

Day 19 of 33

Luke 18:15-30

[Jesus and the Children]

And they brought unto him also infants, that he might touch them. Which when the disciples saw, they rebuked them. But Jesus, calling them together, said: Suffer children to come to me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen, I say to you: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a child, shall not enter into it.

[The Rich Aristocrat]

And a certain ruler asked him, saying: Good master, what shall I do to possess everlasting life? And Jesus said to him: Why dost thou call me good? None is good but God alone. Thou knowest the commandments: Thou shalt not kill: Thou shalt not commit adultery: Thou shalt not steal: Thou shalt not bear false witness: Honour thy father and mother. Who said: All these things have I kept from my youth. Which when Jesus had heard, he said to him: Yet one thing is wanting to thee: sell all whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. He having heard these things, became sorrowful; for he was very rich.

[The Danger of Riches]

And Jesus seeing him become sorrowful, said: How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God. For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. And they that heard it, said: Who then can be saved? He said to them: The things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.

Then Peter said: Behold, we have left all things, and have followed thee. Who said to them: Amen, I say to you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, Who shall not receive much more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 19

The Annunciation: The doors of Heaven open and Jesus places himself on the lookout. He sends forth his angel to inform the Virgin Mary that God's hour has arrived

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, here I am again upon your maternal lap. As your child, I wish to be nourished at the banquet of your most sweet word, which provides me with the balm that heals the wounds of my miserable human will. Dear mother, talk to me; let your powerful words descend into my heart to make of me a new creation and to form the seed of the Divine Will within my soul.

Lesson of the Holy Sovereign Queen:

Dearest child, do you know why I so love telling you about the heavenly secrets of the Divine Fiat – of the incredible things it can accomplish in the soul in whom it completely reigns, and of the great harm produced in the soul in whom the human will reigns? So that you may love the Divine Fiat, allow it to establish its throne within you, and abhor your human will by making it the footstool of the Divine Will and keeping it sacrificed at God's divine feet.

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Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. As I continued my life in Nazareth, the Divine Fiat continued to expand its Kingdom within my soul. The Divine Will used my most menial acts, even the most insignificant ones – such as keeping the little house in order, starting the fire, sweeping and all other acts that are common amongst families – to let me feel its life pulsating in all things: in the fire, in the water, in the food, in the air I breathed, in everything. And investing my little acts, the Divine Will formed upon them seas of light, grace, and sanctity, for wherever the Divine Will reigns, it has the power of forming, even from the smallest trifles, new heavens of enchanting beauty. Being immense, the Divine Will knows not how to do small things, but with its power it gives value to trifles, making them the greatest things that leave heaven and earth astonished. Everything is holy and everything is sacred for the soul who lives in the Divine Will.

Now, child of my Heart, listen closely what I say. Several days before the descent of the Eternal Word to earth, I could see the heavens opening and the sun of the Divine Word at its portals, as though searching for one creature, for the [chosen] one in whom, in making his flight, He should become the Heavenly Prisoner. Oh, how beautiful it was to see him at the portals of heaven, as though on the lookout to search out this fortunate soul who would become the bearer of its Creator! The divine Persons of the Most Holy Trinity no longer looked at the earth as estranged to them, because there was I, little Mary, who, in

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possessing the Divine Will, had formed [in my soul] its Divine Kingdom – I, Mary, in whom the Divine Word could descend with the reassurance that he was entering into his own residence as it were; in whom He could find heaven and the many suns of the many acts of the Divine Will accomplished within my soul.

The divinity overflowed with love and, removing the mantle of justice that cloaked the divine Persons and overshadowed souls for so many centuries, the divine Persons now cloaked themselves with the mantle of infinite mercy, and decreed among themselves the descent of the Divine Word. As they were about to sound the note that would inaugurate the hour of the fulfillment of the Divine Word's descent, all heaven and earth were astonished and stood in attention to witness such a great excess of love, and of such an unheard-of prodigy.

Your mother was set ablaze with love, and echoing the love of my Creator, I wanted to form one single sea of love so that in this single sea of love the Divine Word might descend to earth. My prayers were incessant and, while I was praying in my little room, an angel came, sent from heaven as the messenger of the great King. He came before me, and bowing, greeted me:

“Hail, O Mary our Queen. The Divine Fiat has filled you with grace. He has already pronounced his Fiat [of Redemption], as He desires to descend to earth. He is right behind me, and desires your Fiat to [help] bring about the fulfillment of his Fiat.”

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At such a great announcement, so much desired by me – although I had never thought I was to be the chosen one – I was astonished and hesitated for an instant, when the angel of the Lord said to me: *“Do not fear our Queen, for you have found favour with God; you have conquered your Creator. Now, to complete this victory, you must pronounce your Fiat.”*

I pronounced my “Fiat”, and, oh, what a surprise! Our two Fiats fused together and the Divine Word descended within me. My Fiat, receiving the same value as his Divine Fiat, formed from the seed of my humanity the tiny humanity that would enclose the Divine Word, and the great prodigy of the Incarnation was accomplished.

