suffering most bitter pains, I kept saying in my interior: ‘My Jesus, everything for love of You. May these pains be as many acts of praise, of honor, of homage that I offer You. May these pains be as many voices that glorify You, and as many proofs that tell you that I love You.’

**August 22, 1899 – *Jesus communicates His virtues to her.***

My dear Jesus continues to come, all lovable and majestic. While in this appearance, He told me: “The purity of my gazes shines in all of your operations, in such a way that, rising again into my eyes, it produces splendor for Me, and cheers Me from the filthy things that creatures do.”

I remained all confused at these words, so much so, that I did not dare to tell Him anything; but Jesus, cheering me up, began to say: “Tell Me, what do you want?” And I: ‘When I have You, is there anything else I could possibly desire?’ But Jesus, more than once, asked me again to tell Him what I wanted. And I, gazing upon Him, saw the beauty of His virtues and said to Him: ‘My most sweet Jesus, give me your virtues.’”

And He, opening His Heart, made many distinct rays come out of His virtues, which entered into my heart, and I felt all of myself being strengthened in the virtues. Then He added: “What else do you want?” And I, remembering that during the past days, a pain that I was suffering prevented my senses from dissolving in God, said to Him: ‘My benign Jesus, let it be that the pain may not prevent me from dissolving myself in You.’ And Jesus, touching with His hand the part of me

that was in suffering, mitigated the bitterness of the spasm, in such a way that I can recollect and dissolve myself in Him.

**August 27, 1899 – *The effect of Jesus going to a soul.***

This morning, while seeing my sweet Jesus, I felt a fear in me that it might not be Him, but the devil, to deceive me. And Jesus, answering my fear, told me: “When I am the one that goes to the soul, all of her interior powers are annihilated and recognize their nothingness; and I, seeing the soul humiliated, make my love overabound like many streams, in such a way as to inundate her and strengthen her in good. All the opposite happens when it is the devil.”

**August 30, 1899 – *Man has lost religion. Threat of chastisements.***

This morning my beloved Jesus transported me outside of myself, and made me see the decadence of religion in men and a preparation for war. I said to Him: ‘O Lord, in what a heart-rending state the world finds itself in these times, in the things of religion. It seems that she who ennobles man and makes him aspire to an eternal purpose is no longer recognized by the world. But that which makes one cry the most, is that religion is ignored by some of the very ones who call themselves religious, who should lay down their lives to defend her and revive her.’

And Jesus, assuming a most afflicted look, told me: “My daughter, this is why man lives like a beast—he has lost religion. But even sadder times will come for man, because of the blindness in which he has immersed himself, so much so that my Heart aches in seeing him. But the blood which I will cause to be shed by every kind of people—secular and religious—will revive this holy religion, and will water the rest of the people, grown wild, that will be left; and by civilizing

them once again, it will restore their nobility. Here is the necessity for blood to be shed and for churches themselves to be almost destroyed—so that they may be restored anew and exist with their original prestige and splendor.” But who can say the cruel torment they will make for them in the times to come? I let it pass in silence because I don’t remember very well, and I don’t see it very clearly. If the Lord wants me to talk about it, He will give me more clarity, and then I will take the pen again on this topic. So, for now I stop here.

**August 31, 1899 – *The confessor gives Luisa the obedience not to speak to Jesus and to reject Him.***

After the confessor gave me the obedience that, when Jesus would come, I was to say, ‘I cannot speak, move away’, I took it as a joke, and not as a formal obedience. So, when Jesus came, almost neglecting the order received, I dared to say to Him: ‘My good Jesus, look at what father wants to do.’

And He said to me: “Daughter, abnegation”.

And I: ‘But, Lord, this is a serious thing. This is about having to not want You; how can I do this?’

And He, for the second time: “Abnegation”.

And I: ‘But, Lord, what are You saying? Do You perhaps know that I can be without You?’

And He, for the third time: “My daughter, abnegation”. And He disappeared.

Who can say how I felt in seeing that Jesus wanted me to dispose myself to the obedience?

**September 1, 1899 – *Cruel struggle of Luisa in order to obey. It is impossible to separate from Jesus one who is identified with Him. Obedience, most powerful warrior, was everything for Jesus. Its office is to give death in order to give life.***

When the confessor came, he asked me if I had done the obedience; and after I told him how things had gone, he renewed the obedience—that for no reason was I to converse with Jesus, my sole and only comfort, and that I was to drive Him away if He came. And so, having understood that what was given to me was true obedience, in my interior I said ‘*Fiat Voluntas Tua*’, also in this. But—O, how much it costs me! What a cruel martyrdom! I feel like I have a nail stuck inside my heart, which pierces it through; and since the heart is used to asking and longing for Jesus continuously—so much so, that just as the breathing and the heartbeat are continuous, so does it seem to me that my desiring and wanting my only Good is continuous—wanting to prevent this would be like wanting to prevent someone else from breathing, or his heart from palpitating. How could anyone live? Yet, one must let obedience prevail. O God, what pain, what atrocious torture! How to prevent the heart from asking for its very life? How to stop it? The will applied itself with all its strength in order to hold it, but since great vigilance was needed, continuously, from time to time it would become tired and discouraged, and the heart would make its escape, asking for Jesus. In noticing this, the will would apply itself with greater strength in order to stop it, but—no, it would very often lose. Therefore it seemed to me that I was doing continuous acts of disobedience. O, what contrasts, what a bloody war, what mortal agonies my poor heart suffered! I found myself in such constraints and in such sufferings, that I felt my life was leaving me. Yet, had I been able to die, it would have been a comfort for me. But—no; and what is more, I felt pains of death, without being able to die.

So, after shedding most bitter tears for the whole day, at nighttime, as I found myself in my usual state, my always benign Jesus came, and I, forced by obedience, said to Him: ‘Lord, do not come, for obedience does not want it!’

And He, compassionating me and wanting to strengthen me in the sufferings in which I found myself, with His creative hand marked my person with a large sign of the cross, and then He left me.

But who can describe the purgatory I was in? And what is more, I was not allowed to fling myself toward my highest and only Good! Ah, yes, I was forbidden to ask and long for Jesus! Ah! The blessed souls of Purgatory are permitted to ask—to fling themselves, to pour themselves out, toward the Highest Good; they are only prohibited from taking possession of Him. But I... no, I was deprived also of this comfort. So, all night long I did nothing but cry.

When my weak nature could not take any more, adorable Jesus came back, in the act of wanting to speak with me; and I, remembering the obedience which wants to reign over all, immediately said to Him: ‘My dear Life, I cannot speak. Please do not come, for obedience does not want it. If You want to make your Will understood, go to them.’

While I was saying this, I saw the confessor; and Jesus, drawing near him, told him: “This is impossible for my souls. I keep them so immersed in Me as to form one single substance; so much so, that it is no longer possible to distinguish one from the other. It is like when two substances are mixed together—one transfuses itself into the other; and afterwards, if anyone wanted to separate them, it would be useless even just to think about it. In the same way, it is impossible that my souls be separated from Me.” Having said this, He left, and I remained in my affliction—greater than before. My heart was beating so very strongly that I felt my chest crack.

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After this, I cannot explain how, I found myself outside of myself, and forgetting—I don't know how—about the obedience received, I wandered throughout the vault of the heavens, crying, shouting, and searching for my sweet Jesus. All of a sudden I saw Him coming toward me, throwing Himself into my arms, all burning and languishing. But soon I remembered the command received, and I said to Him: 'Lord, do not want to tempt me this morning. Don't You know that obedience does not want this?'

And He: "The confessor sent Me; this is why I came."

And I: 'It is not true. Are you perhaps some demon who wants to deceive me and make me fail the obedience?'

And Jesus: "I am not a demon".

And I: 'If you are not a demon, let us make the sign of the cross to each other.'

So we both signed each other with the cross. Then, I continued, saying to Him: 'If it is true that the confessor sent You, let us go to him, so that he himself may see whether you are Jesus Christ or a demon. Then I will be sure.'

So we went to the confessor, and since Jesus was a child, I placed Him in his arms, telling him: 'Father, look, yourself: is he my sweet Jesus or not?'

Now, while blessed Jesus was with father, I said to Him: 'If you really are Jesus, kiss the hand of the confessor.' In my mind I thought that if he was the Lord, He would accept the humiliation of kissing his hand; while if he was a demon, he wouldn't. And Jesus kissed it, though not to the man, but to his priestly authority—in this way He kissed it. After this, it seemed that the confessor was pleading with Him, to see whether he was a demon; and not finding Him as such, he gave Him back to me. But in spite of this, my poor heart was

unable to enjoy the embraces of my beloved Jesus, because obedience kept it as though bound—hampered; more so, since there was not yet a contrary order, so it did not dare to pour itself out, not even to say a word of love ...

O, holy obedience! How strong and powerful you are! I see you before me, in these days of martyrdom, like a most powerful warrior, armed from head to foot with swords, darts and arrows; filled with all those instruments which are apt to wound. And when you see that my poor heart, tired and down, wants to be cheered, searching for its refreshment, its life, the center to which it feels drawn as by a magnet—looking at me with a thousand eyes, you wound me from all sides with mortal wounds. O please, have pity on me, and don't be so cruel with me!

