The Eucharist

Maria Valtorta

The Eucharist

This book is a compilation of excerpts
from the writings of Maria Valtorta
that reference the Eucharist.
Her writings comprise visions and dictations
received from Jesus and other heavenly persons
from 1943 to 1951.

Compiled by Terentius Ioseph

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  The Poem of the Man-God, Vols. 1-5 (Poem)
- *The Notebooks 1943* (NB43)
- *The Notebooks 1944* (NB44)
- *The Notebooks 1945-1950* (NB45)
- *The Little Notebooks* (LNB)
- *The Book of Azariah* (AZ)
- *Lessons on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans* (LES)

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Foreword

As a convert to the Roman Catholic Faith, I was interested in Heaven's commentary on the Christian Mysteries, the greatest of which is the Holy Eucharist, the fruit of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. So, I searched for and compiled every reference I could find in the English translations of Maria Valtorta's Writings, the Italian victim soul that Jesus Christ had chosen as His "Spokesman." Those textual references compiled herein shows the word "**Eucharist**," and in other forms, in bold type.

Why her, and why now? Jesus reveals his answer to us at the end of *The Gospel As Revealed To Me* by saying, under the heading, *The Reasons for the Work. Farewell to the Work.*:

> *"The reasons that have induced Me to enlighten and dictate episodes and words of Mine to little John are, in addition to the joy of communicating an exact knowledge of Me to this loving victim-soul [Maria], manifold.*
>
> *"But the moving spirit of all of them is My love for the Church, both teaching and militant, and My desire to help souls in their ascent towards perfection. The knowledge of Me helps to ascend. My Word is Life."*

If I had included in my search other words that could pertain to the Eucharist such as bread, wine, sacrament, flesh, blood, victim, viaticum, love, sacrifice, etc., I would have had to quote the entirety of Valtorta's writings.

I took section headings found in the Contents, directly from the referenced books' table of contents, or if none were given, I supplied them in ***[Bracketed Italics]***.

Some extracts are rather long, but they provide the necessary context for best understanding the Eucharist as Gift. I chose not to limit the speaker's dictations in the interests of making the compilation compact.

I have compiled the Eucharistic excerpts as accurately as possible, including footnotes from the originals that have been renumbered herein. Original, partially italicized body texts, footnotes, and non-italicized bracketed information in this book were taken as-is directly from the originals though renumbered. Whereas, I added some additional information to the body of the

extracted texts employing italicized brackets, *[...],* and footnotes that are *entirely italicized* for identification of non-original Writings' content.

Terentius Ioseph
Compiler
December 8, 2024
Feast of the Immaculate Conception

Prologue

The Frustrations of God's Work.[1]

Jesus says:

"When I hear the hypocritical and unreasonable sentence, which is a challenge to Charity, Wisdom, and Justice and a curtain to conceal their contrary will, audaciously and haughtily and even vilely contrary to mine -- 'If it is the work of God, God will take care of it and make it triumph' -- with a start of holy wrath I would like to come down to earth and repeat the gesture with which I cleansed the Temple of swindlers, thieves, and merchants.

"I ought to do this. But I am Mercy and remain such as long as man is on earth. I wait for their conversion as long as they have breath. But later, for the obstinate and the tempters of their Lord -- and they tempt Him because they know He is excessively good to them -- there will be the first and second Judgment, and they will know a Face of the Lord that is different from the one against which they hurl the spittle of their provocative sentence.

"What should I do to take care of the Work and make it triumph? Should I bring into action the tremendous God of Sinai, the God of the times of indignation and severity, and strike them dead in their sin, in their sins, for many are the sins contained in their arrogance towards my will. What else, if not this?

"Through you,[2] I have provided *all the proofs.* In you there is no sin of rebelliousness, simulation, or haughtiness. You are the docile victim of their will. You yourself defend their will -- for they are 'the Church' -- from those who would like to trample on it. Because of your crucifixion it is certain that you cannot scrutinize the books of doctors. Because of your cultural background, it is certain that you cannot write those pages. And what else do they want, if this does not suffice for them to say, 'Yes, it is the Spirit of God present here?' There is no dogmatic error -- there truly is none in the Work.

"If the Spirit has provided lights (lights of grace) to render fully luminous what one school or another has illuminated with a ray in one point over twenty centuries, let them bless God for his grace and not say, 'But we say something different.'

"Who is Wisdom? Is she their servant or queen?

"But in order not to call themselves rebels out of human pride, to conceal these wounds of theirs, they say, 'It is up to God.'

"God has acted and acts. But the prince of the world holds sway in this world, whereas the King of kings reigns in Heaven and, faithful -- He *is* faithful

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[1] *NB45, August 16, 1949, p. 531*

[2] *Maria Valtorta.*

-- to the free will He has left to man -- to test, reward, or, quite often, condemn him -- He does not do violence to their will, but awaits them, *and soon,* in judgment.

"They would do well to meditate on the page in the Gospel where I, the Teacher of teachers, Incarnate Wisdom, Word, and Truth, say that sins against the Holy Spirit *will not be forgiven.*

"And this truly is a work of the Spirit of the Spirit of God, of the Love of the Father and the Son, of the Spirit who knows all truth and comes to tell it to the men caught in the present whirlwind -- or, rather, whirlwinds -- so that they can defend themselves from the doctrines of hell."

This dictation followed upon a text by Father Cordovani on the need for the knowledge of theology among lay people, too, and their request for true and valid theology...

He then said to me:

"You shall tell your and my true friends never to repeat that statement again. They say this without malice. But I am pained all the same. Children of the Truth, as they want to be, must either keep silent in this regard or tell the truth: 'Jesus cannot triumph with the Work because men do not want this.'

"The truth should be stated in themselves and with their fellows (not with their enemies), just as I always stated it, even warning the children of the Torah (my apostles and disciples) about the yeast and the sins of the teachers of the Torah (the scribes and pharisees, including the highest among them, Caiphas and Annas themselves).

"Warn them. All. Laity and priest (my Father S.). So that they will not cause Me this sorrow.

"This sorrow! What pain! To see Myself, God, frustrated in my will by men or not understood, to the point of being told, 'You must take care of it.' Does no one consider, that this 'if it is the work of God, He must take care of it' is proof of the offensive doubt present in them and this does not come from God? Don't they consider that they are offending charity towards Me -- by insinuating that God, to persuade them, ought to perform extraordinary works to effect the triumph of those which are already extraordinary -- and charity towards you -- by insinuating, even unconsciously, that you have either simulated or had Darkness as your teacher? Let them not say so any more. Ever again.

"I had been wanting to say this for a long time. Because I see your heart is getting covered with wounds, one for each time the foolish statement is made. But you are now too wounded, soul of mine, for Me to go on maintaining silence.

"Soul of mine, soul of mine, soul of mine! Come and weep here, to be able to go on living. Come to Me. Here. And let us weep together because I once

more came ‘to my house *and was not welcomed or recognized,’* and once more ‘Jerusalem *kills her prophets between the temple and the altar...’*

“Since men and angels were created, how many perfect works of God have been frustrated or squandered by man?! And did they perhaps not come from God because they did not succeed? On the contrary, *precisely because they have come from God, they have been frustrated.* I am telling you so because it is true.”

The Holy Eucharist

To Love The Heart Of God In The Eucharist[3]

Jesus says:

"I love all souls. I love those of the pure who live as my Heart desires for your good, of the meek, as I am meek, of the generous who expiate for all and continue my Passion, of the merciful who imitate Me in regard to their brothers and sisters. I love sinners because it is for them that I became the Redeemer and went up onto the cross. Their sins bring Me pain but do not extinguish my love for them, do not extinguish the desire to clasp them to my breast once they have repented. I love the little souls that do not lack imperfections, but that are rich in love blotting out the imperfections.

"I love you, that are named Maria, the sweetest of names for Me. My Mother's name. That name which is a shield and defense against the wiles of the devil, that name which is heavenly music, that name which makes Our Trinity bolt with joy, that name with which I surrounded Myself in life and at the hour of death. Mary Magdalene and Mary Cleophas -- those faithful to Me and to my Mother.

"Believe in this love for you. Feel this love around you. Poor soul! You can find nothing but my Heart that is able to love you as you need to be loved.

"I have loved you so much that I have even satisfied your whims,[4] not very reasonable in reality, sanctioning your castles in the air with actual events. Not because that is pleasing to Me, but because I did not want to diminish you

[3] *NB43, June 4, 1943, p. 53*

[4] The sentence is repeated and explained in the dictation of June 12.

in the face of the world and because I knew that even those whims would later turn into a weapon for penance and love and thus for holiness.

"I have loved you so much that I have been able to wait for you... I would watch you acting like a frisky little goat and would sometimes smile and sometimes be sad; but I never got angry because I knew that my little goat would one day become a lamb.

"If I had not loved you as I have loved you, do you think you would be what you are? No. Consider carefully that you would only have gotten worse and worse. *But I was there watching over you.*

"Do not be afraid of my caresses. *Jesus never causes fear.* Abandon yourself. With your heart and your generosity. *Give me everything.* And take *everything* from Me.

"Last night, this morning, on the great pyre of sacrifice for peace, you placed your little sacrificial sheaf, with a smile squeezed out of love, struggling against the human tears that sought to well up, against the murmuring of the Enemy, who wanted to disturb you. Oh, beloved! This sacrifice of yours, made with the joy of love, shall not be forgotten.

"I now ask something of you. You know -- and the thought brings you pain -- that many consecrated Hosts are scattered amidst filth and ruins, in the devastation of churches. It is as if I were swept away, for I am in the Sacrament. Well then, in an ideal way, place your love like a precious carpet, like a table cloth of purest linen to gather Me as **Eucharist**, struck, wounded, profaned driven away from my Tabernacles, not by the little men striking my churches -- *they are nothing but the instruments -- but by Satan, who moves them. By Satan, who knows that the pace is quickening and that this is one of the decisive battles anticipating my coming.*

"Yes, *behind the screen of races, supremacies, and rights, behind the motive of political necessities, Heaven and Hell are in reality concealed, combating each other.* And it would suffice for half of the believers in the true God -- but, what am I saying? Less than this: *less than a quarter of believers -- truly to believe in my Name in order for Satan's weapons to be crushed. But where is Faith?*

"Love Me as **Eucharist**. *The **Eucharist** is the Heart of God; it is my Heart. I gave you my Heart at the Last Supper; I always give it to you,* provided you want it. *And you will not conceive the Christ in yourselves and give birth to Him unless you are able to make his Heart live in you.* When in a woman's womb a child is formed, what is formed first of all? The heart. So it is with the life of the spirit. *You will not give the Christ unless you form his Heart in yourselves by loving the **Eucharist**, which is Life and true Life.* By loving as my Mother loved Me, just conceived.

"Oh, what caresses, through her virgin flesh, for Me, formless and tiny, who quivered in Her, with my little embryonic heart! Oh, what pulsations, through the dark recesses of the organism, I communicated to her heart, from

the depths of that living Tabernacle where I took shape to be born and die for you, crucifying the heart of my Mother at my own Cross, for your sakes!

"But I communicate the same pulsations to your hearts when You receive Me. Your carnal and intellectual heaviness does not let you perceive them, *but I give them to you.* Open yourself entirely to receive Me.

"Many times a day -- I cannot say to you, *'At every instant,'* but if you were a cherub and not a creature with the weariness of matter, I would say, 'Every instant' -- repeat this prayer: 'Jesus, who are struck in our churches by the hand of Satan, I worship you in all the consecrated Hosts scattered and destroyed amidst the ruins. Take me as your ciborium, as your throne, as your altar. I know I am not worthy of this, but You love to stay among those who love You, and I love You for my sake and for the sake of whoever does not love You. May pain turn me crimson like blood so that I may become a worthy ornament to receive You, that want to be like us in this hour of war. May my love be a lamp burning before You, Most Holy Sacrament, and my holocaust, incense. So be it.'"

Knowledge As Destruction When Deprived Of The Spirit Of Love[5]

Jesus says:

"Without the Father I would not have been. But without the Spirit I would not have come. For it was the Love of the Father that sent Me. And the more love is alive in a heart, the more We are present and active therein. Hence the need to possess Love in yourselves -- that is, the Holy Spirit.

"I have said that *'it is necessary to be reborn in the Spirit in order to be able to possess eternal life.'* The birth of the flesh from other flesh does not distinguish you from the beasts except in this: *you will be judged for not having wanted to be reborn in the Spirit.* The beasts are not responsible for this. You are. You that believe in my Name, you that are regenerated by Baptism are. Why, then, are you not reborn in the Spirit? Why do you kill Love in yourselves?

"How can my doctrine be understood if Love is not in you? I said 'that you would understand when I sent the Consoler, the Spirit of Truth.' Now I have sent Him to you. I willingly went up onto the Cross to redeem you and prepare the way for the Paraclete. I willingly ascended into Heaven, leaving my Mother, the Only One in whom the Spirit was as in the Father's breast, so full of grace was She. Indeed, in Her was 'Grace' itself. I ascended, leaving the men whom I had loved so much, to the point of dying for them by death on the cross, so as to be able to send you Him in whose light everything becomes clear. I continue to send Him to you, to nourish this light with Myself, for I am in the Father and in the Spirit, and They are in Me.

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[5] *NB43, June 8, 1943, p. 66*

"And you have Me, with my Body, with my Blood, with my Essence, in the **Eucharist**. Your God and Brother. *But you live with the flesh.* You have Me, the Light of the world, and *once more -- indeed, increasingly -- you prefer the darkness to the light.* You resemble poor madmen. In the times when I lived in your midst, they would have called you 'obsessed,' possessed by an impure spirit inclining you towards strange perversions, because of which you love darkness, ugliness, unclean company, whereas you could live in the Light and in the Truth. You have hearing and do not hear; you have sight and do not see. You have speech, but you use it to curse and lie. You have a heart and do not raise it to Heaven, but sell it for base loves and base interests.

"Why do you live profaning and profaning yourselves? For you, what are the words of Truth and Life which I have left you and Which the Paraclete has explained to you in the light of Charity?

"From time to time I attempt another miracle of love and call you, speaking to you in a thousand ways. Come, investigate, rouse yourselves. But how? With a scientific curiosity. Your spirit does not awaken at the touch of the Mystery which is once again revealed and shows you God and his love. Poor creatures blinded by your human science!

"One alone is the necessary Science. Mine. And the Spirit of Truth communicates it to you. In his light all that is is sanctified, is purified, becomes good. *If your knowledge takes its origin from this perfect Knowledge, your human knowledge yields works of real utility.* Otherwise it does not. *If the science you possess is only human science, it is not true science. It is profanation.* It tears away the veils enfolding the cosmic forces in which I, who am able to ration the good and the evil which you ought to know, have enfolded them.

"The dragon hisses, 'Bite, man, bite into the fruit which will make you a god.' And you bite. *You do not know that you are eating your condemnation.* You develop a semidivine ingeniousness, it is true; you have wrested many secrets from the universe and have enslaved the forces of nature. But, lacking the counterpoise of love in your knowledge, *your knowledge has become only destructive power.* And Satan hisses his joy because in your discoveries he sees his sign negating God. His sign alone.

"If you devoted a fraction of what you devote to evil to doing good, you would already be saved. But following Goodness means being pure, continent, merciful, honest, just, and humble. And you instead prefer to be workers of iniquity."

Also Heard on the 7th

"You cannot reconcile the Kingdom of God with the kingdom of Satan. You cannot simultaneously satisfy the flesh and the spirit. You must choose.

"I have given you intelligence so that you can choose. I have given you light so that you can see. I have given you love so that you can guide yourselves.

And I have given you freedom, for your existence would not otherwise have merit. You have erred ten, a hundred, a thousand times.

"I have given you the Commandments to help you; I have given you the Prophets to cry out my Will to you. You have erred a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand times.

"I have given you Myself, leaving the Father's breast to speak to you. I have given you Myself, humbling Myself, God, to die like an evildoer to wash your hearts and make them capable of receiving God. I have given you the Spirit so that He would be your Master in the knowledge of my doctrine of charity, purity, goodness, and humility. You have erred ten thousand, a million times.

"The number of your errors can no longer be counted. You pile them up on each other like a pyramid. You make a second Tower of Babel to climb upon and say to each other, 'See, we are like God and go up to the heavens.' Satan helps you and laughs. He knows that the tower of your sins will crumble down upon you when you think you are touching the skies and cast you down into hell. It is already collapsing and crushing you. And you don't stop!

"Oh, stop, stop, sons and daughters! Stop, my beloved! Hear the voice of the Father, of the Brother, of your God who calls you, who calls you beloved even now, because you are bejeweled with his Blood. Do not wrathfully shake off that Blood from yourselves, cursing it. Lift your sick brow towards Heaven, that the divine dew may wash you. Because you are sick, my poor sons and daughters, and you do not know it. You have let yourselves be kissed by Satan, and his lip is upon you and in you. But my love, my love alone, can heal you.

"Come, do not reject my hand seeking to attract you to Myself. Do you think I cannot forgive you? Oh! I would have forgiven even Judas if instead of fleeing he had come under the Cross where I was dying and had said to me, 'Forgiveness!' *He would have been the first of my redeemed ones because he was already the greatest sinner, and upon him I would have had the Blood of my Heart -- pierced not so much by the lance as by his and your betrayals -- rain down.*

"Come. My arms are open. On the cross I was pained to have them nailed down, only because I would not be able to encircle you with them and bless you. But they are now free to draw you to my Heart. My mouth has kisses of forgiveness; my heart has treasures of love.

"Abandon unjust wealth and come to Me, true Wealth. Abandon unworthy joys and come to Me, true Joy. Abandon false gods and come to Me, true God. How you would feel glad, with a spiritual delight, if you entrusted yourselves to Me!

"I am the God of Peace. From Me flow forth all graces. Every pain is calmed in Me. Every burden becomes light. Every act of yours, performed in my Name, is clothed in my Beauty. I can give you everything if you come to my Heart, and not in a human, but superhuman manner -- eternal, ineffably sweet. I don't say that you will no longer experience pain. I, who am God,

experienced it Myself. But I tell you: pain will become gentle if suffered upon my Heart.

"Come. Abandon what dies, what harms you, *the One who hates you.* Come to the One who loves you, to the One who is able to give you the things that do not cause harm and do not die. *Help me, with your will.* I want it in order to act. Not because I need it, *but because you need it to merit the Kingdom.*

"Come. Help me to cast Hell back into hell and open Heaven to you."

Explanation Of The Different Effects Of The Eucharist[6]

Jesus says:

"If my Flesh is really food and my Blood is really drink, why are your souls starving to death? Why don't you grow in the life of grace?

"There are many for whom it is as if my churches did not have a tabernacle. They are the ones who have repudiated or forgotten Me. But there are also many who feed on Me. And yet they do not Progress. Whereas in others, with every union with Me as **Eucharist**, there is an increase in grace. I will explain to you the reasons for these differences.

"There are the perfect, who seek Me only because *they know that my joy should be received in men's hearts and that they have no greater joy than this one, in becoming one with Me.* In these the **Eucharistic** encounter becomes fusion, and the ardor issuing forth from Me and given off by them is so intense that, like two metals in a crucible, we become one. Of course, the more perfect the fusion is, the more the creature takes on my imprint, my properties, my beauty. Those you call 'Saints' -- that is, the perfect who have understood who I am -- are thus able to unite themselves to Me.

"But into *all* the souls who come to Me *with a true impetus and a pure heart* I bring unspeakable graces and transfuse my grace, so that they proceed on the way of Life, and even if they fail to reach a resounding sanctity, recognized by the world, they always reach eternal life, for whoever is in Me has eternal life.

"For *all* the souls who are able to come to Me with the ardor of the former and the trust of the latter and who give Me all that is in their power to give Me -- that is, *all* the love they are capable of -- I am ready to work prodigious miracles in order to unite Myself to them. The most beautiful heaven for Me is in the hearts of the creatures who love Me. For them, if the rage of Satan were to destroy all the churches, I would be capable of descending from the Heavens in the form of the **Eucharist**. My angels would bear Me to the souls hungry for Me, living Bread descending from Heaven.

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[6] *NB43, June 10, 1943, p. 71*

"Besides, it's nothing new. When faith was still a flame of living love, I was capable of going to seraphic souls buried in hermitages or in walled-up cells. Cathedrals are not necessary to contain Me. *A heart that love consecrates is enough for Me.* Even the most enormous and splendid cathedral is always too narrow and poor for Me, God, who fill all that is with Myself.[7] A human work is subject to the limitations of the human, and I am infinite. Whereas your hearts are not narrow and poor for Me if charity sets them aflame. And the most beautiful cathedral is that of your souls inhabited by God.

"God is in you when you are in grace. And it is your hearts that God wants to make into an altar for Himself. In the early times of my Church there were no cathedrals, but I had a heart worthy of Myself in every Christian heart.

"Then there are the ones who come to Me only when incited by need or spurred by fear. Then they come to knock at the Tabernacle, which opens, *always granting comfort, and often, if it is useful, the grace requested. But I would like man to come to Me not only to ask, but also to give.*

"Then there are the ones who approach the Table, where I become food, out of habit. In these the fruits of the Sacrament last for that short while during which the Species last and then vanish. As they do not include any impetus in coming to Me, they do not progress in the life of the spirit, which is essentially a life of charity. *I am Charity and bring charity, but my charity comes to languish in these lukewarm souls that nothing is able to heat up more.*

"Another group is that of the Pharisees. There are some even now -- it is a couch grass that doesn't die out. They act ardent, but are colder than death. Always just like the ones who put Me to death, placing themselves clearly on display; swollen with pride, full of falsehood, sure of possessing perfection, without mercy; except for themselves, convinced they are an example for the world. They are instead the ones who scandalize the little ones and separate them from Me, for their lives are the antithesis of what they should be, and their piety involves form, but not substance and, as soon as they leave the altar, turns into hardness towards their brothers and sisters. *These eat their condemnation,*

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[7] *St. Francis of Assisi, the Seraphic Father: 'He found himself wandering about the outskirts of his home town of Assisi in the hills of Umbria – breathtaking vistas at every turn, but he seemed to hardly notice. Until he came upon San Damiano, a little church in need of a good bit of repair. He entered and knelt down underneath a large wooden crucifix painted in the Byzantine style of an icon. The open eyes of Jesus on the cross seemed to lock him in a stare that was both intimidating and beckoning at the same time. He couldn't look away as feelings of doubt and fear, guilt and desire welled up within him. "Lord, what do you want me to do?" he asked. "Show me what you want me to do with my life." And the Lord answered! A voice as clear as the day responded: "Francis, go and rebuild my church which, as you see, is falling down." That was all he heard. That was all he needed to hear. It took a bit longer, however, to realize that Jesus wasn't asking him to physically rebuild San Damiano as well as a few other rundown churches near Assisi. He did that, of course, but it gradually dawned on him that his vocation was to rebuild the church, the human institution that was perilously close to falling apart.'*

for I forgive many things, knowing your weakness, *but I do not forgive a lack of charity, hypocrisy, and pride. I flee from these hearts as quickly as possible.*

"On considering these groups, it is easy to understand why the **Eucharist** has not yet made the world a Heaven, as it should have done. It is you that obstruct this advent of love, which would save you as individuals and as a society. If you really fed on Me with your heart, with your soul, with your mind, with your will, with your strength, your intellect -- in short, with all your faculties -- hatreds would collapse, and, with hatreds, wars; there would no longer be cases of fraud, of calumny; or disorderly passions creating adulteries and, along with them, murders, the abandonment and suppression of the innocent. Mutual forgiveness would be not on your lips, but in the hearts of all, and you would be forgiven by my Father.

"You would live as angels, spending your days worshipping Me in yourselves and invoking Me for the next coming. My constant Presence in your thought would keep you far from sin, which always begins with thought's intrigue, which later translates into action. But from the heart made into a tabernacle there would emerge only supernatural thoughts, and the earth would be sanctified thereby.

"The earth would become an altar, an enormous altar ready to receive the second coming of the Christ, Redeemer of the world."

The Healing Power Of Christ In The Eucharist[8]

Jesus says:

"To sustain physical strength one must nourish the body. The indigent who cannot buy food beg for it from the rich. They usually ask for *bread.* Without bread life is impossible.

"You are poor people needing food for your souls. *To your poverty* I have given the **Eucharistic** Bread. It nourishes the medulla of the soul, gives vigor to the spirit, sustains spiritual strength, and increases the power of all the intellectual faculties, for where there is vital energy there is also mental energy.

"Healthy food imparts health. True food infuses true life. Holy food produces holiness. Divine food gives God.

"But, in addition to being poor, you are sick, weak, not only with the weakness caused by a lack of food and ceasing when there is food. You are weak from the illnesses exhausting you. How many illnesses your souls have! How many germs the Evil One injects into you to create these diseases! Whoever is weak and sick needs not only bread, but also wine.

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[8] *NB43, June 18, 1943, p. 95*

*"In my **Eucharist** I have left you the two signs of what is needed for your nature as poor men and for your weakness as sick men. Bread that nourishes, wine that fortifies.*

"I could have communicated Myself to you without external signs. I can. But you are too dull to grasp what is spiritual. Your external senses need to see. Your souls, your hearts, and your minds surrender only -- and still with difficulty -- before visible, touchable forms. *This is true to the point that,* if you go so far as to believe in Me in the **Eucharist** and receive Me in the consecrated Host, *most of you do not admit into yourselves the infusion of the Spirit,* from whom quickenings, lights, and impulses towards good works come to you.

"If you believed with the forcefulness the Mystery is worthy of, you would feel a life entering into you on receiving Me. My drawing near to you should burn you like coming close to a burning furnace. My remaining in you should make you sink into an ecstasy which would carry away the depth of your spirit into a heavenly rapture.

"The fusing of your corrupt humanity with my perfect Humanity would bring you even physical health; sick in body, you would thus withstand diseases until I should say, 'Enough,' in order to open Heaven to you. It would bring you intelligence to understand swiftly and correctly. It would make you impenetrable to the Beast's unbridled assaults or subtle deceits.

"Instead, I can do little, for I enter where faith is languid, where charity is superficial, where the will is sketchy, where humanity is stronger than the spirit, where, above all, you make no effort to repress the flesh so that the spirit will emerge.

"You make no effort at all. You expect a miracle from Me. Nothing keeps Me from working one. *But I want at least the desire on your part to merit it.*

"To anyone who turns to Me, crying out for help and imitating the faith of the crowds in Galilee, I will communicate Myself not only with my Body and my Blood, but with my Charity, my Intellect, my Strength, my Will, my Perfection, and my Essence. In the soul *that is able to come* to Me, I will be as I am in Heaven, in the breast of the Father, from whom I proceed, generating the Spirit who is Charity and the summit of perfection."

Eucharistic Union With Christ As Seen In Mary[9]

...[10]

Jesus says:

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[9] *NB43, June 19, 1943, p. 98*

[10] *Maria's narration, setting the scene for this is dictation, is omitted.*

"To obtain real fruits from the **Eucharist**, it must not be considered as an episode repeated at more or less distant points in time, but must be made the basic thought in life.

"To live thinking of Me-as-**Eucharist**, who hasten to come or have come into you, making the encounter a continuous present which lasts as long as your lives. Not to separate oneself in spirit from Me, to act in the ray issuing forth from the **Eucharist**, never to go outside its orbit, like planets revolving around the sun and living by its splendor.

"Here, too, I propose Mary as a model for you. Her union with Me must be the model for your union with Me. The life of Mary, my Mother, was entirely **Eucharistic**. The life of Maria, the little victim, must be entirely **Eucharistic**.

"If **Eucharist** means communion, Mary lived **Eucharistically** nearly all her life.[11] *For I was in my Mother before being in the world as a man. Nor, when I was no longer a man in the world, did I cease to be in Her.* We have never separated since the moment when obedience was sanctified up to the height of God and I became flesh in her womb, so pure that the angels are less pure in comparison, so holy that no ciborium receiving Me has such holiness.

"Only in the breast of God is there a perfection of holiness greater than that of Mary. After the Triune God, She is the Holy of Holies.

"If it were granted to you mortals to see the beauty of Mary as it is, you would remain enraptured and sanctified by it. There is no comparison in the universe that serves to tell you what my Mother is. Be holy, and you will see Her.

"And if to see God is the joy of the blessed, to see Mary is the joy of all Paradise. For in Her not only do the angelical choirs and the hosts of Saints take delight, but the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit contemplate Her as the most beautiful work of their Trinity of love.

"The two of us have never separated. She aspired to Me with all the strength of her virginal, immaculate heart awaiting the promised Messiah. *The purest communion of desire* which attracted Me from the depths of Heaven. More lively communion from the time of the blessed annunciation until the hour of death on the Cross.

"Our spirits were always united by love. Most intense communion of love and immense pain during my martyrdom and in the days of my burial. ***Eucharistic** communion* after the glorious Resurrection and Ascension until the Assumption, which was eternal union of the most pure Mother with her Divine Son.

*"Mary was the perfect **Eucharistic** soul.* She was able to entertain her God with ardent love, superangelical purity, and continuous worship. How

[11] The concept is again taken up and explained in the dictation of July 2.

could I separate from that heart that was living by Me? I remained even after the consummation of the species.

"The words spoken to my Mother in the thirty-three years in which I was her son on earth are nothing in comparison to the conversations which I-as-**Eucharist** had with Her-as-Ciborium. *But those words are too divine and too pure for the mind of man to be able to know and for man's lips to repeat.* In the Temple of Jerusalem only the Priest went into the Holy of Holies, where the Ark of the Lord was. But in the Temple of the Heavenly Jerusalem only I, God, go in and know the secrets of the Most Holy Ark that is Mary, my Mother.

"Strive to imitate Mary. And, since it is something too arduous, ask Mary to help you. What is impossible[12] for man is possible for *God -- extremely possible, moreover, if asked for in Mary, with Mary, and through Mary."*

The Offering Of Jesus' Heart In The Eucharist[13]

The Most Holy Trinity

Jesus says:

"Now that you have seen[14] do you understand what the **Eucharist** is? It is my Heart that I distribute to you. I could not make you a greater or more loving gift.

"If, when you received Communion, you were able to see Me, who give you my Heart, wouldn't you be moved? But faith should be very strong and charity very strong in order for you to see this. This mental vision should not constitute an exceptional gift by Me. It should constitute the rule, the sweet rule. And it would be the rule if you were really my disciples.

"Then[15] you would see Me and hear Me saying the words of consecration over the Bread and the Wine, breaking and distributing the Bread, offering it to you with my very own Hands. My priest would disappear because I would superimpose Myself upon him to say to you, 'Here is the Body of the Lord Jesus Christ, my Body, which is to preserve you for eternal life.' And in the light of love you would see that I offer you my very Heart, the superperfect part of my most perfect Body, the part from which Charity itself flows forth.

"I have done this out of love for you: I have given Myself. And I have done this for you today: I have lifted the veil of the Mystery and brought you to

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[12] *Luke 18:18-30. 25 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. 26 And they that heard it, said: Who then can be saved? 27 He said to them: The things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.*

[13] *NB43, June 20, 1943, p. 99*

[14] The explanation is in the text of June 23.

[15] In the margin the writer adds in pencil, "Written after Communion."

know how I come to you, how I give myself to you, what I give you that is mine, even if you are unable to see and understand.

"That's enough for today. There are no other words to say. Look and adore."

Mary As The Ciborium For Jesus' Heart[16]

9:10 a.m.

Jesus says:

"In the other **Eucharistic** encounter I showed you what the **Eucharist** is. Today I will show you another **Eucharistic** truth. If the **Eucharist** is the heart of God,[17] Mary is the ciborium of that Heart.

"Look at my Mother, the eternal living ciborium into whom the Bread coming from Heaven descended. Whoever wants to find Me -- find Me, that is, with a fullness of gifts -- must seek my Majesty and Power, my Divinity, in the sweetness, purity, and charity of Mary. It is She who makes her heart the ciborium for the heart of her and your God.

"The Body of the Lord became a body in Mary's womb, and it is my Mother who with a smile offers it to you as if She were offering you her most beloved Baby, placed in the cradle of her most pure, motherly heart. It is Mary's joy, in Heaven, to give you her Son and her Lord. With the Son She gives you her unstained heart, that heart which has loved and suffered boundlessly.

"There is a widespread opinion that my Mother suffered only morally. No. The Mother of mortals experienced *every kind of pain. Not because She deserved to.* She was immaculate, and the pain-inducing inheritance of Adam was not in Her. *But because, as the Co-Redeemer and Mother of the whole human race, She had to consummate the Sacrifice to the very depth and in all forms.* She thus suffered, as a woman, the inevitable sufferings of a woman who conceives a child; She suffered weariness in the flesh burdened with my weight; She suffered in giving birth to Me[18]; She suffered in the hasty flight; She suffered a lack of food; She suffered heat, cold, thirst, hunger, poverty, and weariness. Why should She not have suffered if I, the Son of God, was subject to the sufferings proper to mankind?

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[16] *NB43, June 23, 1943, p. 104*

[17] In the dictations of June 4 and June 20.

[18] This should be understood in the light of the dictations of September 7, September 15, November 27, December 8, December 18, December 25, and December 29. In addition, in the monumental work on the life of the Lord which Maria Valtorta was to write, we read that Our Lady's divine maternity did not cause Her any physical pain, which is the result of original sin, from whose stain She was preserved, but that Mary, as the Co-Redeemer, suffered every kind of pain produced by circumstances and men, in regard to the virginal conception and birth as well.

"To be saints does not mean to be exempt from the deprivations of matter. To be redeemers, moreover, means to be particularly subject to the deprivations of the flesh, which is sensitive to pain. Holiness and redemption are carried out and reached by all means, even by way of toothaches, for instance. *It suffices for the creature to make fleshly deprivations a weapon for merit and not for sin.*

"Mary and I made all the deprivations of human nature into weights for your redemption. Even now my Mother suffers when She sees you so deaf to grace and rebellious towards Me. *Holiness,* I repeat, *does not mean exclusion from pain, but rather the imposition of pain.*

"Thank Mary, then, who gives Me with the smile of a mother, for all the pain which being my Mother has brought Her. *You never think of thanking Mary, in whose womb I became flesh!* This Flesh which I now give you to nourish you for eternal life.

"Enough. Contemplate and adore Me, radiant in the **Eucharist**, on the living throne which is the breast of Mary, my most pure Mother, and yours."

Now I am explaining. On Sunday -- no, it was instead Friday the 18th -- I seemed to be seeing Jesus beside my bed. I mentioned it to you. But He did nothing. On Sunday the 20th, before you came,[19] while you were there, and after your coming for Communion, I seemed to see Jesus, no longer alongside the bed, but at the back of it, and He was giving me the Host. But He did not have a ciborium in his hand -- he had his Heart and was giving me his Heart as a host, removing it from his chest. He possessed an infinite majesty and sweetness. He then explained to me the meaning of the vision. You have surely found it in the notebook,[20] dated June 20.

This morning I am seeing Our Lady. She seems to be seated, smiling with love -- but with *wistfulness.* Her mantle is dark, falling from her head, open over the dress, which is also dark -- it looks brown. Around her waist there is a dark belt. They look like three shades of brown. On her head, under the mantle, she must be wearing a white veil, for I make out a slight thread.

In the middle of her chest there shines a very large and beautiful Host. And -- this is the wonderful part of the vision -- it seems to be through the Species (which here look like a very lovely quartz -- *it is bread, but resembles brilliant crystal)* that there appears a very beautiful child. The God-Child made flesh.

Our Lady, with her arms open to keep her mantle open, looks at me and then inclines her adoring face and gaze towards the Host gleaming *within her chest. In her chest, not upon it.* It is as if, through mystical X-rays, I could see into Mary's chest -- or, rather, *it is as if X-rays made what is inside Mary appear outside Her.* As if her body were not opaque. I cannot explain.

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[19] Father Migliorini *(Maria's spiritual director*).

[20] In the third notebook.

In short, I see this, and Jesus explains it to me.[21] Our Lady is not speaking. She just smiles. But her smile is as eloquent as a thousand words, and even more so.

How I would like to be able to paint so as to make a copy of it and show it to you. And I would especially like to show you the different degrees of brightness. *There are three: the first,* of a peaceful softness, constituted by the body of Mary, is the external, protective sheath for the *second,* radiant, living luminosity constituted by the large Host. *A victorious light,* I would say, to use a human term, which acts as an internal sheath for the divine *Jewel* shining like liquid fire of indescribable beauty which, in its infinite loveliness, is infinitely sweet; and it is the little Jesus, who is smiling in all his tender, innocent flesh in keeping with his nature as God and his age as an infant.

This third splendor, under the veils of the other two, is beyond all comparison for the purposes of description. One must think of the sun, the moon, and the stars, take the different lights of all the heavenly bodies, make them a single vortex of light which is smelted gold, smelted diamond, and this provides a pale likeness of what my heart is seeing in this blessed hour. What will Paradise be like, enwrapped by that light?

Similarly, there is no comparison fit to express the sweetness of Mary's smile. Regal, holy, chaste, loving, wistful, inviting, and comforting -- these words express a fraction and ought to convey a thousand times more to approach what that virginal, maternal, celestial smile is like.

Freedom From Spiritual Anxiety[22]

Jesus says:

"Strip yourselves not only of what constitutes the weight of sheer humanity, but also of what is spiritual anxiety. I will now explain to you what this is so that you will not interpret my phrase incorrectly.

"Spiritual anxiety is not that healthy tending towards God with all one's intellectual power. Spiritual anxiety is that distress which sometimes grasps even the souls most advanced in holiness and which consists of the fear of not having time to do all that, spiritually speaking, one would like to do, all that God seems to want from the soul, the fear of disengaging from prayer, dreading that you will not be able to savor that clear stream of sweetness which I send you, the fear that you will no longer be able to find it. These fears are still a remainder of humanity infiltrating itself into spirituality and harming it.

"One must follow the way of the spirit with firmness and calm. No anxiety, no fear. It is I who create time. Won't I have, then, all the time that each soul entrusting itself to Me needs? It is I that make the wave of grace flow into

[21] In the dictation of June 20.

[22] *NB43, June 26, 1943, p. 113*

you; I am thus able to regulate its flow and send you my lights at the most favorable times.

"If you are disturbed in prayer, it is not a reason for anguish. *It is enough that you should not be the ones to separate yourselves from it voluntarily, for human and personal reasons. In this case it is certain that the fount dries up and turns aside towards other souls open to prayer.* But if your disturbance is caused by charity towards Your neighbor, *it does not dry up the source of light in you and does not turn it away, but, rather, increases it and attracts it, for whoever has charity has God, and whoever has God has his lights.*

"Never be anxious, then. Always pray, listen, meditate, suffer, work, and rest calmly, trusting Me. I am a perfect Guest. I am able to converse and be silent according to whether I see that the one hosting me is able or unable to listen to Me. What would you say about a guest that stuck to your side and didn't let you concern yourself with the needs of the house, especially on a day with guests? You would say that the person is unfamiliar with the elementary rules of good manners and the most common needs of the mistress of a house. But I am Jesus. I thus know everything.