Oh, the power of the Supreme Fiat! It raised me so high as to render me powerful, to the point of being able to create within myself that humanity which was to enclose the Eternal Word, whom heaven and earth could not contain! The heavens were shaken and all creation rejoiced; exulting with joy, they echoed around the little house of Nazareth to offer homage and honour to the Creator made man. In their mute language, they said: “Oh, prodigy of prodigies which only a God can do! Immensity has become little, power has become powerless, his unreachable height has lowered itself to the abyss of the womb of a Virgin. He is immense and little, powerful and powerless, strong and weak all at once.” My dear child, you cannot comprehend what your mother felt at the moment of the Incarnation of the Divine Word. Everyone yearned for and awaited my Fiat, which I may call omnipotent.

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Now, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. You should take to heart the importance of doing the Divine Will and living in it! [Know that] my power still exists. Let me therefore pronounce my Fiat over your soul; know that I can do so only if you give me your own Fiat. One Fiat alone cannot produce a good effect, for the greatest works are always done between two [souls]. God himself did not want to descend to earth by himself, but wanted me together with him in order to form the great prodigy of his Incarnation. In my Fiat and in God's Fiat was the life of the Man-God formed; the destiny of mankind was restored, heaven was no longer closed, and all goods were enclosed between these two Fiats. Therefore, let us say together, "Fiat! Fiat!", and within my loving maternal Heart I will enclose in you the life of the Divine Will. This is enough for now. Tomorrow I will wait for you again, my child, to tell you what happened after the Incarnation.

The soul:

Beautiful mother, I am utterly astonished at your beautiful lessons. I beg you to pronounce your Fiat over me as I too pronounce my Fiat, so that the Fiat you so much long for to reign in me with its life may be conceived within me.

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Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come to offer Jesus his first kiss, and say to him nine times that you want to do his will. And I will repeat the prodigy of letting Jesus be conceived in your soul.

Exclamation:

Powerful Queen, pronounce your Fiat and establish in me the Divine Will.

11 AM HOUR

The Nineteenth Hour

11 AM

Jesus is Crucified

Jesus, my love, You have already been despoiled of your garments. Your most sacred body is so lacerated that your appearance is as that of a fleeced lamb... I see You tremble as your enemies prepare the Cross. And You, unable to stand any longer, fall to the ground of this mount. My good Jesus, my all, my heart breaks with sorrow in seeing You dripping Blood from head to toe, from every part of your bent over and most sacred body.

Your enemies are tired, but not satiated in tormenting You. To your unspeakable pain, in despoiling You they tear the crown of thorns off of your head and, then again, drive it into You, making You experience unheard-of convulsions, as they open up to new and more painful wounds... [In this third crowning of thorns] You offer reparation for the obstinacy of souls and for their obstinacy in sin, especially the sin of pride. Jesus, if love had not compelled You to endure yet more, You would certainly have died from the harrowing sorrow You suffered in this third crowning of thorns. But now I see that You can no longer endure this sorrow⁵⁸ and, with your eyes

⁵⁸ Several translations incorrectly state, *"I see that you can no longer endure the pain"*, whereas the original Italian reads, *"non puoi reggere"*

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covered with Blood, You look to see if at least one individual would come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and in such overwhelming grief...

My sweet good Jesus, my dear life, You are not alone here as You were last night. Your sorrowful mother is here whose Heart, pierced with intense sorrow, suffers as many deaths as there are pains You endure. There is also [your] faithful [disciple] John who is speechless with sorrow at the sight of your Passion. This is the mount of lovers, and You should not be alone... Tell me my love, who do You want to sustain You in so much sorrow? Oh please, let me approach You – I, who stand more in need [of your grace] than all others. Dear mother and those of you [on this holy mountain], make room for me. And here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You and I beseech You to lean your head upon my shoulder that I may experience the sharp piercings of your thorns in my head... And I not only desire to feel your thorns, but to cleanse all of my thoughts with your precious Blood that flows down from your head, so that they may remain in the continuous act of offering You reparation for all the offenses souls cause You with their thoughts...

al dolore” (*dolore* is “sorrow”, not “pain”). Jesus repeatedly reassures Luisa that his divine love endured and overcame all external and physical *pains*, while his interior “sorrows” (*dolori*) far surpassed his external “pains” (*pene*) (cf. the 11am hour where Jesus implores yet more pains). The interior sorrow here refers to “obstinacy in sin”. Cf. 11pm hour, p. 190, where Jesus affirms: “*Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined?*”.

Jesus, my love, hug me tightly! I desire to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which drip down your most sacred face, and I beseech You to make each one of these drops a light to the minds of all souls, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

My beloved Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer of your executioners who are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails. And your Heart beats more and more vehemently and contracts with exultation, as You yearn to lay yourself upon this bed of pain and seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say:

Beloved Cross, My love, My precious bed. You were My martyrdom in life, and now you are My rest. Please, O Cross, receive Me into your arms without delay. I eagerly await you. Holy Cross, through you I will accomplish all. O Cross, hurry, fulfill My ardent desire of offering up My life for souls; I wish to seal their Redemption by means of you, O Cross. Oh, delay no longer, as I earnestly long to extend Myself upon you to open the [gates of] heaven to all My children and close hell.⁵⁹ O Cross, it is true that you are My battle, but you are also My victory and My complete triumph.

⁵⁹ Inasmuch as the gates of hell will be closed only at the General Judgment, the expression, "... close hell" (*chiudere l'inferno*), assumes a two-fold significance: Jesus longs to keep souls from being lost, and to release the just souls from "Limbo" who awaited the opening of the gates of heaven, which were definitively closed after their release.

Through you I will bestow upon My children abundant treasures, victories, triumphs and crowns.”