But as I am saying this, the voice of my adorable Jesus is making itself heard to my ear, saying: “Obedience was everything for Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. Obedience made Me be born, obedience made Me die. The wounds I have on my body are all wounds and marks that obedience made to Me. With reason you said that she is like a most powerful warrior, armed with all kinds of weapons which are apt to wound. In fact, in Me, she left not even a drop of blood; she tore my flesh to pieces; she dislocated my bones, while my poor Heart, exhausted and bleeding, kept looking for a relief from one who would have compassion for Me. Acting with Me as more than a cruel tyrant, only then was obedience content, when she sacrificed Me on the Cross and saw Me breathe my last, as victim for her love. And why this? Because the office of this most powerful warrior is to sacrifice souls; therefore, she does nothing but wage a fierce war against those who do not sacrifice themselves completely for her. So, she does not care whether the soul suffers or enjoys, whether she lives or dies; her eyes are intent on looking at whether she wins, because in other things



she meddles not. So, the name of this warrior is “victory”, because she concedes all victories to the obedient soul; and when it seems that she dies, then does true life begin. What greater thing did obedience not concede to Me? Through her I conquered death, I defeated hell, I released man from his chains, I opened Heaven; and like a victorious King, I took possession of my Kingdom—not only for Myself, but for all my children who would profit from my Redemption. Ah, yes, it is true that she cost Me my life, but the name ‘obedience’ resounds sweetly to my hearing, and this is why I have so much love for obedient souls”.

I continue from where I left.

After a little while, the confessor came, and when I said to him what is said above, he renewed the obedience—that I should continue in the same way. And I said to him: ‘Father, at least allow me to give my heart the freedom to ask Jesus, when He comes, to let me do the obedience to say: “Do not come, we cannot converse.” And he: “Do the best you can to stop Him; and when you cannot, then give Him freedom.”

**September 2, 1899 – *Still the same obedience, but I little milder.***

So, with this obedience, a little milder, it seemed that my heart, from dead, began to live again a little bit. But in spite of this, it did not cease to be tortured in a thousand guises; in fact, when obedience would see that the heart would stop a little longer in search for its Maker, almost wanting to rest in Him because its strengths were exhausted, she would swoop down on me and wound me all over with her claws. And then, having to repeat that refrain when blessed Jesus would make Himself seen: ‘Do not come, I cannot converse, for obedience does not want it’—was this not the most atrocious and cruel martyrdom for me?

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Then, as I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came and I manifested to Him the command received; and He went away. Only once, while I was saying to Him, ‘do not come, for obedience does not want it’, He told me: “My daughter, keep the light of my Passion ever before your mind, for in seeing my most bitter pains, yours will seem little to you, and in considering the cause for which I suffered so many immense pains, which was sin, your littlest defects will seem grave to you. On the other hand, if you do not reflect yourself in Me, the littlest pains will seem heavy to you, and you will hold grave defects as nothing.” And He disappeared.

After a little while, the confessor came, and when I asked him whether I was still to continue that obedience, he said to me: “No, you can tell Him whatever you want, and keep Him as much as you want.”

It seems that I have been set free now, and that I don’t have to deal so much with this warrior so powerful; otherwise, this time he would have become so strong as to give me death. However, he would have let me make a great gain, because I would have united myself to the Highest Good—forever, not at intervals; and I would have thanked him. Not only this, but I would have sung to him the canticle of obedience—that is, the canticle of victories; and then I would have laughed at all his strength...

But as I am saying this, a radiant and beautiful eye has appeared before me, with a voice saying: “And I would have united myself with you, and would have delighted in laughing, because that would have been my victory.”

And I: ‘O dear obedience... and after laughing together, I would have left you at the door of Paradise to say to you, “good-bye”—no longer “see you again”, to have nothing to do with you any more; and I would have been very careful not to let you in.’

**September 5, 1899 – *How Jesus operates perfection little by little.***

This morning I found myself in such disheartenment and I saw myself so bad, that I myself rendered myself unbearable. When Jesus came, I told Him of my pains and the miserable state in which I was, and He said to me: “My daughter, do not want to lose heart. It is my usual way to operate perfection little by little, and not everything in one instant, so that, in seeing that she is always lacking something, the soul may push herself and make all efforts in order to reach what she lacks, to please Me more and to sanctify herself more. And I, drawn by those acts, feel forced to give her new graces and celestial favors, and in this way a commerce, fully divine, forms between the soul and God. Otherwise, if the soul possessed within herself the fullness of perfection and therefore of all virtues, she would not find the way to strive, and to please Me more, and so the tinder with which to start the fire between creature and Creator would be missing.”

May the Lord be always blessed!

**September 9, 1899 – *Faith, Hope and Charity. The soul, royal palace of God.***

Jesus continues to come, but with a look all new. It seemed that the trunk of a tree was coming out of His blessed Heart, which contained three distinct roots. This trunk was leaning out of His Heart into mine, and coming out of my heart, it formed many beautiful branches, loaded with flowers, with fruits, with pearls and precious stones, shining like most refulgent stars. Now, seeing Himself in the shade of this tree, my loving Jesus amused Himself completely; more so, since many pearls were falling from the tree, which formed a beautiful ornament for His Most Holy Humanity. While He was in this position, He told me: “Dearest daughter of mine,

the three roots you see, which this tree contains, are Faith, Hope and Charity. The fact that you see this trunk coming out of Me and entering into your heart means that there is no good that souls possess which does not come from Me. Then, after Faith, Hope and Charity, the first development of this trunk is to make known that everything good comes from God, that creatures have nothing of their own but their nothingness, and that this nothingness does nothing but give Me the freedom to enter into them and do what I want. However, there are other ‘nothings’—that is, other souls—who make opposition with their own human will; so, because this knowledge is lacking, the trunk produces neither branches, nor fruits, nor anything else that is good. The branches which this tree contains, with all the apparatus of flowers, fruits, pearls and precious stones, are all the different virtues that a soul can possess. Now, who has given life to such a beautiful tree? Certainly the roots. This means that Faith, Hope and Charity embrace everything and contain all virtues, so much so, that they are placed there as the basis and the foundation of the tree, and without them no other virtue can be produced.”

I also understood that the flowers signify the virtues, the fruits, sufferings, the precious stones and pearls, suffering only out of pure love for God. This is why those pearls which were falling formed that beautiful ornament for Our Lord.

Now, while sitting in the shade of this tree, Jesus looked at me with tenderness, all paternal, and taken by a surge of love, such that it seemed He could not contain it within Himself, He embraced me tightly and began to say: “How beautiful you are! You are my simple dove, my beloved dwelling, my living temple, in which I am pleased to delight united with the Father and the Holy Spirit. Your continuous languishing for Me relieves Me and refreshes Me from the continuous offenses that creatures give Me. Know that the love I have for you is so great that I am forced to hide it in part, so that you

may not go mad, but may live. In fact, if I showed it to you, you would not only go mad, but would not be able to continue to live; your weak nature would be consumed by the flames of my love.” While He was saying this, I felt all confused and annihilated, and I felt myself sinking into the abyss of my nothingness, because I saw myself all imperfect; especially, I noted my ingratitude and coldness at the so many graces that the Lord gives me. But I hope that everything will be for His glory and honor, hoping with firm confidence that in an effort of His love He may want to conquer my hardness.

**September 16, 1899 – *Effects and value of suffering only for God.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came, and since I feared it might be the devil, I said to Him: ‘Allow me to sign your forehead with the cross’; and in the very act of saying this I signed him, and so I remained more reassured and tranquil.

Now, blessed Jesus seemed tired, and wanted to rest in me, and since I too felt tired from the sufferings of the past days, especially because of His very few visits, I felt the necessity to rest in Him. So, after arguing for a little while together, He told me: “The life of the heart is love. I am like an infirm person who is burning with fever, and keeps looking for refreshment, for a relief, from the fire that devours him. My fever is love; but from where do I extract the refreshments and the reliefs which are most suitable for the fire that consumes Me? From the pains and toils suffered by souls beloved to Me, only for love of Me. Many times I wait and wait for that moment in which the soul turns to Me to tell Me: ‘Lord, only for love of You do I want to suffer this pain.’ Ah, yes, these are the reliefs and refreshments most suitable for Me, which cheer Me and dampen the fire that consumes Me.”

After this, He threw Himself into my arms, languishing, in order to rest. While Jesus was resting, I understood many things about the words He had spoken, especially about suffering for love of Him. O, coin of inestimable value! If all of us knew it, we would compete with one another to suffer more. But I believe we are all shortsighted in knowing this coin so precious, and this is why one does not reach the knowledge of it.

**September 19, 1899 – *The fruits of Faith, of Hope and of Charity.***

This morning I was a little disturbed, especially because of the fear that it is not Jesus that comes, but the devil, and that my state may not be Will of God. While I was in this agitation, my adorable Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, I do not want you to waste time thinking about this. You distract yourself from Me, and you cause the food with which to nourish Me to be lacking. What I want is that you think only of loving Me and of remaining all abandoned in Me, because in this way you will offer Me a food very pleasing to Me—and not just every now and then, as you would if you continued like this, but continuously. Would this not be a greatest contentment for you—that your will, by being abandoned in Me and by loving Me, be food for Me, your God?”

