

Second Week

Day 20 of 33

Theme for the Week: Knowledge Of The Blessed Virgin

Acts of love, pious affection for the Blessed Virgin, imitation of her virtues, especially her profound humility, her lively faith, her blind obedience, her continual mental prayer, her mortification in all things, her surpassing purity, her ardent charity, her heroic patience, her angelic sweetness, and her divine wisdom: "there being," as St. Louis De Montfort says, "the ten principal virtues of the Blessed Virgin."

We must unite ourselves to Jesus through Mary - this is the characteristic of our devotion; therefore, Saint Louis De Montfort asks that we employ ourselves in acquiring a knowledge of the Blessed Virgin.

Mary is our sovereign and our mediatrix, our Mother and our Mistress. Let us then endeavor to know the effects of this royalty, of this mediation, and of this maternity, as well as the grandeurs and prerogatives which are the foundation or consequences thereof. Our Mother is also a perfect mold wherein we are to be molded in order to make her intentions and dispositions ours. This we cannot achieve without studying the interior life of Mary; namely, her virtues, her sentiments, her actions, her participation in the mysteries of Christ and her union with Him.

Luke 2:16-21, 45-52

And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child. And all that heard, wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. And after eight days were accomplished, that the child should be circumcised, his name was called JESUS, which was called by the angel, before he was conceived in the womb...

...And not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him. And it came to pass, that, after three days, they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his wisdom and his answers. And seeing him, they wondered. And his mother said to him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? did you not know, that I must be about my father's business? And they understood not the word that he spoke unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men.

Recite: Litany of the Holy Ghost, Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Ave Maris Stella, St. Louis de Montfort's Prayer to Mary, and the Rosary (See Appendix)

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 20

**Jesus in the womb of his Mother: In the Virgin Mary
the Fiat forms a new Heaven, in whom the Divine Sun,
fills Heaven and earth**

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

Here I am again, my Heavenly Mother. I come to rejoice with you and, bowing at your holy feet, I hail you, full of grace and Mother of Jesus. Oh, I will no longer find my mother alone, for with you I find my little prisoner Jesus!²⁷ So we will be three, no longer two: My mother, Jesus and I. I am so fortunate that in wanting to find my little King Jesus, all I have to do is find our mother. Holy mother, I entreat you, by the greatest prerogatives of your divine maternity, to have mercy on me, your weak and little child, and say on my behalf the first word to the little prisoner Jesus, so that He may grant me the great grace of living in his Divine Will.

²⁷ In her volumes Luisa occasionally refers to Jesus as the divine “prisoner” of love who, for love of us, “imprisons” himself in the womb of Mary and in the Tabernacle. Luisa’s first contact with this expression occurred during her first Communion class when the Pastor, Rev. Phillip Furio, delivered inspiring words to her on Jesus “imprisoned” in the Tabernacle. Luisa, now nine years of age, was moved to tears and, with great devotion, received her First Holy Communion. Rev. Furio’s words proved prophetic, as for many years to come the Eucharist would become Luisa’s dominant passion.

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Lesson of the Heavenly Queen, the Mother of Jesus:

My dear child, today I await you more than ever. My maternal Heart is enflamed with love. My child, I desire to pour out on you my ardent love. I wish for you to know that I, the Mother of Jesus, possess infinite joys – seas of happiness inundate me; although I am the Mother of Jesus, I am also his creature and his handmaid. I owe all of this solely to the [Divine] Fiat – the Fiat that made me full of grace and prepared [in me] a worthy dwelling for my Creator. Therefore, may there be perpetual glory, honour and thanksgiving to the Supreme Fiat.

Now listen closely to what your mother wishes to tell you, child of my Heart. As soon as the little humanity of Jesus was formed in my womb by the power of the Supreme Fiat, the sun of the Eternal Word incarnated himself in me.

I had my heaven²⁸ formed by the Fiat, all arrayed with the most refulgent stars that glittered with joys, beatitudes and harmonies of divine beauty. The sun of the Eternal Word, refulgent with inaccessible light, came to

²⁸ The “heaven” Mary here refers to is the Divine Kingdom she had established within her soul, which Adam and Eve failed to establish. This heaven in Mary consisted of that immaterial place within her soul (“void”) in which she deposited the timeless acts of Christ, as well as the lives of all creatures whose acts she would continue to divinize and enliven throughout her earthly existence (L. Piccarreta, volume 23, January 27, 1928; volume 34, December 8, 1936; volume 17, May 1, 1925). This Divine Kingdom in Mary’s sinless soul (will, intellect and memory) generated God’s divine light that impacted her virginal body (womb), thereby actualizing the incarnation of the Eternal Word.