Who can recount all the words my sweet Jesus says to the Cross? As he expresses his love to the Cross, his enemies command him to extend himself on it, and promptly He obeys to make reparation for our disobedience... My love, before You extend yourself on the Cross, allow me to press You more tightly to my heart and kiss You. Listen to me, O Jesus: I do not want to leave You; I want to extend myself on the Cross and be nailed to it with You, for true love tolerates no separation. Forgive the boldness of my love, but allow me to be crucified with You... After all, my tender love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but your sorrowful mother, inseparable Magdalene and faithful John ask this as well. They all tell You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to your Cross, than to see You crucified alone... Therefore, with You I offer myself to the eternal Father assimilated to your Will, to your Heart, to your reparations and to all of your sorrows. Oh, it seems as if my sweet Jesus says to me:

“My child, you have anticipated My love. This is My Will: that all those who love Me should be crucified with Me. Oh yes, come and extend yourself upon the Cross with Me, and I will give you life in exchange for My life, and I will always regard you as the beloved of My Heart.”

And now You extend yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and sweetness at your executioners – as

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though extending to them a sweet invitation to hasten your crucifixion – who hold in their hands the nails and hammers to crucify You. And although feeling repugnance, with inhuman fury they grab your right hand, hold the nail on your palm and, with blows of the hammer, drive it through to the opposite side of the Cross... O my Jesus, the pain You suffer is so overwhelming that You shudder; the light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed and your most sacred face, though bruised and bleeding, turns pale...

I kiss your *blessed right hand* my beloved Jesus, and I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. I entreat You to deliver in this moment from eternal damnation as many souls as there are blows You receive; to wash in this most precious Blood of yours as many souls as there are drops of Blood You shed. For the sake of the bitter sorrows You endure, I entreat You to open the heavens to all and to bless all souls. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and call those separated from your Church and unbelievers to the light of faith.

O Jesus, my sweet life, after having finished nailing your right hand to the Cross, with unheard-of cruelty your executioners grab your left hand and, to make it reach the mark of the hole, with violence they pull it so hard that the joints of your arms and shoulders dislocate, and the pain is so intense it makes your legs contract and convulse...

Left hand of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You, I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You. For

the blows You receive and for the bitter pains You endure from them driving the nail through your left hand, I ask You to grant me in this moment that many souls may be released from purgatory and make their flight to heaven. For the Blood You shed [from this hand], I entreat You to extinguish the flames that burn [the poor souls]. May this Blood refresh and cleanse them all, so that purged of all stain they may be disposed for the beatific vision. My love and my all, for the sharp pain You suffer when they nailed your left hand, I entreat You to close hell to all souls⁶⁰ and to withhold the lightning rod of Divine Justice from striking us on account of our sins. O Jesus, let the Divine Justice be appeased, so that divine chastisements may not pour out on earth, but may the treasures of your Divine Mercy be opened for the betterment of all. Wherefore I entreat You, hold me tightly in your arms.

Jesus, it seems as if You are now completely motionless, and that we therefore are at liberty ask of You whatever we wish. So I [take the liberty to] place the world and all human generations in your arms and I beg You with the voices of your own Blood, O my sweet love, to deny no one your forgiveness, but by the merits of your most

⁶⁰ The expression, “close hell to all souls” does not contradict the various revelations of Jesus to Luisa, who acknowledges that souls are in hell due to their own choice, but echoes Jesus’ petition in Gethsemane, “*Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me – the chalice of souls who, by withdrawing from Our will, becoming lost. Although this chalice of Mine is extremely bitter, not My will, but your will be done*” (cf. 10pm hour, p. 53).

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precious Blood, grant salvation to all souls and do not, O my Jesus, exclude anyone!

Jesus, my love, your enemies are not yet satisfied... With diabolical fury they grab your most sacred feet, tireless and always on the lookout for souls, but that are contracted on account of the pains inflicted on your hands, and they pull them so violently that your knees, your ribs and all the bones of your chest become dislocated. My good Jesus, my heart can no longer bear this: Your sorrow is so great that it causes your beautiful eyes, eclipsed and covered with Blood, to roll back, and your livid lips – bruised and swollen from the blows – contort; the [nails] tearing at your hands and feet, cause your cheeks to grow hollow, your teeth to chatter, your chest to pound feverishly, and your Heart breaks... My love, how I would willingly take your place to spare You so much pain! I fuse myself in all of your limbs to assuage You, kiss You, comfort You, and offer You reparation on behalf of all.

Blessed feet of my beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You. I entreat You for the sake of the most bitter pains You suffer, for the tearing [of muscles, ligaments and nerves] from the dislocation of all of your bones, and for the Blood You shed to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds. Do not refuse anyone, O Jesus!

May your nails pierce the powers [of our soul],⁶¹ so that they may never be separated from You; may they pierce our hearts, so that they may always adhere to You alone; may they pierce all of our emotions, so that they may experience no pleasure apart from You. O my crucified Jesus, I see You completely entrenched and bathed in an ocean in Blood... The Blood that flows from You asks only for “souls”. In this Blood I see the vast throng of souls from all centuries, and in such a way, O Jesus, that every single soul appears incorporated within You. And so, by the power of this Blood, I entreat You to not allow so much as one soul to ever again escape You.