"When your neighbor takes you away from prayer and conversation with Me, I don't take offense, and you must not get nervous. Be patient and charitable. Later, when charity has been shown, *I will speak to you more luminously than before. If you instead get anxious or nervous, the light is obfuscated, as if a cloud were to place itself between your Sun and your soul.*

"Trust and trust and trust your Jesus. No matter how much you may love Me, you love Me only to a degree which is infinitely small in comparison to how much I love you. Trust, then. My Bread, which is not only the **Eucharist** that nourishes, but also the word that instructs, *will never be lacking to you if you remain good and trusting."*

"It is supremely important for the soul wanting to advance on the heavenly way to be able to keep its faculties unwavering in God. *When this happens, the soul is safe.*

"What are the faculties of the soul? Now I will offer you a human comparison. How is the wheel made? With a circle, with many spokes inserted into it, with a ring joining together the spokes and causing them to revolve around a hub. In this way the wheel functions. If any one of the parts is broken, it functions poorly, but if the ring clinching the spokes is broken, the wheel is of no use at all.

"And now pay attention, little Maria, who are listening to your Master. The circle is humanity, which gathers together all the moral, physical, and spiritual powers which are in a created being. It is the band which joins everything in a man. The spokes are the sentiments concentrated in a mystical ring -- the spirit -- which gathers them in and radiates them out, for it is a twofold operation. The hub is God. If humanity is damaged by fleshly caries *[cares(?)]*, the

sentiments are left unbound and are eventually scattered in the dust. But if the spirit is ruined or simply detached from its hub, then the wonderful movement of the being created by God stops and death takes over.

"It is thus an absolute necessity for the soul wanting to merit Heaven never to depart from the divine hub. Let your humanity also offer itself to help your neighbor and labor in serving him. That is charity. But let your sentiments not cease to converge upon the spirit and depart from the spirit. They will thus be nourished by God and bear God's seal, even in humble tasks, *for your spirit is and must remain centered on God, the divine hub of all creation, the very sweet hub of your soul, which has found his Way.*

"When the faculties of the spirit are fixed in God, also believe *that no force can remove them from there. Motion becomes increasingly whirling,* and you know that there is a force called precisely 'centripetal' which, the more motion is whirling, draws things more and more towards the center.

"Love is what gives motion. The spirit fixed in God loves God, its hub. God loves the spirit centered on Him; and this twofold love increases the whirling motion, the winged race which ends with the meeting in my Kingdom between the loving spirit and its Creator."

Prayer To And Vision Of The Divine Blood[23]

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Jesus further states:

"This time I will show Myself to you under another aspect. The **Eucharist** is Flesh, but it is also Blood. Here I am under the aspect of Blood. See how it drips and flows in rivulets over my disfigured face, how it runs along my neck, my torso, my robe, doubly red because it is soaked with my Blood. See how it bathes my bound hands and runs down to my feet, to the ground. I am truly the One who crushes the grape that the Prophet speaks about, but my love has crushed Me. Only a few are able to value the infinite price and enjoy the most powerful merits of this Blood I have entirely shed, down to the last drop, for mankind.

"Now I ask those able to look at it and understand to imitate Veronica and dry the bloody Face of their God with their love. Now I ask those loving Me to medicate, with their love, the wounds men continuously inflict upon Me. Now I ask them, *above all,* not to let this Blood be lost, to gather it in with boundless attention, in its smallest droplets, and pour it upon those not caring about my Blood.

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[23] *NB43, June 28, 1943, p. 120*

"In the month about to end, I have spoken to you a great deal about my Heart and about my Body in the Sacrament. Now, for the month of the Blood, I will have you pray to my Blood. Say the following, then:

"'Most Divine Blood that issue forth for us from the veins of God made man, come down like dew of redemption upon the polluted earth and upon the souls that sin renders similar to lepers. See: I receive You, Blood of my Jesus, and sprinkle You over the Church, the world, sinners, and Purgatory. Help, comfort, cleanse, set aflame, penetrate, and fecundate, O most divine Juice of Life. Nor may indifference and sin set an obstacle in the way of your flow. But, rather, for the sake of the few who love You and the numberless ones who die without You, hasten and spread over all this most divine rain so that people will come to You trustingly in life, through You be forgiven in death, and with You enter into the glory of your Kingdom. So be it.'

"That's enough for now. I offer my open veins to your spiritual thirst. Drink from this fount. You will experience Paradise and the savor of your God, and that savor will never fade for you if you are always able to come to Me with your lips and your soul cleansed by love."

My Jesus had begun to speak at 4 o'clock in the morning, amidst the pauses in my drowsiness. The word descended like a drop of light into my awakenings and sank into the returns of sleep, for I am so exhausted and weary... It was as if Jesus were bending over my bed and saying a word to me from time to time. However, when the time came for me to sit up and move about, shaking off sleep, those words, which had been repeated several times, like the refrain of a spiritual lullaby, shone brightly in my mind. They are the first two sentences of the first passage on the 28th. "Be perfect... Live as angels." The other sentences were articulated following upon them. Not very much remained to be said when you[24] came with Holy Communion. And everything was ended immediately afterwards.

The other passage, as you will readily understand, is an internal view (can it be so stated?) of my Jesus, wounded and dripping blood. It is not the handsome Jesus, dressed in white, orderly; and majestic on other occasions, and it is not the resplendent Baby the last time, smiling from Mary's breast.

It is a sad, *extremely sad* Jesus, whose tears are mixed with blood, bruised, unkempt, dirty; with his robe torn, his hands bound, and the crown tightly thrust into his head. I distinctly see the crown of large thorns, not long, but very dense, which penetrate and scratch his flesh. Every hair has its drop of blood, and blood descends in rivulets from his forehead over his eyes, along his nose, and down onto his beard and neck and robe, dripping onto his hands; and his hands are so pale that it seems redder. It soaks the earth after having soaked his feet. But what is so very sad to see is his look... It is asking for mercy and love and, beneath its resigned gentleness, betrays *an infinite sorrow.*

[24] Father Migliorini.

Here, too,[25] if I could, I would like to be able to draw it for you and me. For, if I consider carefully; no painting of Jesus and Mary that I am familiar with resembles what I see, in either the features or the expression. The latter, above all, is missing in literary works. But for me to become a painter... Nothing is impossible for God, it is true, but that is quite a lot...! And I believe that the good Lord will not do so, so I won't congratulate myself on it either.

The Meaning Of Christ's Bound Hands.
Perfect Renunciation In Giving Up The Wealth Of Human Affections.[26]

Jesus says:

"Do you know what my bound Hands signify? Do you know who binds them? Do you know why there is so much pain in my gaze, so much weariness on my Face? Do you know what I ask for from those able to *look* at me?

"My Hands are bound by Satan by means of sinners. You have not misunderstood. I repeat: they are bound by Satan by means of sinners.

"You will ask, 'But, O Lord, how can that be if You are God?' I am the God of Mercy and Forgiveness; I am the God of power, the Father of graces. But sin paralyzes my Power for graces, my Mercy, my Forgiveness.[27] For, if I am Mercy, Grace, and Forgiveness, I am also Justice. I thus give to each what that person deserves. And if you consider, in justice, you must say that I always give more graces than you deserve.

"If upon an earthly authority, even a simple municipal courier, you inflicted the offenses inflicted upon Me, you would be punished with imprisonment. Furthermore, if it were a higher authority, you would even be punished with the loss of your lives. And the authorities are poor men like yourselves who remain *authorities* as long as I allow them to, for your merit, as a test for them, and almost always for their punishment. *Your merit: to obey and be patient. A test for them: not to abuse power, not to grow proud on this account,* believing themselves to be demigods, or gods, because they see people ready to come at a nod and cry out, "Hosanna!" *One alone is god: God. For their punishment:* for it is even harder for an authority to remain *honest,* in the thousand forms of honesty, than for a rich man to be saved. Therefore, *their human glory is the only glory they have.* Very few authorities reach that glory which is eternal.

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[25] As in the text of June 23.

[26] *NB43, June 30, 1943, p. 124*

[27] *Matthew 13:54-58. 54 And coming into his own country, he taught them in their synagogues, so that they wondered and said: How came this man by this wisdom and miracles? 55 Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude: 56 And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence therefore hath he all these things? 57 And they were scandalized in his regard. But Jesus said to them: A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house. 58 And* he wrought not many miracles there, because of their unbelief.

"The continuous, increasingly wicked offenses which men commit, at the instigation of my Enemy and yours, bind my Mercy, my Grace, and my Forgiveness. This is what my bound Hands are, and these are the ones binding them with the rope of Evil: Satan and his children. And my hands would instead like to be free to forgive, heal, console, and bless.

"O you that love me, untie my Hands with your love! Make reparation, make reparation, O my beloved ones, dearest friends and children, for the outrage committed against the Hands of your God, Father, and Redeemer. Love is a flame consuming chains and burning withes,[28] restoring freedom to my bound Hands. You that love me, have mercy on my pain and have mercy on your leprous brothers and sisters, who alone can heal my Hands.

"My gaze is full of pain over all the outrages which are committed against Me in the Sacrament and in my Law. A Law trampled upon, a Sacrament profaned. Have you read? Have you heard? Have you observed? The altar of the Sacrament is always stricken. Don't you see the sign of Satan in this? And consider this, for your joy. Where, amidst the ruins, the Ciborium containing Me can be found intact and gathered in with fitting honors, it is because a heart, or many hearts, far from the place stricken, but adoring Me in the **Eucharist**, have diverted the blow aimed by Satan. Those Hosts you save, humble and loving souls who pray for my Sacrament, infuse into you the same fruits as a Communion of love.

"Weariness is on my Face because *I increasingly observe the extent to which I have died in vain* for so much of mankind, because I increasingly observe that nothing -- no words, no miracles, no punishments, no graces -- is of use to make people consider that I am God and that only in God is there Goodness and Peace. When someone is weary and afflicted, those who love him give him affection to console him, repose to comfort him. I ask you and those who love me for this.

"I am excluded from churches and hearts. When he was a pilgrim on the earth, the Son of Man did not have a stone of his own to rest his head on. But now that the hearts of men are made of stone, do I perhaps have a place to rest my head? No. Just some rare, extremely rare faithful heart. The others are hostile to their Friend and Redeemer.

"So open your hearts to me, you that love me. Give shelter to your God, who weeps with pain over blameworthy humanity; refresh Him who gives Himself in eternal sacrifice and is not understood. I, Jesus, will come with all my graces and make the faithful heart a little Paradise."

Jesus further states:

"Among the 'riches' to be given away in order to follow Me which I have listed for you,[29] there is still one more. The one most closely linked to the

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[28] *A tough supple twig, especially of willow, used for binding things together; a withy.*

[29] In the dictation of June 29.

spirit, which, on being torn away, causes more pain than the flesh when being torn off. It is the affections, this wealth which is so vital. And yet out of love for Me one must be able to give away those, too.

"I do not condemn affections. Rather, I have blessed and sanctified them with the Law and the Sacraments. But you are on earth to conquer Heaven. That is the true dwelling. *What I have created for you here below should be seen through the lens of heaven. What I have given you should be accepted with gratitude, but given back promptly at my request.*

"I do not destroy your wealth in affection. I remove it from the earth to transplant it into Heaven. There, experiences of holy family life, pure friendships, and all those forms of honest, blessed affection which I, the Son of God made man, have wanted for Myself as well -- and I know how dear they are -- will be reconstructed in eternity. But if they are dear, very dear, *they are not dearer than God and eternal life.*

"But those who, in the face of an affection which is severed, are unable to pronounce the most beautiful word of sons and daughters in God, but rebel do not demonstrate true faith in the affectionate Father who is in heaven. And they do not reflect that if I give that pain, it is certainly to spare greater pains and obtain greater merit!

"You, even you, have been unable to say, 'May it be done as You will!' Years had to pass before you said to Me, 'Thank You, Father, for that pain.' But do you believe your Jesus would have given it to you if it had not been a good to give it to you? Now you reflect and understand. But how long you have taken to do so! I called you. I tried to make you understand the reason. But you did not hear your God. It was the hour of darkness for the mind and the soul.

"Don't ask me, 'Why did You permit it?' If I permitted it, it was not without a motive. I am speaking to you about it tonight, when you are suffering most. I am with you precisely because you are suffering. I am keeping you company. But remember that I had no one in the hour of temptation. I had to overcome it by Myself. You, on the other hand, have always had Me near, even when you did not see Me because the Spirit of Evil disturbed you to the point of keeping you from seeing and hearing your Jesus.

"Now, if I told you that a son's acceptance of a father's death shortens Purgatory for the father, that a son's forgiveness of the *more or less real failings* of a father is relief for that soul, you would believe it. But then you did not resign yourself and wasted the good you were doing.

"To renounce the wealth of an affection, in order to follow my Will without human remorse, is the perfection of renunciation given as counsel to the young man in the Gospel.

"Remember this for the rest of your life. A father of the kind I am never gives anything harmful to his children. Even if the appearance is that of a stone for someone requesting a kiss, that stone is pure, eternal gold. It is up to the soul to recognize it and keep it such, while pronouncing the word which drew Me

down from the Heavens into Mary's womb and placed Me on the Cross to redeem the world: *Fiat."*

Parable Of The Garden, The Few True Witnesses Of Christ[30]

Jesus says:

"My Church is like a large garden surrounding the palace of a great king.

"The king, for reasons of his own, does not come out of the palace, and, after having sowed the most beautiful flowers and plants, he has thus delegated a gardener to look after his Church. The gardener, in turn, has many helpers who assist him.

"In the garden there are flowers and plants of all species. All fertilizing substances were scattered by the king on the flower beds to make them fruitful, and at one time only useful and beautiful flowers and plants blossomed. At the center of the garden is a fountain with seven outlets sending its channels everywhere and nourishing and refreshing plants and flowers.

"But the Evil One, in the absence of the king, entered and scattered, in turn, harmful seeds, in such fashion that the garden now presents a disorderly -- if not desolate -- appearance. Unhealthy, thorny, poisonous weeds have spread where before there were borders, flower beds, and most beautiful shrubs, and they have choked them or made them scanty because they have sucked up the humors of the earth and kept the sun from descending upon the little plants.

"The gardener and his helpers labor to trim, uproot, and straighten up small plants doubled over under the weight of other unhealthy ones. But if they work at one point, the Evil One works at another, and the garden thus continues to present its desolate appearance. Snakes, toads, and snails take advantage of the disorder to nestle, gnaw, and slaver. Here and there some sturdy plants withstand everything and blossom up towards the sky, and also some flower beds, especially if they contain lilies and roses. But the lovely borders of little daisies and violets are almost completely canceled out.

"When the king comes, he will no longer recognize his beautiful garden, which has become wild, and he will angrily tear out the weeds, crush the slippery animals, and pick the flowers remaining, taking them into his palace and eliminating the garden forever.

"Now, pay close attention to the explanation.

"The king is Jesus Christ. The garden is his militant Church. The gardener is my Peter, and his helpers are priests. The flowers and the plants are the consecrated *faithful* and the baptized. The fertilizing substances are the virtues, and especially my Blood, entirely shed to fecundate the world and make the

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[30] *NB43, July 5, 1943, p. 141*

earth fertile for the seed of eternal life. The fountain represents the seven sacraments. The harmful seeds are the vices, passions, and sins sown by Satan out of hatred for Me.

"The disorder is caused by the fact that the good plants *have not reacted and have let themselves be choked off by the wicked ones annulling the benefit of my Blood, my Sacraments, and the Sun of grace.*

"The Supreme Gardener and his few, *true* helpers are unable to set things in order *because of the bad will of the good plants and their spiritual sloth, as well as the bad will and sloth of many false gardeners* who do not labor in the holy work of cultivating, helping, and straightening up souls.

"The snakes, toads, and snails are temptations. *If all the gardeners were industrious and if all the plants were watchful, they would be crushed. Instead, souls do not call the church to their aid when they understand that temptation is stronger than they are, and ecclesiastics -- all of them -- do not rush over when one of the poor souls that I have paid for with my Pain and set free in advance with my Blood asks for help.*

"The good plants that withstand are the *true* priests: from my Vicar, *the Supreme Gardener and supreme tree raising its top, intrepid and upright, up to the sky, to the simple priests who have remained the salt of the earth.*

"The flower beds, especially of roses and lilies, are the virginal souls and the loving souls. But the borders of little daisies -- innocence -- and those of violets -- penance -- present a desolate appearance. *Innocence arises and blossoms, but soon disappears because malice, lust, vice, and imprudence destroy it. Penance is literally dried up by the couch-grass of lukewarmness.* Only a few specimens withstand. *And it is they that perfume a large expanse of the garden with the scent of purification over against the miasmas of Evil.*

"When I come, in my terrible hour, I will tear out, trample on, and destroy accursed weeds and accursed parasites; I will erase the garden from the universe, taking with Me, into my royal palace, the blessed plants and blessed flowers that have been able to withstand and blossom for my joy.

"And woe to those who have uprooted themselves from Me and hurled themselves into the kingdom of Mammon, the wicked sower whom they have preferred to the Divine Sower; and woe to those who have preferred to listen to the voice of snakes and toads and have preferred the hiss of snails to the voice of my angels and the hiss of my grace. It would be better for them never to have been born!

"But joy, eternal joy for those who have remained my good, faithful, chaste, and loving servants. And joy, even greater, for those who have wanted to be my followers twice over by taking the ways of Calvary as their way, to accomplish in their bodies what is still lacking to the eternal passion of Christ. Their glorified bodies shall shine like suns in eternal life, for they will have fed upon my twofold bread -- the ***Eucharist*** *and Pain -- and with their blood will*

have increased the great lavacre[31] begun by Jesus, the head, and continued by them, the members, to cleanse their brothers and sisters and give glory to God

I later say to Jesus, "I don't understand this passage in the Gospel" (Jn 2:23-25)[32], and He explains the following to me:

"Man is the eternal savage and the eternal child. To be attracted and seduced, especially in what is good -- for his vitiated nature leads him to accept evil readily and to accept good with difficulty -- he needs a farandole[33] of prodigies. The prodigy shakes and exalts him. It's a knock pushing him onto the *fringes* of Good.

"'Onto the fringes,' I said. I knew those who believed on account of my miracles *were on the fringes. To be there does not mean to be on my Way.* It means to be curious or interested spectators ready to drift away when the advantage ceases and a danger looms up, and to become accusers and enemies just as before they showed themselves to be admirers and friends. *Man is ambiguous until he belongs entirely to God.*

"I see into the depth of hearts. I thus did not trust the admirers for an hour, the believers for an instant. They would not be the true confessors, my witnesses. Nor did I need witnesses. *My works witnessed for Me, and the Father witnessed to them, He who is Perfection and Truth eternally.*

"This is why John says that I did not need others to witness for Me. Others aside from the Father and Myself.

"The truth does not take root in man; his witness is thus not truthful and lasting. *There were many who believed, few who persevered, and very few who testified throughout their lives, and with their death, that I am the Messiah, the true Son of the true God.*

"Eternally most blessed are they!"

Reparation To Christ In The Eucharist[34]

Jesus says:

"Do you know why I ask for even more intense reparation and universal prayers to the Most Holy Sacrament? Out of justice. God is just even in the most insignificant things. Consider whether He does not want to be just in relation to worship of Him.

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[31] *Latin, lavacrum, -i, n.: bath.*

[32] *23 Now when he was at Jerusalem, at the pasch, upon the festival day, many believed in his name, seeing his signs which he did. 24 But Jesus did not trust himself unto them, for that he knew all men, 25 And because he needed not that any should give testimony of man: for he knew what was in man.*

[33] *The farandole is an open-chain community dance popular in Provence, France. It bears similarities to the gavotte, jig, and tarantella.*

[34] *NB43, July 12, 1943, p. 163*

"The Sacrament concentrates the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of your Jesus. Therefore, in praying in a spirit of reparation to Me as **Eucharist**, one prays not only to my Body, but to my Blood, in addition to the Soul and the Divinity. The reparation to my Blood is thus absorbed by that made to the **Eucharist**, wherein I am *everything.*

"I ask that my Blood be loved and used for the numberless needs of souls. Do not leave this ocean of power unfruitful, whose waves are given by my Blood. But, if it would be good for the Blood of the Redeemer to receive much greater worship than it does, it is also true that, given its holiness, I entrust this worship and this ministry to the souls most endowed with spiritual gifts.

"I said worship and ministry. To be ministers of worship, it is not necessary to be priests. Every soul able to be my *true disciple* is a priest. I do not deny you this honor and do not deny Myself. Nothing is dearer to Me than to be drawn upon and sprinkled by loving, pure hands over sterile, stained, sick souls. The consecrated priest sprinkles Me over souls in Confession. But the obscure priests, consecrated by the love which I alone know, can offer Me and sprinkle Me over *all* souls.

"There is no more meritorious ministry than this ministry of uniting one's blood to that of the great Victim and, in a mystical Mass, where I am the Celebrant, and you, the acolytes, *sacrifice ourselves together and provide together for the faithful and the unfaithful, Who also need my Blood and yours, my Sacrifice and yours, to find the way of Life and Truth.*

"Another reason for which I demand greater reparation to Me as **Eucharist** is that the blasphemous imprecations go against the Sacrament, whereas the Blood, in particular, is spared. The lack of attention surrounding it preserves it. *It is better to be overlooked than blasphemed.*

"That is why, in justice, I tell you that reparation should be made *for a great deal* regarding the **Eucharist**. General reparation regarding the Sacrament, but special worship by the disciples dearest to my Blood.

"I entrust it to the friends among my friends. As an army in battle secures its flags in the area of the most loyal, so I set my Blood in the midst of those I know to be loyal, capable of any sacrifice out of love for their King, and I give you the order to pass among the crowds with your hearts full of my Blood so that It will descend upon poor men to save them. Those who extend themselves in the interest of their Lord will receive from the Lord a lofty reward in my Kingdom -- the Lord says this to you; the Redeemer says this to you; Love says this to you; and so it will be, for God is faithful and truthful and gives a hundredfold."

Reasons For The Gift Of A Long Life[35]

Jesus says:

"Those who are not familiar with love and whose conscience is not tranquil fear death. And they are the majority! These, when they feel threatened by death because of illness, or age, or any other event, grow fearful, become afflicted, and rebel. They also try, with all their strength and by every means, to avoid it. Futilely, for when the hour is indicated, no precaution is of use to stave death off.

"The hour of death is also right because it is given by God. I alone am the Master of life and death, and if certain means of death, used by man through demoniacal instigation, are not mine, death sentences are always mine, given to remove a soul from excessive earthly torment or to prevent greater sins by that soul.

"Now, observe: the gift of life, of a long life -- why may it be given by Me? For two reasons.

"First: because that creature who enjoys it is an enlightened spirit with the mission of being a beacon to other spirits still enshrouded in the mists of materiality. Many of my saints have reached advanced age precisely for this reason. And only I know how they instead longed to come to Me.

"Secondly: I give a long life to provide the means, *all the means,* for a formless creature to become formed. Studies, friendships, holy encounters, sorrows, joys, readings, the punishments of wars or illnesses -- *everything is given by Me to seek to have a soul grow in my Age, which is not like yours.* For I mean that *growing in my Age means to grow in my Wisdom, and people can be adults in my Age with the age of sons and daughters in yours, or, vice versa, be puerile in my Age at the age of one hundred in yours. I observe your spirits, and I would like you to become spirits able to walk, speak, and act securely, and not be stammering, tottering, and incapable of acting, like babies!*

"This explains why I utter my 'Enough' very quickly for creatures whom I find to be adults in Faith, Charity, and Life. A father always wishes to be reunited with his sons and daughters, and, once their education or military service is over, how joyfully he clasps them to his heart! And will your good Father in heaven act differently? No. When He sees that a creature is adult in spirit, He burns with the desire to take that creature with Himself, and if, out of mercy on the people, He sometimes leaves his servants on earth so that they will be a magnet and compass for others, He sometimes does not resist and grants Himself the joy of placing a new star in Heaven with the soul of a saint.

[35] *NB43, August 9, 1943, p. 224*

"There are two attractions and two aspirations proceeding from a single agent: Love. The soul, here, where you are, *attracts God to itself, and God descends to find his delights alongside the loving creature who lives by Him. The soul aspires to rise so as to be with its God eternally and without veils. God, from the center of his ardor, attracts the soul to Himself, just as the sun attracts the drop of dew, and aspires to have it at his side, a gem enclosed in his threefold fire which gives Blessedness.*

"The upraised arms of the soul encounter the outreaching arms of God, Maria. *And when they touch, swiftly graze against each other, it is ecstasy on earth; when they lastingly clasp each other, it is the endless Blessedness of Heaven, of my Heaven, which I created for you, my beloved, and which will give Me a superabundance of joy when it is filled with all my beloved.*

"What an eternal day of measureless joy is ours -- for us who love one another: *We, Triune God;* and *you, the sons and daughters of God.*

"But those who, unfortunately for them, have not understood my Love have not given Me their love, have not understood that only one science is useful, that of Love -- for them death is fearful. They are afraid. They are even more afraid if they feel they have acted not very well or quite badly.

"The lying mouth of man -- for man's mouth rarely tells the truth so beautiful and blessed, the truth which I, the Son of God and Word of the Father, have taught you to tell at all times -- man's *lying mouth, to deceive and comfort himself and deceive others, says, 'I have acted and act properly.' But conscience, which stands like a two-sided mirror before your self and before the eye of God, accuses man of not having acted and not acting at all well as he proclaims.*

"A great fear thus besieges them: the fear of the judgment of Him for whom man's thoughts, acts, and affections are not hidden. But if you fear Me so much as a Judge, O unfortunate ones, why don't you avoid having Me as a Judge? Why don't you make Me your Father? But if you fear Me, why don't you act according to my orders? Are you unable to listen to Me when I speak to you with the voice of a Father who guides you with a loving hand, hour by hour? But at least obey Me when I speak to you with the voice of a King. *It will be a less rewarded obedience, on account of being less spontaneous. and sweet to my Heart.* But it will still be obedience. And why, then, don't you do so?

"Death is inevitable. *Blessed are those who arrive at that hour clothed in love to meet the One who is coming.* Serene -- like the passing away of my earthly father, who experienced no trembling because there was nothing to be reproached in his life -- will be their death. Joyful -- like the sleep of my Mother, who closed her eyes on earth before a vision of love, for her whole life, which knew no sin, was loving, and She reopened them in Heaven, awakening upon the Heart of God -- will be the end of lovers.

"Do you know, my joy; how lovely it will be for you as well? This morning, when I-as-**Eucharist** was coming, you experienced a quiver of ecstasy

because you saw Me giving you Myself. But that is nothing. A little seed of ecstasy tossed into your heart. *Just one,* so as not to burn you up, for you felt it -- you thought you were dying from the emotion. *But when the time comes, I will pour out a river of joy, for it will no longer be necessary to maintain your human life, and we shall go off together.*

"Courage, *a little more pain out of love for your Jesus, and then your Jesus will abolish pain for you to give you Himself, completely, Himself, measureless joy."*

In fact, this morning I had such a vivid impression that I was on the verge of crying out. For people shout not only out of fright or pain, but also out of excessive joy. I thought my heart would give way out of joy and that I would die like that, with the host still on my tongue.

The Victors Over The Beast[36]

Jesus says:

"I shall continue to explain to you the passages which I deem appropriate.

"It is said, 'I shall have the victor feed on the tree of life...' And this thought has been applied to Me.

"Yes, I am the tree of eternal life, and I give Myself to you as food in the **Eucharist**, and *the sight of Me* will be the joyful food of the victors in the other life. But there is another meaning which many do not know precisely because many who comment on Me are not 'victors.'

"Who is a victor? What is needed to be one? Works resounding with heroism? No. Those who are victorious would then be too few in number. *The victors are those who in themselves gain victory over the Beast, who would like to get the better of them.* In truth between atrocious, but brief martyrdom, with the help of supernatural and natural factors, and a secret, obscure, and continuous struggle, *the latter,* on the scales of God, is of greater weight, or at least of a weight of a different kind, *but precious.*

"No tyrant is a greater tyrant than the flesh and the Devil. And those who are able to gain victory over the flesh and the Devil and make the flesh a spirit and the devil a vanquished foe are 'the victors.'

"But to be such people must have given themselves totally to Love. Totally: *those who love with all their strength reserve nothing for themselves, and, in not keeping anything for themselves, they keep nothing for the flesh and the devil.* They give everything to their God, and God gives everything to those who love Him.

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[36] *NB43, August 18, 1943, p. 249*

"He gives them his Word. This is what He gives the victors to eat beginning on this earth, *nor could He give them anything greater. He gives Me, the Father's Word, to be the food of the spirit consecrated to heaven.*

"My Word descends to nourish the souls given entirely to their Lord God. My Word comes to be the priest and guide for you that seek the true guide and see so many weak guides for the throngs perishing without a true guide. *You that have understood the Truth know that this alone is necessary: to live by my Word, believe in my Word, and walk according to my Word.*

"What would you think of someone wanting to live on sweets, liqueurs, and smoke? You say that person will die because that isn't the food one needs to live healthily. *The same holds for those who weary themselves with a thousand superficial things and do not take into account that which is the core of the whole life of the soul: my Word.*

"Why don't the Mass, the **Eucharist**, and Confession sanctify you as ought to happen? *Because to you they are purely formal acts; you don't make them fruitful through attention to my Word.* Even worse: *by lukewarmness, hypocrisy, and more or less serious sin you choke off my Word, which I hurl from the heights of Heaven as a summons and light for you.*

"You do not love Me -- that's all there is to it. To love doesn't mean a superficial visit of worldly courtesy from time to time. *To love means to live with one's soul united, fused to a single fire which nourishes another soul. Then, in fusion, understanding also takes place.*

"I no longer speak from afar, from the heights of the heavens, *but take up my dwelling -- and* with Me, the Father and the Spirit, for we are one single reality -- in *the hearts of those who love Me, and my word is no longer a whisper, but a full Voice, no longer isolated, but continuous. I am then the true 'Master.'* I am the One who twenty centuries ago tirelessly spoke to the crowds and who now finds his delight in speaking to his beloved ones who are able to listen to Him and I make them into my channels of grace.

"How much Life I give you! True Life, holy Life, eternal Life, joyful Life *through my word, which is the Word of the Father and the Love* of *the Spirit.* Yes, in truth I have 'the victor' eat of the fruit of the tree of Life. *I give it to him beginning on this earth through my spiritual doctrine, which I return to bear among men so that not all men will perish. I give it to you in the other life by my being in your midst eternally.*

"I am true Life. *Remain in Me, my beloved ones, and you will not know death."*

The Eucharist As A Guarantee Of Life For Departed Loved Ones[37]

Jesus says:

"O you that cry because separation[38] is painful for you and seems complete, consider what Jesus is saying to you. And you will see that this separation is not complete and that the pain diminishes.

"My apostle[39] utters inspired words to which a meaning connected exclusively with those living on earth is usually attributed. But it has a broader and deeper meaning which I shall reveal for all of you, children who weep, for all of you in pain who suffer over the death of a loved one.

"Didn't he or she who died feed on my Blood and the Flesh which became bread for men? And if they fed on it, doesn't the power of the Blood and the Flesh of your Savior remain in them even beyond death?

"And what can human death do as compared to the superhuman spirit? Does the little death perhaps have the power to separate parts of my members from Me, who live eternally, just because they died on earth? And don't you live in Me, constituting that part of my Mystical Body which lives on earth?

"Aren't these incontrovertible truths? Yes, they are.

"Know, know, O all of you that weep over the pain of a recent loss, *that the one you weep for is not dead, but lives in Me. Know that the very same Bread which fed your souls while you were together on earth maintains life and communion between your spirits living here below and the transhumanized living in Me.*

"The little death can do no harm to the immortal spirits. The great death is the one to be feared, the one that really takes a relative of yours, a spouse, or a friend away from you eternally. The great death -- that is, the damnation of the soul -- which really separates from Me cells of my Mystical Body that have fallen prey to the gangrenes of Satan.

"But for those who have died in my Name and have nourished in themselves the life of the spirit with the ***Eucharistic*** *Food, which does not perish and which is always preservation from eternal death, no, for them there is nothing to weep over, but reason to rejoice, for they have emerged from the danger of death to enter into Life.*

"Consider, all of you consider that it is quite hard for someone who has fed on Me to be a brother of Judas, like the one for whom my Bread was not Life, but Death.

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[37] *NB43, October 7, 1943, p. 355*

[38] The death of her mother, to which the passages and dictations of October 2-3, October 4-5, and October 9 refer.

[39] The writer adds at the foot of the page in pencil: "St. Paul, First Letter to the-Corinthians 10:16-17."

"According to their capacity for spiritual assimilation, my Bread -- that is, Myself made into food to give men the strength to conquer Heaven and the currency to enter it -- will give them a more or less prompt entry into the Kingdom of glory, but in ninety-nine percent of cases it always gives the salvation of the soul.

"Do not weep,[40] then, parents left without children, spouses left without your consorts, orphans left without parents. Do not weep. As to the mother in the Gospel, I, who never lie, say to you, 'Do not weep.'

"Believe in Me: *I will give you back the being that you love, and I will give that being back to you in a kingdom where the sad death of earth has no access and where the horrible death of the spirit is no longer possible.*

"Do not weep. Upon all of you may this hope which is faith descend and my blessing."

A Painful Selection, Eucharistic Adoration Of Jesus[41]

Matthew 3:11-12[42]

Jesus says:

"There is a baptism and a baptism, daughter whom I love. All of you that are Catholics have the Baptism which washes away original sin and which ought to have the same consequence of holiness for all, *if all of you looked to Heaven instead of being nailed into the mire of the Earth with the eyes of your spirit and the roots of your being.*

"Baptism, a sacrament instituted by Me in place of the baptism of John the Precursor, *contains in itself all the elements to lead you to holiness. It gives you Grace, and whoever has Grace has everything.*

"But it is you that do not take Grace into account and cast it aside as a useless gift. Between severe duty to be faithful to this Grace, which is nothing but God in you with all his gifts, and easy compromise with flesh and blood,

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[40] *Luke 7:11-15. 11 And it came to pass afterwards, that he went into a city that is called Naim; and there went with him his disciples, and a great multitude. 12 And when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother; and she was a widow: and a great multitude of the city was with her. 13 Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy towards her, he said to her: Weep not. 14 And he came near and touched the bier. And they that carried it, stood still. And he said: Young man, I say to thee, arise. 15 And he that was dead, sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother.*

[41] *NB43, October 27, 1943, p. 424*

[42] *11 I indeed baptize you in the water unto penance, but he that shall come after me, is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire. 12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his floor and gather his wheat into the barn; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire.*

money, and Evil, just for enjoyment, or in the belief of obtaining enjoyment, during those few instants of eternity which are your lives on earth, you prefer compromise.

"When the Son of God, the One who loves you, comes into the midst of the multitudes marked with his indelible sign, that sign which is more glorious than a royal crown because it gives you a heavenly royalty as sons and daughters and heirs of the Most High He finds that few have fought against instinct and Satan or washed away the stains of Satan and instinct by repentance so as to have that sign of predestination clean and active. To those few the beloved of my Heart, I, the Son of God, to whom all power of judgment is handed over by the Father, come to impart a baptism of burning fire, which blazes and consumes all humanity in them to make their spirits free and render them capable of receiving the Spirit, who speaks.

"A severe selection and a painful election in its joy. *For whoever is not clean, whoever is not kept or rendered clean by love and repentance, cannot be accepted for my wheat.* The sterile, empty chaff, the darnel, the harmful dodder, and the useless parasitic tendrils will be separated by my rigorous examination.

"The chaff are the proud: the proud in heart and thought over their rationalizing, mistaken science, the pharisees and scribes of the present time. The darnel and the dodder, the rebels against the Law and the poisoners of hearts: the corrupters, the scandalous, for whom it would have been better to have been expelled already dead from their mother's womb. The tendrils are the weak, the lukewarm, who want to benefit from the communion of the saints, but without striving to contribute even a minimal effort to it. They are the spiritually slothful, those who always need stimuli, support, and warmth to lead their poor spiritual lives; without the factors of different aids, they would crawl on the ground, unable to tend towards heaven and would be trampled on by the Evil *One -- trampled on, I say, not caught.* They are scorned even by him. He doesn't care about them because he knows that by themselves they slay their souls.

"A painful election, for, like an ear of grain destined to become God's wheat, one must accept the blows of the threshing machine the immolation of the millstone, and the purification of the bolter -- that is, pains, pains, pains, mortifications, measureless asceticism.

"Oh! *To be wheat for hosts one must be able to have oneself stripped by love of all impurity. Nothing else is absolute like love in working this purification of your personality to make it suitable for living in Heaven.*

"But consider, soul of mine. Think of how beautiful my Paradise will seem to you after so much pain. You will find all the bitterness you drink in here out of love for your King changed into sweetness up above. All the wounds which have brought you agony here will be eternal jewels there. All the pain will be joy.

"Time passes. It passes in every instant. I remain, and my Eternity remains with Me. And I and it will be your gift, the one you have earned with your

love and your pain. An eternity of light and sempiternal joy. An eternity with God, with God, Maria.

"Always consider this. You will long for pain like the air you breathe."

Later, Towards Night

Jesus says:

"'Open to Me, my beloved. Your Spouse asks you to be let in. I have granted to your mouth, which desired so much to be kissed, that it may kiss; I have granted to your arms, which were so often clasped by Love's arm, that they may clasp Love.'

"This is the song this morning. Do you see that the One who gave you the lily[43] is able to give you all you desire? I have given Myself, a Lily born of Mary, who is an immaculate Lily. I am now with you in Body and Soul, in Blood and Divinity. I am with you as upon an altar.

"Here, in your room, where your faith shines more than a lamp and your love gives off perfume more than incense, I have placed my cradle, my little cradle, which contains Me, large as in Heaven. Even in the tiniest fragment, I am as in the Father's breast, and around Me are the worshipping angels. Your faith makes you believe this, and for this faith may you be blessed.

"I want to tell you a secret. The saint whom you have loved since childhood -- Mary Magdalene -- when a penitent in the lands of France and alone among the crags, was able to release her spirit, caught in the whirlpool of love, to the point where she would send it where I was present in the Sacred Species. And this desire of hers to worship Me in the Sacrament as she had worshipped Me when I lived on earth moved Me more than her penances.

"I am worshipped too little by Christians, by the quibblers who, to worship Me, need more than display. Oh, love Me by the strength of love! See Me and believe in Me just by the strength of faith! Know that I have not received more intense acts of worship than those of the voluntary recluses or exiles in cells and deserts and that I have not had a worthier altar than that of the little Tarcisius[44] reddening the sacred linen with his blood.

"To find something more perfect you must think of the ineffable transports of my Mother bending over my cradle or the throbbing altar, whiter than a lily and rendered luminous by love, of her most chaste body bearing Me or her arms, her lap, turned into a cushion for the dreams of the Child God.

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[43] This probably refers to a lily which the writer designated "of the Divine Sower," for it had arisen in an old flower box on the balcony of her house in whose soil no one had ever planted a bulb. Cf. the text on May 10.