After this, He showed me His Heart, which contained three distinct globes of light, which then formed a single one. And Jesus, resuming His speech, told me: “The globes of light which you see in my Heart are the Faith, the Hope and the Charity which I brought upon earth to make suffering man happy by offering them to him as gift. Now, to you also I want to give a more special gift.” And while He was saying this, many threads of light came out of those globes of light, which inundated my soul like a sort of net, and I

remained inside of it. And Jesus: “Here is how I want you to occupy your soul. First, fly upon the wings of Faith, and in that light, by plunging yourself into it, you will know and acquire ever more news about Me, your God; but by knowing Me more, your nothingness will feel almost dissolved, and you will have no place to lean on. You, however, rise more, and dive into the immense sea of Hope, which is made of all my merits that I acquired in the course of my mortal life, and of all the pains of my Passion, which I also gave to man as gift. Only through these can you hope for the immense goods of Faith, because there is no other way to obtain them. So, as you avail yourself of these merits of mine as if they were your own, your ‘nothing’ will no longer feel dissolved and sinking into the abyss of nothingness, but acquiring new life, it will be embellished and enriched, in such a way as to draw the very divine gazes upon itself. Then the soul will no longer be timid, but Hope will administer to her courage and strength, in such a way as to render her stable like a pillar exposed to all the intemperances of the air, which are the various tribulations of life, and which do not move her a tiny bit. And Hope will cause the soul not only to immerse herself without fear into the immense riches of Faith, but to make herself the owner of them; and through Hope she will reach such a point as to make God Himself her own. Ah, yes! Hope makes the soul reach wherever she wants; Hope is the door of Heaven—only by means of It can it be opened, because one who hopes for everything, obtains everything. Then, after the soul has reached the point of making God Himself her own, immediately, without any obstacle, she will find herself in the immense ocean of Charity, and carrying Faith and Hope with her, she will immerse herself in it and will form one single thing with Me, her God.”

Most loving Jesus continued: “If Faith is the king, Charity is queen, and Hope is like the peacemaking mother

who pacifies everything. In fact, with Faith and Charity there may be disturbance, but Hope, being bond of peace, converts everything into peace. Hope is support, Hope is refreshment; and when the soul, rising by means of Faith, sees the beauty, the sanctity and the love with which she is loved by God, and feels drawn to love Him, but in seeing her insufficiency, how little she does for God, and how she should love Him but does not, she feels discomforted, disturbed and almost does not dare to draw near God—immediately this peacemaking mother comes out, and placing herself between Faith and Charity, she begins to perform her office of peacemaker. She makes the soul peaceful again, she pushes her, raises her, gives her new strengths; and carrying her before king Faith and queen Charity, she excuses the soul, she places a new effusion of her merits before the soul, and she prays them to receive her. And Faith and Charity, with their gazes fixed only on this peacemaking mother, so tender and compassionate, receive the soul, and God forms the delight of the soul, and the soul the delight of God.”

O, holy Hope, how admirable you are! I imagine seeing the soul who is possessed by this beautiful Hope, like a noble wayfarer, who walks in order to go and take possession of a land that will make his whole fortune. But since he is unknown and he journeys through lands which are not his, some deride him, some insult him, some strip him of his clothes, and some reach the point of beating him and even of threatening to kill him. And the noble wayfarer—what does he do in all these trials? Will he be disturbed? Ah, no—never! On the contrary, he will deride those who do all this to him, and knowing with certainty that the more he suffers, the more he will be honored and glorified when he comes to take possession of his land, he himself teases the people into tormenting him more. But he is always tranquil, he enjoys the most perfect peace; and what is more, while in the midst



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of these insults, he remains so calm, that while the others are all alert around him, he keeps sleeping in the bosom of his longed-for God. Who administers so much peace and so much firmness to this wayfarer in continuing the journey he has undertaken? Certainly Hope in the eternal goods that will be his; and since they are his, he will surpass everything in order to take possession of them. Now, by thinking that they are his own, he comes to love them—and here is how Hope gives rise to Charity.

Who can say, then, what the light of blessed Jesus makes me see? I would rather have let it pass in silence, but I see that lady obedience, laying down her friendly guises of friendship, assumes the aspect of a warrior and is arming his weapons to wage war against me and to wound me. O please! Do not arm yourself so quickly—lay down your claws, be quiet, for I will do as you say, as much as I can, and so we will always remain friends.

Now, when the soul carries herself into the most extensive sea of Charity, she experiences ineffable delights, and enjoys joys which are unspeakable to mortal soul. Everything is love; her sighs, her heartbeats, her thoughts, are as many sonorous voices that she makes resound around her most loving God. These voices are all of love, calling Him to themselves, in such a way that blessed God, drawn and wounded by these loving voices, requites them, and it happens that His sighs, His heartbeats, and all of the Divine Being continuously call the soul to God.

Who can say, then, how wounded the soul is by these voices; how she begins to rave as though taken by a most ardent fever; how she runs, almost made insane, and goes to plunge herself into the loving Heart of her Beloved to find refreshment, and how she suckles, in torrents, the divine delights? She becomes inebriated with love, and in her

inebriation, she makes canticles, all of love, for her most sweet Spouse. But who can say everything that passes between the soul and God? Who can speak about this Charity, which is God Himself?

At this moment, I see an immense light, and my mind remains stupefied; it applies itself now at one point, now at another, and I try to write it on paper, but I feel I stammer in expressing it. So, not knowing what to do, for now I keep silent, and I believe that lady obedience will forgive me this time, because if she wants to get huffy with me, this time she is not so right. The wrong is all hers, for not giving me a more fluent tongue to be able to express it. Have you understood, most reverend obedience? We remain at peace, don't we?

**September 21, 1899 – *Differences with lady obedience. The purpose of Luisa's state.***

Yet, who would have said it? In spite of the fact that the wrong is hers, and that she does not give me the capacity to manifest it, Miss obedience took offense and began to act like a cruel tyrant—and she reached such cruelty as to take the sight of my loving Good away from me, my sole and only comfort. It really shows that sometimes she also behaves like a little girl: when she has a whim for something, if she does not get it with good manners, she deafens the house with screams and with crying, to the point that one is forced to content her. There are no reasons, there is no way in the middle to persuade her. So lady obedience does. Brava!—I would not have thought you were like this. Since she wants to get her own way, she wants me, even stammering, to write about Charity. O, holy God! You Yourself, make her a little bit more reasonable, because it really shows that one cannot go on in this way. And you, O obedience, give me back my sweet Jesus—don't cut me to the quick any more. I pray

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you not to take the sight of my highest Good away from me any more, and I promise you that, even stammering, I will write as you want. I only ask of you the good grace to let me recover for a few days, because my mind, too little, can no longer take being immersed in that vast ocean of divine Charity, especially because in it I can see my miseries and my ugliness more, and in seeing the love that God has for me, I feel I am almost going mad; and so my weak nature feels faint and can take no more. But in the meantime I will occupy myself with writing about other things, to then continue with Charity.

I resume my poor speaking. While my mind was occupied with the things already said, I was thinking to myself: ‘What would be the purpose of writing this, if I myself did not practice what I write? This writing would certainly be my condemnation.’ While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: “This writing will serve to make known who the One is that speaks to you and occupies your person. And then, if it does not serve you, my light will serve others, who will read what I make you write.”

Who can say how mortified I was left in thinking that others will take advantage of the graces He gives me, if they read these writings, and I who receive them, do not? Will they not condemn me? And then, at the mere thought that they may end up in the hands of others, my heart aches with pain and with blushing for myself. Now, remaining in greatest affliction, I kept saying: ‘What is the purpose of my state, if it will serve as condemnation?’ And my most loving Jesus, coming back, told me: “My life was necessary for the salvation of the peoples; and since I could not continue it on earth, I choose whom I please in order to continue it within them, so as to continue the salvation of the peoples. This is the purpose of your state.”

September 22, 1899 – *Repugnance in writing.*

I felt a nail stuck in my heart because of the words spoken yesterday by sweet Jesus, and He, always benign with this miserable sinner, to relieve my pains, came and, all compassion for me, told me: “My daughter, do not want to afflict yourself any longer. Know that everything I make you write, either about virtues or in the form of similes, is nothing but making you portray yourself, and the perfection which I made your soul reach.”

O, God! What a great repugnance I feel in writings these words—because what He says does not seem true to me. I feel I still don’t understand what virtue and perfection is, but obedience wants it so, and it is better to croak than having to deal with her; more so, since she has two faces: if one does as she says, she assumes the appearance of a lady, and caresses you like a most faithful friend—even more, she promises you all the goods that are in Heaven and on earth; but then, as soon as she detects a shadow of difficulty against her, immediately, without letting herself be noticed, one goes about looking at her and finds her a warrior in the act of arming his weapons to wound you and destroy you. O, my Jesus, what kind of a virtue is this obedience, that makes one tremble at the mere thought of her?

Then, while Jesus was saying those words to me, I told Him: ‘My good Jesus, what good is it for my soul to have so many graces, if then they embitter my whole life, especially because of the hours of your privation? In fact, understanding Who You are, and of Whom I am being deprived, is a continuous martyrdom for me. So, they serve me for nothing but to make me live continuously embittered.’

And He added: “When a person has tasted the sweetness of a food and then is forced to take the bitter, in order to remove that bitterness he doubles his desire to taste the

sweet, and this does much good to that person, because if he always tasted the sweet, without ever tasting bitterness, he would not take the sweet into great consideration. But if he always tasted bitterness, without knowing the sweet, by not knowing it, he would not even desire it; therefore, both one and the other do good. So it is good for you also.” And I: ‘My Jesus, most patient in bearing a soul so miserable and ungrateful—forgive me. It seems to me that this time I want to investigate too much.’ And Jesus: “Do not be disturbed; it is I Myself who raises these difficulties in your interior, to have the occasion to converse with you, and also to instruct you in everything.”