Sweet Jesus, your enemies finish nailing your feet, and I now approach your Heart. I see that while [physically] nothing more are You able to bear, your love cries out more loudly: “**More Pains!**” My beloved Jesus, I embrace *your Heart*, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all souls. I place my head upon your Heart in order to experience what You endure in this painful crucifixion... Oh, I hear every blow of the hammer echo in your Heart! Your Heart is the center of all things – from it your sorrows begin, and in it they end. And if were not for You awaiting the lance to pierce your Heart, the flames of your love and the Blood that boils within it would have already ruptured your Heart and come to an end. These flames beckon souls

⁶¹ The three powers of the soul are the intellect, the memory and the will – the will being the greatest, as it alone is the repository of all divine acts (cf. Piccarreta, volume 13, October 9, 1921; vol. 16, July 24, 1923).

that love You to find a happy dwelling in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You to sanctify these souls. O please, do not allow them to ever go out from your Heart, but with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls who may continue your life on earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the souls that love You, so I bid You don't ever let them lose this place... O Jesus, may the flames of your Heart set me ablaze and consume me, may your Blood embellish me, and may your love keep me always nailed to You with suffering and reparation!

My beloved Jesus, the executioners have now nailed your hands and feet to the Cross and, turning it over in order to bang and bend the nails on the other side, they force your adorable face to touch the ground, soaked with your own Blood. And You, with your divine lips, kiss the ground... With this kiss, O my sweet love, You intend to kiss all souls, bind them to your love and seal their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place so that I may prevent your most sacred body, however entrenched with your most precious Blood, from touching the ground. Let me hold You in my arms, and grant that as your enemies bang the nails, these blows may wound me as well and nail me completely to your love.

O my Jesus, as the thorns [under the weight of the Cross] are driven farther into your head, I offer You all of my thoughts so that like loving kisses, they may console You and assuage the bitter pains of your thorns.

I see that your enemies are not yet satiated with insulting You and deriding You, and I want to comfort your divine gazes with my loving gazes. Your tongue is almost cleaved to the roof of your mouth due to the bitterness of the bile of the human will and the ardent thirst You experience. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You desire to see all the hearts of souls overflowing with love, but not having them near You causes your love to burn more ardently for them. My sweet love, I intend to send You rivers of love to relieve in some way the bitterness of the bile and your ardent thirst... O Jesus, I see that with every movement You make the wounds in your hands tear open more widely, and your sorrow becomes more intense and overwhelmed. My dear good Jesus, to relieve and comfort this sorrow of yours, I offer You the holy works of all souls.

O Jesus, how much You suffer in your most sacred feet! It seems that all the movements of your most sacred body reverberate in them, and nobody is near You to sustain You in order to somehow assuage the bitterness of your sorrows. My most sweet life, I desire to gather together the steps of the souls of all generations – past, present and future – and redirect them all to You, so that they may come to console You in your harsh pains.

My dear Jesus, alas, how tortured your poor Heart is! How may I comfort so much sorrow? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in your Heart and my desires in your ardent desires, so that the all evil desires [of all souls] may be destroyed. I diffuse my love in your love,

so that by means of the fire of your love, the hearts of all souls may be set ablaze and all profane love vanquished. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to your most loving Heart with the nails of your desires, of your love and of your Will... O my Jesus, crucified one, crucify me in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to free myself from these nails of yours, but let me always be nailed [with you], so that I may love You, offer You reparation on behalf of all and relieve the pain that souls cause You with their sins.

**Jesus is Crucified, and with him
we disarm the Divine Justice**

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross, and then let it drop into the hole they had prepared in advance. And You, my sweet love, remain suspended between heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with a weak and feeble voice, say: **“Holy Father, here I am, laden with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin that has not been poured out on Me. Therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon mankind, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross and to plead forgiveness on their behalf with the voice of My Blood and My wounds. O Father, do You not see to what a sorrowful state I am reduced?**

By this Cross and by virtue of these pains, grant to all true conversion, peace, forgiveness and holiness!”

My crucified love, I too want to accompany You to the throne of the Eternal One and, along with You, disarm the Divine Justice. I make your most sacred humanity my own, and united with your Will and with You, I wish to do whatever You do... May my thoughts flow in your thoughts, may my will, desires and love flow in your Will, desires and love; may my heartbeat flow in your Heart and my being flow in You. By this means, nothing [You do] will escape me, and in everything You do I shall unite my act to your act, and my word to your word.

And You, my crucified and good Jesus, in seeing the [Father's] Divine Justice irritated with his creatures, prostrate yourself before him, and enclose them all within your most sacred humanity in order to safeguard them.⁶² In this way, the Father sees all creatures in You and, out of love for You, refrains from casting them out his sight. And if the Father looks at his creatures with disdain, it is because so many of them have disfigured the beautiful image in which he made them. Such creatures nurture no thought other than to offend him – with their intelligence that should have been used to understand him, they have

⁶² In this hour Luisa's expressions of the Father becoming "irritated" and feeling "disdain", and of the divine Spirit experiencing "offense", convey the "sorrows" of the three inseparable divine Persons. Inasmuch as the second divine Person alone assumed a passible human nature, he experiences "pain" and "sorrow", whereas the other two Persons experience only "sorrow" (L. Piccarreta, volume 19, May 31, 1926; vol. 19, June 6, 1926).

instead made of it a waste bin in which they accumulate sin.