[44] *Tarsicius or Tarcisius was a martyr of the early Christian church who lived in the 3rd century. The little that is known about him comes from a metrical inscription by Pope Damasus I, who was pope in the second half of the 4th century.*

"Maria: be Mary. Mary adoring the living Bread descending from Heaven, the Flesh and the Blood of the Son of God and of Mary, as our Mother was. Ask Her to teach you her **Eucharistic** fervors.

"Maria, make your house a Nazareth and a Bethany. It already is because I am there, and make it more so with a complete love for your **Eucharistic** Jesus. Illness is not an obstacle for the loving heart. There are numberless churches where I am alone. Come into them with your spirit. Make up for others' lack of love.

"Learn from Me to say, 'I have ardently desired. I have ardently desired to come to You, Jesus, who remain entirely alone on so many altars, to tell You that I love You with my whole self. I have ardently desired to see You, O my **Eucharistic** Sun. I have ardently desired to consume my Bread, which You are. For the sake of so much desire, have mercy on your servant, Lord. Let me come to Your heavenly altar and adore You forever, O Lamb of God. Have me see You with my soul enraptured in your glory, O my Divine Sun, who now appear veiled to Me, because of the weakness of my condition among the living. Let me love You, as I would like to love you, for blessed eternity. Open the gates of Life to me, Jesus, my life. Come, Lord Jesus, come. In the Communion of Light may what is flesh perish and may the spirit conquer You, my Only and Triune God, the sole love of my soul.'"

To Love Wisdom Above All Science[45]

The Lord Jesus says:

"It is I who have given my saints the Wisdom of which I am the absolute possessor. It is I who speak to my beloved so they will disseminate my Wisdom among men. It is I who with gratitude bless my chosen ones who have consumed themselves to be bearers of my Wisdom. It is I who reward them, for *love for Wisdom is love for God, since there cannot be knowledge of Wisdom and rebellion against God. Those who love Wisdom love its source: they love God. Those who love God conquer the reward.*

"You, then, that always aspire to glory, aspire to this true, eternal glory. Let earthly scepters and celebrity fall and aim at conquering the renown and the immortal crown of blessed holiness. *Strive to merit Wisdom, and, beginning on earth, you shall possess all, for you shall possess God, who shall speak in you, guide you, console you, elevate you, and make you my friends and prophets of the Most High. You shall then understand, speak, and see, not with your organs and your capacities, but with the sight and mind of Him who is in you as the Holy of Holies in his living tabernacle.*

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[45] *NB43, November 1, 1943, p. 442*

"You, O my dear brothers and sisters, shall be as was my Mother when She bore Me in her womb and I communicated to Her my movements of love. Mary, the most precious and chaste veil for the Living, Wise, and Holy One, already infused with Wisdom because of her superangelical purity, was one with Wisdom when Love made Her the Mother of incarnate Wisdom. Nor are you less when, with Me-as-**Eucharist** in your hearts, *and with your hearts wanting to live by God -- this is the essential condition -- you* become one with Me and are able to remain in Me even after the Species are consumed, with your worshipping love.

"Be 'Marys' for Me. Bear the Christ within you. *The world, in the midst of so much useless science, needs to have those who communicate true Wisdom. And those who have Me in themselves -- indeed, those who annul themselves in Me -- even if they do not say words, communicate Wisdom by their works, for their works witness to God.*

"Furthermore, out of mercy on the blind and the deaf, the spiritually illiterate, I provide a voice and a pen in the hands and on the lips of those I choose, so that the Spirit of God will be heard again and those led astray will be saved and those wandering will again find the right direction and the fallen will get up again and trust in the One who is named 'Mercy.'"

Also on November 1, at 12:30, after an anti-profession of faith by M.C.[46] which brings me much suffering.

Jesus says:

"What shall we compare certain poor unfortunates to? To unhappy maniacs who, when there is a bright sun outside and affections and food within their reach, refuse to go out, take nourishment, or speak and, like wild beasts, hole themselves into their den, in the dark, letting themselves die of starvation.

"They are abysses of error, horror, and sometimes hatred that should be filled with patience, mercy, love, and pain. Patience in enduring their ideas; mercy in drawing dear *[near(?)]* to them in spite of the repugnance we feel over the leprosy of their spirits; love, for love is the victor and the most powerful medicine of all; and pain, for to give Life and Light one must die, as does the lamp, which blazes on being consumed, and the grain of wheat, which provides food if it dies.

"Give these things, and that's enough. *Words are useless because those souls are deafened by Satan, who keeps them from hearing. One must first defeat Satan, and he is defeated by prayer and pain, not by discussions, where he is a master at persuading people about his doctrine.*

"It is only natural that you should suffer. Each of those words, before wounding my Flesh, passed through yours, for you have placed yourself between the world and the Master to defend Your King. This is the function of

[46] On a typewritten copy the writer specifies: "my cousin G.B." (Giuseppe Belfanti, cousin of the writer's mother).

victims. But I place a kiss upon every wound and for each one say to you, 'Thank you, Maria, for Your love. May you be blessed for it.'"

It's 4 p.m., and I am enjoying a rare moment of solitude.

To the effort of enduring the voices around me -- for I would like to live hearing only the "Voice" you[47] know about, which I love with my whole self, or remembering that "Voice" -- there has been joined today the double effort of hearing -- the charity by which I am given such lofty instructions prohibits me from writing the term which occurs to me spontaneously -- "ignorant words," shall we say. I hope the good Lord will have mercy on the ignorance. And I hope the ignorant one who so amply professed it will be forgiven precisely for his ignorance.

I have suffered so much from this that it is certainly as if I were being scourged. So evidently that he understood and tried to make amends by bringing me a sweet. How bitter that sweet was to me, impregnated with the offense to my **Eucharistic** God! Unable -- indeed, unwilling -- to speak, for I would have been too severe, I remained silent, but I think my face spoke.

Later, in the afternoon, I told Paola[48] that I need silence, for excessive words weary my exhausted body. And she told the others. But it is not the body that is disturbed and suffers. It is the spirit that is disturbed. I would like to be able to live in isolation, at least eighteen hours a day. Or, at the very least, to remain with someone who understands me and knows and respects the terrible, holy, gentle exigency of God upon me.

My Jesus consoled me, as you see, with the words spoken at 12:30. But the bitterness of certain things heard and of certain observations made concerning the state of some souls remains.

Now the peaceful pause is ceasing, and I in turn cease to write.

It's a good thing Paola dedicated a photograph to me with these words: "I love you and want to thank you because in living at your side I feel I am closer to God." A good thing! If I won't take *him* where I want to, I'll take her. And since she is young and may perhaps become a mother,[49] it is well and good that she should be infused with God.

The Chance To Return To Christ[50]

Jesus says:

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[47] Father Migliorini.

[48] The daughter of Giuseppe Belfanti.

[49] Paola Belfanti was married in 1945 to Giuseppe Cavagnera and had a daughter. She ls now a widow and grandmother and resides in Milan.

[50] *NB43, November 6, 1943, p. 460*

"I know that you are surrounded by snares and weak. I know and take this into account when judging you. I would no longer be just if I did not take into account your weakness and the works of the Evil One.

"What makes Me become severe is that you often do not fall out of weakness or a demoniacal snare. *You fall knowingly. You deliberately throw yourselves into the abyss, saying, 'And what do I care about God?' It is then that I call you 'Judas.' You sell Me with my precious Blood. You hand Me over to Satan by giving him your souls, which are mine, for I bought them back by my death. You betray Me by calling yourselves Christians while performing works as anti-Christians.*

"Judas also consumed the **Eucharist** and with Me in his breast went to take the money of barter and with his hands contaminated by that money he embraced Me to point Me out to the enemy. Judas causes you disgust. *But in what way do you act differently, you that seek to exploit your position as Christians for your own purposes and do not serve the interests of Christ?* You serve them so little that you leave Him to chase after the Seducer.

"How much mercy I will have for those who fall with a will opposed to falling and who repent of their fall! One, two, ten, or a hundred nonmalicious falls do not mortally wound Love. They are mutual scratches which your tears heal and my love restores to health. You say to Me, 'Mercy, Lord,' and I say to you, 'Come, poor child, to the Father.'

"You are always mine until love is dead in you. And it is for the wounded children that I gave my Blood. *Be just, then, and merciful to yourselves, as I am. Strive to know Me and love Me so as not to deprive your souls of their right to eternal joy.*

"Get back onto the way of Life. My commandments are that way. Seek to bear them in mind during your day. For if weakness then drags you into slight errors, I assure you that you should not be demoralized over it. Tomorrow you will do better than today, and the day after tomorrow, better than tomorrow. A plant grows slowly. Every day a new little root, every day a new leaf. But how beautiful it is when it has grown! Perfection is like this, children. It is conquered by degrees.

"But what do you think -- that I will give a lesser reward to those who did not reach the maximum immediately? No, on the contrary. *Between those who were holy by my grace and those who wanted to be holy against their nature, I will gaze with eyes twice as loving at this hero of love. The reward in eternity is one alone: the vision of God. But the initial embrace of union between the combatants who are victorious over the flesh, the world, and the devil -- in whom throughout life the latter have agitated their serpentine essence, cut off a thousand times and rising again a thousand times -- shall be powerful, with a special ecstasy.*

"I tell you so. Believe Me, the Truth. How urgent is the need for that memory in you now! You die from not remembering to be Christians. Turn to

the Christ. Wisdom says, 'And those who turned to that sign were not healed by what they saw, but by You, the Savior of all.'

"That's it, O children. You are not healed of your individual and public infirmities *because you are unable to see Me.* Practices do not count; reprisals create vaster evil; *acts of vengeance kill those committing them before those enduring them;* [51] the shelters fall without sheltering you. But if you came to Me, you would be saved. In regard to the life of this earth and that of the hereafter.

"I repeat[52] my wish. *Let many acts of adoration be offered to the Cross, which is the throne of power of Jesus, your Savior.* As the serpent raised up on the cross had the power to heal the Jews, so I, the One who is immortal, raised up on the Cross, will have the power to set to flight what frightens and torments you, for I am the Lord of life and death and can place life where death is already imminent and overcome death by calling back to life.

"No one, except Me, can do this. Satan can give you all powers but not that of calling back vital movement. On the contrary, he teaches you to shatter lives with hatred for the Giver of life, who, to nourish you not only for bodily life, for which He has grain germinate and form ears, but for spiritual life, gives you the Bread which the angels adore because it is the Flesh of the Son of God. He gives it to you, not asking for anything in exchange except love and faith, and, indeed, like a holy Beggar asks you to receive Him into yourselves, for He makes being with you his joy.

"In you that Bread is transformed into Life and Grace; it is transformed into Salvation, Light, Joy, and Wisdom. *You become all when you are an all with the Son of God. The Word of the Father speaks softly when He remains like a heart in your breast. And it is my Word that conserves for Eternal Life those who do not forswear their supernatural filiation.*

"Blessed are those who not only love You -- O Thought of the Father whom Love makes the Word -- in the hours of joy, but who, even before there is joy, even under hurricane clouds, bless You, Light that experience *[sic]* no pause in shining. Blessed are those who are able to praise you with tears in their eyes and trust in their hearts and are certain of your mercy. In truth I tell you that whoever is able to hope in God with the most beautiful act of faith while the darkness is hanging overhead, bringing despair, shall know the Eternal Sun.

"There are few of these true believers, too few. In this night of impotence which has come out of hell, the infirm spirits fall like leaves disintegrated by water and torn away by the wind. Their weight drags them along, and, as an increase of the flesh, they have Satan, who keeps them blinded and tightly grasped to prevent them from making an effort at elevation which would suffice to save them. Fear and discouragement dull them, vice paralyzes them, and

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[51] At the foot of the page the writer adds, "Is this also referring to the bombing of the Vatican tonight?"

[52] Mentioned in the text of October 23.

despair burns them. They are ruins trembling over vain shadows and do not know that they ought to tremble over themselves as slayers of their immortality.

"The churches are emptied; the altars lack worshippers the mystical Bread is not sought after; the three virtues are languishing or dead, and the cardinal virtues as well.

"There is rage and a chaotic effort to seek salvation and disdain and derision for the children of the Light -- more than disdain a desire to oppress them to put out that Light, which is hateful to them. But the more they deride and crush you -- O dear children who are my light brought to men -- the more this poor world will plunge into darkness. *The Crime*[53] and the crimes shall form a wall and barrier for the Light. And under that onerous shelter humanity shall perish in a desperate jail.

"Go ahead and reject the signs I send you from Heaven and laugh at the celestial warnings. Go ahead and believe everything is licit for you. When you least expect, I will have you experience a sign before which you shall plummet in terror, and the wrath you now unleash against the defenseless[54] will be flung back upon you.

"I am that sign. At my appearance, not on earth -- the time has not yet come -- but spiritually, to the children of wrath and to the father of extermination, your arms and his shall fall like dust when the wind dies down. *And if prayers had risen from the earth, instead of curses, that appearance of mine would already have occurred, and you would now be liberated from your terrors,* unfortunates who tremble and are unable to come to the one who loves you.

"It is I who overcome. It is I who know. And it is a great affliction for Me *to* see you running here and there like frightened sheep, following the most foolish advice, obeying those who are wicked, in addition *to* being foolish. I would like *to* die a second time just *to* open the eyes of your souls and make you that holy, great, and glorious People that God had proposed to make when He created the first Parent. I would like to create you a second time just to be able not to see you so far removed from my Thought. But what is is.

"I am speaking to all. I will be heard by few. Comprehended by fewer still. Wisdom is no longer loved and is no longer comprehended. But to his faithful ones Wisdom shall always give strength and light on earth, salvation and joy beyond the earth. He shall give Himself, and the man who has served Him and merited shall be among the one hundred and forty-four thousand about whom John speaks, and the holy Jerusalem shall be his, in which there is the throne of the Wisdom who immolated Himself to bring Himself to men of good will."

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[53] At the foot of the page the writer poses a question: "Perhaps another allusion to the bombing of the city of the 'son of the Light?'"

[54] At the foot of the page the writer adds, "And here?"

Indications For Priests[55]

Isaiah 6:6[56]

Jesus says:

"To deserve to transmit the Word of God one must have clean lips and a clean heart. A clean heart, for it is from that heart that the motions of thought and the flesh emerge.

"Woe to those who do not keep themselves pure and dare to speak in my Name with a sinful soul. These are not my disciples and my apostles. *They are plunderers of Me. For they rob souls from M*e *to give them to Satan.*

"Souls -- both those who follow the priest with respect and faith and those who observe him with distrust -- are prone to reflect on the priest's conduct, for they are endowed with reason. And if they see that the one saying, 'Be patient, be honest, be chaste, be good, be charitable, be forbearing, forgive, help' is, on the contrary, dominated by wrath, harshness, the senses, resentment, and selfishness they get scandalized and, even if they do not separate from the church, always feel a conflict in themselves. These are like the blows of a battering ram which you -- priests who are not the victims of your sublime ministry, which makes you the continuators of the Twelve among the throngs that, at a distance of twenty centuries, always have to be evangelized, for Satan continually destroys the work of Christ, and it is up to you to mend the ravages of Satan -- direct against the edifice of Faith in hearts. Even if they do not collapse, they are injured, and then a shove by Satan is enough to make them fall.

"There are too many among you who imitate the twelfth apostle and for the sake of base human interests sell my portions -- souls, whom you bathe in my Blood, which I have entrusted to you -- to the Enemy of God and of man. The current situation, at least fifty per cent of it -- and I am very indulgent -- is due to you, salt that has become tasteless, fire that no longer gives warmth, light that smokes and does not shine, bread that has turned bitter, and comfort that has become torment, for you present a whole mass of thorns to the souls that, already wounded, come to you for support -- you give harshness, uncharitableness, indifference, and rigorism to the souls coming to you to hear a fatherly word in which there will be an echo of my sweetness, forgiveness, and mercy.

"Poor souls! You thunder against them. And why don't you thunder against yourselves? Are you tempted to appear as the emulators of the ancient members of the synedrium? But that time has passed. I set a tombstone over it because it deserved to be buried so that it would no longer cause harm, and

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[55] *NB43, November 13, 1943, p. 479*

[56] 6 And one of the seraphims flew to me, and in his hand was a live coal, which he had taken with the tongs off the altar.

thereupon I have set up my throne of Mercy and Love, provided by a Table and a Cross where a God becomes bread and a God becomes a host for the redemption of all.

"Learn how to be priests from Me, the Eternal Priest. *To be priests means to be angelic; it means to be holy. The throngs ought to see Christ as utterly evident in you.* Ah! You often show them an appearance more like Lucifer's.

"How many, many souls I will ask my priests to account for. I repeat to you what Paul said. And believe that it would be better for you to confess openly that you can no longer remain in that way rather than live as you do. You alone would deny Me. By remaining you cut so many souls away from Me. Once and for all, leave aside so many embellishments and concerns.

"For cultivation, go back to the Texts and ask God to purify your minds and hearts with the fire of continence and of love so as to be able to understand them as they should be understood. For -- know this -- you *have turned the burning gems of my Gospel into opaque little stones filthy with slime -- that is, if you haven't even turned them into large stones of anathema for lapidating poor souls by giving the words of love a sternness which chills and leads to desperation.*

"It is you that deserve those stones, for if a flock is torn apart by wolves or plunges into a ravine or grazes on poisonous grass, who is to blame ninety percent of the time? The indolent or guzzling shepherd who, while the sheep are in danger, goes on a spree or sleeps or busies himself with markets and banks.

"Ask God -- by way of a penitential life which will cleanse you of so much humanity -- to *have a seraph purify you continually with the flaming coal taken from the altar of the Lamb -- I* might say, *'from the Heart of the Lamb' -- which burns from eternity out of zeal for God and for souls.*

"Penance kills nothing but what should be killed. Do not fear for your flesh, which you ought to love for what it deserves -- very little -- and which you love as something precious. My penitents do not die of this. They die because of the Charity which burns them. It is Charity which consumes them, not the hair shirts and scourges. And the proof is that they sometimes arrive at advanced ages and with a Physical integrity which the solicitous protectors of the flesh do not reach. *My saints who die at a young age are the ones burned on the pyre of Love, not those destroyed by austerities.*

"Penance provides light and spiritual agility because it tames the octopus of humanity, which keeps you nailed to the bottom. Penance uproots you from what is lowly and launches you on high, towards Love.

"Simplicity, charity, chastity; humility, and love of pain are the five greatest gems of the priestly crown. Detachment from cares, forbearance, constancy, and patience are the other minor gems. They form a crown of pointed gems which clasp the heart in a circle. But it is precisely from being clasped in

this way, remaining wounded by it, that this heart increases its splendor and becomes a living ruby in a wreath of diamonds.

"I don't even say to you, 'Have the heart of my Peter;' I say; 'Have the heart of my John.' I want that heart in you because it was the perfect apostolic heart from the dawn of his priesthood until its dusk.

"I infuse the mind of Peter into my Vicars, but you must make the heart on your own. And that heart is indispensable in whoever is my priest: from my most lofty Holy One, who is white in soul and in thought, as in clothing, and who is the greatest Host in this bloody harvest which the Earth is celebrating, to the least of my ministers, who breaks the Bread and the Word in a secluded village: a sprinkling of houses which the world does not know it bears on its surface, but which the ***Eucharist*** *and the Cross render as august as a royal palace -- more than a palace, they make it similar to the maximum Temple of Christendom -- for in a ciborium of gold studded with pearls or in the poorest ciborium is the same Christ, the Son of God, and the souls that prostrate themselves before Him -- dressed in the purple of Cardinals and a regal mantle or covered with a humble cowl and poor clothes -- are equal for Me. I look at the spirit,* children. *And I bless where there is merit. I don't let Myself be seduced by what is the world,* as you often do.

"Change your hearts, priests. *The salvation of this humanity is to a great extent in your hands.* Don't force Me on the Great Day to have to strike down vast multitudes of the consecrated *responsible for immense ruins which have spread over the world from hearts."*

[Glorious Mysteries.][57]

The Third Glorious Mystery

Mary says:

"When the Spirit of the Lord descended to invest the twelve assembled in the Cenacle with his Power, He poured Himself upon me as well. But if for all of them it was a knowledge which made them aware of the Third Person and of his divine gifts, for me it was only a more intense rediscovery. For all of them He was a flame; for me He was a kiss.

"He, the Eternal Paraclete, had already been my Spouse for thirty-four years, and his Fire had so possessed and penetrated me as to make my whiteness the body of a Mother. After the divine marriage He had also left me filled with Himself, nor could He add Perfection to Perfection, for God cannot increase Himself, being most perfect and unsurpassable in his measure and having given Himself to me without limit, to make my womanly flesh something so holy as

[57] *NB43, December 18, 1943, p. 586*

to be able to become a dwelling place for the Divine One who was descending to incarnate Himself in me.

"But now that the work of his self-giving to me and of mine to Him had been fulfilled and our Son had returned to Heaven after having accomplished all, He was coming back to give me his kiss of thanks.

"Oh, how much God teaches you about gratitude! He, my Lord, did not fail to be grateful to his Servant, who had been the instrument at his service; and, while it was I who, with every heartbeat, repeated, 'Holy, holy, holy and blessed are You, sublime Lord,' He was leaving Heaven a second time to renew his embrace as the Spouse and, between the burning and the voice of the divided Flame, promise Me the third union without end in the blessed dwelling of Heaven.

"And Heaven was then my goal more than ever, for, when Love has been savored and savored anew, sun and earth, creatures and things disappear from before our eyes, and there remains only one sight, one taste, one desire: God. To possess God not momentarily, but in an eternal present."

The Fourth Glorious Mystery

Mary says:

"Another pearl for my beloved ones. I really wanted to speak about it in a few days, but I bend to a desire because I am the Mother. For Christmas you shall also receive this word of mine.

"As the birth of the Son was ecstasy for me, and I came back to the earth from rapture with my Child in my arms, so my death was a rapture in God.

"Trusting in the promise received in the divine splendor of the morning of Pentecost, I thought that the approach of the moment of the final return of Love to carry me off to Himself was to be signaled by an increase in fire. Nor was I mistaken.

"For my part, the more life passed, the more I augmented my desire to fuse myself to Eternal Charity. I was spurred to it by the desire for my Son and the conviction that I would never do so much for men as when I would be praying for them on the steps of God's throne. And with an increasingly inflamed and accelerated movement, with all the strength of my soul I would cry out, 'Come, Lord Jesus; come, come, Eternal Love!'

"The **Eucharist**, which for me was like dew given to a thirsty flower -- it was life -- now was no longer sufficient for the uncontainable longing of my heart. It no longer sufficed for me to receive my Divine Child into myself and bear Him in the Sacred Species, as I had borne Him in my virginal flesh. My whole self wanted the Triune God, and not under the veils chosen by my Jesus to conceal the ineffable mystery, but as He was and is and shall be in the center of Heaven.

"My Son, in his **Eucharistic** transports, Himself burned for me with kisses of infinite desire, and every time He came to me with the power of his love, He nearly uprooted my soul in the initial impetus and then remained with infinite tenderness to call me 'Mother,' and I felt He was anxious to have me with Himself.

"I no longer wished for anything else. Not even the desire to protect the nascent Church was in me. All was annulled in the desire to possess God, in the conviction that one can do all when one possesses God.

"Maria, arrive at this total love. Let everything lose value and concern in your eyes. Look only to God. When you are rich in this poverty of desire, which is immeasurable wealth, God will bend over your spirit to kiss it, and you will ascend with your spirit to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, to know Them and love Them for blessed eternity and to possess their riches in graces, to have them at your disposal for the purposes and the beings you are thinking of. We are never so active for the sake of our brothers and sisters as when we are no longer among them, but are lights rejoined to the Light.

"The approach of Eternal Love bore the sign I was thinking of. Everything lost light and color, voice and presence, under the Radiance and the Voice which from the open Heavens bent down over me to gather in my soul.

"It is said, 'Mary would have rejoiced to be accompanied by her Son.' But my sweet Jesus was quite present with the Father when Love gave me the third kiss of life, that kiss which was so divine that my soul expired in it, gathered up like a dewdrop drunk in by the sun from the center of a lily, and I ascended with my spirit singing hosannas into the midst of my Three, whom I adored and adore, like a pearl in a setting of fire, followed by the procession of the angelic spirits coming to my eternal birthday and awaited on the threshold of the Heavens by my earthly Husband, by the Kings and Patriarchs of my lineage, and by the first saints and the first martyrs, and Heaven closed over the joy of possessing its Queen, whose flesh, the only flesh among all mortal flesh, experienced the blessedness of glorification."

The Fifth Glorious Mystery

Mary says:

"My humility did not allow me to think of so much glory reserved for me in Heaven.

"In my thought was the certainty that my human flesh, made holy by having borne God, would not undergo corruption, for God is Life, and when He fills a being with Himself, He is like an aroma protecting from death. Not only had I been fused with Him in a chaste and fertile embrace, but I had been pervaded in the most hidden recesses by the emanations of the Divinity concealed in my womb and intent on covering Himself with mortal flesh.

"But that the goodness of the Eternal should have reserved for his Handmaid to feel again on my members the touch of the hand of my Son, his embrace, and his kiss, hear his voice again with my ears, see his face with my eyes, experience anew the joy of caressing Him -- no, I did not think that this would be granted to me at once, nor did I desire it. It sufficed for me that these blessings should be granted to my spirit, and my happiness as a blessed one would already be full.

"But as a witness to his creative thought regarding man; God wanted me in Heaven in soul and body. I am the certain witness to what God had conceived and willed for man: an innocent life unaware of sin, a placid passage from this life to the complete Life in which, like someone crossing the threshold of a house to enter a royal palace, the complete being would pass from the sun of the earthly paradise to the Sun of the heavenly Paradise, increasing the perfection of the person, in flesh and in spirit, with the full Light which is in the Heavens.

"Before the Patriarchs and the Saints, before the Angels and Martyrs, God set me, when taken up into the glory of Heaven, and said, 'This is the perfect work of the Creator; this is what I created in my image and likeness, the result of a divine, creative masterpiece, the wonder of the Universe, which sees enclosed in a single being the divine in the immortal spirit; like God, and, like Him, spiritual, intelligent, and virtuous, and the animal, in the most perfect flesh, to which every other living being in the three realms of Creation bends. This is the witness to my love for man, for whom I created the perfect organism and the blessed destiny of an eternal life in my Kingdom. This is the witness to my Forgiveness for man, to whom, by virtue of a threefold love,[58] I have granted rehabilitation in my sight. This is the mystical touchstone; this is the link between God and man; this is She who takes the times back to the first days and gives my divine eye the joy of contemplating Eve, whom I created, as I created her, and now rendered even more beautiful because She is the Mother of my Son and the Martyr of Forgiveness. For her Heart, which knew no stain, I open the treasures of Heaven, and for her head, which knew no pride, I make my Radiance into a crown and crown Her, for She is holy to Me, so that She will be your Queen.'

"Maria, there are no tears in Heaven. But for the sake of the joyful weeping the spirits would have had if they had been granted weeping -- an aqueous humor squeezed out by an emotion -- there was a sparkling of lights, a color change of splendor into more vivid splendors, a burning of fires of charity in a more brightly inflamed fire, an unsurpassed, indescribable sounding of harmonies, to which the voice of my Son joined itself in praise for God the Father and the Servant of God, eternally blessed.

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[58] *I.e., heart (body), soul (spirit), and mind (intellect): the First Commandment.*

"Maria, I had thought of finishing this illustration of the mysteries of my holy rosary after Christmas -- for, without your realizing, I spoke to you about all of them, and especially about the white ones of rejoicing and the radiant ones of glory, since for the purple ones there is only one name -- *Pain* -- and all of them are a single pain. But you that love me have so many afflictions and understand that only by forgetting the Earth for the sake of Heaven do those afflictions become bearable for your hearts. And I reveal to you the lights of Heaven.

"The mystical necklace is complete, I give it to you for the Birthday of my Son and, with it, my blessing and my caress.

"Be good and love me, I am with you."

Mary's Mystical Accompaniment Of Maria[59]

Mary says:

"To many, already carried off into the mystical heights, it was granted to see my Holy Son as an infant and even to clasp Him to their hearts. But it was granted to few to see Me as I offered his Humanity the sweetest care a mother gives her newborn child.

"It is to place my faithful one in the deepest intimacy of our Family and my life. It is to make the love to be given to my Jesus -- whose humility, delicateness, and weakness as a newborn child you can admire, and you can receive from his sobbing mouth one of the deepest lessons in sacrifice and charity given by Him during his earthly life -- easier and easier for you and increasingly perfect.

"Maria, if you reflect, I have traveled the road of the visions backwards. In a wholly supernatural manner, and thus different from the one that would have been followed by a human, who usually begins with what is most humble and then rises to what is most sublime, for his meager stamina does not enable him to fly to great heights at once. On the other hand, since I know the grandiose is needed in order for your senses to be enraptured, I have followed another way. Mine.

"I attracted and conquered your spiritual attention with visions of glorious beauty; then, when I saw you were taken up with me and filled with love for me, I instructed you and prepared you for more intimate knowledge of your Mother and for the deepest lessons of my life and that of my Child, *for the basic lesson of humility, the antidote for the poison of Lucifer, who from Adam on has been harming you and diverting you from God's way.*

"I appeared to you, through the goodness of my Son, as the bearer of the living **Eucharist**, then as the Mother of the Savior, and later exalted in

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[59] *NB43, December 26, 1943, p. 605*

Heaven. And after these silent visions of light and joy, which, like heavenly nets, encircled you and took you to me, I taught you. If your soul had rebelled against the sweet net out of spiritual heaviness, I would have left you. But you enwrapped yourself in it, making those visions your joy; your desire, and your stimulus towards what was better and better. And then, after the Queen, I showed you the Mother. To console you, without a mother any longer. To lift you up to my humility. To carry you off into my joy.

"I always come when it is the right time. I had always loved you. But I asked Jesus for you when I read in God's thought that soon you would no longer have a mother. He prepared the meeting and union -- may He be blessed for it! And I came.

"On Calvary, didn't I take on my mission as a mother spiritually and collectively? As I took you in John as Christ's orphans in the nascent Church, left without her Parent, so I take you when you are deprived of those who were your fathers and mothers. On experiencing union with Love and contact with my Son's heart, which received nourishment from my heart, this heart of mine took on the limitlessness of God's heart, and I love all of you, O orphans of the Earth, and, if only you so desire, I give you my arm for support, my shoulder to lean on, my breast to rest upon, and my heart to love you.

"And if it is not granted to all -- not by my will, but because of their defect -- to feel my embrace with the senses of a flesh which has nearly been turned into spirit by the love perfecting you -- I *am close to all the children who weep because they no longer have a mother.*

"Say this to those who weep. Tell them to believe in me not only as a deified Queen, but as a true Woman for whom motherly tenderness is not unknown. Tell them to call me alongside their tears with the most beloved of names, the one I received from my Son, from his childhood until his ascension into Heaven and beyond: 'Mother!' I will be the 'mother.'

"Do you see how beautiful my Child is?! Do you understand why every figuration no longer possesses light and value for you? You see my manifest, sublime Motherhood just as it was, as delicate as a rose emerging in a snowy winter landscape, as pure as an April dawn, as holy as an angel's cry, as humble as was needed to be motherhood of the Victor over eternal Pride.

"You cannot retain those words, which are foreign for you. I could even teach them to you. But I don't want to do so. You would not understand them all the same, and they would be of no use, except to the scientific curiosity of the prying profaners of the mystery. Conserve their harmony in your heart like the luminous sound of a river of pearls. And go on being a worshipper.

"I am with you."

Immediately Afterwards

Jesus says:

"Remember that you will not be great because of the contemplations and revelations, but because of your sacrifice.

"The former are granted to you by God not because of your merit, but through his infinite goodness. *The latter is the flower of your spirit, and it is that which has merit in my eyes. Increase it without human considerations to the limit of your physical and spiritual strength. The more you rise up, the more I will carry you off on high.*

"And do not fear. And do not be afflicted if your interior shines through. *Even to see someone enraptured in God is sanctification for that person's brothers and sisters. Don't include anything which is your own. Never contaminate this fountain of mystical life with human elements.* And let Me act in this, too.

"I will say nothing more to you. Delight in my Mother."

The Father's Lesson On The Name Of His Son, Christ's Warning And Words For His Vicar, A Vision Of Jesus And Mary, An Explanation Of The Wounds Of Christ's Hands[60]

The Eternal Father says:

"Write, for there is someone who so desires and thinks of this.

"Paul of Tarsus, at one time a supporter of the synedrium and a relentless persecutor of Christ's disciples, having returned to the Light by way of a divine thunderbolt and become the tireless Apostle of my Son, in the Areopagus of Athens announced to the Athenians that unknown God to whom they had dedicated an altar.

"Now as well, many living altars are deprived of their God and could write on their religious nudity *at least* these words: 'To the Unknown God.'

"They do not write even this, inferior in their paganism to the Athenians of old, who, not satisfied with their images without true life and not beclouded by religious apathy, as you are, felt that above the deceitful Olympus of their gods, to whom they had lent their passions and their vices, there was a true and holy God, and they called upon Him to make Himself known through that altar dedicated to Him, upon which there was not yet a statue or a name, as they waited for Divine Revelation to affix them to it.

"But you know the true God, for I have been revealing Him to you for ages and ages, and, not satisfied with revealing Him to you, I sent you God Himself, not by a deceitful apparition or fleeting dwelling, but robed in human Flesh and living among you for a whole lifetime.

"I gave a name to that Perfection of God's *Perfection -- remember,* O *men, that God is Charity, and the compendium and perfection of Charity is had*

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[60] *NB43, December 29, 1943, p. 613*

in Christ, who became incarnate to give you Life -- who had descended to act in your midst. A holy name willed by Me, for in his Name there is the compendium of his Perfection and his sublime mission. A Name known to God alone in its true meaning. A Name before which the Divinity throbs with more lively ardor, Paradise shines with more beatific splendor with all its processions of angels and saints, the abyss trembles, and the forces of the Universe bend their powers, for they recognize the name of the King through whom all things have been made.

"In the thrice holy and powerful name of Jesus is the splendor and glory of the Triune God, for He is the Holy of Holies, in whom there is found, as in the Temple of God, the living, true, and perfect God as He is in Heaven, eternal and active, like a wheel which undergoes no welding and does not cease its movement in the ages and ages preceding man and the ages and ages following man. Hence the Book rightly states, 'You, man, will not build the house for my Name, but your son, who will emerge from your entrails, will be the one who will build a house for my Name.'[61]

"The Son of Man, born of a woman of a holy lineage, consecrated to Me, by the will of the Holy Spirit conceived without the weight of carnality, but by an infusion of love alone, the One Born of Mary, who did not open the virginal womb at birth, as at his conception no one violated that womb consecrated to Me -- your son through the Mother, O Humanity, and my Son by his divine origin, *shall be the One who shall make Himself the House upon which the Glory of my Name is engraved.*

"For We are inseparable in our Trinity, and in Christ there are the Father and the Son and the Divine Spirit. The Son is nothing but the Word of the Father, who has taken on a form to be Redemption for you. But his annihilation does not break the union of the Three Persons, *for the Perfection of God knows no limitation or separation.*

"How could you contain God in such an infinite and holy temple as the Divinity requires? *Only God Himself could be a temple for God and bear his Name without this being an irony and offense. Only God could dwell in Himself and make the temples of man alive with Himself, upon which the name affixed by man is no longer fallacious because I have given you that Name.*

"Only God, O Christians, *could give you his Name as a sign of salvation upon all the races of the Earth,* that Name which the angels will read on the brows of those who will not die eternally and preserve them, through that Name, from the scourges of the final hour, as it has already preserved from the second death the elect who are singing the holiness of my Son in the heavenly dwelling.

"Woe to those who deny the Name and offend it by substituting the demoniacal sign of Satan for this Name, which is holy, *or who simply allow spiritual languor to forget it as if a corrosive substance were erasing it from*

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[61] The writer adds in pencil, "The Third Book of Kings, chapter 8, verse 19. *[2 Paralipomenon (2 Chronicles) 6:9; 3 Kings (1 Kings) 8:19."]*

their self, which has Life through that Name. Death, true Death, awaits the deniers of the name of my Son, to whom I have submitted all power and all judgment and in whose Name my Majesty bows at each miracle, as in the Universe every creature ought to bow in holy and loving worship.

"Oh, children of my Son -- who carried his Name to be reddened with Divine Blood on the steep ascent of Calvary and to shine as the only light of the obscured world in the darkness of Good Friday, so that it would be a warning pointing to Heaven, for which you have been made, and it has been shining for centuries to go on reminding you of Heaven, and never as now does it flash out to call you to Itself in this wrath created, incited, and willed by you, wherein you are perishing amidst gurgles of blood and the laughter of demons -- O children of my Son, *graze [sic] once more the Holy Name of Jesus Christ, on the altar of your hearts without God, on the profaned temple of your minds, with your pain turning back to God, with your hope rising up again to God, with your faith being rebaptized by tears, and with your love rediscovering the way of Charity.* Free heart and mind from the images of a cult bringing you spiritual death. Place the true God in them and upon them. Love, sing, invoke, bless, and believe in the Name of my Son.

"In the Name of the Just, Holy, Strong One, the Dominator, the Victor. In the Name of Him before whom the Father does not resist and for whom the Spirit effuses his rivers of sanctifying grace. In the Name of the Merciful One, who loves you to the point of having wanted to endure earthly life and death and become Food to nourish your weakness and a Sacrament to remain in your midst beyond his return to Heaven and to bear God into you.

"I swear to you by my Holiness: there is not, was not, and shall not be a greater name than This One. I, Triune, am in It with my supreme manifestation of power and love."

He further states:

"Introduce tomorrow's date. Jesus Christ, the son of David, ought to have celebrated his Name on the day of the royal Prophet from whom Mary proceeds."

Jesus says:

"And the word of the Lord is addressed to you in these terms, even if you do not want to hear it because it makes your heart tremble with both fear and compassion over the days in store for you and over your brothers and sisters who in the days of terrible wrath will not have Me in their hearts for their comfort and will see only the horror of Satan and will hear only the blasphemies of Satan and will know only the despair of Satan.

"I have introduced this gap as a warning to the inquisitive, showing and demonstrating that I am the Lord and Master, on whom limitations or theories are not to be imposed, who knows no limit, to show that I am the one who

am speaking and not you, a creature, and I lead you wherever I want to: from the revelations and contemplations of eternal truths and heavenly visions to the considerations concerning this Satanic hour, in which every reflection of Heaven is annulled, and the fruits which this hour brings you.

"O my people, listen.

"I had chosen you for the highest destiny and had entrusted to you the gems of my Redemption and my Doctrine in the Church, flourishing on your soil like a palm tree and a cedar from which honey and wine flow and in which all the living who want to receive shelter in the true ark of eternal salvation find shelter.

"Out of you there had come, as if from a sun, rays of a perfect civilization, for it was the Civilization of Christ, which is not robed in discoveries suitable for making life soft and fate cruel, but in holy laws aimed at elevating man, relieving his misery, and instructing his ignorance, for they are laws coming from the Divine Fount of Holiness, Charity, and Wisdom.