**September 25, 1899 – *Luisa, defender of Jesus and of creatures.***

In my mind I was thinking: ‘If these writings ended up in someone’s hands, this person may say: “She must be a good Christian if the Lord gives her so many graces”, not knowing that in spite of all this I am still so bad. Here is how people can deceive themselves, both in good and in evil. Ah, Lord! You alone know the truth, and the depth of the hearts.’ While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: “My beloved, and what if people knew that you are my defender and theirs!”

And I: ‘My Jesus, what are You saying?’ And He: “What? Is it not true that you defend Me from the pains that they give Me by placing yourself between Me and them, and that you take upon yourself the blow that I am about to receive, as well as that which I should pour down upon them? And if sometimes you do not receive it upon yourself, it is because I do not allow it; and this, to your great sorrow, to the point of lamenting to Me. Can you perhaps deny it?”

‘No Lord, I cannot deny it, but I see that it is something that You Yourself have infused in me—this is why I say that it is not because I am good, and I feel all confused in hearing You speak these words to me’

**September 26, 1899 – *Oppositions to writing. How the Most Holy Virgin is a portent of grace. Abstractive sight and intuitive sight.***

This morning, as my adorable Jesus came, He carried me outside of myself, but to my greatest sorrow I saw Him from behind, and as much as I prayed Him to let me see His most holy face, it was impossible. In my interior I kept saying: ‘Who knows whether it is because of my oppositions against the obedience to write that He does not deign to show His adorable face.’ And while saying this, I cried. After He let me cry, He turned around and told me: “I take your oppositions into no account, because your will is so identified with Mine, that you cannot want but what I Myself want. So, though it is repugnant for you, at the same time you feel drawn to do it as by a magnet; therefore, your repugnances serve for nothing else but to render the virtue of obedience more embellished and bright. This is why I ignore them.”

Afterwards, I looked at His most beautiful face, and in my interior I felt an indescribable contentment; and turning to Him, I said: ‘My most sweet Love, if I take so much delight in looking at You, what must it have been for our Queen Mama, when You enclosed Yourself in Her most pure womb? What contentments, how many graces did You not give Her?’ And He: “My daughter, the delights and the graces that I poured into Her were such and so many, that it is enough to tell you that what I am by nature, our Mother became by grace; more so, since She had no sin, and therefore my grace was able to lord freely within Her. There is nothing of my Being which I did not give to Her.”

At that instant, I seemed to see our Queen Mother as if She were another God, with this difference alone: that in God this is His own nature, while in Mary Most Holy it is acquired grace. Who can say how stupefied I was left; how my mind was lost in seeing a portent of grace so prodigious? So, turning to Him, I said: ‘My dear Good, our Mother had so much good because You let Yourself be seen intuitively. I would like to know: how do You show Yourself to me—by abstractive or by intuitive sight? Who knows whether it is even abstractive at all.’ And He: “I want to make you understand the difference that passes between one and the other. In the abstractive, the soul contemplates God, while in the intuitive she enters into Him and obtains graces—that is, she receives within her the participation in the Divine Being. How many times have you not participated in my Being? That suffering, which seems almost natural in you; that purity by which you reach the point of feeling as if you did not have a body, and many other things—have I not communicated this to you when I have drawn you to Myself intuitively?”

Ah, Lord, it is so true! And I—what thanks have I rendered You for all this? What has been my correspondence? I feel blushing at the mere thought of it. But, O please! Forgive me, and let it be known, in Heaven and on earth, that I am an object of your infinite mercies.

**September 30, 1899 – *How patience in suffering temptations is like a nourishing food.***

Earlier I spent more than one hour of hell. In passing, I went about looking at the image of baby Jesus and a thought, like lightning, said to the baby: ‘How ugly you are!’ I tried not to pay attention to it, nor to become disturbed, in order to avoid some game with the devil. Yet, in spite of this, that diabolical lightning penetrated into my heart, and I felt that my poor heart was hating Jesus. Ah, yes, I felt I was in hell,

keeping company with the damned—I felt love changed into hate! O, God! What pain, being unable to love You!

I said: ‘Lord, it is true that I am not worthy to love You, but at least, accept this pain—that I would want to love You, but cannot.’

So, after spending more than one hour in hell, it seemed I got out of it, thank God. But who can say how afflicted and weakened my poor heart was left, because of the war fought between hate and love? I felt such prostration of strengths that it seemed to me that I had no more life. Then I was caught by my usual state, but—O, how worn-out! My heart and all of my interior powers which, with unspeakable yearning, desire and go in search for their highest and only Good, and when they find Him, only then do they stop and enjoy Him to their greatest contentment, this time did not dare to move. They were so annihilated, confused and sunk in their nothingness, that they would not let themselves be heard. O, God, what a cruel blow my heart had to suffer!

In spite of all this, my always benign Jesus came, and His consoling sight made me forget immediately that I had been in hell, so much so, that I did not even ask Jesus forgiveness. The interior powers, humiliated and tired as they were, seemed to rest in Him. Everything was silence; on both sides there was nothing but a few loving glances that wounded each other’s heart.

After remaining in this profound silence for some time, Jesus told me: “My daughter, I am hungry, give Me something.” And I: ‘I have nothing to give You.’ But at that very instant I saw a loaf of bread and I gave it to Him, and He seemed to eat it with all pleasure. Now, in my interior I kept saying: ‘It’s been a few days since He told me something.’ And Jesus answered my thought: “Sometimes the groom is pleased to deal with his bride, and to entrust his most



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intimate secrets to her; other times, then, he delights with greater pleasure in resting, as they contemplate each other's beauty. Speaking impedes resting, and the mere thinking of what one has to say and of what one has to deal with, diverts one's attention from looking at the beauty of the groom or of the bride. However, this is needed; in fact, after they have rested and comprehended each other's beauty more, they love each other more, and with greater strength they enter the field again to work, to negotiate and to defend their interests. This is what I am doing with you. Aren't you happy?"

After this, a thought flashed through my mind about the hour spent in hell, and immediately I said: 'Lord, forgive me—how many offenses I have given You.' And He: "Do not want to afflict nor disturb yourself; it is I who leads the soul deep into the abyss, to then be able to lead her more quickly to Heaven." Then He made me understand that that loaf of bread that I found was nothing but the patience with which I had borne that hour of bloody battle. Therefore, patience, humiliation, and offering God what one suffers in time of temptation is nourishing bread that one gives Our Lord, which He accepts with great pleasure.

### **October 1, 1899 – *Jesus speaks with bitterness about the abuses of the Sacraments.***

This morning lovable Jesus continued to make Himself seen in silence, but with a most afflicted appearance; He had a thick crown of thorns driven onto His head. I felt my interior powers silent and I did not dare to say a single word; but in seeing that He suffered very much in His head, I stretched out my hands and, very carefully, removed the crown of thorns. But, what a bitter spasm He suffered! How His wounds opened more and His blood poured out in torrents! In truth, it was something that tortured the soul. After I removed it, I placed it on my head, and He Himself helped so that it might

penetrate inside; however, everything was silence on both parts.

But, what was my surprise when, after a little while, I went about looking at Him again, and I saw that with their offenses creatures were putting another crown on the head of Jesus! O, human perfidy! O, incomparable patience of Jesus, how great you are! And Jesus kept silent, and almost did not look at them so as not to know who His offenders were. Again I removed it, and as all my interior powers woke up with tender compassion, I said to Him: ‘My dear Good, my sweet Life, tell me a little bit—why do You no longer tell me anything? You have never been used to hiding your secrets from me. O please! Let us speak together a little, for in this way we will pour out a little bit the sorrow and the love that oppress us.’

And He: “My daughter, you are the relief for my pains. However, know that I do not tell you anything because you always force Me not to chastise the people. You want to oppose my Justice, and if I do not do as you want, you remain disappointed, and I feel more pain for not keeping you content. Therefore, in order to avoid displeasures on both our parts, I keep silent.” And I: ‘My good Jesus, have You perhaps forgotten that You Yourself suffer after You have made use of your Justice? It is seeing You suffer in the creatures themselves that makes me more than ever alert in forcing You not to chastise the people. And then, seeing the creatures themselves turning against You like many poisonous vipers, such that they would almost take your life if it were in their power, because they see themselves under your scourges, and they irritate your Justice even more... I don’t have the heart to say *Fiat Voluntas Tua*.’

And He: “My Justice can take no more. I feel wounded by everyone—by priests, by devout people, by the secular,

especially because of the abuse of the Sacraments. Some do not care about them at all, adding despises; others, who attend them, turn them into a conversation for their own pleasure; and others, not satisfied in their whims, because of this reach the point of offending Me. O, how tortured my Heart is in seeing the Sacraments reduced to painted pictures, or like those statues of stone which seem to be alive and operating from afar, but as one draws near them, one begins to discover the deceit. Then, one goes about touching them, and what does he find? Paper, stone, wood—inanimate objects; and here is how they are disillusioned completely. This is how the Sacraments have been reduced for the most part—there is nothing but mere appearance. What to say, then, about those who remain more filthy than clean? And then, the spirit of interest that reigns among the religious—it is something to be wept over! Don't you think that they are all eyes where there is a most wretched penny, to the point of degrading their dignity? But where there is no interest they have neither hands nor feet to move a tiny bit. This spirit of interest fills their interior so much that it overflows outside, to the point that the secular themselves feel the stench of it, are scandalized by it, and this causes them to give no credence to their words. Ah, yes, no one spares Me! There are some who offend Me directly, and some who, though they could prevent so much evil, do not bother doing it; so, I do not know to whom to turn. But I will chastise them in such a way as to render them incapable, and some I will destroy completely. They will reach such a point that churches will remain deserted, with no one to administer the Sacraments."