And You, O my Jesus, in order to appease the Father,⁶³ ask him to behold your most sacred head pierced with thorns and overwhelmed with atrocious convulsions. [Through your crown of thorns] You keep nailed to your mind the intelligence of all souls, and to every mind You offer [yourself] up in expiation to satisfy the Divine Justice. Oh how these thorns act as pious voices before the Divine Majesty to extend pardon to all the evil thoughts of all souls! My Jesus, my thoughts are one with yours, therefore with You I pray, implore, entreat pardon and offer reparation before the Divine Majesty for all evil souls commit through the use of their intelligence. Allow me to take your thorns and your own intelligence and, with these, approach all souls to bind your intelligence to theirs. With the sanctity of your intelligence I wish to restore their intelligence to its original state, as when it emerged from your creative hands; with the sanctity of your thoughts I wish to reorder all the evil thoughts of souls in You, and

⁶³ St. Augustine affirms that Jesus could have redeemed mankind without dying on the Cross and with only *one drop of his Blood* (Sunday Sermon IV), and Luisa affirms that the Jesus could have redeemed mankind with *one word* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900). Therefore, the work of Redemption was not contingent upon Jesus “appeasing the Father’s justice”; rather in freely taking upon himself unparalleled sufferings that far surpassed the requirements of Redemption, Jesus petitioned the Father for a superabundance of grace, merit and glory in every human act in addition to offering reparation for every sin. Augustine calls this superabundance of Christ’s sufferings, “grace upon grace” (AUGUSTINE, *De gratia et libero arbitrio*, 9.21, PL 44.893; NBA 20.50).

with your thorns, pierce the minds of all souls to restore to them their dominion and rule... O Jesus, may You alone be the master of the thoughts and affections of every soul! May You sustain all things, and the face of the earth, despite its horrific and frightful appearance, will change!

But the divine Father, in seeing nearly all of his poor children steeped in sins of such an appalling nature as to nauseate all of heaven, remains irritated. Oh, how the divine Spirit is offended in almost no longer recognizing in the poor human creature the work of his most sacred hands! On the contrary, his creatures appear to be many monsters occupying the earth that draw down the Father's wrathful gaze... And You, O Jesus, wishing to appease the Father, seek to soften his Heart by uniting your eyes with his [so as to make him see poor mankind through your compassionate gaze], and thus You show him your eyes covered with Blood and filled with tears. Before the Father's divine majesty You weep, over and over again, to move him to compassion over the plight of so many unhappy souls, and I hear your voice that says:

“My Father, it is true that these ungrateful souls continue to stain themselves with more sins and no longer merit your Fatherly gaze. But, look at Me, O Father. Before You I weep so much as to form a bath of tears and Blood to cleanse them of the appalling sins with which they have covered themselves. My Father, do You perhaps wish to reject Me? No, You cannot, as I am your Son, and as your Son I am the head of all souls,

and they are My members. Let us save them, O Father, let Us save them!”

My Jesus, unparalleled love, I wish to weep with your eyes before the Supreme Majesty for the loss of so many unhappy souls. Let me take your tears and your own loving gazes, as they are one with mine, and let me take them to souls. To move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls, I will show them how You weep for them, and that while they stain themselves, You are ready to cleanse them with your tears and your Blood. And in seeing You weep, they will surrender to You... Let me cleanse the filth of all souls with your tears; may your tears descend into their hearts to soften the many souls that are obstinately entrenched in sin, and overcome their obstinacy. I wish to make your loving gaze penetrate souls, so that they may raise their eyes to heaven, love You and no longer go astray to offend You. In this way, the divine Father will no longer be irritated when gazing down upon his unfortunate children.

And I see that the Father’s wrath is not yet appeased. For despite the Father’s bounty that filled the heavens and the earth with so much love, as to bear witness to the love and goodness he nurtures toward his children – so much so that in almost every step and action of his children one witnesses the love and grace of their Father’s Heart overflowing – the ungrateful human creature, despising this love, refuses to recognize it. On the contrary, the human creature defies his love by filling the heavens and earth with insults, ridicule and offenses. And, as if

wanting to destroy the Father's love and set itself up as an idol in his place, it tramples his love asunder with its sullied feet. All these offenses pierce the heavens and arrive before the [throne of the] Divine Majesty. Oh, how the Father is irritated in seeing the vile [sins of] human beings arrive at the point of insulting and offending him every which way. But You, O my Jesus, always ready to defend us, with the enrapturing force of your love, compel the Father to behold your most sacred face, covered with all of these insults and ridicule, and You say to him:

“My Father, do not disdain your poor creatures. If You are irritated with them, You are irritated with Me. Oh, have mercy. I bear all these offenses on My face to requite You on everyone's behalf. My Father, unleash not your wrath upon these unfortunate souls; they are blind and know not what they do. Take a good look at Me, and see how I have been reduced for love of them. If You are not moved to compassion over the wretched state of mankind, may My face besmirched with spittle, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen from many inflicted strikes and blows, soften your Heart... My Father, have mercy! I, who was the most radiant of all, am now so disfigured that I am no longer recognizable... I am the most degraded of all. And at all costs I wish to save the poor human creature!”