"I had given you a mission like mine as the Light in the world.

"You have denied Me. New Jerusalem, you have betrayed the Christ and raged against his saints and his prophets, and you are preparing to rage even more. You have put up with the cross and churches as art and as a means to obtain your neopagan goals. You have rejected the Food to sate your heart with mire.

"You have wanted to experience and sample all the mire, and with your corrupt taste, like that of an unclean animal, it now seems sweet to your palate. And lust, abuse of power, ferocity, avidity, deceit, corruption, and satanism are the dishes with which you cover your table. You draw punishment after punishment after punishment upon yourself, made by your own hands, and inflicted by you upon yourself, and you call upon the one who ruins you and do not call the one who would still forgive you.

"I have continued to use mercy after mercy towards you and have warned you not to turn this mercy of mine to your additional harm by using it for an unworthy purpose. And over and over again you have continued to make God's gift a sin by using it for an illicit purpose.

"Just as the Prophet says, 'The rod has blossomed; pride has sprouted.' I had given you an olive shoot for you to cultivate so that it would become a leafy branch of justice and peace, informing you that the soil had to be cleared of error so that my holy shoot would not grow wild on contact with impurity and not bud into branches and fruits of greater guilt. But you have not listened to the Lord, who -- as Father and Master -- was giving you counsel, and *the crop has become poison, and pride has given birth to crime. And other crimes will follow, and still others.*

"I thus say to you that not one of you shall remain without tears. Those who possess and those who are naked shall weep. For those who possess shall lose and those who are naked shall no longer find anyone to dress them. Famine,

the sword, and pestilence shall grasp your bodies with their ropes; and despair and terror, the blind souls.

"Yes, you shall be like the blind, walking in the darkness filled with ravines and debris, knowing that every step you take may lead you to betrayal and death; you shall walk on ground which seems to be shaken by a tremendous earthquake. And the Earth really does tremble under your steps, for, although it is only a planet, it is more of a child of the Creator than you are, and it sees the irate face of God staring at this ground, as when He looked at the children deserving of the flood and fire, and it gets agitated in its depths with fear over its punishment.

"Material and intellectual values are thrown into disorder and stripped of their proper substance. Knowledge has become an obstacle and not a help; *even that holy knowledge of God has become a condemnation because, though knowing Him, you deny Him. Light and Word stick in your throats, unable to descend to enlighten and nourish the spirit, for the noose of your perverse passions keeps you from receiving them.*

"On seeing the collapse of the idols of mud which you had set up in place of the true God, you shall know you have worshipped uncleanness and shall no longer have faith. *No more faith in anything. In either the true or the false.*

"And to punish the deniers, those without faith, the haters of the Roman Christ shall come upon them, the wicked of the Earth, those ever closer to Satan, the demolishers of the Cross, not so much on the domes of temples *as inside the hearts that still bear in themselves a trace of my Sign.*

"And you, the new Peter, watch and watch without deluding yourself. It is true that to suffer for Christ is a dignity surpassed by no other. But I tell you, 'Watch and pray.'

"In the hours of a great storm it is necessary not only to have a purple banner high on the mast, *but for the hand of Peter to be healthier and surer than ever at the helm. The Disorientor makes use of everything to cause confusion. And in the hours of a gale which assails on all sides to sink the holy values, hated by the perverted, in a shipwreck, it is enough for the hand to be removed for an instant, through an irreparable misfortune, from the wheel of the tiller in order for the waves to come athwart the mystical boat more forcefully.*

"Watch over yourself so that you may watch over others. Peter, now more than ever it is necessary for you to feed these lambs of mine and these little sheep of mine. There is no one but you that remains as a holy Shepherd, *and if you fall, many lambs will be led by imprudent sheep outside the pastures, and other shepherds with wicked doctrines will work their way even into my dominion to contaminate it with their human -- and* to say *human* is indeed a merciful *judgment -- pressures.*

"No, this is not the time to die for Christ. *This is the time to watch, defend, instruct, and act as a barrier against what seeks to enter to corrupt ever more broadly and deeply.*

"And believe Me, O Christ on earth, *believe Me, the sore is already gnawing deeply and obscuring minds and hearts and, as the misfortune of misfortunes, extinguishing the lanterns which had been placed on the mountaintops so that they would illuminate the way for the pilgrims seeking Heaven.* Many are already extinguished; many are smoking; many languish, and others are preparing to languish. If the faithful are icy, the pastors are cold, and *the death of the spirit comes by frostbite.* An imperceptible death bringing on a sleep without the light of resurrection.

"Consider this, O Christ on earth, born to such a destiny. And *without growing weary, insist, preach, exhort, reproach, and evangelize. There are too many temples in which the Gospel has lost value and too many hearts that hear an untrue sound in the Gospel which separates them from it.*

"Like the first Peter, make up for the deficiencies of ministers and cause the throngs to hear again, through your lips, the sweet, holy, and salutary doctrine of Christ, and cause those not yet slain to be saved and come back to Me, and peace to return to this earth, on which there is not a clump of sod which does not know the dew of the martyrs."

After having written this passage, which my good Jesus dictated to me without delay after your visit, I was thinking again of the conversation I had with you[62] regarding that person who felt "nothing good could come out of Nazareth."

The Master joined in, "Are you perhaps involved and concerned about it?"

I replied, "No, Jesus. Not at all. I was just thinking."

"Don't even think about it. *Let the dead bury themselves.* Busy yourself with my cradle. I will come with it to give you so many **Eucharistic** kisses. *This is what counts: my love, and not the lovelessness of creatures."*

And[63] it seemed to me that Jesus was placing his hands on my shoulders (standing with his arms behind my back). I distinctly felt Jesus' two long, strong hands, which were embracing me and shaking me a little, drawing me to Himself in a hug of love, and I saw his sweet, majestic smile.

Then, last night, before drowsiness set in, when I was already feeling it come upon me, I had a vision of the Virgin and Jesus, but an adult Jesus, as He was at his death. Still in his white clothing. Both of them were dressed in white. But *Our Lady's* dress was a silvery white like a lily's, and the veil as well

[62] Father Migliorini.

[63] At this point the writer again introduces the date, December 29, which she adds as if noting it down.

-- just as She was in the visions at the Grotto, whereas *Jesus'* attire was an ivory white, like woolen cloth.

I was able to compare the two Bodies and the two Faces carefully, as they were close to each other, on the right side of my bed. Jesus at my side, Mary on his right, towards the foot of the bed.

Mary was shorter than her Son by the whole height of his head, so that the Virgin's head reached the shoulder of her Son, who was *very* tall. She was much thinner, whereas He had broad shoulders and a body which was entirely robust without being fat. The shade of the face was an ivory white. Only the lips were accentuated in their color, which stood out from that colorless color of the skin, and blue eyes: light in the Virgin, darker in her Son and larger. The eyes of a dominator, but so gentle! Lighter hair in the Mother, brighter in the Son, but still a blond tending towards copper, and equally delicate, soft, and forming waves which in Jesus ended in curls; in Mary, I don't know, for the veil allowed me to see only the hair over her forehead down to her ears. I don't know if it was loose, braided, or pinned at the nape of her neck.

In both the face was an elongated oval, slender without being bony. More delicate in Mary and smaller, for it was in proportion to her body. But the forehead, nose, mouth, shape of the cheeks, and contour of the eyes, with smooth eyelids appreciably lowered over the eyes, were the same. It was, I repeat, only that Jesus' eyes were bigger and their gaze was that of a dominator.

Mary's hands were extremely white and minute; her Son's were more virile, and the skin was darker; but the hands of both were markedly tapering in shape in relation to their width.

Jesus and Mary looked at one another from time to time with an indescribable love. Mary looked with an adoring love. Jesus looked at his Mother with an infinite, venerating, and protective love -- grateful, I would say. And I would also say that they were speaking to each other with their gaze and their smile. They would look at me and then at each other. I saw the movement of their heads distinctly.

Then everything was effaced in drowsiness. But when I recovered awareness, the first thing I saw was my two Loves still in the same place.

Then, since I was alone, in the dark, while the others were eating or talking (I don't know) in the dining room, I carefully refrained from letting it be known that I was awake. I put up with heat and the need to be moved (I felt pins and needles all over) to savor that sweet vision in peace. With my half-numb hands I took my rosary, which was lying on my breast, where I always put it when I feel myself being overtaken by sleep or a collapse, and I began to say the rosary. The sorrowful mysteries.

When I had barely begun the invocations of Fatima -- 'Jesus, it is for the sake of your love, for the conversion of sinners, for the Holy Father, and to make reparation for the offenses committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Jesus, forgive us our sins, preserve us from the fire of hell, and take all

souls to Heaven, especially those most in need of your mercy" -- I saw the Two look at one another, beaming with mutual love. *Beam* is the right word and barely expresses the radiance of the two Faces.

Then, when I said the mystery of "Jesus' Prayer in the Garden," Mary's face looked at her Son with love and affliction, and She took her Son's right hand, which was hanging at his side, in her little hand and kissed it with supreme veneration. And She did the same at each of the five sorrowful mysteries. The grace of that act was indescribable, as was the gaze which Jesus lowered over the bent head of his Mother as She kissed Him on the back of the hand.

I did not see the stigmata. Really, if I must state the truth, even when I saw Jesus in agony,[64] I saw blood on his hands, but never the open wound. I thus cannot say the exact point where it is located.

Afterwards the people in the house came and disturbed me. *I continued to see, but I was disturbed in the peace of contemplating.* I had the face typical of when *I see,* and Paola[65] realized and said, 'How beautiful we are tonight!'

I then worked because I felt happy. I put together the "Cradle" Jesus wants.

And then -- I felt ill with heart trouble and had a tremendous crisis which is still continuing. Life and Joy rush into me with excessive violence, and my extenuated body suffers therefrom. But I am willing to die with that vision. Oh, you can bet I'm willing to...!

I have given you[66] such an exact description that it is almost a painting. May you, too, take delight in it. I am sorry I cannot make you see as I see, but I do all I can to make you share as well in the treasures Jesus gives me. I apologize if I am more illegible than ever, but I am wavering between life and death, to the point that I have taken drops and so on repeatedly, and as soon as Paola gets up, I will have injections given because the crisis is not over. I wanted to write, in spite of my condition, since, if I should die, I want you to know what has made my final hours luminous.

Later, during the day, when I was half unconscious from suffering, I was thinking about what I said concerning the wounds on Jesus' hands. And this is what the Master now tells me.

Jesus says:

"The wounds in my palms, which you have not seen because I rarely move my left hand, both because of the habit contracted in work and because it is more wounded, were inflicted in the following way.

"The executioners' idea was to hang Me by the wrist joints, immediately above the carpus, to make the attachment more secure. And, in fact, after having extended Me on the cross, they pierced my right hand at this point.

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[64] In the texts of June 28 and August 2.

[65] Paola Belfanti.

[66] She is addressing Father Migliorini.

"But, since the builder of the scaffold had marked the hole on the left (he usually marked the place for the nails to enable them to enter more easily into the thick wood and make the hanging of a body placed not horizontally, but vertically, and with no other support but three long nails, more secure), more distant than the point which my wrist joint could reach, after having stretched my arm to the point of producing the tearing of my tendons, they decided to hammer the nail into the center of my palm, between the bones of the metacarpus.

"This is not observed in the Turin Shroud because the right hand covers the left hand.

"The wounding of the members, suffered intensely; was more immense because, once the cross was raised, when the weight of the Body shifted downward and forward, the nail greatly cut towards the thumb, expanding the hole more than on the right, where the carpus withstood the hanging better than the metacarpus. And it was also the most tormenting, both because it was on the side of the heart and because the nail, on entering, broke the nerves and tendons in the hand, causing an atrocious agony which spread to my head.

"Painters and sculptors who out of a sense of art have depicted Me or sculpted Me with my right hand half open and my left hand closed in a fist have, without so desiring, borne witness to a physical truth of my martyred Body; for the left hand really closed into a fist, both in agony and because of the breaking of the cut nerves, and it closed increasingly because the agony and the contraction of the nerve fibers augmented with the passing of the hours.

"My agonies on the Cross were numerous. I will tell you about them one day.[67] But this agony of the hands was one of the cruelest.

"The wound on the right hand is almost completely hidden by the sleeve and is smaller and more regular.

"When I appeared to you as the Man of Sorrows heading for Calvary,[68] you did not see the wounds on my hands because, as I was not yet crucified, I consequently did not yet have them. On my hands was the blood dripping from my crowned head and my skin, lacerated by scourges, but not the wounds. I will show them to you at a time more consistent than this Christmas period with such a vision of pain.

"As regards those words whose true meaning you do not understand, know that they mean "trafficking with Satan."[69] It is carried out in many ways, all of them cursed by Me. I will also talk to you about this one day. For the time being, know that it is frequently practiced in the world and is the cause of many misfortunes and inexorable punishments here and in eternity.

"That's enough for now. Rest. I am here, and I bless you.'"

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[67] In her monumental work on the life of the Lord.
[68] See May 28, June 28, August 2, and August 13.
[69] A similar phrase is found in the text for July 22.

A Vision Of The Father, Jesus, St. Joseph, St. John And The Heavenly Church[70]

…[71]

How beautiful! How beautiful! How beautiful what I see is!

I shall try to be very precise and clear in describing for you what Communion brought me.

You already know that I was happy. But you don't know what blessedness and what a joyful vision was granted to me from the moment of **Eucharistic** union on. It was like a picture being shown to me by degrees. But it was not a picture -- it was contemplation. I was recollected therein for a good hour with no other prayer but this contemplation, which enraptured me beyond the earth.

It began right after receiving the consecrated Host, and I think it did not escape you that I was slow to respond and greet you -- I was already enveloped. In spite of that, I expressed the whole act of thanksgiving out loud, as the vision came upon me more and more intensely. And then I became still, with my eyes closed, as if I were sleeping. But I have never been so awake in my entire self as in that hour.

In its final stage, the vision is *still* continuing *as I write.* I am writing under the gaze of so many heavenly beings who see that I am saying *only* what I see, without adding details or making modifications. And here is the vision.

As soon as I received Jesus, I felt the Mother, Mary, on the left-hand side of the bed, who was embracing me with her right arm drawing me to herself. She was wearing her dress and white veil, as in the visions of the Grotto, in December.[72] At the same time I felt enveloped by a golden light and by a soft, indescribably soft color, and the eyes of my spirit sought its source, which I sensed was raining down on me from above. It seemed to me that my room, though remaining the room it is, in its floor and four walls and furnishings, no longer had a ceiling and that I was seeing the boundless blue skies of God.

Suspended in these blue skies, the Divine Dove of fire remained perpendicularly over Mary's head, and, of course, over my head, since I was leaning cheek-to-cheek against Mary. The Holy Spirit's wings were open, and He remained in an upright, vertical position. He did not move, and yet He vibrated, and with each vibration there were waves, rays, and sparks of splendor which issued forth. From Him there emerged a cone of golden light whose summit started from the Dove's breast and whose base enwrapped Mary and me. We were gathered into this cone, this cloak, this embrace of joyful light. A most

[70] *NB44, January 10, 1944, p. 49*

[71] *Dictations of the Holy Spirit and Mary are omitted.*

[72] See the entry for December 29, 1943, in *The Notebooks. 1943.*

intense light and yet not glaring, for it communicated new strength to one's eyes which increased with every flash flowing forth from the Dove, ever augmenting the flash already existing with every vibration of the Dove. I felt my eyes expanding into a supernatural power, almost as if they were no longer the eyes of a creature, but of an already glorified spirit.

When I attained the capacity to see beyond, thanks to the inflamed Love suspended over me, my spirit was called to look higher. And, against the brighter blue of Paradise, I saw the Father. Distinctly, although his figure was in lines of *immaterial* light. A beauty which I shall not attempt to describe because it is superior to human capacities. He appeared to me as if on a throne. I speak this way because He appeared to me seated with infinite majesty. But I saw no throne, chair, or baldachin. Nothing resembling the earthly shape of a seat. He appeared to me from my left-hand side (in the direction of my Jesus on the Cross, just to give you an idea, and therefore to the right of his Son), but at an incalculable height. And yet I saw Him in the most minute of his extremely luminous features. He was looking towards the window (also to give you an idea of the different positions). He was looking with a gaze of infinite love.

I followed his gaze and saw Jesus. Not the Jesus as Teacher I usually see. Jesus as King. White clothing, but with a luminous, extremely white robe, like Mary's. A robe that seems to be made of light. Most beautiful. Stalwart. Imposing. Perfect. Blazing. In his right hand -- He was standing -- He held his scepter, which is also his standard. A long rod, almost a crosier, but even taller than my very tall Jesus, which doesn't end in the curl of a crosier, but in a transverse rod, which thus forms a cross made in this way,[73] from which there hangs, supported by the shorter rod, a banner of most luminous, white silk, made like this,[74] and marked on both sides by a purple cross; on the banner, written in words of light, almost as if written with liquid diamonds, is the name "Jesus Christ."

I very clearly see the wounds on his hands because his right hand is holding the rod aloft, towards the banner, and his left hand is indicating the wound in his side, which I do not, however, see as anything but a luminous point from which there are emanating rays descending to the ground. The wound on the right hand is precisely in the area of the wrist and looks like a glittering ruby the size of a ten-centesimo coin. The one on the left hand is more centrally located and larger, but it further extends like this[75] towards the thumb. They shine like vivid rubies. I see no other wounds. On the contrary, the Body of my Lord is most beautiful and intact in all its parts.

The Father is looking at the Son on his left. The Son is looking at his Mother and me. But I assure you that if He were not looking with love, I could

[73] Here the writer drew a very elongated Latin cross.
[74] Here the writer roughly sketched a kind of cross-shaped shield.
[75] Here the writer drew a little elliptic circle, elongated towards a point on the right.

not bear the gleaming of his gaze and of his appearance. He is really *the King of tremendous majesty* who is spoken of.[76]

The longer the vision lasts, the more the capacity to perceive the smallest details increases in me and to see further and further all around.

Indeed, after a while I see St. Joseph (in the corner, where the Nativity Scene is). He is not so tall, more or less like Mary. Sturdily built. With grizzly hair, curly and short, and a squarely-cut beard. A long, thin, aquiline nose. Two wrinkles cut across his cheeks, starting from the corners of his nose and moving down until fading at the sides if his mouth in his beard. Dark, very good eyes. In them I rediscover the lovingly good look of my father. The whole face is good, thoughtful without being sad, dignified, but very, very good. He is wearing a dark blue-purple tunic like the petals of certain periwinkles, and his cloak is the color of camel's skin. Jesus points him out to me, saying, "Here is the patron of all the just."

The Light then calls my spirit from the other side of the room -- that is, towards Marta's bed[77] -- and I see my angel. He is kneeling, facing towards Mary, whom he seems to venerate. Dressed in white. His arms are crossed over his chest, and his hands are touching his shoulders. His head is bending very low, and I thus see little of his face. His gesture reflects profound devotion. I see his beautiful, long, extremely white, pointed wings, real wings made to fly swiftly and surely from Earth to Heaven, now gathered in behind his back. By his attitude he is teaching me how to say, "Hail Mary."

As I continue to observe him, I sense that someone is close to me on my right and is resting his hand on my right shoulder. It is my St. John, with his face shining with cheerful love.

I feel blessed. And I recollect myself in the midst of such blessedness, thinking I have touched the peak. But a brighter gleaming of the Spirit of God and of the wounds of Jesus, my Lord, further increases my ability to see. And I see the heavenly Church, the triumphant Church! I shall attempt to describe it for you.

Above there remain the Father, the Son, and now the Spirit as well, high above the Two, half way between the Two, whom He links with his splendors.

Further down, as if between two skyblue slopes -- a blue which is not of this earth -- gathered together in a blessed valley, is the multitude of those glorified in Christ, the army of those marked with the name of the Lamb,[78] a

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[76] In the Roman liturgy's *Dies irae, dies illa*.

[77] Throughout the volume, when the writer names Marta, she is referring to Marta Diciotti. Born in Lucca in 1910, Marta lived at Maria's side and lovingly provided her with care from 1935 until the writer's death on October 12, 1961. Thereafter she continued to live at Maria Valtorta's residence in Viareggio.

[78] Revelation 7.

multitude which is light, a light which is song, a song which is adoration, an adoration which is blessedness.

On the left are the ranks of the confessors. On the right are those of the virgins. I did not see the ranks of the martyrs, and the Spirit has me understand that the martyrs are added to the virgins, for martyrdom renders the soul virginal once more as if just created. All of them seem to be dressed in white, both the confessors and the virgins. That luminous white of the robes of Jesus and Mary.

Light emanates from the skyblue floor and the skyblue walls of the holy valley, almost as if they were made of burning sapphire. The robes of diamond cloth emit light, as do, above all, the spiritualized bodies and faces. And here I shall make an effort to describe for you what I have observed in the different bodies.

Only the bodies of Jesus and Mary are bodies of flesh and spirit -- alive, pulsating, perfect, sensitive to touch and contact: two glorious bodies which are, however, *really* "bodies." The Eternal Father, the Holy Spirit, and my angel are light in the shape of a body, just so it can be perceptible to this poor servant of God. St. Joseph and St. John are light which is now more compact, certainly because I must perceive their presence and words. All the blessed forming the host of the Heavens are white flames which are spiritualized bodies.

None of the confessors turns around. They are all looking at the Most Holy Trinity. Some of the virgins turn about. I distinguish the Apostles Peter and Paul, for, though luminous and dressed in white like everyone else, their faces are indeed more distinguishable than the others -- a characteristic Jewish face. They are looking at me benignly (it's a good thing they are!).

Then there are three blessed spirits, who I grasp are women, who observe me, gesture, and smile. You could say they are inviting me. They are young. But it in fact seems to me that all the blessed are of the same age: youthful, perfect, and equally beautiful. They are lesser copies of Jesus and Mary. I cannot say who these three heavenly creatures are, but since two are carrying palms and one, only flowers -- the palms are the only sign distinguishing the martyrs from the virgins -- I think I am not mistaken in saying they are Agnes, Cecilia, and Therese of Lisieux.

In spite of my desire to do so, what I cannot convey to you is the Hallelujah of this multitude. A Hallelujah which is both powerful and soft as a caress. And everything laughs and shines more intensely with each hosanna of the multitude for its God.

The vision ceases and in its intensity crystallizes in this form. Mary leaves me, and, with Her, John and Joseph; the former takes her place in front of the Son, and the other two, theirs, in the ranks of the virgins.

Praise be to Jesus Christ.

St. John's Lesson On Love And Truth: The Falsity Of Belief In Reincarnation[79]

12:15 a.m.

John says:

"Instructed as I was, penetrated by and made one with the Master, in my Gospel there lives the Word just as it was spoken, for, on account of my union, I was able to repeat it without modifications. It is Christ who speaks. John is nothing but the instrument who writes. Just like you.

"Ours is a great destiny, *to which one must be faithful even in the smallest details so as not to contaminate divine doctrine with ourselves as creatures, and for the sake of this destiny we must lead a chaste life so that the Word may descend where there is nothing impure, not even the shadow of a thought.*

"To receive the Word of God is like receiving the Bread of Heaven. He is the Bread of Heaven who becomes a Word for us so as to become Bread in the spirits of our brothers and sisters. He is the **Eucharist** of the Word, no less holy than the **Eucharist** of the altar, for, *on coming into us, the **Eucharistic** Christ brings us his Word, which is heard more or less clearly to the extent that the life of the spirit is in us, and, on coming into us, Christ the Master brings us his nourishment, which renders us increasingly capable of making the **Eucharist** the Food of eternal life.*

"He, my Master and yours, said so: 'Blessed are those who keep the Word of God in their hearts.' And He also said, 'Whoever listens to my Word has eternal life,' and 'I am the living Bread descending from Heaven. Whoever feeds on Me will not die, and I will raise him up on the last day.'[80] The Master, then, *gives a single destiny to whoever feeds on Him -- the Word of the Father and the Bread of Heaven.*

"But I am not speaking so much to you for your sake, disciple who are in the light. I -- a light of Christ, of Christ, the Light of the world -- am speaking to the ones in darkness, who, like those with scales over their pupils, go groping in the dark and are unable to get onto the path where the Master is passing by; *they don't want* to get onto it and cry out, 'Jesus, save us! Give us your Light!'

"If they called Him, He would come to them; He would stay in them and give them the blessed destiny of becoming children of God, born a second time -- the *only time* people can be reborn, not in the flesh, which, when lifeless, will *never again* clothe the spirit that has had it as a robe, except on the last day, when the spirit will go with it to glory or damnation, *but in the spirit, which is regenerated by becoming inserted into Christ, for Christ, on possessing it in*

[79] *NB44, January 11, 1944, p. 55*
[80] Luke 11:28; John 6:22-29.

Himself, as part of his most holy Being, joins it to the Spirit of God, who is the One who enables us to be reborn, no longer as men, but as children of God -- and they would know the Light and separate themselves from Darkness and Deceit, for Christ is Truth and Christ is Light, and the Paraclete, whom Christ gives to those who are 'his,' is Light and Truth, and whoever has Christ has the Truth and the Light of the Triune Divinity in himself.

"Leave the eternal Killer, who perished and leads others to perish, for he did not persevere in the truth which, in his fortunate angelic destiny, he had possessed from the first instant of his creation. Believe in Christ, who cannot lie, for He is God and has God's Perfection.

"He tells you over and over again: 'I will raise you up.' Could He say an improper word -- He, Perfect in Knowledge and Intelligence? He says, *'I will raise you up;'* He does not say, 'I will reincarnate you.' And He specifies *'on the last day'* and further states, 'As the Father *raises* the dead and restores them to life, so, too, the Son gives life to whoever He wills... Whoever listens to my word and believes in the One who sent me has eternal life and does not undergo condemnation, but passes *from death to life...* The time is coming when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and whoever has heard it *will live.* The time is coming when all those in the tombs will hear the voice of the Son of God and *come* out -- those who did good, to the *resurrection of life;* those who did evil, to the *resurrection of death.'*[81]

"Therefore, He who is Truth and Knowledge states, repeats, insists, and swears regarding *one* life, one alone, of the flesh, and *one* life, one alone, of the spirit. This life is led in our *one* day as man and then, only on the last day, at the command of the God Jesus, the flesh rises again to clothe the spirit whose robe it was. This eternal life is obtained only by means of our *one* day, and if during it we have slain the spirit *once,* never again can it become reincarnated to pass from death to life through successive stages.

"No. The power of God the Father, of God the Son, Jesus, and of God the Spirit Paraclete *can give you the resurrection of the spirit on earth* through a miracle of grace, or through the intercession of a 'saint,' on earth or in Heaven, or through *your desire* to rise again as well. *But this happens here, on Earth, in your one day.* Once dusk has come for you and you have entered into the sleep of the human night, *there is no longer a possible resurrection through new stages of life. If you are among the spiritually dead, there is only death.*

"I, a disciple of Christ, I, who have seen the future life beyond life and the final resurrection, swear to you that this is true.

"Get free from these chains. They are the most dangerous ones which Satan hurls at you. Take the first step to say to Christ, 'I am coming to You,' and to Satan, 'Back, in the name of Jesus.' Receive the first truth.

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[81] John 17-47.

"You cannot know how sweet the Lord is -- the good Master, the holy Shepherd -- to those turning to Him. Like a father, He clasps you to his heart and instructs you, cares for you, and feeds you. Do not say that you love Him. You do not love Him in truth and therefore do not love Him.

"The truth is in his Gospel. The Gospel is the one spoken by Him to his disciples and the one He continues to confirm and explain, through his benignity as the Savior. Always the same after so many centuries. *There is no other.*

"If there were a second life, or several others, *He would have said so.* You are not Parsees or Shintoists -- you are 'Christians.' Abandon, then, the chimeras, errors, and deceits which Satan prompts to wrest you away from God and believe in what Christ has said.

"Whoever loves believes. Whoever loves little doubts. Whoever does not love accepts a contrary doctrine. The doctrine you follow is contrary to that of Jesus Christ, the Word of God, our Master, the Light of the world. *You do not, then, love Christ in truth."*

…

Lack Of Charity As An Obstacle To Conversion[82]

Jesus says:

"My poor daughter, so sickened by what surrounds you, both at home and in your country, listen to Me. Last night I was close to you, a comfort which is not lacking to those suffering without separating from Me.

"If all were able -- instead of just cursing over all of life's troubles, afflictions, and misfortunes -- if all were able to come to Me when their neighbor offends, nips, harms, calumniates, deceives, degrades, or strikes with indifference, anticharity, or incomprehension, as if with a sword, how much better it would be! They would suffer less and acquire divine blessings. Instead, cursing of everything and everyone, including Me, always flowers on these human lips, which feel tired when it comes to praying, but not tired when it comes to insulting.

"And how can I go to those harboring hatred which ferments? And isn't cursing hatred which ferments? Against Me, against one's neighbor, against the will of God, and against yourselves. And know that, even if it is against yourselves, it is condemned by Me because I *abhor the hearts and mouths that hate,* whether they hate Me, God, or their brothers and sisters, creatures of God, or themselves, the work of God.

"Moreover, whoever hates an unfortunate -- for *Me, to hate is not to love, and in order not to love there is no need to kill; it suffices to fail to show*

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[82] *NB44, January 19, 1944, p. 91*

that sense of patient compassion which even household pets feel for their suffering master -- whoever hates an unfortunate, causing him to feel his condition in a harsh way and grating his wounds, which I have medicated with my love so that he will suffer less, offends Me, who said, 'Blessed are the merciful! You shall be rewarded even for a glass of water.'[83] And a good Word receives a much greater reward than a glass of water.

"Finally, when, with mocking thought, a servant of mine is judged negatively and disturbed to the point that he is rendered physically unable to transcribe my word, then a twofold offense is committed against my Person. For only I can withdraw the facility to receive in a servant of mine if he fails to fulfill that way of life which I demand of him; and, on the other hand, whoever, by human art, strikes him, turning him into a poor wounded man unable to move -- over whom I, the Divine Samaritan[84] must bend to medicate his wounds and restore his strength with my merciful love -- arrogates to himself a right he does not have and defrauds God of his right and his instrument.

"In truth, I tell you that, though knowing that heart, I dictated important words for it to spur it on, to force it towards good; I did so for your sake, and also for hers, so that the memory of her mother, a true Christian, would prod her to imitate those virtues. But wild fruits sometimes sprout from a very sweet apple tree. And they remain such because they do not receive God's word *with faith. I* am the one who implant Good in you. But whoever does not receive Me remains harsh and wild like the fruit of a wild plant.

"In truth, that is not the way to practice 'charity towards one's neighbor.' The Martha of old was much better. She worried about too many things,[85] but did not deride her sister's love; on the contrary, she was glad that she was caught in that love, and it did not disturb her to the point of placing the bitter veil of fraternal incomprehension, which is always disturbing, between her and Me.

" I said to the woman from Samaria, 'Whoever drinks this water will still be thirsty, but whoever drinks the water given by Me will no longer be thirsty, but, rather, the water given by Me will become a fount of living water in him gushing up to eternal life.'[86]

"But if the person into whom I come -- bringing the divine fount, under the **Eucharistic** species, containing all the virtues and graces suitable for making a man a saint -- remains marble which does not soak it up, and with his lack of true faith and true charity remains not only an impenetrable marble basin, but even a basin perforated by this lack of honest faith and charity, how can I become a fount of living water in him gushing up to eternal life? The fact is that I

[83] Matthew 10:42.
[84] Luke 10:29-37.
[85] Luke 10:38-42.
[86] John 4:13-16.

shall flee from him after having come because I do not love the incredulous and the uncharitable, and each time I shall leave him empty and arid as before.

"This is the destiny of those demanding that God work the whole miracle and making no effort on their part to improve themselves.

"How Satan works around these hearts! If they saw themselves, they would tremble. Like unheedful birds, they do not listen to their father's cry warning them of danger and calling them; they do not see -- they do not want to see -- that the malefic bird catcher is standing with the net in his grasp to capture them and make them unhappy. And they end up becoming his prey and an instrument for the affliction of my beloved ones.

"The world is full of these distracted people. They *are the least likely to he converted because pride already possesses them and there is no charity in them to heal them.* They prompt my pity. Be merciful, too, and pray. If your prayer, like my grace, brings no benefit, it will come back to you, as grace comes back to Me, and you will have the same merit as you would if it obtained the conversion of that heart.

"Overcome human aversion, Maria. You possess joys which compensate you for this a hundredfold."

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36. The Holy Family In Egypt. A Great Lesson For All Families.[87]

…[88]

Jesus says:

«The things you see teach you and others the lesson. It is a lesson of humility, resignation and good harmony. A lesson given as an example to all Christian families, and particularly to the Christian families in this particularly sorrowful age.

You have seen a poor house. And what is more saddening, a poor house in a foreign country.

Many people, only because they are fairly good Catholics who pray and receive Me in the Holy **Eucharist**, and they pray and receive Me for 'their' needs, not for the needs of their souls and for the Glory of God -- because only seldom those who pray are not selfish -- many people would expect to have a prosperous, happy, easy material life, well-protected even from the least pain.

Joseph and Mary had Me, True God, as their Son, yet they did not even have the meagre satisfaction of being poor in their own country, where they were known, where at least there was their 'own' little house and the problem of a dwelling did not add a harassing thought to their many problems, in the country where, as they were known, it was easier for them to find work and provide for the needs of their lives. They are two refugees just because they had

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[87] *Gospel, Vol. 1, January 26, 1944, p. 234 (Poem, Vol. 1, January 26, 1944, p. 191)*

[88] *The vision of the Holy Family in Egypt is omitted.*

Me. A different climate, a different country, so sad in comparison with the sweet countryside of Galilee, a different language, different habits, living amongst people who did not know them, and who generally distrusted refugees and people they did not know.

They are deprived of those comfortable and dear pieces of furniture of 'their' little house, of so many humble and necessary things they had there, and which did not seem to be so necessary, whereas here, in the void that surrounds them, seem even beautiful like the luxurious things that make the houses of rich people so charming. And they felt nostalgia both for their country and for their home, they worried about the poor things they had left behind, about the little kitchen garden where probably no one would take care of their vines and their figs, and the other useful plants. And they had to provide everyday as well as for food clothes, fire, and for Me, a Child, Whom they could not feed with the same food they took themselves. And they were sad at heart: because of their homesickness, because of the uncertainty of the future, and the lack of trust of people who are reluctant, particularly at first, to accept the offer of work of two unknown people.

And yet, as you have seen yourself, that house is pervaded with serenity, smiles, harmony, and by mutual consent they endeavour to make it more beautiful, even in its scanty little kitchen garden, that it may be more like the more comfortable one they had to leave behind. They have only one thought: that the land may be less hostile and less unpleasant for Me, since I come from God. It is the love of believers and relatives which reveals itself in many ways: from the little goat they purchased with many hours of extra work, to the little toys carved in scraps of wood, to the fruit purchased only for Me, while they denied themselves a morsel of food.

O beloved father of mine on the earth, how loved you have been by God, by God the Father in the Most High Heavens, by God the Son, Who became the Saviour on the earth!

In that house there is no quick temper, no sulkiness, no grim faces, neither is there any reproach against each other, and least of all against the God Who has not loaded them with material wealth. Joseph does not reproach Mary as being the cause of his discomfort, neither does Mary reproach Joseph because he is incapable of procuring greater worldly goods. They love each other in a holy way, that is all. And therefore they do not worry about their own comfort, but only about the comfort of their consort. True love is not selfish. And true love is always chaste, even if it is not perfect in chastity as the love of the two virgin spouses. Chastity united with charity yields a suite of other virtues and therefore two people who love each other chastely become perfect.

The love of Mary and Joseph was perfect. Therefore it was an incentive to every other virtue and in particular to charity towards God, blessed every hour, notwithstanding His holy will is painful for the flesh and the heart, blessed because, above the flesh and above the heart, the spirit was more lively and

stronger in the two saints, and they exalted the Lord with gratitude because they had been chosen as guardians of His Eternal Son. In that house they prayed. You pray too little in your homes, nowadays. The sun rises and sets, you start your work, and you sit at the table without a thought for the Lord, Who has allowed you to see a new day, and then to live and see a new night, Who has blessed your work and has made it the means for you to purchase the food, the fire, the clothes, the house which are so necessary for your human lives. Whatever comes from Good God is 'good.' Even if it is poor and meagre, love gives it flavour and body, the love that allows you to see, in the Eternal Creator, the Father Who loves you.

In that house there is frugality and it would be there even if there was plenty of money. They eat to live. They do not eat to satisfy their gluttony, with the insatiability of gluttons and the whims of epicures who fill themselves to the extent of being sick and squander fortunes on expensive food, without giving one thought to those who are without or with little food, without considering that if they were moderate, many people could be relieved of the pangs of hunger.

In that house they love work, and they would love it even if there was plenty of money, because the working man obeys the command of God and frees himself from vice, which like tenacious ivy clenches and suffocates idle people, who are like immovable rocks. Food is good, rest is serene, hearts are happy, when you have worked well and you enjoy the resting time between one job and the next one. Neither in the houses nor in the minds of those who love work, can various vices arise. And, in its absence, love, esteem, mutual respect prosper and tender children grow in a pure atmosphere and they thus become the origin of future holy families.

Humility reigns in that house. What a lesson of humility for the proud. Mary, from a human point of view, had a thousand reasons to be proud and to be adored by Her spouse. Many women are proud only because they are a little better educated, or of nobler birth, or of a wealthier family than their husbands. Mary is the Spouse and the Mother of God, and yet She serves -- and does not expect to be served -- Her consort, and She is full of love for him. Joseph is the head of the family, judged by God so worthy of being the head of a family, as to be entrusted by God with the guardianship of the Word Incarnate and the Spouse of the Eternal Spirit. And yet he is anxious to relieve Mary of Her work, and he takes care of the most humble jobs in the house so that Mary may not get tired, not only, but whenever he can he does his best to please Her and make Her house more comfortable and Her little garden more beautiful.

In that house order is respected: supernatural, moral, material. God is the Supreme Head and He is worshipped and loved: *supernatural order.* Joseph is the head of the family and he is loved, respected and obeyed: *moral order.* The house is a gift of God as well as the clothes and the furnishings. The Providence of God is shown in everything, of God Who supplied wool to sheep,

feathers to birds, grass to meadows, hay to animals, grains and branches to birds, Who weaves the dress of the lily of the valley. The house, the dresses, the furnishings are accepted with gratitude, blessing the divine hand that supplies them, looking after them with respect as gifts of the Lord, without any bad humour because they are poor, without ill use, without abusing Divine Providence: *material order.*

You did not understand the words they exchanged in the dialect of Nazareth, neither did you understand the words of the prayer. But the things you saw are a great lesson. Meditate on it, you all who now suffer so much because you failed in so many things towards God, also in those things in which the holy Spouses never failed, the Spouses who were my Mother and father.

And you, rejoice remembering little Jesus, smile thinking of His little steps of a child. In a short time you will see Him walking under the Cross. And then it will be a vision of tears.»