Interrupting Him, all frightened I said: 'Lord, what are You saying?! If there are some who abuse the Sacraments, there are also many good daughters who receive them with the due dispositions, and who would suffer very much if they could not attend them.' And He: "Too scarce is their number; and then, their pain for not being able to receive them will

work as reparation for Me, and to make them victims for those who abuse them.” Who can say how tormented I was left by these words of blessed Jesus? But I hope that He will placate Himself out of His infinite Mercy.

**October 3, 1899 – *Luisa deals with lady obedience. Priests must be apart from any earthly or family interest.***

This morning Jesus continued to make Himself seen afflicted. I did not have the courage to say even one word to my most patient Jesus for fear that He might resume His plaintive speech about the state of the religious. This, because obedience wants me to write everything, and also that which regards charity towards one’s neighbor, and this is so painful for me, that I had to fight by the force of my arms with lady obedience; more so, since she changed her appearance into that of a most powerful warrior, armed with his weapons to give me death. In truth, I found myself in such constraints, that I myself did not know what to do. To write about charity towards one’s neighbor according to the light that Jesus made me see, seemed impossible to me. I felt my heart being wounded by a thousand prickings; I felt my mouth being struck dumb, and my courage failing me; and I said to her: ‘Dear obedience, you know how much I love you, and that for love of you I would gladly give my life, but I see that I cannot do this, and you yourself can see the torture of my soul. O please! Do not make yourself an enemy, don’t be so ruthless with me, be more indulgent with one who loves you so much. O please! You yourself, come to me, and let us discuss together about what is most appropriate for us to say.’

So, it seemed that she laid down her fury, and she herself dictated what was most necessary, enclosing in a few words the whole sense of the different things that regarded Charity. At times, however, she wanted to be more detailed and I would say to her: ‘It is enough that they understand the meaning

with a little bit of reflection. Isn't it better to enclose all the meaning in one word, instead of many words?' At times obedience would surrender, others, I would; and so it seems that we got along...

How much patience it takes with this blessed lady obedience—truly a lady, for it is enough to give her the right to lord, that changing her appearance into that of a most meek lamb, she herself makes the sacrifice of toiling, and allows the soul to rest with her Lord, placing herself around her with vigilant eye so that no one may dare to molest her and to interrupt her sleep. And while the soul sleeps, what does this noble lady do? She drips sweat from her forehead, hastening the toil that belonged to the soul—something that truly causes every human mind, the most intelligent, to be stupefied, and shakes every heart to love her.

Now, while I am saying this, in my interior I keep saying: 'But, what is this obedience? What is it made of? What is the nourishment that sustains it?' And Jesus makes His harmonious voice heard to my hearing, which says: "Do you want to know what obedience is? Obedience is the quintessence of love; obedience is the finest, the purest, the most perfect love, extracted from the most painful sacrifice—to destroy oneself in order to live again of God. Being most noble and divine, obedience tolerates nothing human in the soul, and nothing which does not belong to it. Therefore, all its attention is on destroying within the soul everything which does not belong to its divine nobility—that is, love of self. And once it has done this, it cares very little about whether it alone struggles and toils on behalf of the soul, while allowing the soul to rest peacefully. Finally, I Myself am obedience."

Who can say how amazed and ecstatic I remained on hearing these words of blessed Jesus? O, holy obedience, how incomprehensible you are! I prostrate myself at your feet and I adore you. I pray you to be my guide, teacher and light,

along the disastrous path of life, so that, guided, instructed and escorted by your most pure light, with certainty, I may take possession of the eternal harbor.

I stop here, almost forcing myself to go out of this virtue of obedience, otherwise I would never stop speaking. So much is the light of this virtue which I see, that I could endlessly continue writing about it. But other things call me; therefore I keep silent and I go back to where I left.

So, I saw my sweet Jesus afflicted, and remembering that obedience had told me to pray for a certain person, with all my heart I commended him to Him, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, may he make all of his works shine with virtue alone; but especially, I recommend that he not meddle in the things of family interest. If he has something, let him give it away; if he does not, I don’t want him to get involved with anything else. He should let things be done by those who are supposed to, while he should remain disentangled, free, without getting muddy with earthly things; otherwise he would encounter the misfortune of the others who, since they wanted to meddle in some things of their families from the beginning, all the weight then fell upon their shoulders. And I, only because of my mercy, had to permit that they would not prosper, but rather, become poorer, so as to let them touch with their own hands how unseemly it is for a minister of mine to sully himself with earthly things. On the other hand—and this is word that came from my mouth—the ministers of my sanctuary, as long as they do not touch earthly things at all, would never lack their daily bread. Now, with these ones, if I had allowed them only to prosper, they would have sullied their hearts and would have cared neither about God nor about the things pertaining to their ministry. Now, bothered and tired of their state, they would want to shake it off, but they cannot, and this is the penalty for what they should not do.”

Afterwards, I commended a sick person to Him, and Jesus showed His wounds, which that sick person had given to Him. I tried to pray Him, to placate Him, to repair Him, and it seemed that those wounds would heal. And Jesus, all benignity, told me: “My daughter, today you have performed for Me the office of a most skillful doctor, for you have tried not only to medicate and to bandage the wounds which that sick person gave to Me, but also to heal them. So I feel very much soothed and placated.” Then I understood that by praying for the sick, one comes to perform the office of doctor for Our Lord, who suffers in His very images.

**October 7, 1899 – *Jesus indignant with the people. The state of victim holds back the chastisements.***

This morning blessed Jesus was not coming, and I had to have much patience in waiting for Him. In my interior I kept saying: ‘My dear Jesus, come, don’t make me wait so much! I haven’t seen You since last night, and now, it is getting late and You are still not coming? See how much patience I have had in waiting for You. O please! Do not let it be that I reach the point of losing patience because of your long delay in coming, because then You would be the cause of it, with your delays. Therefore come, for I can take no more.’

Now, while I was saying this and other nonsense, my only Good came, but to my highest sorrow, I saw Him almost indignant with the people. Immediately I said to Him: ‘My good Jesus, I pray You to make peace with the world.’ And He: “Daughter, I cannot. I am like a king who wants to enter into a house, but that house is full of filthy things, of rot and of many other dirty things. The king, as king, has the power to enter, there is no one who could prevent him, and he could even clean that house with his own hands, but he does not want to do it, because it is not decent for his royal person to descend to such baseness; and until that house is cleaned by

someone else, in spite of the fact that he has the power, the will and a great desire to do it, to the point of suffering for it, he will never deign to place one foot into it. So I am. I am a King who can and wants, but I want their will—I want them to remove the rot of sins before I enter and make peace with them. No, it is not decent for my royalty to enter and make peace with them; on the contrary, I will do nothing but send chastisements. The fire of tribulation will inundate them everywhere, to the point of knocking them down, so that they may remember that a God exists—the only One who can help them and free them.”

And I, interrupting Him, said to Him: ‘Lord, if You want to lay hands to chastisements, I want to come—I no longer want to be on this earth. How will my heart be able to resist in seeing your creatures suffer?’ And Jesus, assuming a benign appearance, told me: “If you come, where shall I dwell on this earth? For now let us think about being together down here, for we will have much time to be in Heaven—the whole of eternity. And then, too soon have you forgotten your office of acting as my mother on earth. So, while I chastise the people, I will come to take refuge and to dwell with you.”

And I: ‘Ah, Lord, what is the purpose of my state of victim for so many years? What good has come to the peoples, while You said that You wanted me victim so as to spare people? And now You show how these chastisements, instead of happening many years ago, are happening later—nothing more and nothing less than this.’ And He: “My daughter, don’t say this, I have been forbearing for love of you, and the good that came from this has been that while terrible chastisements were to rage for a very long time, they will be shorter. Is this not a good—that instead of being under the weight of a chastisement for many years, one remains under it only for a few? Moreover, during the course of these past years, with wars and sudden deaths, they should not have



had the time to convert, but they did and were saved—is this not a great good? My beloved, for now it is not necessary to make you understand the purpose of your state for yourself and for the peoples, but I will show it to you when you come to Heaven, and on the Day of Judgment I will show it to all nations. Therefore, do not speak like this any more.”

**October 14, 1899 – *Hope, peacemaking Mother.***

This morning I felt a little disturbed and all annihilated within myself. I saw myself as if the Lord wanted to drive me away from Him. O, God, what a harrowing pain this is! While I was in such a state, blessed Jesus came, with a little rope in His hand, and pounding on my heart three times, He told me: “Peace, peace, peace, don’t you know that the kingdom of Hope is a kingdom of peace, and that the right of this Hope is justice? You, when you see that my Justice arms Itself against the people—enter into the kingdom of Hope, and investing yourself with the most powerful qualities she possesses, rise up to my throne and do as much as you can to disarm the armed arm. And you will do this with the most eloquent, the most tender, the most compassionate voices, with the most compelling reasons, with the most heated prayers, which Hope herself will dictate to you. But when you see that Hope herself is about to support certain rights of Justice which are absolutely necessary, and wanting to give them up would be wanting to give affront to herself, which cannot be—then conform to Me and surrender to Justice.”