My Jesus, is such love possible? Since I want to follow You in everything, let me have at my disposal your most sacred face, so that I may show it ever-so disfigured to the Father, whereby he may be moved to compassion

over poor mankind which is already dying under the scourge of the Divine Justice. Let me go to souls and show them your face, ever-so disfigured for love of them, to move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls. With the light of your face and with the enrapturing force of your love, may I make them understand who You are, and who they are, as they dare to offend You. In this way, their souls, leading a life dead to grace, will rise up out of their many sins and prostrate themselves before You in an act of adoration and glory.

My adorable and crucified Jesus, souls continue to irritate the Divine Justice, and from their mouths resounds the echo of horrendous blasphemies, voices of condemnations and curses, evil conversations, plots among one another of massacres and bloodbaths... Oh, all these voices deafen the earth and pierce the heavens, offending God's divine ears who, wearied with these venomous echoes of souls, wishes to put an end to them by casting them far from his sight. For all of these venomous voices condemn and cry out for justice and vengeance against the very souls who voice them. Oh, how the Divine Justice feels compelled to shower down chastisements! Oh, how these many horrendous blasphemies ignite God's wrath!

But You, O my Jesus, loving us with the greatest love, confront all of these murderous voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and reunite them in your voice. You make your sweetest voice of blessings, praise, and supplications for mercy, gratitude and love on behalf of unhappy souls reach your Father's ears to refresh him from

the offenses they send him. And to appease the Father even more, You show him your most sacred mouth and say:

“My Father, turn to Me; behold your Son. Do not listen to the voices of these souls, but listen to My voice! I am the one who offers satisfaction for all. Therefore, I entreat You to look at souls in and through Me. If You do not look at them through Me, what will become of them? They are weak, ignorant, intent on nothing but evil and filled with all misery... Have mercy, have mercy on these unhappy souls! I will answer for them with My tongue embittered with bile, consumed with thirst and burned and parched with love...”

My embittered Jesus, my voice in yours wants to face all these offenses. Let me go to all souls with your tongue and your lips and, touching their tongue to yours, make them taste the bitterness of your tongue so that, in the act of wanting to offend You [through blasphemy], if not for love at least for the bitterness they taste, they will desist from blaspheming. Let me touch their lips to yours and make them feel on their lips the fire of sin, and let me make your omnipotent voice resound in each of their hearts, so that the current of evil voices may stop and all human voices may convert into voices of blessings and praise.

Crucified Jesus, souls still refuse to surrender to You despite your immense sorrow and love. Instead, they despise You, and add insult to injury by committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, crimes, cruel acts, deceptions, divisions and betrayals. Oh, all of these evil

works weigh so heavily on the arms of your Heavenly Father that, unable to sustain their weight, his arms are on the verge of falling to unleash fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch souls from the divine wrath and for fear of seeing them destroyed, stretch out your arms to your Father to help him sustain the weight [of such evil works], and You prevent and impede the Divine Justice from taking its course. And to move the Father to compassion for the wretched state of mankind and to soften his Heart, You say to him with the most moving voice:

“My Father, look at these hands, rent open, and these nails that both pierce and transfix them to all evil works. Oh, in these hands I feel all the convulsions caused by such evil works. O Father, are You not satisfied with My sorrows? Am I perhaps not able to offer You worthy satisfaction? These dislocated arms of Mine will always be chains to tightly embrace the poor souls so that they may not escape. My Father, apart from those who forcefully strain to break free from Me, these arms of Mine will be loving chains that bind You and prevent You from casting from your sight these poor souls. What is more, I will continue to draw souls to you, so that You may pour out on them your grace and your mercy!”

O my Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and compels me to do what You do. So, with You, and at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent the Divine Justice from unleashing itself on poor mankind. With the Blood

that pours forth from your hands I wish to extinguish the fire of sin that arouses God's justice and to calm its fury. To move the Father to have compassion for his own children, allow me to place in your arms the sorrows and sufferings of all creatures, the groans of the many souls who are poor and wounded, and the many hearts that are grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go to all souls and place them all in your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. With the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works and make all desist from doing evil.

Jesus, my crucified love, souls are not yet satisfied with offending You, but seek to drink to the very dregs all the filth of sin, whereby they run almost wildly along the path of evil. They go from one sin to the next, they disobey all of your laws and, denying You, they rebel against You. And as if out of spite, these souls wish to go to hell. Oh, how the Supreme Majesty becomes indignant! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all – even over the obstinacy of souls – in order to appease the divine Father, show him your most sacred humanity in its entirety: lacerated, dislocated and tortured in every horrible way. You show him your most sacred feet pierced and twisted under the weight of convulsions. And with the most moving voice, wanting to win souls over with love and sorrow and, as if in act of breathing your last and to triumph over the Father's Heart, You say:

“My Father, look at Me. From My head to My feet not one part of Me is left unbattered. There is not

one single part of My body that I can offer to receive more wounds and procure more sufferings. If You are not appeased at this moving sight of love and sorrow, who will appease You? O souls, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope remains for you to convert? My Blood and wounds will always be voices that constantly call down from heaven to earth the grace of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for poor humanity!”