Commentary On Daniel 3:8-97: The Importance Of Giving Thanks To The Father[89]

Jesus says:

"Come, little John.[90] After having rejoiced in the vision of your Jesus, who loves children -- and you along with them -- let us go together to read my and your Daniel, in the place where he speaks of the three children who pleased God because they had the faith, fidelity, and trust proper to children and believed tenaciously, believed unhesitatingly, believed even in a tremendous trial because they loved 'the Lord God with their minds, with their hearts, with all their strength, and with their entire selves.'[91]

"There have always been tyrants. And in their tyranny -- of which Satan makes use to pervert them and to torment their subjects, leading them to distrust God; above all -- they take delight in iniquitous laws, promulgated at the instigation of haughtiness and supported by the power of the sword.

"A wretched power condemned by Me. Cursed by Me. *A power which is weakness.* The power of *one* who is overbearing *which turns against him as a weapon.* A power which triggers other powers, which either resolve the situation in human terms with a crime which is the result of all the previous crimes or supernaturally attract divine aid, which -- in being much more Powerful than all weapons and all words -- casts down the tyrant's pride and turns it into benignity, freeing his subjects from his sacrilegious tyranny in a holy manner.

"Nebuchadnezzar, intoxicated by his power, thought it was licit to overstep his bounds, as regards God as well, by introducing idolatry centering

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[89] *NB44, February 8, 1944, p. 147*

[90] *Jesus' appellation for Maria.*

[91] Daniel 3:8-97.

on a golden statue -- the symbol of his power, which he deemed divine -- even among those who worshipped the true God.

"There is nothing divine except God. There is no true power except divine power. The others are missions involving command, for there must be someone at the head of an ethnic group, *but they are not superpowers, much less divine.* I have already explained[92] that they exist as long as God allows them to, that they exist for the sake of their action in aiding or punishing men deserving or undeserving of heavenly protection, and that they cease to exist when they overstep their bounds by making the punitive yoke upon arrogant men too harsh. *To punish a sin, God does not allow a greater one to be committed,* and He then strikes those who are no longer the administrators of justice, but of blameworthy power.

"Man submits to tyrants -- indeed, to the powerful -- and the more tyrannical they are in their poorly understood and poorly exercised power, the more man submits. That idolatry by the masses takes place which I have spoken to you about on several occasions[93] as regards one member of the multitude who, in a more or less licit and holy way, has become the Head of a people and performs his missions more or less justly. And, since Satan is the eternal creator of deceit, the one begetting the ever-new apocalyptic 'beasts' to suck man into his power and endowing them with all powers for seduction; and since men have an impetus towards evil more than good in them, for they are more inclined towards Evil -- Satan -- than towards Good -- God -- and do not counterbalance and neutralize the malefic impetus with love and union with Christ, the victor over Satan, it happens that the more these conquerors for an hour are unworthy to be such, the more idolized they are.

"In the kingdom of Babylon, the subjects, seduced by the gleam of the golden statue (what a deep meaning!) and by the voices of those proclaiming the king's will, hastened to worship the idol. The idol! Not God. The idol of gold! Gold! The eternal charmer!

"God is not an idol of gold. God is an infinite, eternal, perfect Spirit in Heaven; God is most holy Flesh hanging from a cross on the Earth or living in the Sacrament on the altar of the ***Eucharist****.* In Heaven the nine angelic choirs sing around his throne. Around his cross -- from Golgotha to the present day and until the end of the world -- there ascend the voices of those praying and loving (a few!) and the howls of those cursing (many!). Around his Tabernacle, like lamps, are the hearts worshipping Him and awaiting life and comfort from Him.

"This is God. Spirit and Flesh. Not gold. A metal which you have endowed with great value because, as eternal savages, you have let yourselves be seduced by its glitter, *but it is less precious than the grayish iron which gives you ploughs, scythes, and spades, the only useful, holy weapons, because they*

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[92] See June 30 and October 23 and 30, in *The Notebooks. 1943.*

[93] See July 21 and 28, November 5 and 10, and December 29, in *The Notebooks 1943.*

till the glebes,[94] *open them for seed, and cut down the ear of grain, God's great gift to man, the ear of grain which is your daily bread.*

"The subjects of Nebuchadnezzar -- partly because of the seduction of gold (the case of most of them) and partly out of fear of royal punishments -- worshipped the idol. All of them, except the three young men who, thanks to the care of God's Prophet, *had not contaminated themselves with impure food.*

"Observe the great teaching carefully. The stimulus towards sin often enters by way of gluttony. In a body nourished in a gluttonous fashion the other appetites also arise. Concupiscence appears in its threefold garb, for the fumes of excess in food arouse sensuality, enkindle pride, and consequently spur man to be avid for money, since to possess woman and power a lot of money is needed. In the seething of the passions faith dies, and the soul detaches itself from God, thus preparing itself to worship the first idol which is presented to it.

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego had lived chastely as regards gluttony as well. Faithful to God, to their God, in this, too. And God had grown in them with the growth of themselves. God reigned in their hearts, pure altars to which they provided every form of care because they were the throne of their Lord.

"In possessing God, alive in them and the master of all their strength, and, more than a master, the Father and Governor of their strength, they were able to resist every threat and *not fear, not fear,* Maria. They did not even find it useful to argue with the tyrant. *It is a good rule not to get into arguments with the wicked, but to ask God to argue for us in their hearts better than we could.*

"Look at what I, though I was God, did with my accusers, inquisitors, and judges. *I always broke off sharply and did not reply at* all.[95] *I first went up onto the Cross, praying and suffering, and then acted from Heaven. That is the way to act,* little John, *for those one wants to convert. The first conversion is obtained with prayer and pain. Afterwards God's Light descends into the heart prepared to receive it, and it becomes Word and Life.*

"The three young men did not argue. They knew that all argument would remain fruitless and that a miracle was needed to clear the haze from the king's heart. A miracle obtained through an act of absolute faith and intrepid heroism. *Faith, heroism -- the two flowers of love.*

"And Love responds to love. God never disappoints anyone. And God, who in his perfection already knew how the three young men would act, had his angel go before them into the furnace so that, when the cruel men had cast them into the flames, the place would already be prepared, as fresh as a dew-covered meadow in the morning, ventilated by the angel's wing with the gentlest wind, compared to which the sweet wind of April is foul breath; He had the angel precede them so that the flames could not even graze the slightest hair on their

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[94] *A plot of land belonging or yielding profit to an English parish church or an ecclesiastical office.*

[95] Cf. Matthew 27:18; Mark 15:4-5; Luke 23:9 as examples.

innocent heads, but would be only a living tent of heat -- less (oh, less!) intense than the tent of their charity -- extended between the pagan world and the dwelling prepared by God.

"God is a Father, Maria. God always precedes his children in their needs. When you call out to Him for help, He has already made provision. *But it is necessary to have faith. Great faith. And great gratitude.*

"The cry rising from the earth, from the heart of a grateful man to the throne of God is so beautiful! It resounds like the arpeggio of a harp in Paradise, and all the heavenly harmonies remain silent for an instant, for the whole Empyrean bends over, listening to that cry of thanks which a good son sends to the good Father. And that cry is then gathered in, repeated, and amplified by all the choirs of the angels and the blessed and becomes that day's song in lovely Paradise, and the Trinity beams in its gladness, and Mary laughs with her laughter as the Mother and the Queen.

"Too few give thanks, Maria. And only God knows how He continually provides you with gifts! You don't even realize. His Fatherhood gives them to you so delicately in order not to offend you, as with a small offering, that you think they are your work. No. From morning to night, from night to morning, God comes to your aid. And you do not give thanks. You do not give thanks even for the 'major' graces obtained.

"But you are no longer a man -- you are the little John. Do you know what 'John' means? It means 'God grants graces.' In truth, to few have I granted or do I grant so many graces as to you. And, observe: you bear the two names dearest to Me: Mary/John. One was given you by your relatives. But the other was given you by Me, your King and Spouse. You were the bitter Pearl, the bitter Sea. But I wanted to make you sweet: a little pearl of my Heart, which is divine sweetness. And I rebaptized you 'John,' for I am the God who grants you graces.

"But say 'Thank You' to me always, always, always, from dawn to dusk, from night to day. Let your 'Thank You' fill Heaven continuously, for yourself and for the numberless persons who live and die without a 'Thank You' for their God. Amplify your 'Thank You,' like the three young men, calling *all* created things to join in your *song -- things which,* with their language, *are able to praise God better than men can.*

"Join the saints in Heaven and the saints on Earth to say Your 'Thank You.' Join Me as **Eucharist**, and with your lips rendered sweet and scented by the Bread of life, pray and thank God the Father with Christ Himself living in you. And the miracle will take place as it did for the three boys and the cruel king. Men 'will see' God by means of your prayer. Not all of them. *But even if it were one alone, you would be blessed by Me once more.*

"Nebuchadnezzar saw God in his angel and understood that one must not fight against that God. He understood that his idol was lifeless matter rendered sinful through man's wrongdoing and that the true God is one alone -- the

God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego -- and, touched by the Light, He recognized his error and confessed it and offered worship and honor to the holy God, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

"Do you see, little John, how much the faith of three boys can do?

"Now, confess, you that were saying yesterday that you no longer wanted to be my little disciple until I had heeded you because you were *too* wounded by what exists in the world and around you. Hasn't everything disappeared -- yesterday's pain, disgust, and discomfort? Isn't everything canceled out by the wave of rejoicing I have poured over you? What would you do without Me, poor soul that live on this bread of *mine -- on* my Word, more than the bread made of wheat with which you satisfy your hunger? Don't you know that when one is caught up in my whirlpool of love, one can no longer emerge, *no longer wants to emerge?* But you know. And if, as in an April sky, clouds arise, they are nothing but holy water which makes the sun brighter and the earth more beautiful.

"Come, come, like the children yesterday.[96] Come and lay your head on my knees. This is the posture of children and those expressing love. The one adopted by Mary, when redeemed,[97] who drank in Life by listening to Me. Come and never be afraid. I am with you."

The Visions As Fruit Of Compassionate Love[98]

Jesus says:

"My poor little star, left submerged under the storm of her Jesus' pain, hidden, eclipsed, and annulled behind my infinite pain, like a little star behind the sun; my poor little violet, weighed down to the point of bending under the blood of her Jesus, like the grass you have seen soaked in my red sweat in the garden -- do you know what I have done? I have taken you to *'shared love,' which is the perfection of the love involving fusion,* which I spoke to you about in the autumn.[99]

"Now it is springtime -- no longer autumn. 'The winter has passed... The flowers have appeared in our land... Come, my beloved!'[100]

"The love involving fusion is lofty. *Very high, at the summit of that height, is 'shared love.'* In the former you annul yourself, with your human personality, in your Beloved. In the latter you take the place of your Beloved; you

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[96] Cf. the vision on February 7.

[97] Luke 10:38-42.

[98] *NB44, February 13, 1944, p. 152*

[99] The date "October 11, 1942" has been added here, in handwriting which does not seem to be Maria Valtorta's. But the year should be cited as 1943, for there is an evident reference to the dictation found in *The Notebooks. 1943.*

[100] The Song of Songs 2:11-13.

surround Him: He is the soul; you, the body of the soul. And you feel in this body of yours the afflictions of your Love while, within you. He cries out his spiritual and moral tortures and makes them known to you, just like thought, which makes the mind's impressions known to the flesh, and you receive material impressions.

"It is compassionate love. *Cum-passio -- that is, the Passion lived through by Christ and by the adorer of Christ.*

"I have done this to you. And if I have introduced you into the 'wine cellar'[101] and the smell of the wine has so inebriated you as to make you fall as if dead, know, my beloved, *that this wine is my Blood.* It is this which fills the cellar with its divine fragrance, and it descends into your heart with this blood, and it rises into your thought with this blood, giving you insights and lights which are no longer earthly, *but supernatural, divine, for it is I who speak in your thought, and there is no word of mine which is more divine than the one spoken by my tortures* as *the Redeemer.*

"'In the shade of the One I desired I have taken my seat.'"[102] That tree is not, however, the apple tree laden with apples, *but my Cross, from which a single fruit hangs: your Christ.* Well then, I come down from it -- *I have come down from it* -- to *'sustain you'* with the flowers of charity, to *'comfort you'* with my caresses, for 'you were languishing' with compassionate love.

"Dear one, whom I love because of your love! Your tears on witnessing my weeping, your tears on hearing the hiss of the scourges, your tears on seeing Me fall against the stones, and *the other tears you will shed* before my supreme torture and my extreme desolation. *I have already savored them, and for Me they* -- along with the tears of your sister souls in shared love -- *were sweeter than wine filled with honey. They were in the chalice which the angel offered Me to attenuate the bitterness of my Father's chalice, to invigorate my Humanity, languishing in a cruel agony.*[103] He, the angel of my pain, to comfort my downcast spirit, *cited for Me the names of all those who would love Me, love Me completely, to the point of sharing my tortures, and among them was your name,* little violet, little star, little John.[104] Maria, my Maria. Thank you, soul that I love!

"I would have gone and would go more slowly in introducing you into my suffering. But it is necessary to speed things up. I know. I must thus quicken your knowledge. Even if it makes you feel very bad on plunging into you in a mass.

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[101] The Song of Songs 2:4.

[102] The Song of Songs 2:3.

[103] Luke 22:43.

[104] See notes 76 *[Throughout the volume the writer is often call "little John," since, in both spiritually and mission, she is compared to the great John, Apostle and Evangelist. See the entries for February 8, March 6, June 15, and October 20. Readers should also note that the masculine pronoun is sometimes used when referring to her as the "spokesman."]* and 119 *[In the vision described on the evening of Holy Thursday 1943, in the Notebooks. 1943].*

"And if someone says the words already uttered in the Gospel[105] -- 'And couldn't He, who healed the man born blind,' keep this woman from suffering?' -- I reply, 'I need her pain for a great work.' I could also be asked, 'Why didn't You begin with the preparatory pains, at least from the Supper on?' I respond, ' I needed this soul to be already soaked in this weeping. To make her more proficient, more clear-headed, and more purified to see the ineffable Mystery of my dying to redeem you.'

"The impure and the carnal do not go up -- *should not go up* -- to the altar. But if they can still go up to your altars because you are blind and I am forbearing, only those who have purified themselves with the incense of love and the water of weeping and annulled the flesh on the pyre of sacrifice, letting the spirit alone live, can come to *my* altar to be present at *my* Mass.

"I follow *my* method, then, not yours, and I would like you to be less burdensome in desiring certain explanations of such insignificant details, which have value as curiosities and not as revelations.

"Leave my John alone.[106] This soul seeing her Jesus being tortured cannot busy herself or concern herself with examining everything so as to state whether Caiphas has a square or pointed beard, whether Herod is dressed in red or yellow, whether Pilate is tall or short -- perhaps adding how many centimeters shorter than I he is -- or whether the room in the Pretorium is long or short, square-shaped or rectangular. If you were to see the person you love most being tortured, would you be concerned about the first one who passed by? No. You would look only at your dear one, or you would close your eyes to see nothing. You would not observe a woman's dress, the height of a passer-by, or someone else's nose.

"Stay in place, men, *stay in place, when the tortures of a God are being revealed.* And let this be observed with the other revelations as well.

"My little John is looking at Me and at Mary. She has eyes for nothing else. And if, at the beginning of a vision, she can describe the environment or nature, once the revelation of Ourselves by my Mother or Myself begins, she loses her ability to see what is not Us. And only Us. To give you clarification. We direct her attention to a secondary circumstance, such as clothing, a gesture, or a change in light, as regards the background and setting of a scene. The 'spokesman' would otherwise not see anything else, except for Christ or Mary, or the Saint who is involved.

"This is for your guidance and for the serenity of my little John, *who is already too occupied, occupied beyond her strength,* to *gain additional capacity -- and, furthermore, she would be unable -- to satisfy useless curiosity.*

"And now, come, soul of mine. Come with Me. Close your eyes to the world and open them where I tell you to and look. Look and rest. Now there is

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[105] John 11:37.

[106] To be understood as "little John," as in the references mentioned in note 76 *[footnote number of the noted book]*.

blessedness. Tonight I shall render the vision brighter, and you will write it down. My blessing is upon you."

The person who should have come did not come today.

At 12:30 p.m., when I was sure he would not come, I gently complained to Jesus, "Ah, Lord! Today there is no Mass on the radio and no Bread for my spiritual hunger. And I so eagerly awaited both the former and the latter this morning!" And He said, " It doesn't matter Kiss my Hand. The **Eucharist** is Flesh, but it is also Blood, and my Hand is red with blood."

And I received Communion that way... and am blessed.[107]

A Vision Of Paul And The Early Martyrs[108]

I see a large dark room. I call it a large room just to signify that it is very spacious and constructed with stone. But it is a cellar which the light barely enters through two floor-level slits which also serve for ventilation. It is quite insufficient, however, for the number of people gathered there and because of the moisture oozing from the walls, made of almost square-shaped blocks of stone joined with lime mortar, but with no plaster and beaten earth flooring.

I know it is the Tullianum jail[109]. My counselor tells me. From the same source I also know that the throng packed into such a small space is made up of Christians imprisoned for their faith and waiting to be martyred. It is a time of persecution, and precisely one of the first persecutions, for I hear mention of Peter and Paul and know they have been killed under Nero.

You can't imagine the sharpness of detail with which I "see" this jail and those enclosed herein. I could describe the age, physiognomy, and clothing of each individual. But in that case I would never finish. I shall thus limit myself to stating the things, points, and personages that make the greatest impression on me.

There are people of every age and social condition. From the elderly -- who, in all mercy, should be left to a natural death -- to children only a few years old who should rightfully be left to their innocent games, free and joyous, but who are languishing as poor flowers who will never again see the flowers of the earth, in the unhealthy shadows of this jail.

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[107] An entry for "the-evening of February 13, 1944" follows in the original notebook. It contains the episodes of Jesus' being poorly received in Nazareth and his questioning his Mother about his disciples, which are followed by a dictation on the humanity of his apostles; all of these texts are included in the cycle on *The First Year of the Public Life*.

[108] *NB44, February 29, 1944, p. 176*

[109] *The Mamertine Prison (Italian: Carcere Mamertino), in antiquity the Tullianum, was a prison (carcer) with a dungeon (oubliette) located in the Comitium in ancient Rome. It is said to have been built in the 7th century BC and was situated on the northeastern slope of the Capitoline Hill, facing the Curia and the imperial forums of Nerva, Vespasian, and Augustus.*

There are rich people with well cared-for clothing and poor people in poor clothes. And the language also contains variations in pronunciation and style, depending on whether it emerges from the educated lips of gentlemen or the mouths of common people. Mixed together with the Latin of Rome, the foreign words and pronunciations of Greeks, Iberians, Thracians, and many others are also heard. But if the forms of clothing and speech are different, the spirit is the same, guided by charity. They love one another with no distinction based on race or wealth. They love one another and seek to provide mutual assistance.

The strongest give up the driest and most comfortable places -- if you can call a few slabs of stone scattered here and there serving as seats and cushions "comfortable" -- to the weakest. And they cover them with their clothing, remaining with nothing but their tunics for the sake of modesty, using togas and cloaks to act as mattresses and cushions and blankets for the sick trembling with fever or those wounded by tortures previously undergone. The healthiest help the sickest by lovingly giving them something to drink -- a little water poured from a Pitcher into a rustic recipient -- and soaking some strips of cloth torn from their clothes in it to provide bandages for dislocated or lacerated members and for the brows burning with fever.

And they sing from time to time. A soft song which is certainly a psalm or several psalms, for they alternate. I do not hear the beautiful song which accompanied the burial of Agnes.[110] These are psalms. I recognize them.

One of them begins as follows: "I love, for the Lord listens to the voice of my prayer" (Ps 94).[111]

Another says, "O God, my God, I keep watch for You from the first light of day. My soul is thirsty for You, and my flesh, much more. In a desert land, impassable and without water..." (Ps 62)

A child moans in the half-darkness. The song halts.

Someone asks, "Who is crying?"

Someone answers, "It's Castulus. The fever and the burn give him no relief. He is thirsty and cannot drink because the water burns his lips, scorched by the fire."

"There is a mother here who can no longer give her milk to her baby," says an imposing matron with a refined appearance. "Have Castulus brought to me. Milk burns less than water."

Someone orders, "Castulus to Plautina."

A person comes forward that, from his clothing, I would deem to be either the servant of a Christian family who is sharing the lot of his masters or a common laborer. He is thickset, dark, and robust, with almost shaven hair and a short dark-colored robe clasped at the waist by a belt. He is carefully carrying a poor child about eight years old in his arms, as if on a stretcher. His clothing,

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[110] In the vision on January 20.

[111] This seems, however, to be Psalm 116 A (Vulgate: 114). The references to the Psalms, which we include in parentheses, were added in pencil by the writer.

though now covered with earth and stains, is elegant, of pure white wool and with the neck, sleeves, and bottom edge adorned with sumptuous Grecian embroidery. His sandals are also elegant and beautiful.

Plautina sits down on a stone which an old man gives up for her. Plautina is also dressed entirely in white wool. I do not remember the exact names for the Roman clothes, but I think this long robe is called a chiamys, and the cloak, a palla. I cannot guarantee my memory, though. I know Plautina's clothing is very beautiful and ample and envelops her graciously, turning her into a lovely living statue.

She sits down on the block of stone leaning against the wall. I distinctly see the large stones overhanging her, against which she stands out with her slightly olive-colored face, large black eyes, raven-black braids, and snow-white dress.

"Give him to me, Restitutus, and may God reward you," she says to the merciful bearer of the little martyr. And she separates her knees a bit to receive the child, as if upon a bed.

When Restitutus sets him down, I see a ruin which makes me shudder. The poor child's face is one big burn. Perhaps he was handsome. He is now monstrous. No more than a little hair on the back of his head; in front the skin is bare and consumed by fire. There are no longer a brow and cheeks and a nose as we conceive of them, but a bright red swelling, pink from the fierce heat, as if caused by an acid. Instead of eyes, two wounds from which a few tears emerge that must be a torment for his burned flesh. Instead of lips, another wound which is horrible to look at. It seems they held just his face over the flame, for there is no more burn under his chin.

Plautina opens her tunic and, speaking with the love of a true mother, squeezes her round breast full of milk and has the drops trickle between the lips of the child, who cannot smile, but who caresses her hand to show his relief. And then, after quenching his thirst, she lets some more milk fall upon the poor face to medicate it with this balm, which is a mother's blood turned into nourishment and the love of a woman left without children for someone left without a mother.

The child no longer moans. With his thirst quenched and his agony soothed, and rocked to sleep by the matron, he falls asleep, breathing with difficulty.

Plautina looks like a mother of sorrows, in view of her pose and expression. She looks at the poor little child and certainly sees her child or children in him, and tears roll down her cheeks, and she thrusts her head backwards to keep them from falling onto the child's wounds.

The song resumes, "I anxiously awaited the Lord, and He turned to me and heeded my cry."[112]

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[112] Psalm 40 (Vulgate: 39).

"The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall lack nothing. He has set me in a grassy meadow. He has led me to refreshing water" (Ps 23).

"Fabius is dead," a voice says at the back of the vault. "Let us pray," and they all say the *Our Father* and another prayer which begins like this: "May the Most High be praised, for He has mercy on his servants and opens his Kingdom to our unworthiness without asking our weakness for anything but patience and good will. May Christ be praised, for He suffered torture for those whom his mercy knew to be too weak to undergo it and has asked them only for love and faith. May the Spirit be praised, for He has given his fires for martyrdom to those not called to the consummation of martyrdom and makes them holy with his Holiness. So be it" *(Maran atha)* (I don't know if I am writing this correctly).

"How fortunate Fabius is!" an old man exclaims. "He is already seeing Christ!"

"We, too, shall see Him, Felix, and go to Him with the twofold crown of faith and martyrdom. We shall be as if reborn, without a trace of stain, for the sins of our past life will be washed in our blood before being washed in the blood of the Lamb. We sinned greatly -- we who were pagans for long years -- and it is a great grace for the jubilee of martyrdom to come to us to make us new, worthy of the Kingdom."

"Peace be with you, my brothers and sisters," thunders a voice which I immediately sense I have previously heard.

"Paul! Paul! Bless us!"

There is a rush of movement in the throng. Only Plautina remains motionless, with the pitiful burden on her lap.

"Peace be with you," the apostle repeats. And he advances up to the center of the entrance hall. "Here I am with Diomedes and Valente to bring you Life."

"What about the Pontiff?" many ask.

"He sends you his greeting and his blessing. He is alive, for the time being, and safe in the catacombs. The *fossores*[113] are guarding him well. He would come, but Alexander and Caius Julius informed us that he is too well known among the jailers. Rufus and the other Christians are not always on guard duty. I -- less well known and a Roman citizen -- have come. Brothers and sisters, what news do you have for me?"

"Fabius is dead."

"Castulus suffered the first martyrdom."

"Sixta has now been led to torture."

"Linus has been taken with Urbanus and his sons to Mamertinus or to the Circus -- we don't know."

"Let us pray for them -- whether alive or dead. That Christ may give all of them his Peace."

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[113] *Fossors were Christian workmen who excavated and decorated tombs in the catacombs, and were ranked among the inferior clergy.*

And Paul, with his arms opened in the form of a cross, prays (short, rather unattractive, but an impressive man) in the middle of the dungeon. As if he, too, were a servant, he is wearing a short dark robe with a little cloak and a hood which he has thrust back in order to pray. Behind him are the two men he has named, dressed as he is, but much younger.

When the prayer is over, Paul asks, "Where is Castulus?"

"On Plautina's lap, there, in the back."

Paul cuts through the crowd and approaches the group. He bends over and observes. He blesses. He blesses the child and the matron. The child appears to have awakened at the cries greeting the apostle, for he raises a little hand, trying to touch Paul, who then takes his hand between his own and speaks. "Castulus, do you hear me?"

"Yes," says the child, moving his lips with difficulty.

"Be strong, Castulus. Jesus is with you."

"Oh, why didn't you give Him to me? Now I can't any longer!" And a tear falls to aggravate his wounds.

"Don't cry, Castulus. Can you swallow a single crumb? You can? Well then, I'll give you the Body of the Lord. Then I'll go to Your mother and tell her that Castulus is a flower in Heaven. What should I say to your mother?"

"That I am happy. That I have found a mother. That she gives me her milk. That my eyes don't hurt any more. (It's not a lie to say so, is it -- to console my mother?) And that I *'see'* Paradise and my place and hers better than if these eyes of mine were still alive. Tell her fire doesn't hurt when the angels are with us and that she shouldn't fear either for my sake or for hers. The Savior will give us strength."

"Wonderful, Castulus! I shall tell your mother what you have said. God always helps, brothers and sisters. And you see this. He is a child. He is at the age when people can't bear the pain of a slight malaise. And you see and hear him. He is in peace. He is ready to suffer everything, after having already suffered so much, provided he can go to the One whom he loves, and he loves Him because he is one of those whom He loved -- a child -- and he is a hero of the Faith. Take heart from these children, O brothers and sisters. I am returning from having taken Lucina to the cemetery, the daughter of Faustus and Cecilia. She was only fourteen years old, and you know how much she was loved by her family and how weak she was in health. And yet she was a giant before the tyrants. You know that with these I pass myself off as *fossor* so that I can gather as many bodies as possible and lay them in holy ground. I thus live in contact with tribunals and see, as I live in contact with the circuses and observe. And it is a comfort for me to think that I, too, in my hour -- if God so pleases -- shall be sustained by Him like the saints who have preceded us. Lucina was tortured with a thousand torments. Beaten, hung, stretched out, and twisted with tongs. And she always healed by the work of God. And she always withstood all the threats. The final torture, before martyrdom, was aimed at her spirit. The tyrant,

on seeing her caught up with love for Christ, a virgin who had bound herself to the Lord our God, wanted to wound her in this love of hers. And he condemned her to be with a man. But one, two, and ten who approached all perished, struck down by a heavenly thunderbolt. Then, unable to break and destroy the lily of her purity in any way, the tyrant ordered that she be bound and hung in such fashion that she would remain as if seated and then lowered swiftly onto a pointed wedge, which tore apart her viscera. The barbarian thought he had thus taken away her beloved virginity. But her purity had never flourished so beautifully as in that bloodbath, and from her torn viscera her lily spread forth to be picked by God's angel. She is now in peace. Courage, brothers and sisters. I had fed her yesterday with the Bread of Heaven, and with the taste of that Bread she went to her final martyrdom. I shall now give that Bread to you as well, for tomorrow is a day of superhuman feasting for you. The Circus awaits you. And you do not fear. In the beasts and snakes you will see celestial appearances, for God will work this miracle for you, and the jaws and coils will seem to you to be loving embraces; the roars and hisses, heavenly voices; and, like Castulus, you will see Paradise, which is already descending to welcome you into its blessedness."

The Christians, except for Plautina, are all kneeling and singing: "As the hind longs for the brook, so my soul longs for you. My soul is thirsty for God. For the mighty, living God. When may I come to You, Lord? Why are you sad, my soul? Hope in God, and it will be granted to you to praise Him. By day God sends his grace, and by night He receives the song of thanksgiving. Prayer to God is my life. I shall say to Him, 'You are my defense' (Ps 41). Come. Let us joyously sing to the Lord. Let us uplift shouts of joy to God our Savior. Let us present ourselves to Him with cries of rejoicing. For the Lord is the great God. Come. Let us prostrate ourselves and worship Him who created us. For He is the Lord our God, and we are the people nourished by Him, the flock guided by Him" (Ps 94).

While they were singing, some Roman soldiers and jailers entered; they also mount guard so that unfriendly people will not enter.

Paul prepares for the rite. "You shall be our altar," he says to Castulus. "Can you hold the chalice on your chest?"

"Yes."

A linen cloth is spread over the child's little body, and the chalice and bread are set upon it.

And I attend the Mass of the martyrs, which is celebrated by Paul and served by the two priests accompanying him. It is not like today's Mass, though.[114] It seems to me to contain parts now lacking and to lack parts now in use. It lacks the epistle, for instance, and after the blessing -- "May the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit bless you" -- there is nothing else. But the parts

[114] According to the Missal in use in the writer's day, which was later reformed by the Second Vatican Council.

are the same as now from the Gospel to the Consecration, The Gospel read was that of the Beatitudes.[115]

I see the linen cloth trembling on the chest of Castulus, who as Paul requested, is holding the base of the chalice in his fingers so that it will not fall. I also see that when Paul says, "This consecration of the Body...," the flush of a smile passes over the wounded face of the child, and then the little head suddenly sinks down with a deathly heaviness which constantly grows.

Plautina seems to be jolted, but controls herself. Paul proceeds as if not noticing anything. But when, after breaking the Host, he is about to bend over the little martyr to give him Communion as the first of all with a minuscule fragment, Plautina says, "He's dead." And Paul pauses for an instant and then gives the matron the fragment intended for the child, who has remained with his fingers closed over the base of the chalice in his final contraction, and they have to disengage them from it in order to take the chalice and give it to the others.

Then, after Communion has been distributed, the Mass ends. Paul takes off his vestments and places them and the linen cloth and the chalice and the receptacle for the hosts in a bag he is carrying under his cloak. He then says, "Peace be with Christ's martyr. Peace be with holy Castulus."

And everyone responds, "Peace!"

"I shall now take him to another place. Give me a cloak to wrap him in. I shall take him without waiting for nightfall. Tonight we shall come for Fabius. But I shall take him... as a child who has fallen asleep. Fallen asleep in the Lord."

One of the soldiers offers his red cloak, and they lay the little martyr upon it and wrap him in it, and Paul takes him on his arm (the left arm), as if he is a father who is carrying his sleeping son somewhere else, with his head resting on his father's shoulder.

"Brothers and sisters, may peace be with you, and remember me when you are in the Kingdom." And he goes out, blessing.

Jesus says:

"It is not the Gospel, but I want it to be considered one of the 'gospels of faith' for you that fear.

"You also fear persecutions. You no longer have the fiber of old. It's true. But I am always Myself, children. You must not think that I can't give you an intrepid heart in the hour of trial. Without my help, no one, even then, could have remained steadfast in the face of so much torture. And yet old men and children, young girls and mothers, and spouses and parents were able to die, encouraging others to die, as if they were going to a celebration. And it was a celebration. An eternal celebration!

[115] Matthew 5:1-12; Luke 6:20-23.

"They died, and their dying was a breach in the dike of paganism. Like water which goes on eroding and eroding and slowly but inexorably breaks man's sturdiest works, their blood, issuing forth from thousands of wounds, gnawed at the pagan wall and, like many brooks, scattered into Caesar's militias, into Caesar's royal palace, into the circuses and spas, and among gladiators and animal keepers, those employed at the public baths, and the cultured and the common folk -- everywhere, unstoppable and invincible.

"The soil of Rome soaked up this blood, and the city rises -- I might say it is cemented -- with the blood and dust of my martyrs. The few hundred martyrs you are familiar with are nothing compared to the thousands and thousands still buried in the entrails of Rome and the thousands and thousands of others who, having been burned on the stakes in the circuses, became ash scattered by the wind, or, after being torn to pieces and devoured by beasts and reptiles, became excrement which was swept up and flung out as manure.

"But if you do not know these unknown heroes of mine, I know them all, and their complete annihilation, even of their skeletons, has been what has fertilized the savage soil of the pagan world more than any manure and made it become capable of bearing the heavenly Wheat.

"Now this soil of the Christian world is becoming pagan again, and poison germinates, not bread. And that is why you are afraid. You have become too estranged from God to have the fortitude of old in you.

"The theological virtues are dying in the places where they are not already dead. And you don't even remember the cardinal virtues. In not having charity, it is only natural for you to be unable to love God to the point of heroism. In not loving Him, You do not hope in Him and do not have faith in Him. In not having faith, hope, and charity, you are not strong, prudent, and just. In not being strong, you are not temperate. And in not being temperate, you love the flesh more than the soul and tremble over your flesh.

"But I can still work the miracle. Believe, too, that in every persecution the martyrs are able to be such through my aid. The martyrs -- that is, those who still love Me. I then take their love to perfection and make them athletes in faith. I come to the aid of those hoping and believing in Me. Always. In any circumstance.

"The little martyr remaining with his hands clasping the chalice, even beyond death, teaches you where strength is. In the **Eucharist**. When someone feeds on Me, as Paul states,[116] he no longer lives through himself, but Jesus lives in him. And Jesus was able to endure all torments, without bending. Whoever lives by Me will thus be like Me. Strong.

"Have faith."

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[116] Galatians 2:20.

Commentary On The Letter To The Hebrews: The Redemptive Value Of Obedience[117]

Hebrews 5:7,8,12,14; 6:1,4,6,8

Jesus says:

"I want to have you -- and many along with you -- consider a virtue from which a great good has come to you. The greatest good, whereas from its opposite so much evil has come to you: the greatest evil. I have already spoken to you about it, but your suffering has not let you remember the words. I shall repeat them to you because I am anxious for you to have them.

"Having loved you infinitely, I wanted to be your Redeemer. But I was not such only through Wisdom, or through Power, or even through Charity. These are three characteristics, three divine gifts, which all act in the Redemption of the human race, for they instructed you, shook you with miracles, and redeemed you with the Sacrifice.

"But I was Man. In being Man, I had to possess the virtue whose loss had brought man to be lost and redeem you with it. Man had been lost for having disobeyed God's wish. I, Man, had to save you by obeying God's wish.

"Paul says that, 'having offered prayers and entreaties with loud cries and tears, in the days of my mortal life, to save man from spiritual death, I was heard because of my reverence.' And he adds that, having arrived at perfection because I had learned (that is, complied out of obedience), I became the cause of eternal salvation for all those who are obedient to Me.

"Paul, with words which the Spirit renders true, says, then, that *I,* the Son of God made Man, *reached perfection* by obedience and was able to be the Redeemer because of it. I, the Son of God. I reached perfection by obedience. I redeemed by obedience.

"If you deeply meditate on this truth, you must experience what someone experiences who, bending over a profound bay by the sea, stares at the depth and immensity of the ocean and feels as though he is sinking into this liquid abyss whose profundity and limit he is unaware of.

"Obedience! A boundless, abysmal sea in which I immersed Myself before you to bring those who were shipwrecked in sin back to the Light. A sea in which the true children of God must immerse themselves to be redeemers of themselves and their brothers and sisters. A sea which has not only great depths and great waves, but also low-lying beaches and slight ripples seeming to jest with the sand on the shore which the children playing with them are so fond of.

[117] *NB44, March 16, 1944, p. 219*

"Obedience is not made solely out of great hours in which to obey is to die, as I did, in which to obey is to tear oneself away from a Mother, as I did, or in which to obey is to give up one's own dwelling, as I did on leaving Heaven for your sake. *Obedience is also made out of minuscule things in every hour, carried out with no grumbling as they present themselves to you.*

"What is the wind? Always a whirlwind which curves the timeworn treetops and bends them, breaks them, and knocks them to the ground? No. It is wind, too, when, lighter than a mother's caress, it combs the meadow grasses and the wheat cropping up and makes them barely wave as if they were slightly quivering at the top of the green stems out of joy at being grazed by the light wind. *The small things are the light wind of obedience.* But how much good they do!

"Now it is spring. If the blood did not sully it, how sweet this season would be! The plants, which are able to love and obey the Creator, are putting on new clothes made of emerald and, like brides, wrapping themselves in flowers. The meadows look like embroidery, velvet adorned with flowers; the woods, scented plush under a vault of green, singing crests. But if the tenuous winds of April did not exist, or the mad gusts of March, how many flowers would be left without fecundation, and how many meadows, without water! Flowers and grasses would thus be born to die to no end. The wind pushes the clouds and waters them that way; the wind brings kisses to the flowers, takes to those far away the kiss of those far away, and with its joyous race from branch to branch, from tree to tree, and from orchard to orchard fecundates and makes those flowers become fruit.

"Obedience also picks *all* the little things which God presents to you through the events of the day; *it does what the wind does with the plants and grasses of the meadows and gardens. It turns you, flowers, into fruits.* The fruits of eternal life.

"Most blessed are those who, caught up by the whirlwind of Love and their love, consummate the total sacrifice of themselves, the little redeemers who perpetuate Me, who fulfill supreme obedience by drinking my own chalice of pain. But blessed, too, are those who, not having the courage to say to the whirlwind of Love, 'I love You; here I am; take me,' are able to bend under the light wind of Love, who can measure the strength of man, his son, and give each just the amount of pressure which it is possible to bear.

"It seems to you, O children, and never before as now it seems to you, that the trial is many times superior to your strength. *But it is because you grow rigid. And because you are proud and distrustful. You want to act on your own and do not abandon yourselves to Me*. I am not an executioner. I am He who loves you. I am a good Father. And if I cannot nullify Justice, I increase Mercy to make up for it. The more Justice grows because of the tide of crimes, blasphemies, and acts of disobedience to the Law which covers the Earth, the more I increase it.