And I, terrified more than ever for having to surrender to Justice, said to Him: ‘Ah, Lord, how can I do this? Ah, it seems impossible to me! The mere thought that You have to chastise people I cannot tolerate, because they are your images. Were they at least creatures that did not belong to You... Yet, this is nothing; but what tortures me the most is having to see You—I would almost say—being struck by

Yourself, slapped, scourged and grieved by Yourself, because the chastisements will pour upon your own members—not upon others, and therefore You Yourself will suffer. Tell me, my sole and only Good, how will my heart be able to bear seeing You suffer, struck by your very Self? If creatures make You suffer, they are always creatures and it is more tolerable, but this is so hard that I cannot swallow it. Therefore, I cannot conform to You, nor can I surrender.’

And He, moved to pity and all touched by my words, assuming an afflicted and benign appearance, told me: “My daughter, you are right that I will be struck in my own members, so much so, that in hearing you speak, I feel all my interior moved to compassion and mercy, and I feel my Heart split with tenderness. But, believe Me, the chastisements are necessary, and if you do not want to see Me struck a little bit now, you will see Me struck more terribly later, because they will offend Me more. Would this not grieve you more? Therefore, conform to Me, otherwise you will force Me not to tell you anything any more so as not to see you grieved. And with this, you would deny Me the relief I receive in conversing with you. Ah, yes, you would reduce Me to silence, with no one with whom to pour my pains out!”

Who can say how embittered I was left at His words? And Jesus, almost wanting to distract me from my affliction, resumed His speech about Hope, telling me: “My daughter, do not be disturbed—Hope is peace. And just as I, in the very act in which I make justice, remain in the most perfect peace, you too, by immersing yourself in Hope, must remain at peace. The soul who is at peace, by wanting to afflict herself, become disturbed or lose trust, would run into the misfortune of one who, though possessing millions upon millions of coins, and even being queen of various kingdoms, keeps fantasizing and lamenting, saying: ‘What shall I live on? How shall I clothe myself? Ah, I am dying of starvation! I am so unhappy! I will

be reduced to the meagerest misery and I will end up dying.’ And while she says this, she cries, sighs and spends her days in sadness and squalor, immersed in the greatest melancholy. But this not all; the worst thing about her is that if she sees her treasures, if she walks within her properties, instead of rejoicing, she afflicts herself more, thinking of her nearing end; and if she sees food, she does not want to touch it to sustain herself. And if anyone tries to persuade her by letting her touch her riches with her own hands, showing her that it cannot be that she will be reduced to the meagerest misery, she is not convinced, she remains dazed, and cries even more over her sad lot. Now, what would people say about her? That she is crazy, that it shows that she has no reason, that she has lost her brain. The reason is clear, it cannot be otherwise.

Yet, it can happen that she may run into the misfortune over which she keeps fantasizing. But in what way? By going out of her kingdoms, abandoning all of her riches, and going into foreign lands in the midst of barbarian people, where no one will deign to give her a crumb of bread. Here is how the fantasy has become reality—what used to be false, is now true. But who has been the cause of it? Who should be blamed for a change of state so sad? Her perfidious and obstinate will. Such is precisely the soul who is in possession of Hope: her wanting to become disturbed or discouraged is already the greatest madness.”

And I: ‘Ah, Lord, how can a soul be always at peace, living in Hope? And if the soul commits a sin—how can she be at peace?’ And Jesus: “In the act of sinning, the soul already goes out of the kingdom of Hope, because sin and Hope cannot be together. Every common sense believes that each one is obliged to respect, preserve and cultivate what belongs to him. Who is that man who goes into his properties and burns what he possesses? Who does not keep his possessions jealously? I believe no one. Now, the soul

who lives in Hope, by sinning, already offends Hope, and if it were in her power, she would burn up all the goods that Hope possesses. Then she would find herself in the misfortune of that lady who, abandoning her goods, goes to live in foreign lands. In the same way, by sin, going out of this peacemaking mother, Hope, so tender and compassionate, who reaches the point of nourishing her with her own flesh, which is Jesus in the Sacrament, the primary object of our hope, the soul goes to live in the midst of barbarian people, which are the demons who, denying her the slightest refreshment, nourish her with nothing but poison, which is sin. Yet, what does this peacemaking mother do? Does she perhaps remain indifferent while the soul moves away from her? Ah, no! She cries, she prays, she calls her with the most tender and most moving voices; she goes after her, and when she leads her back into her kingdom, only then is she content.”

My sweet Jesus continues telling me: “The nature of Hope is peace, and what she is by nature, the soul who lives in the bosom of this peacemaking mother acquires by grace.” And in the very act of speaking these words, by means of an intellectual light, blessed Jesus makes me see, through the simile of a mother, what this Hope has done for man. O, what a moving and most tender scene! If all could see it, even the hardest hearts would cry with contrition, and all would grow so fond of her, that it would become impossible for them to detach even for one moment from her maternal knees.

I will now try to say what I comprehend and what I can: man used to live in chains, slave of the devil, condemned to eternal death, without the hope of being able to live again to eternal life. Everything was lost, and his destiny had gone to ruin. This Mother lived in Heaven, united with the Father and the Holy Spirit, blissful and happy with Them; but it seemed she was not content—she wanted her children, her dear images, the most beautiful work that came out of her hands,

to be around her. Now, while she was in Heaven, her eyes were intent on man, who was lost on earth. She is all occupied with how to save these beloved children of hers, and in seeing that these children can in no way satisfy the Divinity, even at the cost of any sacrifice, because they are greatly inferior to It—what does this compassionate Mother do? She sees that there is no other means to save these children than to give her own life to save theirs, taking their pains and miseries upon herself, and doing everything that they were supposed to do for themselves. So, what does she think of doing? This loving Mother presents herself before divine Justice with tears in her eyes, with the most tender voices, with the most compelling reasons which her magnanimous heart dictates to her, and says: “I ask for grace for my lost children, I don’t have the heart to see them separated from Me. I want to save them at any cost, and even though I see that there is no other way but to lay down my life, I want to do it as long as they may reacquire their own. What do you want from them? Reparation? I repair for them. Glory, honor? I glorify and honor You for them. Thanksgiving? I thank You for them. Everything You want from them, I give You, provided that I may have them with Me, reigning.”

The Divinity is moved in seeing the tears and the love of this compassionate Mother, and persuaded by her compelling reasons, It feels inclined to love these children. The Divine Persons cry together over their misfortune, and conclude in accord that they accept the sacrifice of the life of this Mother, being fully satisfied, in order to reacquire these children. As soon as the decree is signed, immediately she descends from Heaven and comes upon earth, and laying down her royal garments which she had in Heaven, she clothes herself with human miseries, as if she were the most miserable slave, and she lives in the most extreme poverty, in the most unheard-of sufferings, amid the scorns most unbearable to the human nature. She does nothing but cry and intercede for her beloved

children. But that which is most stupefying, both about this Mother and about these children, is that while she loves these children so much, instead of receiving with open arms this Mother who is coming to save them, they do the opposite. No one wants to receive her or recognize her; on the contrary, they let her go wandering, they despise her, and begin to plot how to kill this Mother so tender, who loves them so passionately. What will such a tender Mother do in seeing herself requited so badly by her ungrateful children? Will she stop? Ah, no! On the contrary, she becomes more ignited with love for them, and she runs from one point to another to gather them and place them on her lap. O, how she toils, how she struggles, to the point of dripping sweat—not only of water, but also of blood! She gives herself not a moment of respite, she is always in act to operate their salvation, she provides for all their needs, she remedies all their evils, past, present and future; in sum, there is nothing which she does not order and dispose for their good.

But what do these children do? Have they perhaps repented of their ingratitude in receiving her? Have they changed their thoughts in favor of this Mother? Ah, no! They scowl at her, they dishonor her with the vilest calumnies, they procure her opprobrium, scorns and confusions, they beat her with every kind of scourges, reducing all of her to a wound; and they finish by making her die the most infamous death that can be found, in the midst of cruel spasms and pains. But what does this Mother do in the midst of so many pains? Will she perhaps hate these children, so unruly and arrogant? Ah, no—never! It is then that she loves them more passionately than ever, offering her pains for their salvation, and breathing her last with a word of peace and of forgiveness. O, my beautiful Mother! O dear Hope, how admirable you are—I love you! O please! Keep me always on your lap, and I will be the happiest in the world.

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While I am determined to stop speaking about Hope, a voice resounds everywhere around me, saying: “Hope contains all good, both present and future, and one who lives on her lap and is raised on her knees, whatever he wants, obtains. What does the soul want? Glory, honor? Hope will give her the greatest honor and glory on earth among all people, and in Heaven she will glorify her eternally. Maybe she wants riches? O! This Mother Hope is extremely rich, and what is more, by giving her goods to her children, her riches are not the least diminished. Moreover, these riches are not fleeting and passing—but eternal. Does she want pleasures, contentments? Ah, yes! This Hope contains within herself all possible pleasures and tastes which can be found in Heaven and on earth, so much so, that no one will ever be able to equal her; and one who nourishes herself from her breast enjoys them to her fill, and—O, how happy and content is she! Does she want to be learned and wise? This Mother Hope contains the most sublime sciences within herself—even more, she is the master of all masters, and one who lets herself be taught by her learns the science of true sanctity.”