O my Jesus, I see You in excruciating pain to appease the Father and win over souls. Allow me to assume your most sacred feet and, with them, make my rounds throughout creation to bind their steps to your feet, so that as souls choose to take the path of evil, they may feel the bond You established with them and turn away from evil. Oh, with your feet grant that they may turn back from the path of evil, may You place them on the path of righteousness, make them docile to your law and, with your nails, close off [to them] hell so that no one may end up in there!⁶⁴

O my Jesus, crucified love, I see that You are unable to [physically] endure anymore, as You strain and suffer terribly on the Cross: Your bones continually grind against each other, such that with every tiny movement You make they dislocate more and more; your flesh tears away piece by piece; your ardent thirst consumes You; your embittered, painful and loving interior sorrows impair

⁶⁴ Ibid.

your breathing; human ingratitude acting as many of the martyrdoms You experience, confronts You and overwhelms You like a mighty wave to the core of your pierced Heart. It crushes You so much that your most sacred humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to succumb, whence burning with love and the desire to suffer [yet more for souls], You cry out [to the Father] for mercy and help... Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help?

Oh, how I desire to fuse myself in each drop of your most precious Blood, to shed [for You] my own blood in order to mend each one of your wounds and lessen and assuage the piercings of each thorn, and fuse myself in each interior pain of your Heart to relieve your intense bitterness. I want to give You life for life and, if it were possible, remove You from the Cross and take your place. And yet, I see that I am nothing and can do nothing; I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me yourself, Jesus; I will take up life in You and, in You, I will offer You to yourself. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings.

Crushed Jesus, I see that your most sacred humanity is coming to an end, not you[r divine Person], but [the human nature You assumed] to fulfill our Redemption in everything. [To continue] You need divine help and assistance. Oh, how the divine Father is moved in looking at the horrible massacre of your most sacred humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made on your most sacred limbs! To satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to

his Paternal Heart and gives You the necessary help to accomplish our Redemption... As He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, but more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes from the scourging, the renting of wounds and the piercing of thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing all these pains thrust upon You and arrive at the innermost recesses of your Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in his sorrow, He says to You:

“Is it possible, My Son, that not even the elect whom You have chosen wish to give themselves entirely over to You? Rather, it appears that the souls who ask to enter your Heart to seek refuge and shelter, end up scorning You and causing You a more sorrowful death. Moreover, all the sufferings they cause You are hidden under the veil of hypocrisy. Oh, Son, I can no longer withhold My indignation at the sight of the ingratitude of these souls who grieve Me more than all other souls combined!”

But You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all, defend these souls too, and out of the immense love of your Heart, form a wall to block the waves of scorn and thorns they send You. And to appease your Father, You say to him:

“My Father, look at this Heart of Mine. May all these pains satisfy You [on behalf of souls]; the more bitter they are the more powerful they will be over your Paternal Heart to implore grace, light and forgiveness on their behalf. My Father, do not reject them, for they

will be My defenders who will continue My life on earth.”⁶⁵

Most loving Father, if My humanity has now attained the peak of its sufferings, this Heart of Mine breaks on account of the bitterness of the interior sorrows and unheard-of heart renting I have now endured for thirty-four years, indeed from the first moment of My Incarnation. You are well aware, O Father, that if Our omnipotence had not sustained Me for the sake of prolonging My suffering up until this very moment of extreme agony, the intensity of My interior sorrows would have made Me die from pure convulsions in each instant... Ah, if up till now I have offered You all the sufferings of My humanity to appease your justice and to make your triumphant mercy shower down on all souls, I now present to You this Heart of Mine bruised, beaten and broken under the weight of consecrated souls gone astray!

My Father, this is the Heart that has loved You with an infinite love, always consumed with love for My brothers, who are your children in Me. This is the generous Heart that has longed to suffer and offer You complete satisfaction for all the sins of mankind. Have pity on its desolation, on the continuous blows it receives, on its never-ending heartache, and on its

⁶⁵ This beautiful expression offers the reader an insight into the depths of the mercy and omniscience of the Son of God, who foresees on the Cross future conversions of chosen souls who, like St. Paul, had once persecuted him and his Church.

anguish and sadness in the face of death! O My Father, has there perhaps been one single heartbeat of Mine that did not always seek out your glory for the salvation of My brothers and at the cost of My pains and Blood? Were these brothers of Mine not borne from this Heart of Mine? Has this ever-so oppressed Heart of Mine not poured out ardent supplications, groans and sighs? Have I not wept and cried out for mercy in your presence for thirty-four years?

O Father, You have always heard My prayers an infinite number of times, granting Me an infinite number of souls;⁶⁶ I give You infinite thanks.

But, Father, how is it possible for the sorrows in My Heart to be assuaged when so much as one soul escapes Our love – for Our love for one soul alone is as great as Our love for all souls combined! Must it be said that I breathed My last breath on the Cross when even souls consecrated to Us wretchedly perish before My

⁶⁶ The Father granting his crucified Son an infinite number of souls does not imply that all souls were not already granted to him from the moment of his Incarnation. In the Christmas Novena Jesus assures Luisa that the *lives of all souls* were already present in him at the moment of his Incarnation (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922; Ibid., vol. 14, November 11, 1922), and in her volumes he reassures her that his hidden life divinized the *acts of all souls* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900; Ibid., vol. 11, April 14, 1912). In light of the preceding, one may affirm that while Christ's *Redemption* of all souls began with his Incarnation and culminated with his Passion, death and Resurrection, he obtained the *conversion to salvation* of many ("an infinite number") of souls through his prayers on the Cross in the presence of the Father.

eyes? I am already drowning in a sea of anguish on account of the iniquity and eternal loss of Judas, who remained obstinate and ungrateful and who rejected all of My love and its docile ways. I blessed him so much, to the point of ordaining him a Priest and a Bishop like My other Apostles... Oh Father, let this abyss of My sorrows be enough! Let what I see be enough... souls chosen by Us and of the same consecrated calling choosing to follow Judas along similar pathways! Help Me, O Father, I beseech You! I cannot bear all this sorrow! Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined? Does not the Blood from My Heart pour out in greater abundance than all the Blood that pours out of My wounds? Oh, My Heart breaks from love and sorrow! Have mercy, Father, have mercy – not on Me, but on all souls for whom I long to suffer to infinity, especially those who are called either to be My spouse⁶⁷ or to be My Priests!