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take up his dwelling in this heaven [of mine], and concealed his divinity within his little humanity. Because his humanity was unable to contain his divinity, the center of the sun of the Eternal Word remained in his humanity, while its light overflowed beyond his humanity and, investing heaven and earth, reached the heart of every creature. With the pulsating light of his divinity, he knocked at the door of every human heart and, with voices of penetrating light, he entreated them: *“My children, open the doors of your hearts to Me; grant Me a place in your heart. I have descended from heaven to earth to form My life in each one of you. My dear mother is the center in whom I reside, and all you, My children, are called to form the circumference in which I wish to reproduce in each and every one of you My own divine life.”*

And Jesus’ [divine] light knocked [at every heart], over and over again, without ever ceasing, while his little humanity moaned, wept and yearned. [Hoping to be invited into each heart], He made his moans, tears, and pangs of love and pain flow within this [divine] light, which reached all hearts.

At this moment your mother began a new life. I was aware of everything my Son did; I saw him consumed with seas of devouring love; each one of his heartbeats, breaths and pains were seas of love that He unleashed and that enveloped all creatures whom he acquired by the vehemence of his own love and sorrow. And as his little humanity was conceived, He conceived all the pains He was to endure up to the last day of his life. He enclosed all

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souls within himself, because He, being God, could contain everyone. His immensity enclosed all souls and his all-embracing vision rendered all of them present to him. Therefore, my beloved Son Jesus felt the weight and the burden of all the sins of each and every soul. And I, your mother, followed him in everything and felt within my maternal Heart the new generation of the pains of my sweet Jesus, and the new generation of all souls whom I, their mother, was to generate with my Son to grace, to light and to the new life my dear Son came to bring to earth.

My child, from the moment I was conceived, I loved you as a mother; I felt you within my Heart; I was on fire with love for you, but I did not yet understand the purpose of these feelings. The Divine Fiat empowered me to carry out these acts [of loving you], while keeping hidden from me the purpose [of these acts].²⁹ It was only when Jesus incarnated himself [in me] that God revealed to me the purpose, whereby I understood the fruition of my maternity: I was to become not only the Mother of Jesus, but the Mother of all [the living]. This maternity of mine

²⁹ This sentence is pivotal to the proper understanding of the actualization of God's gifts. Oftentimes, God grants a soul a gift *without* having first revealed to it its knowledge. Such was the case with the Blessed Virgin Mary who, while experiencing a unique love for all souls whom God had entrusted to her by virtue of her divine maternity, was not yet aware that she was the chosen Mother of God *and* of all souls. Indeed, God can actualize the gift of Living in the Divine Will in souls who have not had the explicit knowledge of Luisa's writings. Such was the case with Ss. Faustina Kowalska, Maxamillian Kolbe, Blessed Dina Belanger, Venerable Concepcion de Armida; Vera Grita, etc.

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was to be forged on the anvil of suffering and love. My child, how much I loved you, and still love you!

Dear child, pay close attention now to the heights one may attain when the Divine Will takes up its operating life in the soul, and when the human will welcomes its operation without impeding its step. God's Fiat which, by its very nature, possesses the generating virtue, generates all blessings in the soul: it renders the soul fruitful and it endows the soul with the office of motherhood through which it governs all things and all blessings, even the One who created it. Motherhood signifies and exercises true love – heroic love. Such love is happy to give its life in exchange for the one it has generated. Without such heroic love, the word motherhood is sterile, empty and reduced to a mere word and, despite its many deeds, it does not [truly] exist.

Therefore, my child, if you wish to generate all blessings, let the Fiat take up its operating life in your soul, which will confer upon you the office of motherhood, whereby you may love everyone with a motherly love. And I, your mother, will teach you how to bring this motherhood to fruition within you, so that it becomes a divine and completely holy motherhood.

The soul:

Holy mother, I abandon myself in your arms. Oh, how I long to bathe your maternal hands with my tears to

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move you to compassion over the state of my poor soul. If you love me as a mother, enclose me within your Heart and let your love consume my misery and weakness. And may the power of the Divine Fiat which you possess as a Queen establish its operating life in me, whereby I may say: “My mother, you are all mine, and I am all yours.”