In sum, Hope provides us with everything, in such a way that if one is weak, she gives him strength; if another is stained, Hope instituted the Sacraments and in them she prepared the bath for his sins. If one is hungry or thirsty, this compassionate Mother gives us the most beautiful, the most delicious food, which is her most delicate flesh, and as drink, her most precious blood. What else can this peacemaking Mother Hope do? And who else is similar to her? Ah, she alone has reconciled Heaven and earth! Hope has united Faith and Charity with herself and has formed that indissoluble link between human and Divine nature. But, who is this Mother? Who is this Hope? She is Jesus Christ, who operated our Redemption and formed the Hope of man astray.

**October 16, 1899 – *Waiting for Jesus. Jesus speaks about chastisements.***

This morning my sweet Jesus was not coming. I had not seen Him since last night, when He showed Himself with an appearance that moved one to pity and struck fear at the same time. He wanted to hide so as not to see the chastisements which He Himself was sending over the people and the way in which He was to destroy them. O, God, what a harrowing sight, never before seen! While waiting and waiting, in my interior I kept saying: ‘How is it that He is not coming? Who knows whether He does not come because I do not conform to His Justice? But how can I do this? It seems almost impossible for me to say “*Fiat Voluntas Tua*”.’ Then, again, I kept saying: ‘He is not coming because the confessor is not sending Him to me.’ Now, while I was thinking of this, I just barely saw Him, almost a shadow, and He told me: “Do not fear, the authority of priests is limited. According to the measure in which they are willing to pray Me to come to you, and to offer you as victim to make you suffer so that I may spare the people, so will I heal them and spare them in the act in which I send the chastisements. If then they don’t give it a thought, neither will I have any regard for them.” Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me in a sea of affliction and of tears.

**October 21, 1899 – *Earthly goods must serve for the sanctification of man, not as his idols. The cause of chastisements.***

After going through most bitter days of privation, I was feeling tired and exhausted in my strengths, though I kept offering those very pains, saying: ‘Lord, You know how much being deprived of You costs Me; but I resign myself to your Most Holy Will, offering this most bitter pain as a means to prove my love and to placate You. These bothers,



annoyances, wearinesses, coldnesses that I feel, I intend to send You as messengers of praises and of reparations for myself and for all creatures. This I have, and this I offer You. Surely You accept the sacrifice of the good will, when one offers You what he can with no reserve—but come, for I can take no more.’

Often times I had the temptation to conform to Justice, thinking that I myself was the cause of His not coming. In fact, in these past days, Jesus had told me that if I did not conform, I would force Him not to come and not to tell me anything any more so as not to grieve me. But I did not have the heart to do it, more so, since not even obedience consented to it. While I was amid these bitternesses, first a light came, with a voice saying: “According to the measure in which man meddles in earthly things, so does he move away and lose esteem for eternal goods. I gave riches that they might use them for their sanctification, but they have used them to offend Me and to form an idol for their hearts; and I will destroy them, and their riches together with them.”

After this, I saw my dearest Jesus, but so in suffering, offended and indignant with the people as to strike terror. Immediately I began to say to Him: ‘Lord, I offer You your wounds, your Blood, the most holy use of your senses which You made during the course of your mortal life, to repair for the offenses and for the bad use of the senses which creatures make.’

And Jesus, assuming a serious look, almost thundering, said: “Do you know how the senses of creatures have become? Like the screams of fierce animals, which drive men away with their roars, not allowing them to draw near. The rot and the multiplicity of sins is such that it spurts from their senses, which force me to flee.” And I: ‘Ah, Lord, how indignant I see You! If You want to continue sending chastisements, I

want to come; otherwise, I want to go out of this state. Why remain in it, since I can no longer offer myself as victim to spare the people?’ And He, addressing me with seriousness, so much so that I felt terrified, told me: “You want to touch the two extremes—either you want Me to do nothing, or you want to come. Are you not content with the fact that people are spared in part? Do you think that Corato is the best, and the least in offending Me? Is the fact that I spared it compared to other towns, something trivial? So, content yourself and calm yourself, and while I occupy Myself with chastising the people, you—accompany Me with your sighs and with your sufferings, praying that the very chastisements may turn out for the conversion of the peoples.”

**October 22, 1899 – *The cross, a way strewn with stars.***

Jesus continues to make Himself seen afflicted. The moment He came, He threw Himself into my arms, totally exhausted, almost wanting refreshment. He shared with me a little bit of His sufferings, and then He told me: “My daughter, the way of the cross is a way strewn with stars, and as one walks through it, those stars change into most luminous suns. What will be the happiness of the soul for all eternity in being surrounded with these suns? Furthermore, the great reward I give to the cross is so great that there is no measure, either of width or of length—it is almost incomprehensible to the human minds; and this, because in bearing crosses, there can be nothing human—all is divine.”

**October 24, 1899 – *The cause of chastisements: the love of God for creatures.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, into the midst of the people. Jesus seemed to look at creatures with eyes of compassion, and the very chastisements appeared as infinite mercies of His,

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come out of His inmost most loving Heart. Then, turning to me, He told me: “My daughter, man is a product of the Divine Being, and since Our food is love, always reciprocal, alike and constant among the Three Divine Persons, since he came out of Our hands and from pure and disinterested love, he is like a particle of Our food. Now, this particle has become bitter for Us; not only this, but the majority of them, by moving away from Us, have made themselves pasture for the infernal flames and food for the implacable hatred of demons, Our capital enemies and theirs. This is the main cause of Our sorrow in the loss of souls: they are Ours—they are something that belongs to Us. Likewise, the cause that pushes Me to chastise them is the great love that I have for them, so as to place their souls in safety.”

And I: ‘Ah, Lord, it seems that this time You have no other words to say but about chastisements! Your power has other means to save these souls. And then, if I were certain that all the pain would fall upon them and You would remain free, without suffering in them, I would resign myself; but I see that You are already suffering very much from those chastisements You have sent. What will happen if you continue sending more chastisements?’

And Jesus: “Even though I suffer, love pushes Me to send heavier scourges, and this, because in order to make man enter himself and recognize what his being is, there is no means more powerful than making him see himself undone. It seems that the other means make him grow bolder; therefore, conform to my Justice. I see well that the love you have for Me pushes you very much not to conform to Me, and you don’t have the heart to see Me suffer, but my Mother too loved Me more than all creatures—no one can equal Her; and yet, in order to save these souls She conformed to Justice and She resigned Herself to see Me suffer so much. If my Mother did this, could you not do it yourself?” And as Jesus

was speaking, I felt my will being drawn so much to His, that I was almost unable any more to withstand not conforming to His Justice. I did not know what to say, so much was I convinced; however, I have not yet manifested my will. Jesus disappeared, and I remained in this doubt, whether I must conform or not.

**October 25, 1899 – *The echo of the love of God, and the echo of the ingratitude of creatures.***

My most sweet Jesus continues to manifest Himself almost always in the same way. This morning He added: “My daughter, my love toward creatures is so great that it resounds like an echo in the celestial regions, it fills the atmosphere and diffuses over the whole earth. But what is the correspondence that creatures give to this loving echo? Ah, they requite Me with an echo of ingratitude, poisonous, filled with every kind of bitternesses and sins; with an echo almost deadly, fit only for wounding Me. But I will depopulate the face of the earth, so that this echo resounding with poison may not deafen my ears.”

And I: ‘Ah, Lord, what are You saying?’ And Jesus: “I act just like a pitying doctor, who has the extreme remedies for his children, and these children are full of wounds. What does this father and doctor do, who loves his children more than his very life? Will he let these wounds become gangrenous? Will he let them die for fear that by applying fire and knife they may suffer? No—never! Even though he will feel as if those instruments were applied to himself, in spite of this, he grabs the knife, he rips and cuts the flesh, and he applies to it the poison, the fire, to prevent corruption from advancing further. Even though many times it happens that in these operations the poor children die, this was not the will of the father doctor—his will was to see them healed. So I am. I wound in order to heal them, I destroy them in order to

resurrect them. If many perish, this is not my Will, it is only the effect of their wickedness and obstinate will—it is the effect of this poisonous echo which they want to keep sending Me to the point of seeing themselves destroyed.”

And I: ‘Tell me, my only Good, how could I sweeten this poisonous echo for You which afflicts You so much?’ And He: “The only means is that you always do all your actions with the sole purpose of pleasing Me, and that you employ all your senses and powers for the purpose of loving Me and of glorifying Me. Let your every thought, word, and everything else, want nothing but the love you have for Me; in this way your echo will rise pleasant to my throne and will sweeten my hearing.”

### **October 28, 1899 – *Who am I, and who are you?***

This morning my lovable Jesus came surrounded by a light, and looking at me, as though penetrating me everywhere, so much so, that I felt annihilated, He told me: ‘Who am I, and who are you?’

These words penetrated me deep into the marrow of my bones, and I could see the infinite distance that exists between the Infinite and the finite, between the All and the nothing. Not only this, but I could also see the malice of this nothing, and how it had covered itself with mud. It seemed to me like a fish that swims in the water; so was my soul swimming in rot, amid worms and many other things, which are fit only for striking horror to the sight. O! God, what an abominable sight! My soul would have wanted to flee before the sight of God trice Holy, but with two more words He binds me; and these are: “What is my Love for you? And what is your return for Me?”