Listen, O Father, My Heart with its fiery heartbeats makes Me feel like I am dying and, with cries of supplication say: “For the many sorrows I

⁶⁷ Here the expression, “spouse”, signifies a person consecrated to God. Traditionally, ‘spouse’ is someone in Religious Life with vows of poverty, chastity and obedience (the three evangelical counsels). In more recent times, the term spouse has assumed a form that is poignantly articulated in Pope John Paul II’s encyclical, “Consecrated Life”. This new form of Consecrated Life includes lay persons that live in the world with public or private vows to God through his Church. It is noteworthy that Luisa was a spouse of Consecrated Life shortly before it was officially recognized in the Church.

endure, I implore efficacious grace for their repentance and true conversion for all these unhappy souls! Let not one of them escape Us! I thirst, Father, I thirst for all souls, but especially for these⁶⁸ – I thirst for more suffering for each of these souls! My Father, I have always done your Will. Now, for love of Me, your most beloved Son in whom You are well pleased, grant that this Will of Mine, which is also your Will, may be perfectly accomplished!”

O my Jesus, I unite myself to your supplications, your sufferings and your sorrowful love. Grant me your Heart so that I may always experience your thirst for souls consecrated to You, and restore to You all of their love and affection... Let me go to all souls and bring to them your Heart. At the touch of your Heart, may the cold-hearted become warm-hearted, may the irresolute become stout-hearted, and may the wayward turn back to You and recover many of the graces they had squandered. Your Heart is stifled with sorrow and bitterness in seeing frustrated, on account of their lack of correspondence, the many divine designs You had over them, and in seeing the sad consequences of the many souls that would have otherwise had life and salvation through them.⁶⁹ I want to

⁶⁸ “These” refers back to Jesus’ spouses and Priests.

⁶⁹ Some incorrect translations of this work state that chosen souls who are unfaithful to their calling are the cause of “*the loss of the salvation of other souls*”. It is not sound Catholic doctrine to assert that one person may be the *direct cause* of the damnation of another. However, it is correct to affirm that one person may be the *direct cause* of another’s temptation (e.g., an evildoer’s immoral actions may frustrate the flow of grace into the soul of another) and indirect cause of

show them your Heart which they have embittered, and dart them with the fiery darts of your Heart. I want to make them experience [the fruits of] all of your supplications and all the sorrows You endured for love of them, whereby they may surrender to You. In this way, they will return to You repentant and place themselves at your feet, your loving divine designs over them will be realized, they will be in You, surround You and no longer offend You, and they will offer You reparation to console You and defend You.

My crucified Jesus, my life, I see You still agonize on the Cross. Your love is not satisfied; it wants to fulfill your Will in all things. I too, agonize with You... [and I implore]:

‘All you angels and saints, come to Mount Calvary to behold the excess and follies of God’s love! Let us kiss Jesus’ bleeding wounds and adore them, let us bear up his lacerated limbs and thank him for our Redemption! Let us turn our gaze to our sorrowful mother, who feels as many sorrows and deaths in her Immaculate Heart as there are sorrows she beholds in God her Son! Her very clothes are covered with his Blood which has been poured out on Mount Calvary...

Let us all take this Blood and ask our sorrowful mother to join us. Let us go throughout the world to the aid

another’s *possible* damnation (“possible” because each person’s free and intended choices directly decide his/her own destiny, and not those of another). For a theological answer development of this theme, cf. the Q & A section of the following link: www.LivingintheDivineWill.com.

of all... Let us go to the aid of those souls who are in danger of death so that they may not die; to the aid of fallen souls so they may rise again; to the aid of souls about to sin so that they may not fall. Let us administer this Blood to the many poor and blind souls so that the light of truth may shine in them; to suffering souls so that they may be comforted. And if we should find souls that are dying and are about to go to hell, let us take this divine Blood that contains the price of their Redemption and snatch them from Satan...'

And as I cling tightly to the Heart of Jesus to defend him and offer him reparation in everything, I press all souls to his Heart so that they may obtain the efficacious grace of conversion, and remain on the path of grace and salvation...

Jesus, I see rivulets of Blood flow from your hands and feet... Weeping angels gather round You to form [for You] a crown and admire the portents of your immense love. At the foot your Cross I see your tender mother pierced with sorrow, your dear Magdalene and your beloved John rapt in an ecstasy of wonder, sorrow and love.

O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I embrace your Cross. I take all the drops of your Blood and pour them into my own heart... When I see your justice is aroused on account of sinners, I will show You this Blood to appease it; when I entreat the conversion of souls enslaved in sin, I will show You this Blood. By virtue of this Blood You will not reject this prayer of mine, for I hold this pledge of your love in my hands...

11 AM HOUR

And now, my crucified love, in the name of all generations of the past, present and future, and with your mother and all the angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”