

Day 16 of 33

From True Devotion To the Blessed Virgin Mary, No. 228

Preparatory Exercises

During the first week they should offer up all their prayers and acts of devotion to acquire knowledge of themselves and sorrow for their sins. Let them perform all their actions in a spirit of humility. With this end in view they may, if they wish, meditate on what I have said concerning our corrupted nature, and consider themselves during six days of the week as nothing but sails, slugs, toads, swine, snakes and goats. Or else they may meditate on the following three considerations of St. Bernard: "Remember what you were -corrupted seed; what you are - a body destined for decay; what you will be -food for worms." They will ask our Lord and the Holy Spirit to enlighten them saying, "Lord, that I may see," or "Lord, let me know myself," or the "Come, Holy Spirit". Every day they should say the Litany of the Holy Spirit, with the prayer that follows, as indicated in the first part of this work. They will turn to our Blessed Lady and beg her to obtain for them that great grace which is the foundation of all others, the grace of self-knowledge. For this intention they will say each day the Ave Maris Stella and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Imitation of Christ, by Thomas á Kempis: Book 2, Chapter 5

Of Self-consideration

We cannot trust over much to ourselves (Jer. 17:5), because grace oftentimes is wanting to us, and understanding also. Little light is there in us, and this we quickly lose by our negligence. Oftentimes too we perceive not our inward blindness how great it is. Oftentimes we do evil, and excuse it worse (Psalm 141:4). We are sometimes moved with passion, and we think it zeal. We reprehend small things in others, and pass over our own greater matters (Matt. 7:5). Quickly enough we feel and weigh what we suffer at the hands of others; but we mind not how much others suffer from us. He that well and rightly considereth his own works, will find little cause to judge hardly of another.

Recite: Litany of the Holy Ghost, Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, & Ave Maris Stella (See Appendix)

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THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 16

**The Virgin Mary in the Temple forms the new day that
unleashes on earth the refulgent
Sun of the Divine Word**

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Most sweet mother, I believe that you have stolen my heart and I run to you. Keep my heart within yours as a pledge of my love and, as a pledge of your motherly love, exchange my heart with the Divine Will. Therefore, as your child I come into your arms so that you may prepare me, impart to me your lessons and do with me as you see fit. I ask you never to leave your child alone, but to keep me always, always together with you.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, oh, how I long to keep you always united to me! I long to be your heartbeat, your breath, the works of your hands and the steps of your feet to let you feel, through me, how the Divine Will operated in me; I long to pour its life into you. Oh, how sweet, beloved, enchanting and enrapturing it is! My child, if I had you under the total dominion of that Divine Fiat that established

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my happiness, my glory and my entire fortune, oh how you would redouble my happiness.

Now, listen closely to what I, your tender mother, wish to say to you, as I desire to share with you my fortune. I continued my life in the Temple, and heaven was not distant to me – I could transport myself there anytime I desired.²³ I had free access to ascend to heaven and descend to earth. In heaven I had my Divine Family, and I yearned and sighed to be with them. The divinity itself, the three divine Persons, awaited me with great love in order to speak to me, to be happy and to make me happier, more beautiful and dearer in their eyes. For they had not created me to keep me at a distance – not at all; they wanted to take pleasure in me as their daughter. They wanted to hear me speak, to hear how my words animated by their Fiat had the power to create peace between God and all creation. They loved to be won over by their little daughter, and to hear me repeat to them: “Descend... May the Divine Word descend to earth!” I can say that the divinity itself called me, and I ran – I flew to them. Since I had never done my own will, my presence requited them for the love and glory of the great work of all creation, whereby they confided to me the secret of the history of mankind. And I prayed and prayed for peace to come between God and man.

Now, my child, only the human will closed off heaven and deprived it of the right to have access to

²³ As noted earlier (cf. footnote 11, pp. 59-60; footnote 52, pp. 187-188), Mary’s ability to go to heaven and earth is predicated on the human soul’s ability to “bilocate”.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

penetrate into those heavenly regions, or to have familiar relations with its Creator. On the contrary, the human will had cast the soul away from the One who had created it. At the moment man withdrew from the Divine Will, he became fearful, timid and lost dominion over himself and over all creation. All the elements that were dominated by the Fiat became superior to him and could now harm him; man was afraid of everything. And do you think it is a small thing, my child, that the one who had been created king to exercise dominion over all things, reached the point of being afraid of the One who had created him? My child, it is strange, and I would say almost against nature that a son should be afraid of his Father. For it is only natural that, when a Father generates [life in his son], he also generates love and trust between himself and his son. Such love and trust can be called the prime inheritance which is the rightful claim of the child, and the prime right that all souls owe the Father. Therefore, Adam, by doing his own will, lost the inheritance of his Father, he lost his Kingdom, and became the laughing stock of all created things.