Now, while at the first words I would have wanted to flee, frightened, from His presence, at these second words—

“what is my Love for you?”—I found myself sunken, bound by His Love from all sides, in such a way that my existence was a product of His Love. So, if this Love would cease, I would no longer exist. It seemed to me that the beats of my heart, my intelligence, and even my breath, were a product of His Love. I was swimming in Him, and even if I wanted to flee, it seemed impossible for me to do it, because His Love surrounded me everywhere. My love, then, seemed like a little drop of water thrown into the sea, which disappears and can no longer be distinguished. How many things I understood—but if I wanted to tell them I would be too long.

Then Jesus disappeared, and I was left all confused. I saw myself all sin, and in my interior I kept imploring forgiveness and mercy. After a little while my only Good came back; I felt all soaked with bitterness and sorrow for my sins, and He told me: “My daughter, when a soul is convinced that she has done evil in offending Me, she already performs the office of Magdalene, who bathed my feet with her tears, anointed them with balm, and dried them with her hair. When the soul begins to look within herself at the evil she has done, and she feels sorrow for it, she prepares a bath for my wounds. In seeing her evil, she receives bitterness and feels sorrow for it, and by this she comes to anoint my wounds with a most exquisite balm. From this knowledge, the soul would want to make a reparation, and in seeing her past ingratitude, she feels love toward a God so good arise within her, and she would want to lay down her life to prove her love; and this is the hair which, like many gold chains, binds her to my love.”

**October 29, 1899 – *The formation of the interior dwelling for Jesus.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come, but this morning, as soon as He came, He took me in His arms and carried me outside of myself. Being in those arms, I comprehended

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many things, and especially that in order to be in the arms of Our Lord freely, and even to enter into His Heart with all ease and to go out of It as the soul best pleases, and not to be a weight or a bother for blessed Jesus, it was absolutely necessary to strip oneself of everything. Therefore, with all my heart, I said to Him: ‘My dear and only Good, what I ask of You for me is that You strip me of everything, because I see well that in order to be clothed again by You and live in You, and for You to live again in me, it is necessary for me to have not even a shadow of that which does not belong to You.’ And He, all benignity, told me: “My daughter, the main thing so that I may enter into a soul and form my dwelling is total detachment from everything. Without this, not only can I not dwell in her, but not even any of the virtues can form its residence in the soul.

After this, once the soul has made everything go out of herself, then do I enter, and united with the will of the soul, we build a house. The foundations of it are based on humility, and the deeper they are, the higher and stronger the walls will be. These walls will be built with the stones of mortification, cemented with the purest gold of charity. After the walls have been built, I, like a most excelling painter, plaster it and form the most excelling paintings—not with lime and water, but with the merits of my Passion, represented by the lime, and with the colors of my Blood, represented by the water. This serves to protect it well from rains, from snows, and from any shock. Then come the doors, and in order for them to be solid like wood and not subject to wood worms, silence is necessary which forms the death of the exterior senses. In order to keep this house, a guardian is necessary to watch over it everywhere, inside and out. This is the holy fear of God which guards it against any inconvenience, wind or anything else that may threaten it. This fear will be the safeguard of this house, which will cause one to operate, not out of fear of

penalty, but out of fear of offending the master of this house. This holy fear must do nothing but do everything to please God, with no other intention.

Then, this house must be adorned and filled with treasures. These treasures must be nothing but holy desires and tears. These were the treasures of the Old Testament, and in them they found their salvation; in the fulfillment of their vows, their consolation; in sufferings, strength. In sum, they placed all their fortune in their desire for the future Redeemer, and in this desire they operated as athletes. A soul without desire operates almost as dead; everything is boredom, bother, rancor—even virtues themselves; there is nothing that she likes, and she walks almost crawling on the path of good. All the opposite for the soul who desires: nothing is a weight for her, everything is joy; she flies, and finds her tastes in the very pains. This, because there was an anticipated desire, and the things which are first desired, are then loved; and as one loves them, one finds the most pleasant delights in them. Therefore, this desire must be entertained even before this house is built. The ornaments of this house will be the most precious stones, the most expensive pearls and gems of this Life of mine, always founded upon suffering—and pure suffering. And since the One who dwells in it is the giver of every good, He places in it the endowment of all virtues, He perfumes it with the most gentle odors, He makes lovely flowers give off their fragrance, He makes a celestial melody, among the most pleasant, resound. He makes one breathe an air of Paradise.”

I forgot to say that one must see whether there is domestic peace, and this must be nothing but the recollection and silence of the interior senses.

After this, I continued to be in the arms of Our Lord, and I was all stripped. In the meantime, I saw the confessor



there present, and Jesus told me (but it seemed to me that He wanted to play with me to see what I would say): “My daughter, you have stripped yourself of everything, and you know that when one is stripped, someone else is needed who takes care of clothing him, of nourishing him, and who gives him a place where he can stay. Where do you want to stay—in the arms of the confessor, or in Mine?” And as He was saying this, He did the act of placing me in the arms of the confessor. I began to insist that I did not want to go, and He insisted that He wanted it. After a little bit of arguing, He told me: “Do not fear, I keep you in My arms.” And so we remained at peace.

### **October 30, 1899 – *Threat of chastisements for Rome.***

This morning my benign Jesus came all afflicted, and the first words He spoke to me were: “Poor Rome, how you will be destroyed! In looking at you, I cry over you!” And He was saying this with such tenderness as to arouse compassion. But I could not understand whether it was only about the people, or also the buildings.

Since I had the obedience not to conform to Justice, but to pray, I said to Him: ‘My beloved Jesus, when it is about chastisements, one must no longer argue, but only pray.’ And so I began to pray, to kiss His wounds, and to make acts of reparation. And while I was doing this, every now and then He would say to me: “My daughter, do not use violence on Me. By doing this, you want to use violence on Me by force; therefore, calm yourself.”

And I: ‘Lord, it is obedience that wants it so—it is not I that do this.’ He added: “The river of iniquities is so great as to reach the point of preventing the redemption of souls, and prayer alone, and these wounds of mine, can prevent this raging river from absorbing them all into itself.”



## **Prayer of Consecration to the Holy Divine Will**

O Adorable and Divine Will, here I am, before the Immensity of Your Light, that Your Eternal Goodness may Open to me the Doors, and make me enter into It, to Form my Life all in You, Divine Will.

Therefore, prostrate before Your Light, I, the littlest among all creatures, Come, O Adorable Will, into the little group of the First Children of Your Supreme Fiat. Prostrate in my nothingness, I Beseech and Implore Your Endless Light, that It may want to Invest me and Eclipse everything that does not belong to You, in such a way that I may do nothing other than Look, Comprehend, and Live in You, Divine Will.

It shall be my Life, the Center of my intelligence, the Enrapturer of my heart and of my whole being. In this heart the human will shall no longer have life; I shall banish it forever, and shall form the New Eden of Peace, of Happiness, and of Love. With It I shall always be Happy; I shall have a Unique Strength, and a Sanctity that Sanctifies Everything and Brings Everything to God.

Here prostrate, I Invoke the Help of the Sacrosanct Trinity, that They Admit me to Live in the Cloister of the Divine Will, so as to Restore in me the Original Order of Creation, just as the creature was Created. Celestial Mother, Sovereign Queen of the Divine Fiat, take me by the hand and Enclose me in the Light of the Divine Will. You shall be my Guide, my tender Mother; You shall Guard Your child, and shall Teach me to Live and to Maintain myself in the Order and in the Bounds of the Divine Will. Celestial Sovereign, to Your Immaculate Heart I Entrust my whole being; I shall be the tiny little child of the Divine Will. You shall Teach me the Divine Will, and I shall be Attentive in Listening to You. You shall lay Your Blue Mantle over me, so that the infernal serpent may not dare to penetrate into this Sacred Eden to entice me and make me fall into the maze of the human will.

Heart of my Highest Good, Jesus, You shall Give me Your Flames, that they may Burn me, Consume me, and Nourish me, to Form in me the Life of the Supreme Will.

Saint Joseph, You shall be my Protector, the Custodian of my heart, and shall keep the keys of my will in Your hands. You shall keep my heart Jealously, and shall Never give it to me again, that I may be sure Never to go out of the Will of God.

Guardian Angel, Guard me, Defend me, Help me in Everything, so that my Eden may Grow Flourishing and be the Call of the whole world into the Will of God.

Celestial Court, come to my Help, and I Promise You to Live Always in the Divine Will.

**Amen**

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### **Prayer For the Glorification of the Servant of God**

O August and Most Holy Trinity,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
we Praise and Thank You for the Gift of the Holiness of  
Your faithful servant

***Luisa Piccarreta.***

She lived, O Father, in Your Divine Will,  
becoming under the Action of the Holy Spirit,  
in Conformity with Your Son,  
Obedient even to the Death on the Cross,  
Victim and Host pleasing to You,  
thus Cooperating in the Work of Redemption of mankind.  
Her Virtues of Obedience, Humility, Supreme Love  
for Christ and the Church, lead us to ask You  
for the Gift of her Glorification on earth,  
so that Your Glory may Shine before all,  
and Your Kingdom of Truth, Justice and Love, may spread  
all over the world in the particular charisma of the

***Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Caelo et in terra.***

We appeal to her merits to obtain from You,  
Most Holy Trinity  
the particular Grace for which we pray to You  
with the intention to fulfill Your Divine Will.

***Amen.***

Three Glory Be...

Our Father...

Queen of all Saints, pray for us.

+Archbishop Givoan Battista Pichierri

*Trani, October 29, 2005*