"You are getting shipwrecked in it. The innocent, the nearly innocent, the blameworthy, and the extremely blameworthy -- you are sinking in it. But if for the latter the sea bottom of the shipwreck will be in Satan's seabed (beginning in this life, with the dismemberment of a conscience gnawing at them and giving them no peace, though they pretend to have peace), for the former two categories the seabed will be in my Mercy -- it *is* there for the nearly innocent, and it is in my Heart for the innocent. But Mercy and Heart are already Heaven, and for these, after the comforts on Earth, which I do not deny them -- and you know this -- Heaven is ready.

"I said something else to your spirit, and your spirit has not been able to make your extenuated flesh write it, and I shall repeat it to you.

"In all of this teaching of mine, no lesson or vision is given without my pursuing an educational purpose of mine which you do not understand or understand after a delay and partially. If You meditated with insightful lucidity, you would see that the lessons I give you with the dictations or contemplations of the spokesman are always related to events soon to take place. I do so to give you supernatural aid. These pages -- since the world is not completely savage -- will do a lot of good to souls, in the future, too, because they contain teachings of eternal Knowledge but for you, living in this fatal hour, they are also a guide and comfort for the times you are living through.

"You, too, like Paul's early Christians, 'have become a bit weak in understanding... and still need, *again,* to be taught the first rudiments of the word of God, reduced as you are to the need for milk and not solid food.' You have become children again, not through innocence and simplicity, not through obscure faith, but through your inability to walk in faith and understand its truths.

"You have gone so far backwards! The words of Justice are just sound striking your ear, and sometimes you don't even perceive it. You do not make it the food of Life. You cannot do so because you do not assimilate it. Your spirit, through your blameworthy indifference, your blameworthy sympathy for sin, is stricken by childishness and no longer has the juice rendering it capable of making the robust food of adults in faith its nourishment. You either have no religion or have a religion made up of a choreography of practices and sentimentalism.

"But do you know what 'Religion' means? *It means to follow God and his Law,* not just to sing beautiful hymns, hold beautiful processions and beautiful functions, go to hear elegant sermons, or be member A or B of such-and-such an association -- all of them things which titillate your sentiment. And nothing more. *Religion means to make the animal-man a demigod-man. One must annul animality in its various forms, ranging from the flesh to thought, by way of religion.* Down with gluttony and lust, away with avarice and indolence, death to lying and haughtiness. Be chaste, charitable, humble, and honest; be, in short, as God wants and as I have taught you to be. You will then be adults in

religion, in faith; you will be finished men, having 'trained your faculties by practice to discern good and evil.'

"It is for this reason that I, leaving aside elementary teaching, come to instruct you on what is most perfect, for I want to lead you to it. There will be few of you, the ones hungry for Justice, Truth, and Wisdom. But for these, my blessed ones, I give a bread which helps them to taste the other bread, that is I-as-**Eucharist**, better and better. In my public life, too, I had the bread of the Word precede the bread of the Sacrament.[118] It is always the former which must prepare the latter. The teaching Church exists for this purpose. To perpetuate my ministry as Teacher and make you able to draw the maximum vital power from the sacrament.

"Woe to those, however, who, after having been illuminated, preferred to go back to the darkness. Woe to those who, after having tasted this heavenly food, preferred Satan's mouthfuls. Woe to those who, after having been rendered aware of Truth by the Holy Spirit, become beasts again, profaning themselves. It is not possible, once they have plunged downwards, for them to come back to penance. *For, if I greatly forgive man's weakness, I am inexorable with those wanting to remain in Evil after having chosen Evil spontaneously as their king.*

"And you, to whom I grant the taste of the sweetness of the word of God, which flows forth once more to make up for *too much* silence on the part of priests, too much lukewarm ash where there should be living fire, which flows forth to neutralize in my new disciples Satan's venom circulating over the Earth; be worthy of the gift -- you, for whom I also remove veils over the secrets of my day as Man and over the mysteries of the future age. Become granite ears and not arid straw ready for the fire. Ears for eternal wheat. You will be reborn in Heaven.

"Oh, the joy of being out of the world! The joy of being where God is! When, having given up my spirit, I was able to see the Father again, I savored a blessedness which I had never before experienced from all eternity. And it endures, for I now know what it means to be separated from Heaven, from God. I have suffered all experiences in Myself. To be able to defend you before the Most High. But in truth I tell you that my own blessedness will be yours when you are here, out of exile, with Me, close to the Father, in the Homeland of Love.

"Of Love, children. Where there is no more hate and crime, Weeping and terror."

Jesus tells me to write, too, the words about the function of certain souls in the world. I do so, although, weak and tormented as I am, my head is spinning like a top.

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[118] Luke 24:27-31.

"Do you now understand the purpose of cloistered convents? Their *raison d'etre?*

"Not all have time to pray, caught up as they are in active life. It is true that honest activity is already prayer, and those who pray by working are thus justified. But man's needs are numerous, and there are numerous men who do not pray at all. For all those who do not want to or cannot pray in such fashion that each day will have the number of acts of devotion required by the Divinity (consider that in Heaven there is no pause to the *Gloria* for God), the cloistered pray. They pray to God to honor Him; they pray to appease Him; they pray to beseech Him. They are the arms uplifted over those who combat, and they make requests for all.

"In your house you are the little cloistered one who pray for all. But your charity must be as vast as the world -- even more: as vast as all Creation -- and invade Heaven as well -- indeed, begin with it.

"To pray to offer praise and reparation to God, blasphemed by so many.

"To pray for those who do not pray.

"To pray for the Church.

"To pray for the Priesthood, without which, regaining the splendor of a martyr like Lawrence,[119] you become more and more idolatrous.

"To pray for human society, that it may come to God if it wants to be saved.

"To pray for your country, that it may have peace and good.

"To pray for those suffering, for those who are hungry, for those without shelter.

"To pray for those doubting and feeling despair grip them.

"To pray and pray and pray.

"Finally, to pray for yourself.

"Do not be afraid. Even if those of you that pray for all do not pray for yourselves, I pray to the Father for you. Be at peace.

"The souls praying in the world, those able to turn their infirmity not into obligatory idleness, but into a holy activity, are the little cloisters that I scatter like flowers around the world to help the large cloisters and, with this sum of tireless prayers, appease the Father and bring relief to humanity."

And now, Father, I will tell you that I am moved by God's goodness, from which yours has come. It was Jesus who inspired you in this way. I greatly wished to be in the Third Order of Our Lady of Sorrows. If I had not been most devoted to St. Francis of Assisi since childhood and had not had many painful experiences with priests of the Servants of Mary, when in 1926 I decided to enter a Third Order, I would have turned to that of Our Lady of Sorrows or of

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[119] *Saint Lawrence or Laurence was one of the seven deacons of the city of Rome under Pope Sixtus II who were martyred in the persecution of the Christians that the Roman Emperor Valerian ordered in 258.*

Carmel. For I wanted to belong to Mary even when... I was flighty, as Jesus says.[120] I loved Her poorly, knowing Her little, but I instinctively moved towards Her. Now, since I saw Her suffering, I have loved Her as I love her Son – "with all my strength"[121] -- and my desire to belong to Our Lady of Sorrows had intensified. I was silent, but I had the thorn of desire nailed into my throat.

I thank Jesus and his Mother, who told you this, and thank you for having understood. It's futile now. I have been saying since last year that Our Lady of Sorrows has always acted with overbearance towards me. She wanted me to be guided by a son[122] of hers; for her altar She wanted the work[123] done for other altars; now She wants me to die wearing her robe.[124] Well then, let us hope that She wants from her Son what I am asking for all (peace) and what I am asking for myself: the salvation of my poor soul. And thus you, too, will have your Fernanda Lorenzoni.[125]

And that's enough for now; otherwise I'll faint.

The Death Of Mary Magdalene[126]

I see a cavern in the rock where there is a bed of piled-up leaves on a rustic frame of interwoven branches bound together with rushes. It must be as comfortable as a rack for torture. The grotto also has a large stone which serves as a table and a smaller one which serves as a chair. Against the side farthest back there is another one: a large stone splinter sticking out of the rock which -- I don't know whether it is naturally or by patient, toilsome human effort -- has been polished and presents a rather smooth surface. Upon this, which looks like a rustic altar, a cross made of two wicker-bound branches is resting. The inhabitant of the grotto has also planted ivy in an earthy cleft in the ground and guided its branches to frame the cross and encircle it, while, in two rustic vases, which seemed to have been modeled in the clay by an unskilled hand, there are wild flowers picked nearby, and, right at the foot of the cross, in a giant shell, there is a little wild cyclamen plant with small, very clean-cut leaves and two buds which are about to blossom. At the foot of this altar there is a sheaf of thorny branches and a scourge with knotted cords. In the grotto there is also a rustic jug with water. Nothing else.

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[120] See June 4 and 24 in *The Notebooks. 1943,* and the last paragraph in the entry or March 15, 1944.
[121] As at the end of the dictation on December 8, 1943.
[122] Father Romualdo M. Migliorini, of the Order of the Servants of Mary, the writer's spiritual director from 1942 to 1946.
[123] She is referring to lace work she did for an altar cloth.
[124] As a member of the Third Order of the Servants of Mary.
[125] Fernanda Paola Lorenzoni, member of the Third Order of Our Lady of Sorrows (1906-1930).
[126] *NB44, March 30, 1944, p. 252*

Through the narrow, low aperture mountains can be seen in the background, and, since there appears a moving luminosity which is glimpsed in the distance, one would assume that the sea is visible from this point. But I cannot confirm this. Pendulous ivy branches, honeysuckle, and wild rosebushes -- all the usual pomp of mountainous locations -- hang over the opening and form a sort of moving veil separating the interior from the exterior.

A thin woman, wearing rustic, dark clothing, covered by a goatskin as a blanket, goes into the grotto, pushing aside the hanging branches. She looks exhausted. It is impossible to determine her age. If one were to judge by her withered face, one would say she was quite old -- over sixty. If one were to go by her flowing locks, still beautiful, thick, and golden, not over forty. Her hair hangs down in two braids over her curved, slender shoulders, and it is the only thing that shines out in that desolation. The woman must certainly have been beautiful, for her brow is still lofty and smooth, and her nose, well-shaped, and the oval, though thinned by weariness, regular. But her eyes no longer sparkle. They are deeply sunken in their sockets and marked by two bluish bistres. Two eyes which reveal the many tears they have shed. Two wrinkles, almost two scars, have been engraved from the corner of each eye along the nose and finally dissolve into that other wrinkle typical of those who have suffered greatly, which descends from the nostrils like a circumflex accent to the corners of the mouth. Her temples look sunken and the blue veins are outlined in the intense paleness. Her mouth hangs down in a weary curve and is a very pale pink. It must once have been a splendid mouth; now it is withered. The curve of the lips is like that of two broken wings dangling. A mouth of pain.

The woman drags herself over to the mass of stone which serves as a table and sets bilberries and wild strawberries upon it. She then goes to the altar and kneels down. But she is so exhausted that she nearly falls in doing so and must hold herself up with one hand on the stone slab. She prays, looking at the cross, and tears flow down her wrinkles to her mouth, which drinks them in. She then lets her goatskin slip down, remaining with only the rough tunic to cover her, and takes the scourges and the thorns.

She clasps the thorny branches tightly around her head and her loins and scourges herself with the cords. But she is too weak to do so. She drops the scourge and, supporting herself against the altar with both hands and her forehead, she says, “I can’t withstand any more, Rabbi! I can’t suffer more, in memory of your pain!”

The voice brings me to recognize her. It is Mary Magdalene. I am in her grotto as a penitent.

Mary is weeping. She calls Jesus lovingly. She cannot suffer any more. But she can still love. Her flesh, mortified by penance, can no longer withstand the effort of scourging herself, but her heart still beats passionately and consumes itself in its final strength by loving. And she loves, remaining with her forehead crowned with thorns and her waist clasped by thorns; she loves by

speaking to her Master in a continuous profession of love and a renewed act of contrition.

She has slipped, with her brow touching the ground. The same posture she had on Calvary before Jesus, when He as placed on Mary's lap, the same one she had in the house in Jerusalem when Veronica explained her veil, the same one she had in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, when Jesus called her and she recognized Him and worshipped Him.[127] But now she is crying because Jesus is not there.

"Life is fleeing from me, my Master. And will I have to die without seeing You again? When will I be able to take delight in your face? My sins are before me and accuse me. You have forgiven me, and I believe hell will not possess me. But how long will I be detained in expiation before living by You! Oh, good Master! For the sake of the love You have given me, comfort my soul! The hour of death has come. For the sake of your desolate dying on the cross, comfort your creature! You begot me. You. Not my mother. You raised me up, more than You raised up Lazarus, my brother. For he was already good, and death could only mean waiting in your Limbo. I was dead in my soul, and to die meant eternal death. Jesus, into your hands I entrust my spirit! It is yours because You have redeemed it. As a final expiation, I agree to experience the harshness of your dying in abandonment. But give me a sign that my life has served to expiate my sinning."[128]

"Mary!" Jesus has appeared. He seems to come down from the rustic cross. But He is not wounded and dying. He is as handsome as on the morning of the Resurrection. He comes down from the altar and goes towards the prostrate woman. He bends over her. He calls her again, and, since she seems to believe that Voice is sounding for her spiritual senses and remains with her face to the ground, she does not see the light Christ is emitting. He touches her, resting his hand on her head and taking her by the elbow, as in Bethany,[129] to lift her up again.

When she feels touched and recognizes that hand by its length, she cries out loudly. And she uplifts her face, transfigured with joy. And she lowers it to kiss the feet of her Lord.

"Get up, Mary. It's Me. Life is fleeing. It's true. But I have come to tell you that Christ awaits you. There is no waiting for Mary. Everything is forgiven her. From the first moment it was forgiven. But now it is more than forgiven. Your place is already prepared in my Kingdom. I have come, Mary, to tell you this. I did not order the angel to do so because I repay a hundredfold for what I receive, and I remember what I have received from you. Mary, let us together

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[127] In the visions on February 18, February 19, and February 21, respectively.

[128] In the writings of Mana Valtorta, particularly in her major work on the Gospel, Mary Magdalene, the sister of Mary and Lazarus, is identified with the unnamed sinful woman in Luke 7:36-50.

[129] See the vision on March 23.

relive a moment in the past. Remember Bethany.[130] It was the evening after the Sabbath. Six days remained before my death. Do you remember your house? Every thing was beautiful in the blossoming tract of its orchard. the water was singing in the pool, and the first roses could be scented around its walls. Lazarus had invited me to his supper, and you had stripped the garden of the loveliest flowers to adorn the table where your Master would take his sustenance. Martha did not dare to reproach you because she remembered my words[131] and looked at you with gentle envy, for you shone with love while coming and going for the preparations. And then I arrived. You ran faster than a gazelle, preceding the servants, to open the gate with your usual cry. It always sounded like the cry of a freed prisoner. I was, in fact, your liberation, and you were a liberated prisoner. The apostles were with Me. All of them. Even the one who was then like a gangrenous member of the apostolic body. But you were there to take his place. And you did not know that while observing your head bending to kiss my feet and your sincere, love-filled eyes, I forgot my disgust over having the betrayer at my side. I wanted you on Calvary *for this reason.* You in Joseph's garden *for this reason.* Because to see you was to be sure that my death was not without a purpose. And my showing Myself to you was an act of gratitude for your faithful love. Mary, blessed are you, that have never betrayed and confirmed Me in my hope as the Redeemer -- you, in whom I saw all those saved by my death! While everyone ate, you worshipped. You had given Me the perfumed water for my weary feet and chaste, ardent kisses for my hands, and, still not content, you wanted to break open your last precious vase and anoint my head, freshening up my hair as a mother does, and anoint my hands and feet so that all your Master's limbs would be scented as members of the consecrated King... And Judas, who hated you because you were now honest and rejected the appetites of males with your honesty reproached you... But I defended you because you had done everything out of love, such a great love that the memory of it accompanied Me in the agony from Thursday night until the ninth hour... Now, because of this act of love you gave Me on the threshold of my death, I come, on the threshold of your death, to repay you with love. Your Master loves you, Mary. He is here to say this to you. Do not be afraid or anxious about another death. Your death is no different from that of those shedding their blood for my sake. What does the martyr give? His life out of love for his God. What does the penitent give? His life out of love for his God. What does the lover give? His life out of love for his God. See that there is no difference. Martyrdom, penance, and love consummate the same sacrifice and for the same purpose. In you, then, a penitent and a lover, there is martyrdom, as in those perishing in the arenas. Mary, I will precede you into glory. Kiss my hand and lie down in peace. Rest. It is time for you to rest. Give Me your thorns. Now is the time for roses. Rest and wait. I bless you, blessed one."

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[130] Matthew 26:6-13; Mark 14:3-9; John 12:1-11.
[131] Luke 10:38-42.

Jesus has obliged Mary to lie down on her couch. And the saint, with her face washed with tears of ecstasy, has lain down as her God has wanted her to and now seems to sleep, with her arms crossed over her chest and her tears continuing to fall, but with a smile on her mouth.

She rises again to a sitting position when a very bright radiance appears in the grotto because of the arrival of an angel bearing a chalice which he sets upon the altar and worships. Mary, kneeling beside her cot, worships, too. She can no longer move. Her strength is failing. But she is blessed. The angel takes the chalice and gives her Communion. He then goes back up to Heaven.

Mary, like a flower scorched by too much sun, bends -- she bends with her arms still crossed over her chest and falls, with her face amidst the leaves of her cot. She is dead. The **Eucharistic** ecstasy has cut the last thread of life.[132]

Jesus says:

"Although creatures may be consummate in the generosity of love and in repaying those who have loved them, they are always very relative. But your Jesus surpasses all human immensity in desire and every limit to satisfaction. For your Jesus is God, and to you, the generous and loving -- since this is a page which I address especially to you, the souls that are not satisfied with obeying the precept, but embrace the counsel and push your love for Me to holy acts of heroism -- I give with my abundance as God, and as a good God.

"I create the miracle for you, to repay you with joy for all the joy you give Me. I take the place of what you lack or produce what you need. But I let nothing be lacking for you that have stripped yourselves of everything out of love for Me to the point of living in a material or moral solitude in the midst of the world, which does not comprehend you and which mocks you and which, repeating the insult of old which was previously directed at Me,[133] your Master, shouts at you, 'Madmen!' and takes your penances and your lights to be diabolical signs. For the world enslaved to Satan believes that satan is the saints who have placed the world under their feet and turned it into a stool to rise higher towards Me and plunge into my Light.

"But go ahead and let them call you 'madmen and demons.' I know that you are possessors of true wisdom, of upright intelligence, and that you have the soul of an angel in a mortal body. I remember, and not a single loving sigh is forgotten, what you have done for Me; and, as I defend you against the world -- for I bring the best ones in the world to know what you are in my eyes -- so I compensate you when the hour comes, and I consider that it is time to infuse some sweetness into your chalice.

"It is only I who have drunk it to the last drop without sweetening it with honey, I who had to cling to the thought of those who would love Me in

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[132] At this point the Italian edition of *The Notebooks* includes a vision of Mary Magdalene's anointing Jesus.

[133] Matthew 12:24; Mark 3:22,30; Luke 11:15; John 10:20.

the future, so as to be able to withstand to the last, without coming to curse man, for whom I was shedding my Blood, and experience -- more than experience, abandon Myself to -- the desperation of my condition as one abandoned by God.[134]

"But I don't want you to suffer what I suffered. My experience was too cruel to impose on you. And it would mean tempting you beyond your strength. God is never imprudent. He wants to save, not destroy, you. And to impose certain excessively cruel hours on you would mean destroying your souls, which would bend down like a branch burdened with too much weight and in the end would remain broken and experience the mire, after having experienced so much Heaven.

"I never disappoint those who hope in Me. Say this over and over again to everyone."[135]

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605. Judas Iscariot's Desperation And Suicide. If He Had Repented, He Could Still Be Saved.[136]

…[137]

He departs from the town centre, taking the poorest lanes at random and he ends up again at the house of the Supper. It is all closed as if it were abandoned. He stops. He looks at it. «The Mother!» he whispers. «The Mother!...» He is undecided... «I have a mother as well! And I have killed a son of a mother!... And yet... I want to go in... To see that room again. There is no blood in there...»

He knocks at the door. He knocks again... and again... The mistress of the house comes to open and half-opens the door. Ajar... And seeing the man so agitated and altered beyond recognition, she utters a cry and tries to close the door again. But Judas opens it wide with a push of his shoulder and, knocking down the terrified woman, he goes in.

He runs towards the little door that lets into the Supper Room. He opens it and goes in. A beautiful sunshine enters through the wide-open windows. Judas breathes a sigh of relief. He proceeds. Everything is calm and silent here. The dishes are still as they were left. One understands that nobody has taken care of them. One might think that they are about to sit at the table.

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[134] Matthew 27:46; Mark 15:34.

[135] The following texts written at this point in the *Notebook* have been included in the *Passion* cycle in the life of Christ: "Judas Iscariot after the Betrayal" and the Dictation concerning it (March 31, 1944) and the dictations on "Mary's Annulment Of Eve" (April 2) and "Cain and the First Parents" (April 5).

[136] *Gospel, Vol. 10, March 31, 1944, p. 83 (**601.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 577)*

[137] *Judas' frantic, desperate, and terror-ridden flight through Jerusalem and Gethsemane is omitted.*

Judas goes towards the table. He looks whether there is any wine in the amphorae. There is. He drinks greedily out of the amphora itself, lifting it with both hands. Then he sits down and rests his head on his arms folded on the table. He does not notice that he has sat just where Jesus was seated and that in front of him there is the chalice used for the **Eucharist**. He remains still for some time, until his panting after so much running calms down. He then looks up and sees the chalice. And he realises where he has sat down.

He stands up as if he were possessed. But the chalice enchants him. A little red wine is still in the bottom of it and the sun, shining on the metal (it looks like silver), inflames the liquid. «Blood! Blood! Blood also here! His Blood! His Blood!... "Do this in memory of Me!... Take this and drink it. This is My Blood... The Blood of the new testament that will be shed for you..." Ha! I am cursed! It can no longer be shed for me to remit my sin. I do not ask to be forgiven, because He cannot forgive me. Away, away! There is no place where the Cain of God may find peace. Death! Death to me!...»

He goes out. He finds himself in front of Mary, Who is standing at the door of the room where Jesus left Her. Hearing a noise, She has looked out, hoping perhaps to see John, who has been away such a long time. She looks as pale as if She had lost all Her blood. Grief has made Her eyes resemble even more those of Her Son. Judas meets those eyes that look at him with the same sorrowful conscious knowledge with which Jesus looked at him in the street, and uttering a frightened «Oh!» he leans against the wall.

«Judas!» says Mary, «Judas, why have you come?» The same words as Jesus.' And they are spoken with sad love. Judas remembers them and shouts. «Judas» repeats Mary «what have you done? To so much love have you replied by betraying?» Mary's voice is a trembling caress.

Judas is about to run away. Mary calls him with a voice that should have converted a demon. «Judas! Judas! Stop! Stop! Listen! I am telling you in His name: repent, Judas. He forgives...» Judas has run away.

Mary's voice. Her appearance, have been the coup de grace, or rather of disgrace, because he resists Her.

He goes away precipitately. He meets John who is going towards the house to get Mary. The sentence has been passed. Jesus is about to go to Calvary. It is time to take Mary to Her Son.

John recognises Judas, although there is little left of the handsome Judas of not long ago. «You here?» John says to him with obvious disgust. «You here? May you be cursed, you killer of the Son of God! The Master has been condemned. Rejoice, if you can. But get out of the way. I am going to get the Mother. Do not let Her, the other Victim of yours, meet you, you reptile.»

Judas runs away. He has wrapped his head in the tatters of his mantle, leaving only a small opening for his eyes. People, the few people who are not near the Praetorium, avoid him, as if they saw a madman. And that is what he looks like.

He wanders about the country. Now and again the wind carries an echo of the clamour made by the crowds who follow Jesus cursing Him. Every time such echo reaches Judas, he howls like a jackal.

I think that he has really gone mad, because he continuously knocks his head against the low stone walls. Or he has become hydrophobic because every time he sees a liquid -- water, milk carried in a vessel by a child, oil dripping from a goatskin -- he howls and shouts: «Blood! Blood! His Blood!» He would like to drink at streams and fountains. But he cannot, because water seems blood to him, and he says so: «It's blood! It's blood! It is drowning me! It is burning me! I am on fire! He gave me His Blood yesterday, and it has become fire in me! May I be accursed, and You, too!»

He goes up and down the hills around Jerusalem. And his eyes are irresistibly attracted towards Golgotha. And twice from afar he sees the procession wind uphill. He looks and howls.

It is now on the top. Judas also is on top of a little hill covered with olive-trees. He has gone in by opening a rustic paling, as if he were the owner or at least well acquainted with the place. I am under the impression that Judas did not have much consideration for other people's property. Standing upright under an olive-tree on the edge of a terrace, he looks towards Golgotha. He sees the crosses being erected and he realises that Jesus has been crucified. He cannot bear to see or hear. But his mental derangement or an act of witchcraft by Satan make him see and hear as if he were on the top of Calvary.

He looks and looks like one bewitched. He struggles: «No! No! Don't look at me. Don't speak to me. I cannot bear it. Die, die, You cursed one! Let death close those eyes that frighten me, that mouth that curses me. But I also curse You. Because You did not save me.»

His face is so troubled that one cannot look at it. Two fine streams of slaver run down from his howling mouth. The cheek that was bitten[138] is livid and swollen, and so his face looks twisted. His sticky hair, his very dark beard that has grown on his cheeks during these hours, make his face look dismal. And his eyes!... They roll, are squint and phosphorescent. The eyes of a real demon.

He tears away from his waist the cord of thick red wool that encircles it three times. He tests its solidity by winding it round an olive-tree and pulling it with all his strength. It resists. It is solid.

He chooses a suitable olive-tree. Here it is. This one, protruding beyond the terrace with its ruffled foliage, is all right. He climbs on the tree. He fastens a noose solidly to the strongest branch hanging out over the empty space. He has already tied a slip-knot. He looks at Golgotha for the last time. He then puts his head into the slip-knot. He now seems to have two red necklaces round the bottom part of his neck. He sits on the terrace. Then with a jerk he lets himself slip into the empty space.

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[138] *A dog attacked and bit him during the omitted flight.*

The knot squeezes his throat. He struggles for some moments. He rolls his eyes strangely, he becomes black with suffocation, he opens his mouth, the veins of his neck swell and become black. He kicks the air four or five times in his last convulsions. Then his mouth opens and his dark slobbery tongue hangs out, his eyeballs remain uncovered, protruding, showing the whitish globes stained with blood. The irides disappear in the upper part. He is dead.

The strong wind, that has risen with the impending storm, makes the macabre pendulum swing and whirl like a horrible spider hanging from the thread of a cobweb.

The vision ends thus. And I hope I shall soon forget all this, because I can assure you that it is a dreadful vision.

Jesus says:

«Dreadful, but not useless. Too many people think that Judas did something of little importance. Some even go to the extent of saying that he is well deserving, because Redemption would not have taken place without him, and that he is therefore justified in the eyes of God.

I solemnly tell you that, if Hell did not already exist and was not perfect in its torments, it would have been created even more dreadful and eternal for Judas, because of all sinners and damned souls, he is the most damned and the biggest sinner, and throughout eternity there will be no mitigation of his sentence.

Remorse could have also saved him, *if he had turned remorse into repentance.* But he would not repent and, to the first crime of betrayal, still compatible because of the great mercy that is My loving weakness, he added blasphemy, resistance to the voices of Grace, that still wanted to speak to him through recollections, through terrors, through My Blood and My mantle, through My glances, through the traces of the institution of the **Eucharist**, through the words of My Mother.

He resisted everything. He *wanted* to resist. As he had *wanted* to betray. As he *wanted* to curse. As he *wanted* to commit suicide. It *is one's will that matters in things.* Both in good and in evil.

When one falls without the will to follow, I forgive. Consider Peter. He denied Me. Why? Not even he knew why. Was Peter a coward? No. My Peter was not cowardly. Facing the cohort and the guards of the Temple he had dared to wound Malcus to defend Me, risking his own life thereby. He then ran away, without the will to do so. Then he denied Me, without the will to do it. Later he did remain and proceed on the bloody way of the Cross, on My Way, until he reached death on a cross. And then he bore witness to Me very efficiently, to the point of being killed because of his fearless faith. I defend My Peter. His bewilderment was the last one of his human nature. But his spiritual will was not present at that moment. Dulled by the weight of his humanity, it was asleep.

When it awoke, it did not want to remain in sin, but it wanted to be perfect. I forgave him at once.

Judas *did not want.* You say that he seemed mad and hydrophobic. He was so through satanic fury.

His terror in seeing the dog, a rare animal particularly in Jerusalem, was a consequence of the fact that, from time immemorial, that form was attributed to Satan to appear to men. In books of magic it is stated that one of the forms preferred by Satan to appear to men is that of a mysterious dog or cat or billygoat. Judas, already a prey to terror brought about by his crime, being convinced that he belonged to Satan because of his crime, saw Satan in that stray animal.

He who is guilty, sees shadows of fear in everything. It is his conscience that creates them. Then Satan instigates such shadows, which might still bring a heart to repent, and turns them into horrible ghosts that lead to despair. And despair leads to the last crime: suicide.

What is the use of throwing away the price of the betrayal, when such deprivation is only the fruit of wrath and is not corroborated by a righteous will of repentance? Only in such case the act of divesting oneself of the fruits of evil deeds becomes meritorious. But he did not do that. A useless sacrifice.

My Mother, and She was Grace that was speaking and My Treasurer that was granting forgiveness in My name, said to him: "Repent, Judas. He forgives..."

Oh! I would have forgiven him! If he had only thrown himself at the feet of My Mother saying: "Mercy," She, the Merciful Mother, would have picked him up as a wounded man, and on his satanic wounds, through which the Enemy had imbued him with the Crime, She would have shed Her tears that save and She would have brought him to Me, to the foot of the Cross, holding him by the hand, so that Satan might not snatch him and the disciples might not strike him. She would have brought him so that My Blood might fall first of all on him, the greatest of all sinners. And She would have been the admirable Priestess on Her altar, between Purity and Guilt, because She is the Mother of virgins and saints, but She is also the Mother of sinners.

But he *did not want.* Meditate on the power of free will, of which you are the absolute arbiters. Through it you can have Heaven or Hell. Meditate on what persisting in sin means.

The Crucified, He Who is holding His arms stretched out and nailed, to tell you that He loves you, and that He does not want and cannot strike you, because He loves you, and prefers to deprive Himself of the possibility of embracing you. His only sorrow in His being nailed to the cross, rather than have the freedom to punish you, Christ Crucified, the object of divine hope for those who repent and *want* to abandon sin, becomes for the unrepentant the object of such horror that makes them curse and be violent against themselves. They become the murderers of their spirits and bodies through their persistence in sin.

And the sight of the Meek Saviour, Who allowed Himself to be sacrificed in the hope of saving them, takes the appearance of a horrifying ghost.

Mary, you complained of this vision. But, My dear daughter, this is the Friday of Passion Week. *You must* suffer. To the sufferings you endure because of Mary's sufferings and Mine, you must add your own, caused by the bitterness in seeing sinners remain sinners. That was *our* suffering. It must be yours. Mary suffered, and still suffers, because of that, as She suffered because of My tortures. So you must suffer that. Rest now. In three hours' time you will be completely Mine and Mary's. I bless you, sweet little violet of My passion and passion-flower of Mary.»

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641. Peter Celebrates The Eucharist Sacrament In A Meeting Of The First Christians.[139]

It is one of the very first meetings of Christians, in the days immediately after Pentecost.

The twelve apostles are once again twelve, because Matthias, already elected in the place of the traitor, is among them. And the fact that all twelve are there proves that they had not yet parted to go and evangelize, according to the order of the Master. So it must have been Pentecost only a short time ago, and the persecutions of the Sanhedrin against the servants of Jesus Christ have not yet begun. Because if they had begun, they would not celebrate with so much calm, and without taking any precautions, in a house even too well known to those of the Temple, that is in the house of the Supper room, and exactly in the room where the Last Supper was consumed, the **Eucharist** was instituted, and the true and total betrayal as well as the Redemption began.

The large room, however, has undergone a modification, necessary for its new function as a church, and required by the number of the believers. The large table is no longer near the wall of the little staircase, but it is near, or rather against the wall facing it, so that even those who cannot go into the Supper room, already crowded with people -- in the Supper room, the first church of the Christian world -- can see what is happening there, thronging the entrance corridor, near the little door, completely open, that admits to the room.

In the room there are men and women of all ages. In a group of women, near the large table, but in a corner, there is Mary, the Mother, surrounded by Martha and Mary of Lazarus, by Nike, Eliza, Mary of Alphaeus, Salome, Johanna of Chuza, in short, by many of the women disciples, both Jewish and not Jewish, whom Jesus had cured, comforted, evangelized, and who had become sheep of His fold. Among the men there are Nicodemus, Lazarus, Joseph of Arimathea, a large number of disciples, among whom there are Stephen,

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[139] *Gospel, Vol. 10, June 3, 1944, p. 468 (**637.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 886)*

Hermas, the shepherds, Elisha the son of the leader of the synagogue of Engedi, and many more. There is also Longinus, not in his military uniform, but as if he were an ordinary citizen, with a long plain greyish tunic. Then many more, who have certainly entered the flock of Christ after Pentecost and the first evangelization of the Twelve.

Peter speaks also now, evangelizing and teaching the people present. He speaks once again of the Last Supper. *Again,* because from his words it is clear that he has already spoken of it.

He says: «I tell you once *again»* and he stresses these words very much «of this Supper in which, before being sacrificed by men, Jesus the Nazarene, as He was called, Jesus Christ, the Son of God and our Saviour, *as He is to be called and believed with all our hearts and minds, because our salvation is in this faith,* sacrificed Himself of His own free will, and out of excess of love, giving Himself in Food and Drink to men and saying to us, His servants and continuators: "Do this in memory of Me." And that is what we do. But, as men, as we, His witnesses, believe that in the Bread and in the Wine, offered and blessed, as He did, in His memory and out of obedience to His divine order, there is His Most Holy Body and His Most Holy Blood, that Body and that Blood that are of a God, of the Son of the Most High God, and that they have been crucified and shed for the sake and the lives of men, so you also, all of you, who have come to be part of the true, new, immortal Church, predicted by the Prophets and founded by the Christ, must believe it. Believe and bless the Lord Who to us -- His crucifiers, if not materially, certainly morally and spiritually, because of our weakness in serving Him, because of our dullness in understanding Him, because of our cowardice in abandoning Him running away in His supreme hour, in our, no, *in my personal betrayal* of a man fearful and cowardly to the extent of disowning and denying Him and denying that I was His disciple, and more than that, the first among His servants (and large tears stream down Peter's face) shortly before the first hour, there, in the Court of the Temple -- believe and bless I was saying, the Lord, Who leaves this eternal sign of forgiveness to us. Believe and bless the Lord, Who allows those, who did no*[t]* know Him when He was the Nazarene, to know Him now that He is the Word Incarnate reunited to His Father. Come and take it. He said: "He who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood will have eternal Life." And we did not understand then (and Peter weeps again). We did not understand because we were slow in understanding. But now the Holy Spirit has brightened our intelligence, has fortified our faith, has infused charity into us, and we understand. And in the name of the Most High God, of the God of Abraham, of Jacob, of Moses, in the most high name of the God Who spoke to Isaiah, to Jeremiah, to Ezekiel, to Daniel and to the other Prophets, we swear to you that this is the truth and we beseech you to believe, so that you may have eternal Life.»

Peter is full of stateliness while speaking. There is no longer anything in him of the rather coarse fisherman of not long ago. He has climbed on a stool

to speak and to be seen and heard better, because, small as he is, if he had remained standing on the floor of the room, he could not have been seen by those farther away, whereas he wants to dominate the crowd. He speaks moderately, in an appropriate voice, with the gestures of a true orator. His eyes, always expressive, are now more eloquent than ever. Love, faith, authority, contrition, everything shines through his eyes anticipating and reinforcing his words.

He has finished speaking now. He comes down from the stool and passes behind the large table, in the space between the table and the wall, and waits.

James and Judas, that is the two sons of Alphaeus and cousins of the Christ, now lay a white table-cloth on the table. To do so they lift the large low chest, which is on the centre of the table, and they spread a very fine linen cloth also on its lid.

The apostle John goes now to Mary and asks Her something. Mary slips off from Her neck a kind of a small key and gives it to John. John takes it, goes back to the chest, opens it, letting down the front panel, which is laid on the table and covered with a third linen cloth.

Inside the chest there is a horizontal partition that divides it into two sections. In the lower section there is a chalice and a metal plate. In the upper section, in the centre, the chalice used by Jesus at the Last Supper and for the first **Eucharist**, the remains of the bread broken by Him, laid on a small plate as precious as the chalice. On the sides of the chalice and of the small plate laid on it, on one side there is the crown of thorns, the nails and the sponge. On the other side one of the shrouds, rolled up, the veil with which Nike wiped Jesus' Face, and the one that Mary gave Her Son to gird up His loins. At the bottom there are other things, but as they remain rather concealed and no one speaks of them or shows them, it is not known what they are. The other ones, instead, and which are visible, are shown to the people present by John and Judas of Alphaeus, and the crowd kneels in front of them. But neither the chalice nor the small plate of the bread are touched or shown, nor is the Shroud unfolded, but only the rolled cloth is shown, saying what it is. Perhaps John and Judas do not unfold it in order not to awake in Mary the sorrowful memory of the cruel tortures suffered by Her Son.

When this part of the ceremony is over, the apostles in chorus intone some prayers, I should say some psalms, because they are sung as the Hebrews used to do in their synagogues or in their pilgrimages to Jerusalem for the solemnities prescribed by the Law. The chorus of the apostles is joined by the crowd and so it becomes more and more impressive.

At the end they bring some bread that is laid on the small metal plate, which was in the lower section of the chest, and also some small amphorae, which are also of metal.

John, who is kneeling on the other side of the table -- whereas Peter is always between the table and the wall, but facing the crowd -- hands the tray

with the bread to Peter, who raises it and offers it. He then blesses it and lays it on the chest.

Judas of Alphaeus, who is also kneeling beside John, in his turn, hands Peter the chalice of the lower section and the two amphorae that were previously near the small plate of the bread, and Peter pours their contents into the chalice, which he then raises and offers, as he had done with the bread. He blesses also the chalice and lays it on the chest beside the bread.

They say more prayers. Peter breaks the bread into many morsels, while the people prostrate themselves even more, and he says: «This is My Body. Do this in memory of Me».

He comes out from behind the table, taking the tray full of the morsels of bread, and as first thing he goes to Mary and gives Her a morsel. Then he goes to the front of the table and hands out the consecrated Bread to all those who approach him to have it. A few morsels are left over, and still on their tray, they are laid on the chest.

He now takes the chalice and offers it, always beginning from Mary, to those who are present. John and Judas follow him with the small amphorae and they add the liquids when the chalice is empty, while Peter repeats the elevation, the offering and the blessing to consecrate the liquid.

When all those who asked to be nourished with the **Eucharist** are satisfied, the apostles consume the bread and wine left over. Then they sing another psalm or hymn and after it Peter blesses the crowd who, after his blessing, go away little by little.