Now, my child, listen closely to your tender mother, and ponder well the great evil of the human will. It removes from the soul its vision and blinds it in such a way that everything to it turns into darkness and fear. Therefore, place your hand upon your heart and vow to your mother that you would rather die than do your own will.

In never doing my own will, I had no fear of my Creator. How could I be afraid of Him who loved me so much? So much did his Kingdom extend within me that

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with my acts I formed the full day that would allow the new sun of the Eternal Word to cast its light on earth. And as I saw that this day was being formed, I increased my pleas to obtain the longed-for day of peace between heaven and earth. Tomorrow I will wait for you to tell you yet another surprise pertaining to my life on earth.

The soul:

My Sovereign Mother, how sweet your lessons are! Oh, how they make me understand the great evil of my human will! How many times I felt well up in me fear and lack of resolve, and I felt, as though, distant from my Creator. It was my human will that reigned in me, not the Divine Will! Thus I felt its sad effects.

If you love me as your child, take my heart into your hands and remove from me the fear and the lack of resolve that prevent my flight to my Creator. In place of these, infuse in me that Fiat which you love so much and desire to reign in my soul.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, place into my hands everything that causes you bother, fear and distrust so that I may convert them into the Will of God. I wish you to do this while saying to me three times: “My dear mother, may the Divine Will reign in my soul.”

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Exclamation:

My mother in whom I trust, may you form the day
of the Divine Will in my soul.

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Sixteenth Hour

8 AM

**Jesus is dragged back to Pilate, Barabbas is preferred to
Jesus and Jesus is scourged**

My tormented Jesus, my poor heart follows You amidst anxieties and pains, and in seeing You clothed as a madman and knowing who You are – infinite wisdom who gives reason to all – I become delirious and exclaim: “How can this be? Jesus insane? Jesus a criminal? And as if this were not enough, You will now be placed after Barabbas!”

O my Jesus, unparalleled holiness, You again are now before Pilate. In seeing the sorrowful state to which You have been reduced, clothed as a madman and knowing that not even Herod has condemned You, Pilate becomes more indignant against the Jews and, even more convinced of your innocence, he does not wish to condemn You. And yet, wanting to give some satisfaction to the Jews, as if to appease their hatred, their fury, their rage and their ardent thirst for your Blood, he presents You along with Barabbas for them to choose from. But the Jews cry out: “We do not want Jesus released, but Barabbas!”

And Pilate, not knowing what to do to calm their rage, condemns You to the scourging. Beloved Jesus, your being placed last to all breaks my heart. And while the Jews occupy themselves with ensuring your death, You instead,

recollected within, are occupied with communicating life to us all. And as I attune my ears, I hear You say:

“Holy Father, look at Me your Son, clothed as a madman. May this [condition of mine] offer You reparation for the madness of the many souls who have fallen into sin. May this white garment with which I stand before You cleanse the many souls who clothe themselves with the sullied garments of sin... O Father, do You see their hatred, their fury and their rage toward Me; do You see their thirst for My Blood that nearly extinguishes in them all light of reason? I make reparation for all hatred, revenge, anger and murder, and I implore the light of reason for all.

My Father, look at Me again: Can there be any greater insult? They have preferred the greatest criminal to Me. I make reparation for all mundane preferences... Oh, the whole world is full of such mundane preferences: To Us some prefer their own vile interests, while others prefer honours; to Us some prefer vanities, while others prefer pleasures; to Us some prefer their own attachments, and others prefer their own honour; to Us some prefer to overindulge, while others prefer sin. As with one accord all of My children prefer the most mundane things to Us. And I am ready to accept them preferring Barabbas over Me in order to make reparation for souls preferring mundane things over Us.”

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O my Jesus, I feel like I am dying with sorrow and grief in seeing your great love amidst so many pains, and the heroism of your virtues before so many sorrows and insults. Your words and reparations resound in my poor heart like many wounds and, in my torment, I repeat your prayers and your reparations. Not even for one instant do I wish to detach myself from You, otherwise many of the things You do would escape me.

And now, what do I see? The soldiers take You to a pillar to scourge You. I follow You, my love, while You look at me with your loving gaze and infuse in me the strength to witness your painful torture.

Jesus is scourged

My most pure Jesus, You are now beside the pillar. Enraged, the soldiers untie You in order to bind You to it, but this is not enough. They despoil You of your garments in order to make a cruel massacre of your most sacred body... My love and my life, I feel I am about to faint from the sorrow of seeing You naked. You tremble from head to foot, and on your most sacred face appears a virginal blush. Your grief and exhaustion are so overwhelming that unable to stand, You are on the verge of collapsing at the foot of the pillar, but the soldiers sustain You to keep you from falling – not to help You, but so that they may bind You...