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, three times and in the name of all, thank the Lord who incarnated himself and became a prisoner within my womb, and in this way you will give me the great honour of having been chosen to be his mother.

Exclamation:

Mother of Jesus, be my mother and guide me along the pathway that leads me to the Will of God.

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Twentieth Hour

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First hour of agony on the Cross

**Jesus' first word: *"Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do!"***

My Crucified love, I see You on the Cross, as on the throne of your triumph, in the act of conquering all things and all hearts and drawing them so closely to yourself that all may experience your superhuman power. Nature is horrified at such a great crime and prostrates itself before You; it awaits in silence a word from You to pay You homage and make your dominion known. The sun, unable to sustain such an overwhelmingly sorrowful sight of You, weeps and withdraws its light. Hell is terrified and waits in silence, and all creation is hushed in silence... Your sorrowful mother and your faithful ones remain utterly speechless. Petrified at the sight of your torn and dislocated body, they behold You in agony and silently await a word from You. Your body hangs silently in an ocean of the pain of such agonizing and harrowing convulsions that the soldiers fear You might die with your next breath! What is more, everyone is speechless and hushed in silence, even the obstinate Jews and the ruthless executioners – who, up to a little while ago, were offending You, mocking You,

calling You an impostor and a criminal – and the thieves⁷⁰ who blasphemed You. Remorse enters them, such that if they try to insult You, the words die on their lips.

As my soul penetrates into your interior, I see that your love overflows, it suffocates You and you[r humanity] cannot contain it. Compelled by your love that torments You more than the pains themselves, with a strong and moving voice, You speak as the God You are. You raise your dying eyes to heaven and exclaim: **“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!”** And, again, You become silent, immersed in unheard-of pains.

Crucified Jesus, how can so much love be possible? Oh, after so many pains and insults, your first word is of forgiveness, and You excuse us before the Father for so many sins! Oh, You are the first to offer forgiveness, as You make this first word descend into each heart that has sinned. But how many reject it and do not accept it. Your love is then taken by folly, as with uncalculated excess You beg forgiveness for all and insist on giving to all the kiss of peace! At this word, hell trembles and recognizes You as God; nature and everyone remain astonished – they recognize your divinity and your unquenchable love – and silently wait to see how far it may go. And not only your voice, but also your Blood and your wounds cry out to

⁷⁰ Luisa depiction of “thieves” in the plural blaspheming Jesus is consistent with Sacred Scripture. Luke 23:39-43 reports two “criminals” (κακούργοι) who were crucified together with Jesus, *only one of whom* blasphemes Jesus. Additionally, Mathew 27:44 and Mark 15:32 report two “thieves” (ληστές), who were crucified after Jesus and the two criminals, and *both of these thieves* blasphemed Jesus.

every heart that has sinned: **“Come into My arms, for I forgive you; My seal of forgiveness is [purchased at] the price of My Blood.”** O my beloved Jesus, repeat this word again to all sinners in the world, entreat mercy for all and apply the infinite merits of your Most Precious Blood to all. O good Jesus, continue to appease the Divine Justice on everyone’s behalf, and concede your grace to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not find the strength to do so.

O my Jesus, adored and crucified, in these three hours of most bitter agony You long to bring to completion [the work of Redemption]. And as You silently hang on the Cross, I behold in your interior your desire to offer the Father satisfaction on behalf of all. You thank him and offer satisfaction on everyone’s behalf, You implore forgiveness for all, and beseech him the grace of them never offending You again. In order to obtain this from the Father You recapitulate and offer up your entire life, from the first instant of your conception to your last breath. Beloved Jesus, endless love, let me recapitulate your entire life with You along with our sorrowful mother, with St. John and with the pious women. [I entreat them]:

‘Let us go through the life and pains of my sweet Jesus. Jesus, I thank You [on behalf of all] for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood that flowed from it, for the blows You received on it and for the hair they tore from it. I thank You [on behalf of all] for all the good You have done and obtained for all; for the enlightenment and good inspirations You have given

all; for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, pride, conceit and self-esteem.

O my Jesus, I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times we have crowned You with thorns, for all the drops of Blood we made You shed from your *most sacred head*, and for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains You endured, I ask You, O Jesus, to grant us the grace to never again commit sins through our thoughts. I also intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred head, so as to offer You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made good use of their intellect.