Mary, the Mother, Who has always remained on Her knees during the whole ceremony of the consecration and the distribution of the species of the Bread and Wine, stands up and goes to the chest. She bends across the large table and with Her forehead She touches the upper section of the chest, where the chalice and the small plate used by Jesus at the Last Supper are laid, and She kisses the edges of them. A kiss that is also for all the relics gathered there. Then John closes the chest and hands the key back to Mary, Who puts it again round Her neck.

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30. The Adoration Of The Shepherds.[140]

…[141]

Jesus says:

«I will speak today. You are very tired, but have a little more patience.

It is the eve of Corpus Christi. I could speak to you about the **Eucharist** and the saints who became apostles of Its cult, as I spoke to you of the saints who were apostles of the Sacred Heart. But I want to speak to you of something

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[140] *Gospel, Vol. 1, June 7, 1944, p. 189 (Poem, Vol. 1, p. 154)*

[141] *The vision of the adoration of the shepherds is omitted.*

else and of a class of worshippers of My Body who are the forerunners of Its cult. That is: the shepherds. They were the first worshippers of My Body of the Word, Who had become Man.

Once I told you and also My Church says this, the Holy Innocents are the protomartyrs of Christ. Now I tell you that the shepherds are the first worshippers of the Body of God. And they have all the qualifications to be the worshippers of My Body, o **Eucharistic** souls.

Firm faith: they believe the angel promptly and unquestioningly.

Generosity: they give all their wealth to their Lord.

Humility: they approach people, who from the human point of view, are poorer than they, and they do so with a modest attitude that does not humiliate them, and they profess themselves their servants.

Desire: what they are unable to offer, they endeavour to obtain by means of charitable work.

Prompt obedience: Mary wishes to inform Zacharias and Elias goes at once. He does not postpone the matter.

Love finally: they suffer in departing from the grotto and you say: 'They leave their hearts there.' And you are right.

But should the same not happen with My Sacrament?

And there is another point, and it is entirely for you: note to whom the angel reveals himself first and who deserves to hear Mary's love effusions. Levi: the boy.

God shows Himself to those who have a child's soul and He shows them also His mysteries and allows them to hear His divine words and Mary's. And those with a child's soul have also Levi's holy daring and they say: 'Let us kiss Jesus' dress.' They say that to Mary. Because it is always Mary Who gives you Jesus. She is the Bearer of the **Eucharist**. She is the Living Pyx.

He who goes to Mary, finds Me. He who asks Her for Me receives Me from Her. When a creature says to Mary: 'Give me Your Jesus that I may love Him,' My Mother's smile causes Heaven's colours to change into a more lively brightness because of its greater delight.

Say, therefore, to Her: 'Let me kiss Jesus' dress, let me kiss His wounds.' And dare even more: 'Let me rest my head on Your Jesus' Heart, that I may delight in It.'

Come. And rest. Like Jesus in His cradle, between Jesus and Mary.»

The Host As The Heart Of Jesus' Heart[142]

[Maria writes:]

Since last night I have been seeing a very bright Heart. It looks like liquid gold, gold turned into precious glass and illuminated from within by a powerful light. Intense rays issue forth from it and surround it with a brilliantly shining halo. The Heart is beating impetuously, as when an emotion, a deep sentiment, arouses it. From the outlines of an even more dazzling, lighter gold, the abbreviation "HIS" can be read in it.

But this Heart, whose form and motion are in all respects exactly those of a heart, a human organ, appears to me as a living Host, radiant in its golden monstrance, for the flashing of the rays rounds it off, I would almost say, at its point, and most especially because in the place where the holy abbreviation is marked, a large Host, extremely luminous, alive in the luminous flesh of the Divine Heart, almost seems to be the soul of that blessed Heart.

I said my evening prayers, said in common, this way, with the eyes of my spirit fixed upon this Sun of love which is the Heart of Christ... And I proposed to make my final offerings while the others ate, for it had not been possible for me to make them throughout the day for one reason or another.

But as soon as I was alone, as I put away the books I had on my bed and my work, in order to devote myself to what I intended to do, I suddenly got a heart attack that was so intense that I thought I was leaving for the other world. And I could no longer do anything else... I could only say to Jesus, "Take this suffering, which You are giving me in place of what I wanted to give." And I suffered that way for hours and hours.

And I am also suffering today, now, too. But I go on seeing the radiant Heart and am relieved by it in all respects, except in my flesh, which is a real complete torment.

Last night, thinking I really was dying, in order not to die alone, I had set before me, on my slightly bent knees, my Jesus, Our Lady of Fatima, and Gemma.[143] I would also have wanted St. Joseph, but I could not move to get him. I was holding my beads for the Rosary and Our Lady of Sorrows and felt surrounded by the best possible nurses. I was looking very steadily at Jesus, Mary, and Gemma, when I felt the vise getting more intense and my heart slowing its beats down to the point of stopping for some seconds, and I thought, "I am going now." I looked at them even more and called them. Not to be preserved from death. But to die in an act of love, so that my last word and my last glance

[142] *NB44, June 13, 1944, p. 355*

[143] She must be referring to St. Gemma Galgani (1878-1903) of Lucca, a virgin, whom the writer was devoted.

would be for them. All the saints were in Gemma. Between Jesus and Mary I was also placing St. Joseph, and I was all set.

Then Jesus said:

"Your spirit has seen rightly. *My Heart is a living* ***Eucharist****.* Where does love start from? From the heart. What is the **Eucharist**? It is love. When you think, then, of the **Eucharist**, you can say to yourselves, 'This is the Heart of Jesus' Heart.' And when you think of my Heart, you can say, 'This is the matrix in which the **Eucharist** was formed.'

"My Heart! The Host which immolated itself even beyond death, wanting to be split even after it had suffered everything so as not only to be martyred by betrayal, abandonment, and torture, but also offended beyond life to give its final drops, which were still in the innermost recesses of a Martyr who had bled to death.[144]

"The Host that was a host when it was still only Thought. And that became, made itself, a Thing so as to be a Host.

"I shall not say more to you because you cannot write any more. Love my Heart with your heart, until its final beat. Amidst the tortures of its illness, let your loving heart love Me, God's Heart."

The Spiritual Vision Of Paradise[145]

I am reflecting on Nennolina,[146] and Jesus says to me:

"Receive light on the power which is Paradise. Consider that this little child, who had barely reached the use of reason, now, up above in the Country of the children of God, possesses an intelligence and a knowledge not at all inferior to those of the most learned and long-lived of the mystical doctors.

"My and your John, who died at the age of a hundred after having known the highest mysteries of God; Paul, the scholarly apostle; Thomas, the angelic doctor; and, along with them, all the giants of *true* knowledge cannot add light to that Little One, my saint.

"The Holy Spirit, whose precocious bride she was on earth, taught her in embraces of fire what He does not teach to the proud humanly learned, and in uniting her to Himself in this blessed Country -- on whose threshold you find the Triune God saying to you, 'Enter and rejoice, O my beloved' -- He infused into this Little One the perfection of knowledge, just as He infuses it into adults and the learned. For all your knowledge is always imperfect and becomes perfect only when you possess God. God as Truth. God as Love.

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[144] John 19:33-34.

[145] *NB44, June 14, 1944, p. 357*

[146] Antonietta Meo, nicknamed Nennolina (1930-1937).

"Here there is nothing imperfect. God communicates his properties to his saints. He makes you similar to him, who remains your King, out of justice, and thus the maximum Perfection, but who is a King who opens to you all his treasures and covers and penetrates you with them.

"When you saw Paradise, you said it seemed to you that the spirits there were of a single age, and that only in the seriousness of their gaze and features their more or less adult age is revealed.[147] This was shown to you because you are still on earth and would not have been able to comprehend and distinguish otherwise.

"But here there is no age. The spirit is eternally young, as at the moment when God created it to give it to you as the soul of your flesh. Until the moment when the resurrection of the flesh covers you again with glorified flesh, spirits are incorporeal and the same. When they appear to you, in the apparitions which I permit for your good, they appear to you in a corporeal form out of mercy on your human incapacity to perceive what is not matter. They materialize, then, to be perceptible for you.

"But here there is light singing praise to God, and that's all. Light. Love. Wisdom."

Since Jesus had begun to make Himself heard precisely when I was preparing to pray, I said to Him, "But, Jesus! In this way I can no longer pray! Afterwards I am tired and am not able to anymore."

And He, with a smile which, if I were not afraid of being disrespectful, I would describe as "roguish," replied:

"That's just what I want. You belong to Me *entirely.* In good and evil. Yes. Even in evil. Aren't you content because I take you even when you are imperfect, to make what you do perfect by canceling out your shortcomings? And then you ought to be content *as well* in sacrificing to Me what is good, what, when you carry it out, prompts you to say, 'Now I am doing good.'

"Your good! O my little gnat! Your devotions are... devotions. In them habit, scruples, the fear that, if you don't say them, I will not hear and bless you, and distractions come into play. I don't want them. I leave them to you for the hours in which I want to have you feel that you are... even less than a gnat. That you are the larva of a gnat, still without wings to fly to the top of a daisy in the field.

"But when I swoop down upon you, I carry you off in prayer. I am the Eagle. The eagle flies at the summit of the sky and rises higher and higher into the blue in concentric circles and looks at the sun. His eyes look at the sun without being dazzled by it. On the contrary, the more he looks at it, the stronger they feel. The eagle teaches his heavy young, who are afraid to leave the nest hanging perpendicular to the ravine, the exaltation of flight by taking them one

[147] In the vision on May 25.

by one in his robust talons and carrying them higher and higher with him. Inebriated with light, they can no longer endure the cavern in the rock, and, with no more fear of the frightful sight below them, they open their wings and launch out... To meet the sun, in the heights. They have learned to be eagles. Before they were only chicks, like those of the goose. They have learned to fly. Not to experience filth and mire any more. To live on sunlight. And be alone.

"For -- little men, who do not know the wonders of my creatures or know them so poorly, and I teach them to you -- the eagle acts just like this to turn his chicks into little eagles. And when he sees they are eager for blue sky and sun, he leaves them, continuing to watch over them. As I do with you.

"And they open their wings, out of instinct or desire. The instinct to soar. They have the intuition that those two long things which mom and dad move and which they have never opened, are of use to soar in that lovely azure. And they yield to the desire to act like the others and to dive into that constantly rising blue which looks like a wall and is nothing but purer and purer air.

"And the adult eagle, higher up, follows them. And if, weary or weak, one gives in after a short flight and plunges down, he grasps him, saves him, takes him back to the nest, and strengthens him more than the others, to prepare him for the new flight the next day. And this continues until he has shown them the Peaks where it is lovely to live alone, as kings, to make every Peak an absolute kingdom where the king and queen love each other in whirlwinds of light and flights.

"And what's different about the way I act with you?

"Prayer is the flight of an eagle. Devotion is the fumbly quivering of the wings of a gnat that with difficulty occupies the hollow of a flower to enjoy his crumb of sunlight.

"And I take you when I want to. And I carry you with Me. I shall now set you down. Are you tired? Rest. Just tell Me You love Me. That's enough for Me. And remain ready for the new flight. Don't you understand that I am your Lord, so absolute that I want what I want?"

The Holy Hour of Jesus
I

"'If I do not wash you, you will not take part in my Kingdom.'[148]

"Soul that I love, and all of you that I love, listen. It is I who speak to you, for I want to spend this hour with you.

"I, Jesus, do not separate you from my **altar**[149] even if you come to it with your souls damaged by wounds and diseases or wrapped in lianas of

[148] John 13:8.

[149] *Altar of Sacrifice (Eucharist).*

passions which humiliate you in your spiritual freedom, handing you over, bound, to the power of the flesh and its king: Lucifer.

"I remain Jesus, the Rabbi of Galilee, the one to whom lepers, paralytics, the blind, the obsessed, and epileptics loudly called, saying, 'Son of David, have mercy on me.'[150] I remain Jesus, the Rabbi reaching out to someone drowning and asking, 'Why do you doubt Me?'[151] I remain Jesus, the Rabbi who says to the dead, 'Rise up and go. I want you to. Come out of your sleep of death and your tomb, and walk.'[152] And I restore you to those who love you.

"And who loves you, O my beloved? Who loves you with true love which is not selfish or mutable? Who loves you with a love which is not self-interested or greedy, but whose only aim is to give you what it has amassed and say to you, 'Take it. It's all yours. I have done all of this for you, so that it will be yours and you may enjoy it?' Who? The eternal God. And I restore you to Him. To Him, who loves you.

"I do not separate you from my **altar**. For that **altar** is my teaching chair, my throne, and the dwelling of the Physician who heals all maladies. From this place I teach you to have faith. From here, as the King of Life, I give you Life. From here I bend over your diseases and heal them with the breath of my love.

"I do even more, O children. I descend from this **altar** and go out to meet you. Here I am, on the threshold of these houses of mine, where too few enter and even fewer enter with sure faith. Here I am, a figure of peace, who show up on your streets, where you pass by, downfallen, poisoned, and scorched by pain, selfinterest, and hatred. Here I am, reaching out to you, for I see you hesitating wearily, under the weight of boulders you have imposed on yourselves which have taken the place of that cross which I handed to you so that it would be your support, as the staff is for the pilgrim. Here I am, saying to you, 'Enter. Rest. Drink,' for I see you exhausted and thirsty.

"But you do not see Me. You pass close by; you bump into Me, sometimes out of ill will, sometimes through the darkening of your spiritual sight; at times you look at Me. But you know you are dirty and do not dare to come near my whiteness as a Divine **Host**[153]. But this Whiteness is able to take pity on you. Know Me, men, who distrust Me because you do not know Me.

"Listen. I wanted to leave the Freedom and Purity which are the atmosphere of Heaven and descend into this jail of yours, into this impure air, to help you, *because I love you.* I did even more: I deprived Myself of my freedom as God and became the slave of flesh. The spirit of God enclosed in flesh, the Infinite 1ocked into to a handful of muscles and bones, subject to hearing the voices of this flesh, for which cold and sun, hunger, thirst, and labor are

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[150] For example, Matthew 15:22; Mark 10:47.

[151] Matthew 14:31.

[152] Mark 5:41; Luke 7:14, 8:54; John 11:43.

[153] *Eucharistic host (bread).*

affliction. I could ignore all of this. I wanted to experience the tortures of man, who had fallen from his throne as an innocent one, *to love you more.*

"That still wasn't enough for Me. I wanted -- since to feel compassion one must suffer what those for whom compassion is felt suffer -- to feel the assault of all the feelings to feel Your struggles, to grasp the crafty tyranny Satan puts into Your blood, to understand how easy it is to remain hypnotized by the Serpent if one lowers one's gaze for a single moment towards his seductive glance, forgetting to live in the light. Because the snake does not live in the light. He goes into the shadowy recesses which look restful, but are only treacherous. For you these shadows have a name: woman, money, power, selfishness, sensuality, and ambition. For you they eclipse the Light that is God. In their midst is the Serpent: Satan. He looks like a necklace. He is the rope to strangle you. I wanted to know this *because I love you.*

"That still wasn't enough for Me. It would have been enough for Me. But the Justice of the Father could say to his Flesh, 'You have triumphed over treachery. Man as flesh, like You, is unable to triumph now, and let him thus be punished, for I cannot forgive those who are filthy.' I took your filthiness upon Myself. That of the past, present, and future. All of it. More than Job,[154] immersed in a putrid dunghill to cover his wounds, was I immersed, when, submerged by the sin of the whole world, I did not dare even to raise my eyes any more to seek Heaven, and I moaned, feeling the Father's indignation, building up for centuries, weighing upon Me, aware of the sins to come. A flood of sins on earth, from its dawn to its dusk. A flood of curses upon the Guilty One. On the Host of Sin.

"O men! More innocent than a baby kissed by his mother on his way back from his baptism was I. And the Most High was horrified at Me because I was Sin, having taken upon Me all the sin of the world. I sweated with repugnance. I sweated blood out of repugnance at this leprosy upon Me, who was the Innocent One. The blood broke my veins in the disgust of this foul pool in which I was submerged. And to complete this torture, to squeeze my blood out of my heart, there was joined the bitterness of being accursed, for in that hour I was not the Word of God -- I was Man. *Man. The Guilty One.*[155]

"Can I, who have experienced this, fail to understand your dejection or fail to love you because you are dejected? *I love you for this reason.* I have only to recall that hour to love you and call you 'Brothers and sisters!' But calling you this is not enough for the Father to be able to call you 'Sons and daughters.' And I want Him to call you this. What kind of brother would I be if I did not want you with Me in our Father's house?

"I thus say to you, 'Come so that I can wash you.' No one is so filthy that my lavacre will not cleanse him. No one is so pure that he doesn't need my bath. Come. **This is not water**. There are miraculous founts which heal the

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[154] Job 2:8.

[155] "O my God, my God..." scripture here.

wounds and diseases of the flesh. But this is more than those. This fount gushes from my chest.

"This is the lacerated Heart from which the cleansing water issues forth. **My Blood is the clearest water in creation**. Infirmities and imperfections are canceled out in it. And your souls become white and whole again, worthy of the Kingdom.

"Come. Let Me say to you, 'I absolve you!' Open your hearts to Me. In them are the roots of your maladies. Let Me come in. Let Me untie your bandages. Do your wounds cause you repugnance? When seen in my light, they appear to you as they are: teeming with disgusting worms. Do not look at them. Look at mine. Let Me act. My hand is light. You will feel only a caress... And everything will be healed. You will feel only a kiss and a tear. And everything will be cleansed.

"Oh, how beautiful you will be, around my **altar**! Angels among the angels of the Ciborium. And my **Heart** will rejoice greatly thereat. For I am the Savior, and I do not disdain anyone. *But I am also the Lamb grazing among the lilies, and I take delight in being surrounded by whiteness, for to make you white I took up life and gave life.*

" Oh, how I see the Father smiling at you and Love shining for you with his splendors because you are no longer stained With sin!

"Come to the **fount** of the Savior. Let my **Blood** descend upon the contrite spirit, and let a voice, in which mine is present, say, 'I absolve you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.'"

II

'"One of you will betray me.'[156]

"One of you! Yes, in the proportion of one to twelve one of you betrays Me.

"Every betrayal is more painful than a lance thrust. Look at the Humanity of your Redeemer. From his head to his feet He is one big wound. Scourging brings horror to those meditating on it and agony to those experiencing it. But it was an hour's torture. You that betray Me scourge my Heart. You have been doing so for centuries.

"I have loved you. I love you. I take pity on you. I forgive you. I wash you, taking away my Blood to make it a purifying bath for you. And you betray Me.

"I am the Word of God. I am glorious in Heaven. But I am in this Heaven not only as a spirit. I am there as Flesh as well. The flesh has feelings and affections. Why do you want to renew for Me continually that gnawing fire which the proximity of a betrayer is? Is Heaven far away? No, children who

[156] Matthew 26:21; Mark 14:18; Luke 22:21-22; John 13:21.

betray Me. I am close to you. *I am among you.* And you burn Me with the flame of your betrayal.

"I look, seeking comfort, among the different kinds of people. And in each I encounter so many glances of betrayers. Why do you betray Me? I am in your midst to do good to you. Why do you want to harm Me? I bring you my gifts. Why do you throw biting vipers back at Me? I call you 'Friends.' Why do you reply, 'Accursed One?' What have I done to you? What man do you know who is more patient and has greater goodness than I?

"Look. When you are happy, no one abandons you. But if you weep, if wealth abandons you, if you have an infectious disease, everyone then stays away from you. I remain. Indeed, I receive precisely at that moment, because you then come. You no longer have anyone to weep and speak with, and then you remember Me. And I do not say to you, 'Go away. I don't know you.' I could say so, for in fact you never came, when you were wealthy, healthy, and happy, to say to Me, 'I am this way, and I thank You for it.'

"But I don't demand even this *from those who are not already giants in love.* I do not demand gratitude. It would suffice for you to say, 'I am happy.' To say this to Me. *Not to regard Me as alien to you. To remember that I exist, too. To devote a thought to this Jesus.* I would say thanks for you to God -- my Father and yours. But you never come. And I could say, 'I don't know you.' But I then open my arms and say, 'Come. Let us weep together.'

"Look. *I am in the jails,* in the small, depressing cells, sitting on the same plank bed as the prisoner, and I speak to him of a freedom truer than the one beyond those four walls, of a freedom which is no longer afraid of being harmed by sins which should be punished. And yet that prisoner is someone who has betrayed Me, offending my law of love. Perhaps he has killed. Perhaps he has robbed. But he now calls Me. There I am, at his side. The world scorns him. I love him. I called the one who was killing Me and depriving Me of life 'my friend.' I can call this unfortunate who comes back to Me 'my friend.'

"A flame of love, *I am close to the sick.* Their fevers experience my caress; their sweat, my sudarium; their languors, my arm, which supports them; and their anguish, my word. And yet many are sick because they betrayed Me in my law. They have served the flesh. And the flesh, a mad beast, was destroyed and destroys them, now, even in life. Here I am as well, for I am the Only One who do not grow tired of their malady and watch with them, and suffer with them, and smile at their hopes, and, if the Father has the slightest inclination, I turn them into reality. But if I see that death is decreed, I then take this brother of mine, who is trembling before the mystery of death and calling to Me, and I say, 'Do not fear. You think it is darkness -- it *is light.* You think it is pain -- it *is joy.* Give Me your hand. I know death. I experienced it before you. *I know that it is an instant and that God supernaturally comes to your aid to deaden the force of the sensorial so as not to demoralize the soul in its final struggle.* Be trusting. Look at Me. Me alone... There! Do you see? You have crossed the

threshold. Come with Me now, to the Father. Do not fear now, either. I am with you. The Father loves those I love.'

"I am in deserted houses. Before they were glad with voices. Death and indigence have passed by. The survivor wanders about alone. Friends have fled. Loved ones are far away because of work or death. The sun is in the sky, but for the survivor all is darkness. There is peace in the night air, but for the survivor there is no rest. And yet I have often been betrayed in that house, where creatures have been turned into gods. Creatures have been loved idolatrously, in betrayal of my law. But I enter and come to introduce a sunbeam into the darkness, to infuse peace where a storm is. That survivor has called Me... Perhaps absent-mindedly... Perhaps without a real will to receive Me. But I go without delay.

"Oh, I ask for nothing but to be with you. Every memory falls of past error when you call Me: 'Jesus!'

"But do not scourge my Heart! It is already open and bloodless. Do not envenom its wound. And to those who have understood Me in my pain as a betrayed man I say, 'One of you will betray Me. Give Me your faithful love as a balm.' And I say this to all. To the saints, my beloved ones as God. To sinners, my beloved ones as Jesus. For sinners, too, for whom I became *Jesus,* can medicate this wound.

"Are you Samaritans? I know. But my parable speaks of a Good Samaritan who treats the wounds not treated by the children of the Law who pass by, absorbed in the hurry of serving God.[157] They do not know that *God is served more by loving than by performing practices.*

"I am the Wounded One languishing on your roads. Marauders assaulted and plundered Me. *Marauders:* those who unworthily make use of my sacrifice as God becoming flesh. *They plunder Me:* by denying my attributes with their multiple heresies. They plunder the Truth because that robe tempts them, for it is radiant. But they do not know that it shines because it has been put on by the one who is a Sun, and in the hands of these, who cover it with the slaver of their proud minds, it becomes just another rag. *Truth is truth, and it illuminates all things with this light when it is seen in union with God. When divided, it becomes chaotic language. For the Truth is Knowledge and Wisdom, but, when torn away from God, it becomes chaos.*

"Medicate Me, even if you are Samaritans. Give Me your oil and wine -- *the oil is love, and the wine, contrition* of your own self. Medicate Me. I do not disdain you. Let the sinful woman who refreshed my weary feet speak to you and say whether I disdain a sinner.[158]

"But never betray Me again. Go and sin no more. I forgive you for everything *if everything in you loves Me.* Give Me a sincere kiss. My cheek is burning from the kiss of the betrayers. Medicate it with the kiss of faithfulness."

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[157] Luke 10:29-37.
[158] Luke 7:36-50.

"'Love one another as I have loved you.'[159]

"From the cradle to the cross, from Bethlehem to the Mount of Olives I loved you.

"The cold and indigence of my first night in the world did not keep Me from loving you with my spirit, and, annihilating Myself as the Word to the point of not being able to say, 'I love you,' I said those words to you with my spirit, inseparable from that of the Father and working with it in inexhaustible activity.

"The agony of my last night on earth did not keep Me from loving you. On the contrary, it reached the highest peaks of love. On the contrary, it burned in the most intense fire. On the contrary, it consumed all that was not love to the point of squeezing -- along with repugnance at sin and the pain of abandonment by the Father -- the blood out of my veins.

"What greater love is there than the one able to love when it knows it is hated? The first gesture of my hands was a caress; the last, a blessing. And in the midst of these two gestures -- the first arising in the darkness of a winter night, the last in the splendor of a glowing summer morning -- thirty-three years of gestures of love, corresponding to as many motions of love. Love in miracles, love in caresses for children and friends, love as a teacher, love as a benefactor, love as a friend, love, love, love...

"And more than human love at the Last Supper. Before being bound and pierced, these hands of mine washed the feet of the apostles, and also of the one whose heart I would have liked to wash, and they broke the bread. *And I was breaking my Heart with that bread. I was giving you That.* Because I knew I would soon return to Heaven and did not want to leave you alone. Because I knew how easily you forget and wanted you to see yourselves sitting at a single dinner table, around my table, to say to one another, 'We belong to Jesus!'

"What love is greater than the one able to love those who torture it? And yet I loved you that way. And I was able to pray for you as I died.

"Love one another as I have loved you. *Hatred extinguishes the light. Even mere resentment darkens peace. God is peace and light, for God is love.* But if you do not love, *and love as I have loved you,* you cannot have God.

"As I have loved you. Without acts of pride, then. From this tabernacle, this cross, and this Heart there emerge only words of humility. I am God, and I am your Servant, and I remain here, waiting for you to say to Me, 'I am hungry,' to give Myself as **Bread** to you. I am God, and I expose myself to your sight on wood which was a debasing scaffold, naked and accursed. I am God, and I ask you to love my Heart. *I ask you.* Out of love for you, since, if you love Me, you

[159] John 13:34.

do yourselves good. I am God. With or without your love, I am always God. But you are not. *Without my love, you are nothing: dust.*

"I want you with Me. I want you here. I want to make your dust blessed light. I want you not to die, but to live, for I am Life and want you to have Life.

"Love one another without selfishness. It would be an impure love, destined to die of illness. Love one another by wanting for others *more good than you hope for as regards yourselves.* It is very difficult. I know. But, do you see this **Eucharistic** Bread? It has made the martyrs. They were creatures like you: fearful, weak, even dissolute. This Bread made them heroes.

"In the first point I indicated my Blood to you for your purification. In the third point, to make you saints, I indicate this Table and this Bread to you. The Blood changed you from sinners into just people. The Bread changes you from just people into saints. A bath cleanses, but does not nourish. It refreshes and restores, but does not become flesh in the flesh. Food, on the other hand, becomes blood and flesh -- it becomes you yourselves. *My Food becomes yourselves.*

"Oh, consider! Look at a little child. Today he eats his bread, and he does so tomorrow and the next day and the next. He thus becomes a man: tall, sturdy, handsome. Is it his mother that has made him that way? No. His mother conceived, bore, gave birth to, nursed, and loved and loved him. But the little one, if, after the mild *[milk]*, he had received nothing but baths, kisses, and love, would have perished of starvation. That child becomes a man through the adult food he consumes. That man is such because he eats his food every day.

"The same applies to your spiritual self. *Nourish it with the real Food which comes down from Heaven and from Heaven brings you all the energies to make you stalwart in grace.* Healthy, strong vitality is always good. See how easy it is for a sickly person to be harsh and lacking in compassion and patience. My Food will make you healthy and strong in the vitality of the spirit, and you will be able to love others more than yourselves, as I have loved you.

"For, look, children. *I have loved you not as someone loves himself. But more than Myself. To the point that I went to my death to save you from death.* If you love this way, you will know God. Do you know what it means to know God? *It means. to know the taste of true Joy, true Peace, and true Friendship.*

"Oh, the Friendship, Peace, and Joy of God! It is the reward promised to the blessed. But it is already given to those on earth who love with their whole selves.

"Love, to be true, is not a matter of words. It is a matter of deeds. Active, like its source, who is God. Nor does it ever tire of working, even because of the disappointments coming from one's brothers and sisters. That love is poor which falls like a bird with weak wings when an obstacle wounds it! *True love,* even when wounded, *rises.* With its claw and beak, it clambers up, if it can no longer fly, so as not to lie in the shadow and the cold, to be in the sun, the

medicine for every malady. And as soon as it is refreshed, it then resumes its flight. And it goes from God to its brothers and sisters and from these to God, an angelic butterfly bearing the pollen of the heavenly gardens to fecundate the earthly flowers and carrying the scents snatched from the humblest flowers to God so that He will receive and protect them.

"But woe to it if it drifts away from the sun. *The Sun is my* ***Eucharist****, for in it the Father blesses and the Spirit loves, While I, the Word, work.*

"Come and take. This is the Food that I *ardently* ask you to consume."

IV

"'If you remain in Me and my doctrine remains in you, you will be given what you ask for.'[160]

"I descend into you and become your food. But, as the Center I am, I breathe you into Myself. You feed on Me, but with greater reason I feed on you. The two hungers are insatiable and continuous. The vine nourishes its shoots. But it is the shoots that make the vine. The water nourishes the seas, but it is the seas that nourish the water, rising again in evaporation to come down once more. You must thus remain in Me as I remain in you. If separated, you, not I, would die.

"I am food for the spirit and food for thought. *The spirit feeds on the Flesh of a God. The essence poured out by God,* [161] *it can receive food only from what is its matrix.* Thought feeds on my Word, which is the Thought of a God.

"Your thought! Intelligence is what makes you resemble God, *for in intelligence there is memory, intellect, and will,* as there is a likeness in the spirit because it is *spiritual, free, and immortal.*

"Your thought, to be capable of *remembering, understanding, and willing* what is good, *must be nourished by my doctrine.* It reminds you of the benefits and works of God, who God is, and what is due God. It brings you to comprehend good and distinguish it from evil. It brings you *to want* to do good. Without my doctrine you become the slaves of others which are called 'doctrines,' but are errors. And, like ships without a compass and rudder, you head for shipwreck. You depart from the routes. And how can you then say, 'God has abandoned me,' when it is you that have abandoned Him?

"Remain in Me. If you do not remain, it is a sign that you hate Me. And my Father hates whoever hates Me, for whoever hates Me hates the Father, *since I am one with the Father.* Remain in Me. Make the Father unable to distinguish between the branch and the vine, since the branch is so united to it. Make the Father unable to grasp where I end and you begin, since the likeness is so complete. Those who love end up taking on the inflexions, phrases, and gestures of their beloved.

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[160] John 15:7.

[161] A definition which is explained in the following dictation.

"I want you to be as many other Jesuses. And this is because I want you to receive what you ask for -- when fused to Me, you can ask only for good *things -- and not have to experience rejection. And this is because I want you to receive even more than what you ask for,* since the Father pours out his treasures upon the Son in a continuous flow of love. *And whoever is in the Son enjoys this infinite outpouring, which is the love of God, who rejoices in his Word and circulates in Him.* Now I am the Body, and you, the members, and thus the Joy flooding Me and coming from the Father, the Power, Peace, and every other perfection circulating in Me are transfused into you, my faithful ones who are part of Me, inseparable from you here and hereafter.

"Come and ask. Do not be afraid to ask. You can ask for everything because God can give everything. Ask for yourselves and for all. I have taught you to. Ask for those present and those absent. Ask for those of the past, present, and future. Ask for this day of yours and for your eternity, and for both of these in relation to those whom you love.

"Ask and ask and ask. For everyone. For the good, that God may bless them. For the wicked, that God may convert them. Say with Me, 'Father, forgive them.'[162] Ask for health, peace in the family, peace in the world, and peace for eternity. Ask for holiness. Yes, this, too. *God is the Holy One and the Father. Along with the life maintaining you, ask Him for holiness through the Strength which comes from Him.*

"Do not be afraid to ask. *For the daily bread and the daily blessing.* You are not entirely a body and not yet entirely a spirit. Ask for both of them, and it will be granted to you. Do not be afraid to dare too much. I requested my own glory for you; indeed, I have even given it to you so that you will be like Us, who love you, and the world will know that you are children of God.[163]

"Come. Your Father is in this Heart of mine. Enter, that He may recognize you and say, 'Let there be great celebration in the Heavens, for I have re-encountered a son whom I loved.'"[164]

"I have contented you," Jesus says. "I have continuously spoken Myself. I wanted my **Eucharistic** Voice to speak. Receive it as my gift. I bless you and all of those who listen to it."

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[162] Luke 23:34.

[163] An expression repeated in the following dictation. See note 122 *[This probably refers to Ecclesiastes 3:21.]*.

[164] Luke 15:11-32.

A Vision Of Mary[165]

After thanksgiving for Holy Communion, as I say my daily prayers, I feel that jolt, shall we say, that special sensation I experience when Jesus wants to bless me with one of his graces.

I shall never manage to explain this phenomenon properly. It is like a warning received by my whole self. It goes to the soul, but matter, too, feels it. The soul, with a sudden, supernatural peace and joy, remaining as yet unnamed, but existing; and the body, with a kind of thrill which is at the same time warmth and a sensation of well-being. A sort of physical somnolence then comes upon me, and I thus desire to recollect myself in silence and solitude and abandon myself on the pillows as if in sleep. But in reality my mind and spiritual faculties are more awake than ever and see and hear and enjoy, living intensely. Only physical strength diminishes, as if from languor or fainting. But it is a *great* joy...!

This morning I have sunk -- and see it as I write -- into heaps of heavenly snow, as if I were on boundless, extremely white snow fields against the clearest blue. The snow is formed by numberless hosts of angels: living pearls flying through the sapphire of the sky. Angels and angels and angels: light and harmony. Lights compared to which the whitest pearls and the clearest diamonds are dull and sullied; harmonies compared to which the most perfect and sweetest singing on earth is a discordant clamor.

Festive circles of snowy light, circles around the even brighter, more splendid light of the Most Blessed Mother of God. Such a sparkling light that I see Mary's face and hands as if they belonged to suns beaming out rays that are almost unbearable to the eye, in such fashion that her beloved face and dear hands joined in prayer are visible to me only with difficulty behind the veil of light which radiates out from them and surrounds them with a halo, a gossimer screen of glorious luminosity. But, half closing the eyes of my soul before such brilliance, I perceive Mary's blessed smile, her gentle gaze, humble and chaste, so loving, with her eyes turned downwards -- towards the poor earth and the poor Maria who I am -- half concealed by her eyelids. The gaze of a humble, modest virgin, happy with her feast, but not proud of it. With her act, She seems to be repeating the *Magnificat,*[166] which, if it is recognition of God's gifts to Her, is, above all, praise of God.

I see nothing else except the festive angels and the Mother and Queen, standing upright on her shining underpinning (light in what is different from light rising to envelop Her in light), most beautiful in her dress of pearls turned

[165] *NB44, August 2, 1944, 9 a.m., p. 485*
[166] Luke 1:46-55.

into cloth, turned into light which is brighter than the light enveloping Her, and in her face and hands, which are so blazing that they surpass all luminosity.

What radiance is that our Mother! My soul has become white and fresh, as if, as I said at the beginning, I were on boundless snow fields and saw nothing but immaculate snow against a clear sky and under a bright sun.

Oh, Paradise...!

12 Noon. Ezekiel 44 (If I Read Properly)

Jesus says:

"You have seen the Inviolate One rejoicing in Heaven, the closed Ark where nothing and no one could set a hand, for in the place where God has entered it is not licit for man to enter, or what is joined to man, blameworthy in Adam. For Her the end of life was glorious, immediate Life, for the one who had borne the Living One could not experience death, and the one who was not profaned by humanity could not experience the profanation of the tomb. But the great Queen, enraptures the angels in the joy of ecstasy, gives you another teaching.

"'The prince himself shall take his seat before it to eat his bread before the Lord,' it is stated.[167]

"No one, no matter how great, can come into my sight unless he recognizes in Mary, the closed Gate where only God has entered, the Mother of the Savior, the Virgin Mother, and the Divine Mother.

"I have joined Her to my destiny as the Living One in Heaven to tell you what her glory is. She is inferior to God alone because He created Her. But her maternity and her pain as co-redeemer make her exalted above all other creatures. The Gate of God, from Her there issue forth faith, hope, and charity; from Her, temperance, justice, fortitude, and prudence; from Her, Grace and graces; from Her, salvation; and from Her, God made Flesh comes to you.

"O my Mother! For the Pontiff and for the least of believers, You are the holy ciborium where the **Eucharist** waits to be given to those who believe. All graces pass through your inviolate body, through your immaculate heart. And mysteries and truths and sacraments and gifts are known with *true* wisdom and savored with knowledge and fruit only by those who are able to request them from You, before You. You are the screen between the Sun and souls and between souls and God, whereby the Divinity may be contemplated by man, and humanity, be presented to the Perfect One. You are the Mother who have given God to man and give man to God, instructing him with your smile and your love.

"My little John, always come to Me by passing through Maria. It is the secret of the saints. She is the closed Gate that did not open and will never open

[167] Ezekiel 44:3.

through human violence, the holy Gate whereby only God may pass; She opens at the loving touch of a son or daughter of God. She opens benignly. The humbler and simpler the spirit turning to Her is, the more She opens and receives you. She receives you to teach you Wisdom and Love by holding you in her arms as a Mother.

"Go, John, to your Teacher, who loves you.[168]

"What follows, furthermore, is for another group of people who are unable to be 'little Johns' or voices of Christ.

"'The Levites who separated from Me when the sons of Israel strayed away... will be the keepers and bearers of the house... But the priests and Levites who are sons of Zadok... will approach Me and stand in my presence... I am their inheritance.'[169]

"This does not happen only with priests in the literal sense of the word. Let us take it in a vaster meaning: believers, or Christians, if you prefer.

"The one who believes serves God. With Baptism and Confirmation you are committed to this. By fidelity to the ceremonies you want to say to God, to yourselves, and to the world that you want to serve God. You are, then, without consecration, little priests of your God. You should be such, for I call all of you around Me to love Me and serve Me in this life and the future one.

"But what happens, then? Why, from the height of the Heavens, do we see too many Levites who when the world goes astray, separate from Me to go after idols which, if they are shameful for every man whom Grace has made a son of God, are supremely shameful and a profanation for someone consecrated? Why are there other religions and other ceremonies for them? Why have they turned selfishness, sensuality, money, and ambition into their religion? Why do they serve deceit by having only a robe and not a priestly soul?

"And why must I choose among the sons of Zadok those who replace the voices that have become mute and the lamps that have gone out? Out of mercy on the world. Yes. Out of mercy.