They take the ropes and bind your arms so tightly that they immediately swell and, from the tips of your

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fingers Blood flows forth. Then, from the ring of the pillar they make ropes and chains pass around your most sacred Person all the way down to your feet. To be able to freely unleash themselves on You, they bind You to the pillar so tightly that You cannot move a muscle.

My despoiled Jesus, allow me to pour out my love on You, otherwise I cannot go on seeing You suffer so much. How can this be? You, who clothe all created things – the sun with light, the heavens with stars, the plants with leaves, the birds with feathers – are stripped! What arrogance! And my beloved Jesus, from the penetrating light of his eyes, tells me:

“My child, be silent. In order to make reparation for the many souls who strip themselves of every modesty, purity and innocence, it is necessary that I be despoiled of My garments. For such souls strip themselves of every blessing, of every virtue and even of My grace to cloth themselves with every vice and live viciously. With My virginal blush I make reparation for the many acts of dishonesty, laxity and indulgence in vice. Therefore, be attentive to everything I do, pray and offer reparation with Me, and be at peace.”

Scourged Jesus, your love moves from one excess to another. I see that the executioners take whips and beat You so mercilessly that your entire most sacred body is swollen with welts. And the fierceness and fury with which they beat You is so violent that they have quickly exhausted their strength. But two more take their place and,

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taking thorny rods, beat You so much that soon [the swollen welts are torn and rent and], rivers of Blood begin to pour forth from your most sacred body. They then beat your body all over forming furrows that, with greater blows, become transformed into gaping wounds. But this is not all. Two more take their place and, with hooked iron chains, continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, your flesh, already beaten and bloodied, tears open even more and falls to the ground in pieces exposing your bones, and so much Blood pours out that a pool of Blood forms around the pillar.

O my Jesus, my despoiled love, while You are under this storm of blows I cling to your feet to partake in your pains and be completely immersed with your most precious Blood. Each blow You receive is a wound to my heart that is further wounded when in attuning my ears I hear your groans, which are not heard [by others] as the air is filled with the storm of the blows. And in those groans, You say:

“All of you who love Me, come and learn the heroism of true love! Come and in My Blood overcome the thirst of your passions, your many ambitions, fleeting adventures, pleasures and exceeding sensuality! In My Blood you will find the remedy for all evils.”

Your groans continue: **“O Father, behold Me completely bruised and broken under this storm of blows. And yet, this is not enough, as I wish to form as many wounds in My body as there are souls, so as to**

acquire for them a place in the heavens of My humanity. By this means, I will obtain their salvation within Myself and make them pass into the heavens of My divinity. My Father, may every blow of this scourging offer reparation before You for every kind of sin, one by one. As they strike Me, may these blows justify those who inflict them, may they strike the hearts of souls and speak to them of My love, to the point of compelling them to surrender to Me.”

And as You say this, your love is as great as your sorrow, which almost incites the executioners to beat You more. Beloved Jesus, despoiled of your own flesh, your love crushes me to the point where I am beside myself. Your love does not grow weary, whereas the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue in your painful massacre.

They cut the ropes and You, almost dead, collapse in your own Blood. In seeing the shreds of your own flesh, You feel like dying of grief, as in those detached pieces of flesh You see condemned souls,⁵² and your sorrow is so great that You gasp in your own Blood.

O my Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my

⁵² The original Italian reads: “*anime riprovate*”.

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kiss I enclose all souls in You, so that not one soul may be lost.⁵³ And may I have your blessing.

⁵³ Throughout her text Luisa entreats Jesus not to allow any souls to be lost. While God predestines no one to go to hell (CCC, 1037), the Council of Florence acknowledges that humans who do not abide by the true faith are lost. The Church moreover teaches that at the moment of death the soul's judgment is "immediate" (cf. Councils of Florence and Lyons, and CCC arts. 1022, 1035), and it acknowledges the existence of hell and its eternity (CCC, 1035). Indeed, numerous approved private revelations affirm that some human beings are lost for eternity (cf. F. Kowalska, *Diary of Divine Mercy*, entry 741; cf. L. Piccarreta, *The Hours of the Passion*, 7pm hour, 10pm hour, 11pm hour, 1pm hour and 2pm hour). In light of the preceding, Luisa's above emphatic request is a petition in faith to an eternal God who can apply our finite prayers in his eternal Will to all souls of all time. It does not suggest that souls who have freely chosen to be lost may be ransomed from hell.