O my Jesus, I adore your *most sacred eyes*, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel piercing of the thorns, for the insults, derisions and contempt You bore during your entire Passion. I ask your forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend and insult You, and I ask You for the sake of the pains suffered in your most sacred eyes, to grant us the grace to never again offend You with evil gazes. I also intend to offer You all that You yourself suffered in your most sacred eyes, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You if their gazes were fixed only on heaven, on the divinity and on You, O my Jesus.

I adore your *most sacred ears*; I thank You for all that You suffered on Calvary while the executioners deafened them with shouts and jeers. I ask your forgiveness

in the name of all for all the evil conversations we have listened to, and I entreat You to open to your eternal truths and to the voices of grace the ears of all men, so that no one may offend You ever again with their sense of hearing. I also intend to offer You all that You suffered in your most sacred ears, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made holy use of this faculty.

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss your *most sacred face*, and I thank You for all that You have suffered from the spittle, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You have allowed yourself to be trampled beneath the feet of your enemies. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times we dared to offend You, and I ask You for the sake of these slaps and this spittle, to let your divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all. What is more, my Jesus, I myself intend to go throughout the whole world, from east to west and from north to south, to unite all voices and change them into as many acts of praise, love and adoration as there are voices. Also, my Jesus, I intend to bring You all the hearts of souls, so that You may infuse light, truth, love and compassion for your divine Person into them all. And as You forgive all, I ask You not to allow anyone to offend You ever again, if possible, even at the cost of my blood. Finally, I intend to offer You everything You endured in your most sacred face, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You if no one had dared to offend You.

I adore your *most sacred mouth*, and I thank You for your first whimperings, for the milk You suckled, for all

the words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to your most sacred mother, for the food You ate, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the prayers You raised to your Father.

I ask your forgiveness for all gossip, for all evil and mundane conversations, and for all blasphemies uttered. I intend to offer [You] your holy conversations in reparation for all evil conversations. I offer the mortification of your taste in reparation for all gluttony, and for all the offenses souls have given You through the evil use of the tongue. I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred mouth, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and through the abuse of their tongue.

O Jesus, I thank You for everything, and in the name of all, I raise to You a hymn of infinite and eternal thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your *most sacred Person*, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they lived their lives in conformity with yours.

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your *most sacred shoulders*, for all the blows You have received, for all the wounds You have allowed them to open on your most sacred body, and for all the drops of Blood You shed. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times in which, for love of comforts, souls have offended You with illicit and evil pleasures.

I offer You your painful scourging in reparation for all the sins committed by each of the five senses – for attachment to our own tastes, to our own sensible pleasures, to our own ego and to all of our natural desires. I also intend to offer You all that You have suffered in your shoulders, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they tried to please You alone in everything, and to find shelter under the shadow of your divine protection.

O my Jesus, I kiss *your left foot*. I thank You for all the steps You took during your mortal life, and for all the times You drove your poor limbs to the point of fatigue, as You went in search of souls to lead them to your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and motions with the intention of offering You reparation for everything and everyone. I ask your forgiveness for those who do not operate with upright intentions; I unite my actions to yours so that they may be divinized, and I unite them to all the works You did in your most sacred humanity, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they operated in a holy way and with upright intentions.

O my Jesus, I kiss *your right foot*, and I thank You for all You have suffered and do suffer for me, especially in this hour in which You hang on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating lacerations the nails continue to form in your wounds which, under the weight of your most sacred body, tear open more and more. I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellious and disobedient acts of souls. I offer You

the pains of your most sacred feet in reparation for these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything.

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred left hand*. I thank You for all that You have suffered for me and for all the times You have appeased the Divine Justice by offering satisfaction for everyone!

I kiss your *right hand*, and I thank You for all the good You have done and do for everyone. In a special way, I thank You for the Fiats of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification.

I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for your blessings and for our many works done without an upright intention. I intend to give You all the perfection and sanctity of your own works in reparation for all of these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they corresponded to all of your blessings.

My dear Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*. I thank You for all that You have suffered, desired and yearned for, and for your love for everyone, with thanksgiving for each one in particular. I ask your forgiveness for all evil desires and bad affections and tendencies. I ask forgiveness, O Jesus, for the many who place your love after the love of others and, to give You all the glory that these have denied You, I offer You

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everything that your most adorable Heart has done and continues to do.