"But woe to those whom I must reject for the role of keepers of my House, nothing more than keepers! In every century there were those chosen to replace them. Coming from every profession and social level. Carried by the whirlwind of love, they rose very high to purify themselves in the Fire and be instructed by the voices of the Divine Flame. They looked at God for an instant, with the sincere good will to see Him. And the vision consecrated them to his service.

"And I thus say to you, 'For their faithfulness they shall stand in my presence; their gifts shall be pleasing to Me; I will instruct them in the Truth; I will be their inheritance.'

"Oh, come, O my blessed ones! Come -- you, to whom the Truth has been revealed, not by the work of man, but by the will of God as a reward for

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[168] "Little John" is meant, as in other passages.

[169] Ezekiel 44:10-28.

your faithful love; you, to whom one may say as I said to Simon, 'Blessed are you, for neither flesh nor blood, but my Father in Heaven has granted that you may know Wisdom and know the Christ.'[170] Remain upon my heart. It is full of teachings for you and of infinite love."

Jesus adds, "I wanted to give you a commentary suitable for today's feasts: Our Lady of the Angels and St. Alphonsus Liguori."[171]

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629. Jesus Appears To The Apostles With Thomas. Speech On Priesthood And The Future Priests.[172]

…[173]

But no one is hungry any more. Joy fills them. The joy of contemplation.

So Jesus gathers together the little cheeses scattered on the table, He puts them on a plate, He cuts them and hands them out, and He gives the first bit just to Thomas, laying it on a piece of bread and passing it behind John's shoulders; He pours wine from the amphorae into a chalice and hands it to His friends: this time Peter is the first to be served. Then He has some honeycombs given to Him, He breaks them and gives the first bit to John, with a smile which is sweeter than the golden trickling honey. And to encourage them He eats some of it Himself. He tastes nothing but the honey.

John with his usual gesture rests his head on Jesus' shoulder, and Jesus draws him to His Heart and speaks holding him so.

«You must not get upset, My friends, when I appear to you. I am always your Master, Who has shared with you food and sleep and Who has chosen you because He loves you. *I love you also now.»*

Jesus lays much stress upon these last words.

«You» He continues «have been with Me in the trials... You will be with Me also in the glory. Do not lower your heads. On Sunday evening, when I came to you for the first time after My Resurrection, I infused the Holy Spirit into you... may the Spirit come also to you who were not present... Do you not know that the infusion of the Spirit is like a baptism of fire, because the Spirit is Love, and love cancels sins? Therefore your sin of desertion, while I was dying, is forgiven.»

In saying so Jesus kisses the head of John who did *not* desert, and John weeps for joy.

«I have given you the power to remit sins. *But one cannot give what one does not possess.* So you must be certain that I possess this power in a

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[170] Matthew 16:15-17.

[171] St. Alphonsus Liguori (1696-1787), Doctor of the Church.

[172] *Gospel, August 9, 1944, Vol. 10, p. 305 (**625.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 756)*

[173] *The vision of Thomas' burgeoning belief in his Risen Lord is omitted.*

perfect manner and I make use of it for you, who *must* be pure in the highest degree to purify those who will come to you, soiled with sin. How could one judge and purify, if one deserved to be condemned and were personally impure? How could a man judge another man if he had planks in his own eyes and infernal weights in his heart? How could he say: "I absolve you in the name of God" if, because of his own sins, he did not have God with him?

My friends, consider your dignity of priests.

Before, I was among men to judge and to forgive. Now I am going to the Father. I am going back to My Kingdom. The faculty to judge is not taken off Me. On the contrary, it is entirely in My hands, because the Father has entrusted it to Me. *But it is a terrible judgement because it will take place when it is no longer possible for man to obtain forgiveness through years of expiation on the Earth.* Each human being will come to Me with his spirit when, through material death, he leaves his body as useless mortal remains. And I will judge him for the first time. Then Mankind will come again clothed with its flesh, resumed by divine order, to be separated into two parts. The lambs with the Shepherd, the wild billy-goats with their Torturer. But how many men would there be, who would be with their Shepherd, if after the Baptismal bath they did not have who can forgive them in My name?

That is why I create priests. *To save those who had been saved by My Blood. My Blood saves. But men continue to fall into death. To fall again into Death.* It is necessary for them to be continuously washed in It, seventy and seventy times seven, by those who have the authority to do so, so that they may not be a prey to Death. You and your successors will do that. That is why I absolve you of *all* your sins. Because you need to *see,* and sin blinds one, because it deprives the spirit of the Light which is God. Because you need *to understand,* and sin makes one dull, because it deprives the spirit of the Intelligence which is God. Because it is your ministry *to purify,* and sin sullies, because it deprives the spirit of the Purity which is God.

Great is your ministry of judging and absolving in My name!

When you consecrate the Bread and Wine *for you* and make them My Body and My Blood, you will do a great, supernaturally great and sublime thing. In order to accomplish it worthily you must be pure, because you will touch Him Who is the Pure One and you will nourish yourselves with the Flesh of a God. You must be *pure in your hearts, minds, limbs and tongues,* because with your hearts you must love the **Eucharist**, and no profane love is to be mixed with this celestial love, as that would be a sacrilege. Pure in your minds, because you must believe and understand this mystery of love, and the impurity of thought kills Faith and Intellect. The science of the world remains, but the Wisdom of God dies in you. You must be pure in your limbs, because the Word will descend into your bosoms, as it descended into Mary's womb by deed of the Love.

You have the living example of how a bosom, which receives the Word Incarnate, must be. The example is the Woman Who, without original sin and

without personal sin, bore Me. Look how pure is the summit of the Hermon still wrapped in the veil of winter snow. From the Mount of Olives it looks like a lot of lilies stripped of their petals or like sea-foam, that rises like an offering against the other whiteness of the clouds, blown by the April wind along the blue fields of the sky. Look at a lily that now opens the mouth of its corolla to a scented smile. And yet both purities are not so bright as that of the womb that carried Me. Dust blown by the winds has fallen on the snow of the mountain and on the silk of the flower. Human eyes cannot perceive it, so light is it. But it is there, and it spoils the whiteness. Even more, look at the purest pearl taken from the sea, from the shell where it was born, to adorn the sceptre of a king. It is perfect in its compact iridescence, that is unaware of the desecrating touch of all flesh, as it was formed in the pearly hollow of the oyster, isolated in the sapphire fluid of sea depths. And yet it is not so pure as the womb that bore Me. In its centre there is a grain of sand: a very minute corpuscle, but still an earthly one. In Her Who is the Pearl of the Sea, there is no grain of sin, not even of incentive to sin. The Pearl born in the Ocean of the Trinity to bring the Second Person to the Earth, She is compact around Her fulcrum, which is not the seed of earthly concupiscence, but the spark of the eternal Love. The spark that found correspondence in Her and thus engendered the Divine Meteor, that now calls and draws to Itself the children of God: I, the Christ, the Morning Star.

I give you that inviolate Purity as example.

But when, as vintagers do with vats, you dip your hands into the sea of My Blood and from it you draw what is needed to cleanse the soiled stoles of the poor wretches who committed sin, be perfect, in addition to being pure, in order not to stain yourselves with a greater sin, even more, *with several sins,* by shedding or touching the Blood of a God in a sacrilegious manner, or by failing in love and justice, denying or giving it with a severity that is not of the Christ, Who was good to the wicked to attract them to His Heart, and three times good with the weak, to encourage them to be trustful. Such severity would be used three times undeservedly, because it would be used against My Will, My Doctrine and Justice. How can one be severe with lambs when one is an idol shepherd?

O My beloved friends, whom I am sending along the roads of the world to continue the work that I began and that will be pursued until the end of Time, remember these words of Mine. I am telling you them so that you may repeat them to those whom you will consecrate to the ministry, to which I have consecrated you.

I see... I look at future ages... Time and the infinite crowds of men that will exist are all in front of Me... I see... massacres and wars, false peace treaties and horrible slaughters, hatred and robbery, sensuality and pride. Now and again a green oasis: a period of return to the Cross. Like an obelisk that indicates pure water among the arid sands of the desert, My Cross will be raised with love, after the poison of evil has made men rabid, and around it, planted on the edges

of healthy waters, there will thrive the palms of a period of peace and wealth in the world. Spirits, like deer and gazelles, like swallows and doves will rush to that pleasant, cool, nourishing shelter, to be cured of their sorrows and hope once again. And it will gather its branches close together like a dome as a protection from storms and dog-days and will keep away serpents and wild animals with the Sign that puts Evil to flight. And it will be so, as long as men so wish.

I see... Men and men... women, old people, children, warriors, scholars, doctors, peasants... They all come and pass by with their loads of hopes and sorrows. And I see many stagger, because their sorrow is too great, and their hope has slipped off the load first of all, as the load is too heavy, and their hope has crumbled on the ground... And I see many fall on the roadsides, because they are pushed by others who are stronger, stronger or luckier, as their weights are lighter. And I see many who, feeling that they are abandoned by those who pass by, and they are even trampled on, and feeling that they are about to die, go to the extent of hating and cursing.

Poor children! Among all these, struck by life, who pass by or fall, My Love has *deliberately* spread some compassionate Samaritans, good doctors, lights in the night, voices in the silence, so that the weak who fall may find assistance, and once again they may see Light and hear the Voice that says: "Hope. You are not alone. Over you there is God. Jesus is with you." I have *deliberately* placed this active charity, so that My poor children may not die in their spirits, losing their paternal abode, and they may continue to believe in Me-Love, seeing My reflection in My ministers.

But, o grief that makes the Wound of My Heart bleed as it did when it was opened on Golgotha! But what do My divine eyes see? Are there perhaps no priests among the infinite crowds passing by? Is that why My Heart is bleeding? Are seminaries empty? So does My divine invitation no longer resound in hearts? Is man's heart no longer capable of hearing it? No. Throughout ages there will be seminaries and Levites in them. Priests will come out of them, because in the hour of adolescence My invitation will have sounded with a celestial voice in many hearts, and they will have followed it. But other, other, other voices will have come later with their youth and maturity, and My Voice will have been overwhelmed in those hearts. My Voice that speaks throughout ages to its ministers, that they may always be what you are now: the apostles at Christ's school. The cassock has remained. But the priest is dead. This will happen to too many in the course of ages. Useless dark shadows, they will not be a lever that lifts, a rope that pulls, a fountain that quenches people's thirst, corn that satisfies their hunger, a heart that is a pillow, a light in darkness, a voice that repeats what the Master says to him. But for poor mankind they will be a weight of scandal, a weight of death, a parasite, a putrefaction... Horror! Once again and always I shall have the greatest Judases of the future in My priests!

My friends, I am in My glory, and yet I weep. I take pity on these infinite crowds, herds without shepherds or with too few shepherds. Infinite pity!

Well, I swear it on My Divinity, I will give them the bread, the water, the light, the voice that those chosen for this work do not want to give. I will repeat the miracle of the loaves and fish in future ages. *With a few mean little fish, and with scanty crusts of bread -- humble laic [Ed: pertaining to the laity] souls -- I will give food to many people, and they will be satisfied, and there will be some for those of the future,* because "I feel sorry for this people" and I do not want it to perish.

Blessed are those who will deserve to be such. *Not blessed because they are such. But because they will have deserved it with their love and sacrifice. And most blessed those priests who will remain apostles:* bread, water, light, voice, rest and medicine for My poor children. They will shine in Heaven with a special light. I swear it to you, I Who am the Truth.

Let us get up, My friends, and come with Me, that I may teach you again to pray. *It is prayer that nourishes the strength of the apostle, because it blends him with God.»*

And here Jesus stands up and goes towards the little staircase.

But when He is at its bottom, He turns round and looks at me. Oh! Father! He looks at me! [174] He thinks of me! His little «voice», and the joy of being with His friends does not make Him forget me! He looks at me over the heads of the disciples, and smiles at me. He raises His hand blessing me and He says: «Peace be with you."

And the vision ends.

Consolation From A Flower[175]

…And I am overwhelmed by pain. Because I am thinking of my mother,[176] who was afraid of You, Jesus, when she saw You... Why was she afraid of You, Jesus?

Jesus says:

"Why? Many because they are in your heart after this dictation. But I shall begin with the last one.

"Do not weep, my little voice, my little bride. Your mother is better off than many, although she was unable to see Me as I am: active Mercy, Love and not Justice. Love that, to be the total Absolver asks for only love and trust. My love and yours have added the proper weight to the weight of love needed for your mother's soul in order to rescue herself. Do you know that love is a treasure? It buys all, frees all, and redeems all. Do not weep.

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[174] me refers to Maria Valtorta.

[175] *NB44, September 27[175], 1944, p. 577*

[176] Iside Fioravanzi (1861-1943). See note 466 [Iside Fioravanzi, a French teacher, who was born in Cremona in 1861 and died in Viareggio on October 4, 1943.].

"Why was she afraid of Me? I went to her to give her strength and light. She was afraid because... Remember what the Gospel says about my disciples, still so imperfect not only before the Passion, when they saw Me walking on the waters, but also after having received Me as the **Eucharist** and being redeemed by the Sacrifice, which, in giving them back Grace, ought to have given their spirits sight and made them capable of recognizing the face of God. 'They were afraid of Jesus because they thought he was a ghost, a spirit,' the Gospel says.[177] Your mother, too, was afraid like this. She thought I was a ghost. A severe ghost.

"Do you see, O soul of mine, what error a disturbed conscience leads to? Do you see what a sure promise of a peaceful death it is to have a spirit in friendship with God?

"I went to her, as a good Master, to speak words to her suited to cleansing her in true contrition, relieving her with holy resignation, and giving her immediate salvation with a surge of love as a lavacre for a whole lifetime. I went to her out of mercy on her and to make you happy. To the old woman in the vision[178] I gave wheat and kisses and blessings. To your mother I went to give Myself, the Bread of Heaven, to give her a kiss of love and blessing as a viaticum. She was afraid because she knew Me too little. And the ones who know Me too little are too numerous.

"But do not agonize with filial love. To the old woman I said, 'I shall open the gates for you and for your son and your son's son along with you.' And to you I say, 'I shall open the gates for you and for your mother and your father, along with you.' Can you believe this? Can you believe that my love can make you do this? As for you, pray and love. You are not alone. I am with you, and those who love you *now,* in truth and goodness, are close to you.

"The other question in your heart is to know whether I knew that Judas would not be saved, in spite of that attempt at salvation.[179]

"I knew. And why was I happy, then? Because even just the desire present, a flower on the heath of Judas' heart, made the Father look benignly at this disciple of mine, whom I loved and would *not* be able to save. God's eyes on a heart! What would I like except for the Father to look at all of you with love? And *I had to be happy to give this unfortunate this means as well to rise again. The spur of my joy on seeing him come back to Me.*

"One day, after my death, John found out this truth and told it to Peter, James, Andrew, and the others, for I had so commanded the Beloved One, for

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[177] Matthew 14:25-26; Mark 6:48-50; John 6:19.

[178] See note 723 *[We omit the episode involving "The Miracle of the Gleaning," found in the cycle on the Third Year of the Public Life.].*

[179] The happiness referred to appears in the vision mentioned in note 723. The original episode, cited in note 703 *[On September 20,the episode involving "Jesus and Gentiles in Joppe" was written. It is to be found in the cycle on The Third Year of the Public Life.]*, contains the "attempt at salvation."

whom *no* secret of my heart was unknown. He found out and said this so that they would all have a future norm for guiding disciples and the faithful.

"For souls that, having fallen, come to God's minister and confess their error and come to friends or children or spouses or siblings, after having erred, and say, 'Keep me with you. I don't want to err any more so as not to cause pain to God and to you,' in addition to the other things called for, the satisfaction must not be lacking of seeing our happiness on observing that they want to make us happy. *Infinite tact is needed in caring for hearts.* I, Wisdom, though knowing that in Judas' case this was useless, showed this tact *to teach everyone the art of redeeming, of helping those who are being redeemed.*

"And I now say to you, too, as I said to Simon the Cananean, 'Courage!' And I clasp you to Myself to make you feel that there is someone who loves you. From these hands punishments descend, but also caresses, and from my lips, severe words, but also words of good pleasure, more numerous and spoken with much greater joy.

"Go in peace, Maria. You have not caused your Jesus affliction, and let this be your comfort."

I was so afraid of having brought Him pain in these days... and was so afflicted while thinking of my mother...

This is joined to the grace of the flower blossoming on the balcony of my house which Marta, without realizing the gesture being repeated, brought to me. The first flower to bring me joy after six months minus fifteen days in which the most beautiful flowers have left me indifferent.

A poor, small, half-withered white geranium, another one of those my mother looked at, those that grew in the earth of my flowerbed, brought almost entirely by my father! A poor flower and so beautiful for me!

How I understand you, O Mary, in your joy over receiving that almond branch from your house! Marta doesn't know. She hasn't read the visions. She never has time to, poor Marta, always on the move, a *real* Martha.[180] But she repeated Joseph's gesture on offering his Virgin Bride that flowering branch.[181] And Marta does not know that she has caused me more joy than if she had brought me a jewel.

The last flower which was dear to me was the violet picked in the pine wood, by Marta, too, which I have kept, and the forget-me-not from a good friend. A greeting from Viareggio for me, who was going crazy in my hell. This makes me love flowers again. The first flower which is once again "a flower" and not a thing which did me harm.

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[180] Luke 10:40-41; Jo~ 12:1-2.

[181] In the episode on "Joseph Designated to Be the Virgin's Husband," among the visions on Mary's youth cited in note 676 *[We omit a series of visions and dictations on Mary written between August 22 and September 6 and contained in the Preparation cycle.].*

Many will not understand... I don't care. I feel with *my* heart and love with *my* heart. It is that heart which is able to give itself entirely to God. If it were colder, it would reason and weigh the sacrifice. It does not reason and does not weigh anything precisely because it is the heart it is. Consequently...

The Father's Presence In Man's Spirit[182]

Acts 17:27-28

Jesus[183] says:

"In truth, I am not far from any of you. If only you seek Me and it is not necessary to go groping around like poor blind men to find Me, either -- you find Me.

"Where am I? Where is this eternal God, this Lord of heaven and earth, this Creator of every man deriving from that Man who was the masterwork of his creation and is now the touchstone of his goodness? Is it necessary to traverse mountains and valleys, sail the seas, face deserts, or even just leave houses and cities to find Him in special places? No. It is true that for the name and the worship of Almighty God temples and churches are raised up, and in them is the unfading sun of the **Eucharist**, which rallies men together to warm, nourish, and purify them and make them one with the **Eucharistic** Flesh -- that is, with my Beloved and Cherished One. But do you have God only there? No. Rejoicing in his saints, paternal in his children, and severe in his enemies, God is in you.

"I am in you. I live with my Grace, a river of joy and peace, a fount of constant favors or approaching only with the inescapable power of my gaze, which is a word and thunder of rebuke -- if the word or the flash of my gaze does not suffice to recall conscience to its duty -- I am upon every human spirit. I: the King and Creator of man.

"I would like to be *within* every spirit. I am in those of the just, as the Consecrated Host is in the monstrance. I am, on the other hand, like a shining Monstrance, raised aloft to request worship, above the faithful with a timorous will. I am in the midst of thunder and lightning and the fire of indignation at the height of my Glory, and I say to the rebels, 'Do not pass beyond the confines of your evil, but go back, purify yourselves, and take the way of holiness if you do not want Me to have you die.'

"But it is not necessary to go groping to seek Me. I am close to you, and you always live, move, and exist in the orbit of my radius.

"Woe to those who bring the contamination of sinful souls into the holy confines! As the word of God, who does not lie, I tell you that I shall be benign to those who, not knowing the true God, serve Him by a spiritual instinct in

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[182] *NB44, October 8, 1944, p. 582*

[183] The writer added a correction: "It later proved to be the Father."

serving goodness and morality. But towards those who, while knowing my Name and my Law, dethrone God to make room for vices and idolatries my judgment will be quite different. The former serve 'the unknown God.'[184] The latter desert the palace and militia of the known God to serve numberless gods, idols with many names and a single result: ruin.

"And can the Son, who died so that the true God would be loved by all and has been chosen Judge by the Father, as He was designated the Host of the world, be forbearing towards those who with obstinacy have remained in their idolatries? Have I perhaps denied you something on creating you which justifies your foolishness? No. I have given you intelligence and will, and they would have been enough, for I gave them to you as God -- that is, with their capacity to keep you in goodness. I have not limited Myself to these, either. But I have given you wisdom and doctrine.

"Everything has been said about what man must do to be my son. Whoever does not do so does not want to be one. Let him not grumble, then, if God is severe to him as an indignant judge, and not loving as a father with his children."

Incomprehension And Consolation[185]

On receiving Holy Communion from the hand of Father Migliorini, I rediscover my joy in the **Eucharist** which Compito had canceled out -- that is, the visible presence of my Jesus alongside Father Migliorini.[186] I smile at my sweet Jesus, dressed in white... and, while offering my thanks, I wonder why He is standing to the left of Father. I think his place ought to be on the right.

Jesus responds to me, satisfying my desire to receive light, and says:

"In my pose there is a teaching on faith, respect, and humility. How do you see Me? In a glorious robe? No. You see Me as Jesus of Nazareth, the Teacher, the Man.

"What is the **Eucharist**? The greatest, holiest miracle of God. It is God. It is God because in the **Eucharist** is the Son of God, God as the Father, God made flesh out of Love -- that is, through God who is Love, and by the work of Love, namely, by the work of the Third Person. It is God because it is a miracle of love, and God is where love is. Love testifies to God more than every word or devotion or act or work. I, the Author of this miracle, which is a witness to the power of God and to his nature -- Love -- give honor to this miracle. *To tell you that it is true, to tell you that it is holy, and to tell you that it should be venerated with the maximum respect.* Jesus the Teacher adores his Divine

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[184] Acts 17:23.

[185] *NB44, December 27, 1944, p. 643*

[186] As in the entries for June 24 and July 11. The writer had now returned to her house in Viareggio, as she mentions on December 30.

Nature in the **Eucharist**. This is why I appear to you as the Teacher, not as the glorious Jesus. The glorious Jesus could not adore anything. The adoration of all that exists is directed towards Him, for He is the God who has returned to his Kingdom. But the Son or man can still show his will to venerate the Ark containing Me as God -- the **Eucharistic** Bread -- and I do so. To teach you to do so.

"Why am I on the left? Also to teach you. The priest, while exercising his priestly functions, is worthy of the *maximum* respect. And I assure you of the fact that I obey his command and descend as Blood to wash your hearts and descend as Flesh to nourish your spirits. Learn from Me, who am humble, to have humility.

"That's enough for now. Pray. Write what you should write, for afterwards, little John, it will be necessary to work. The Gospel is waiting.

"O my little John! A seed pearl born in the great sea of pain! But you are destined to become encrusted as a gem in the crown of the Son and the Mother. The more pearls are formed in the sea depths and shaken by profound disturbances extending down to the sea bed, the more beautiful they are. Without them the heart of the oyster would not open, and the nucleus on which pain encrusts the gem would not be deposited in the wound.

"Tears, tears, Maria! What a thing tears are! They had *only one degree less* in value *than my Blood did.* You are redeemed through the Blood of Jesus and the tears of Mary.

"My peace be with you always."

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600. The Passover Supper.[187]

…[188]

Jesus sits down. He does not lie down. He sits as we do. And He says: «Now that the old rite has been accomplished, I will celebrate the new one. I have promised you a miracle of love. It is time to work it. That is why I have longed for this Passover. From now on this is the Victim that will be consumed in a perpetual rite of love. My beloved friends, I have loved you throughout the whole life of the Earth. I have loved you for the whole eternity. My children. And I want to love you till the end. There is nothing greater than this. Bear that in mind. I am going away. But we shall remain forever united through the miracle that I will now work.»

Jesus takes a loaf still entire and places it on the chalice that has been filled. He blesses and offers both. He then breaks the bread and takes thirteen morsels of it, and gives one to each apostle saying: «Take this and eat it. This is

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[187] *Gospel, Vol. 9, March 9, 1945, p. 492 (**598.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 504)*

[188] *The Passover preparations, the seder proper, the washing of the disciples' feet, etc. is omitted.*

my Body. Do this in remembrance of Me, Who is going away.» He gives the chalice and says: «Take this and drink it. This is My Blood. This is the chalice of the new alliance in my Blood and through my Blood, that will be shed for you, to remit your sins and give you Life. Do this in remembrance of Me.»

Jesus is very sad. There is no smile, no trace of light, no colour on His face. It is already an agonizing face. The apostles look at Him utterly anguished.

Jesus stands up saying: «Do not move. I shall be back at once.» He takes the thirteenth morsel of bread and the chalice, and He goes out of the Supper-room.

«He is going to His Mother» whispers John.

And Judas Thaddeus says with a sigh: «Poor woman!»

Peter asks in a very low voice: «Do you think She knows?»

«She knows everything. She has always been aware of everything.»

They all speak in very low voices, as if they were in front of a corpse.

«But do you think that really...» asks Thomas, who does not want to believe yet.

«And do you doubt it? It is His hour» replies James of Zebedee.

«May God grant us strength to be faithful» says the Zealot.

«Oh! I...» says Peter who is about to speak. But John, who is on the look-out, says: «Silence! He is here.»

Jesus comes back in. He has the empty chalice in His hands. Only at its bottom there is a trace of wine, and in the light of the chandelier it looks just like blood.

Judas Iscariot, in front of whom is the chalice, looks at it as if he were enchanted, then he averts his eyes. Jesus watches him and shudders, and John, leaning as he is on His chest, feels it. «Why not say so! You are shivering...» he exclaims.

«No. I am not shivering because I am feverish... I have told you everything, and I have given you everything. I could not have given you anything else. I have given you Myself.»

He makes His usual kind gesture with His hands, which, previously joined, now separate and stretch out, while He bows His head as if He wished to say: «Excuse Me if I cannot give you more. It is so.»

«I have told you everything and I have given you everything. And I repeat. The new rite has been accomplished. Do this in remembrance of Me. I have washed your feet to teach you to be humble and pure like your Master. Because I solemnly tell you that disciples must be like their Master. Remember that, bear it in mind. Also when you are in high offices, remember that. There is no disciple greater than his Master. As I washed you, do the same to one another. That is, love one another like brothers, helping and respecting one another, setting an example to one another. And be pure, to be worthy of eating the living Bread that descended from Heaven, and have the strength, in yourselves and through It, to be My disciples in the hostile world that will hate you because of

My Name. But one of you is not pure. One of you will betray Me. My Spirit is deeply perturbed by that... The hand of him who will betray Me is here with Me on this table, and neither My love, nor My Body and Blood, nor My word make him mend his ways and repent. I would forgive him going to my death also on his behalf.»

The disciples cast terrified glances at one another. They scrutinise one another suspiciously.

Peter stares at the Iscariot in a revival of all his doubts. Judas Thaddeus in turn jumps to his feet to look at the Iscariot above Matthew's body.

But the Iscariot is so sure of himself! In turn he looks at Matthew, as if he suspected him. He then looks fixedly at Jesus and smiling he asks: «Is it I perhaps?» He seems to be the one who is most certain of his honesty and to say so, not to let the conversation drop.

Jesus repeats His gesture saying: «You are saying so, Judas of Simon, not I. You are saying so. I have not mentioned your name. Why are you accusing yourself? Ask your internal warner, your conscience of a man, the conscience that God the Father gave you that you might behave as a man, and listen whether it accuses you. You will be the first to know. But if it reassures you, why do you utter a word and speak of a deed that is anathema even to mention or to think of as a joke?»

Jesus is speaking calmly. He seems to be supporting a proposed thesis as a learned man may do with his pupils. The confusion is great, but Jesus' calm appeases it.

But Peter, who is the most suspicious of Judas -- perhaps Thaddeus also is so, but he does not look so, disarmed as he is by the Iscariot's easy manners -- plucks John's sleeve, and when John, who has pressed against Jesus upon hearing Him speak of betrayal, turns around, he whispers to him: «Ask Him who it is.»

John takes his previous position again, he only raises his head slightly, as if he wanted to kiss Jesus, and in the meantime he whispers in His ear: «Master, who is it?»

And Jesus in a very low voice, kissing him, in His turn, on his head, says: «It is he to whom I shall give a piece of bread dipped in the dish.»

And taking another entire loaf, not the remains of the one used for the **Eucharist**, He detaches a large morsel. He dips it into the lamb's sauce left in the tray, and says: «Take it, Judas. You like this.»

«Thank You, Master. I do like it» and unaware of what that morsel is, he eats it, while John, horrified, closes even his eyes not to see the horrid smile of the Iscariot, as he bites the accusing bread with his strong teeth.

«Well. Now that I have made you happy, go» says Jesus to Judas. «Everything has been accomplished, *here* (He lays much stress on the word). What is still left to be done elsewhere, do it quickly, Judas of Simon.»

«I will obey You at once, Master. Then I will join You at Gethsemane. You are going there, are You not? As usual?»

«Yes... I am going there... as usual.»

«What has he got to do?» asks Peter. «Is he going by himself ?»

«I am not a baby» says Judas scoffingly, as he puts on his mantle.

«Let him go. He and I know what must be done» says Jesus.

«Yes, Master.» Peter is silent. Perhaps he thinks he has committed a sin suspecting his companion. Resting his forehead on the palm of his hand, he becomes pensive.

Jesus presses John to His heart and whispers again through his hair: «Say nothing to Peter for the time being. It would be a useless scandal.»

«Goodbye, Master. Goodbye, friends» says Judas greeting them.

«Goodbye» replies Jesus.

And Peter says: «Goodbye, boy.»

John, his head almost on Jesus' lap, whispers: «Satan!» Jesus alone hears him and sighs.

Everything comes to an end here, but Jesus says: «I am interrupting the vision out of pity for you. I will give you the end of the Supper later.»

(the Supper continues)

There are a few moments of dead silence. Jesus has lowered His head, caressing John's fair hair mechanically.

Then He rouses Himself. He raises His head. He looks around, and He smiles in such a way that encourages the disciples. He says: «Let us leave the table and sit all close to one another, like many children around their father.»

They take the couches that were behind the table (those of Jesus, John, James, Peter, Simon, Andrew and His cousin James) and they put them on the other side.

Jesus sits on His own, still between James and John. But when He sees that Andrew is about to sit in the place left by the Iscariot, He shouts: «No, not there.» An impulsive shout, that His great prudence does not succeed in preventing. He then modifies His expression saying: «We do not need so much room. If we sit down, we can stay only on these. They are enough. I want you to be very close to Me.»

Now, with regards to the table, this is how they are seated: they are placed in a U shaped position, with Jesus in the centre facing the table, now empty and Judas' place in front of Him.

James of Zebedee calls Peter saying: «Sit here. I will sit on this little stool, at Jesus' feet.»

«May God bless you, James! I wanted it so much!» says Peter and he presses against his Master, Who is now squeezed by John and Peter, with James at His feet.

Jesus smiles and says: «I see that the word spoken earlier is beginning to work. Good brothers love one another. James, I also say to you: "May God bless you." Also this action of yours will not be forgotten by the Eternal, and you will find it up there.

[" - in the original appears in error here] I can obtain everything I ask for. You have seen that. A desire of Mine was sufficient for the Father to allow His Son to give Himself in Food to man. The Son of man has been glorified by what has happened now, because the miracle that is possible only to God's friends is a witness of power. The greater the miracle, the surer and deeper is this divine friendship. This is a miracle that, because of its form, duration and nature, and of the extremes and limits it attains, is so great that a greater one cannot possibly exist. I tell you: it is so powerful, supernatural, inconceivable by proud men, that only very few will understand it as it is to be understood, and many will deny it. So what shall I say? Condemn them? No. I will say: have mercy on them! But the greater the miracle, the greater the glory of its author. It is God Himself Who says: "See, My beloved wanted it, had it, and I granted it, because great is His grace in My eyes." And here He says: "His grace has no limits, as infinite is the miracle performed by Him." The glory that from God comes to the author of the miracle is the same as the glory that from the author returns to the Father. Because every supernatural glory, as it comes from God, returns to its source. And the glory of God, although it is already infinite, increases and shines more and more through the glory of His saints. So I say: as the Son of man has been glorified by God, so God has been glorified by the Son of man. I have glorified God in Myself. In His turn, God will glorify His Son in Himself. He will glorify Him shortly.

Exult, o spiritual Essence of the Second Person, Who are going back to Your See! Exult, o Body Who are going to ascend again after such a long exile in degradation.

And not Adam's Paradise, but the sublime Paradise of the Father is about to be given to You as Your abode. If it has been said[189] that the amazing order of God, given through the lips of a man, stopped the sun, what will happen among the stars when they see the wonder of the Body of the Man ascend and sit at the right hand of the Father in the Perfection of His glorified being?

My little children, I will remain with you for a short time. And afterwards you will be looking for Me as orphans look for their dead parent. And weeping, you will go about speaking of Him and in vain you will knock at His silent tomb, and you will also knock at the blue gates of Heaven, with your souls elevated in suppliant search for love, saying: "Where is our Jesus? We want Him. Without Him there is no more light in the world, no joy, no love. Either give Him back to us, or let us come in. We want to be where He is." But for the time being you cannot come where I am going. To the Judaeans[190] also I said:

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[189] it as been said, in: *Joshua 10,12-14.*

[190] To the Judaeans also I said, in 488.2. *[Referenced chapter and section refers to Gospel.]*

“Later you will look for Me but you cannot come where I am going.” I say the same to you.

Think of my Mother... Neither can She come where I am going. And yet, I left the Father to come to Her and become Jesus in Her immaculate womb. And yet, I came from the Inviolate Woman in the bright ecstasy of my Birthday. And I was nourished with her love, that became milk. I am made of purity and love, because Mary nourished Me with Her virginity fecundated by the perfect Love Who lives in Heaven. And yet, I have grown up through her, costing her fatigue and tears... And yet, I ask of Her such heroism as no one has ever accomplished, and in comparison with which the heroism of Judith and that of Jael are the heroisms of poor women quarrelling with the rival at the village fountain. And yet, no one loves Me as She does. And, notwithstanding all that, I will leave Her and go where She will come only after a long time. The commandment I give you: “Sanctify yourselves year by year, month by month, day by day, hour by hour, to be able to come to Me when it is your hour” does not apply to Her. She is full of grace and holiness. She is the creature who has had everything and has given everything. There is nothing to be added or to be taken away. She is the most holy witness of what God can do.

But in order to be sure that you are able to join Me and to forget the grief in mourning the separation from your Jesus, I give you a new commandment. And it is: love one another. As I have loved you, you must love one another. By this love it will be known that you are My disciples. When a father has many sons, how does one know that they are such? Not so much by their physical appearance -- because there are men who are in everything like another man, with whom there is no blood-tie and they are not even of the same country -- as by their common love for the family, for their father and for one another. And even when the father dies, a good family does not break up, because one is their blood and it is the same they had from the seed of their father, and it ties in knots that not even death loosens, because love is stronger than death. Now, if you love one another after I have left you, everybody will acknowledge you as My children, and therefore as my disciples, and as brothers to one another, having had only one father.»

«Lord, but where are You going?» asks Peter.

«I am going where at present you cannot follow Me. But you will follow Me later.»

«And why not now? I have always followed You since You said to me: “Follow Me.” I left everything without regret... Now, to go away without Your poor Simon, leaving me without You, Who are everything to me, after that for Your sake I left the little property I had previously, is not fair or nice of You. Are You going to Your death? All right. I will come as well. We shall go to the next world together. But I will have defended You before that. I am ready to give my life for You.»

«You will give your life for Me? Now? Not now. I solemnly -- oh! I do solemnly tell you -- before the cock crows, you will have disowned Me three times. This is the first watch. Then the second will come... and then the third. Before the cock crows loudly, you will have disowned your Lord three times.»

«Impossible, Master! I believe everything You say, but not that. I am sure of myself.»

«Now, *at present* you are sure. Because you still have Me. You have God with you. Before long, the Incarnate God will be caught, and you will no longer have Him. And Satan, after making you heavy -- your very certainty is a trick of Satan, ballast to weigh you down -- will frighten you. He will insinuate to you: “God does not exist. I do.” And as you will still be able to reason, although made dull by fear, you will understand that, when Satan is the master of the hour. Good is dead and Evil is active, the spirit is dejected and the human is triumphant. You will then be like warriors without a leader, chased by the enemy, and in the dismay of being defeated you will bow your necks to the conqueror, and in order not to be killed you will disown the fallen hero. But, please do not let your hearts be upset. Believe in God. And believe also in Me. Believe in Me, against all appearances. Let him who remains and him who runs away believe in My mercy and in the Father’s. Both he who is silent and he who moves his lips to say: "I do not know Him." And likewise believe in My forgiveness. And believe that, whatever your actions may be in future, in Good and in my Doctrine, consequently in my Church, they will give you equal places in Heaven. In the house of my Father there are many abodes. If it were not so, I would have told you. Because I am going ahead, to prepare a place for you. Do good fathers not do likewise when they have to take their little children elsewhere? They go ahead, they prepare the house, the furnishings, the provisions. They then go back to get their dearest ones. They do so out of love, so that the little ones may lack nothing and may not be uncomfortable in the new place. I do the same and for the same reason. I am going now. And when I have prepared a place for each of you in the celestial Jerusalem, I will come again and take you with Me so that you may be where I am, where there is no death or mourning, no tears, no shouting, no hunger, no pain, no darkness, no parching thirst, but only light, peace, happiness and singing. Oh! song of the Highest Heavens when the twelve chosen ones will sit on thrones with the twelve patriarchs of the tribes of Israel and in the ardour of the fire of spiritual love, standing upright over the sea of beatitude, they will sing the eternal song accompanied by the arpeggio of the eternal alleluia of the angelical host... I want you to be where I shall be. And you know where I am going and you know the way.»

«But, Lord! We know nothing. You are not telling us where You are going. How can we know the way to be taken to come towards you and curtail the wait?» asks Thomas.

«I am the Way, the Truth, the Life. You have heard Me say so and explain it several times, and really some people, who did not even know that

there is a God, have walked ahead, along *my* way, and they are already ahead of you. Oh! where are you, lost sheep of God, brought back to the fold by Me? And where are you, whose soul has been raised?»

«Who? Of whom are you speaking? Of Mary of Lazarus? She is in the other room, with Your Mother. Do You want her? Or do You want Johanna? She is certainly in her mansion, but if You wish so, we will go and call her for You...»

«No. Not them... I am thinking of the one who will be revealed only in Heaven... and of Photinai... They found Me. And they have never left *my* way again. To one I pointed out the Father as the true God and the Spirit as a Levite in this individual adoration. To the other, who did not even know she had a soul, I said: "My name is Saviour, I save whoever has the goodwill to be saved. I am the One Who looks for those who are lost, I give Life, Truth and Purity. Those who look for Me, will find Me." And they both found God... I bless you, weak Eves who have become stronger than Judith... I am coming, I am coming where you are... You comfort Me... May you be blessed!...»

«Show us the Father, Lord, and we shall be equal to them» says Philip.

«I have been with all of you for such a long time, and you, Philip, still do not know Me? He who sees Me, sees the Father. So, how can you say: "Let us see the Father?" Can you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in Me? The words that I say to you, I do not say them by Myself. It is the Father, living in Me, Who accomplishes all my work. And do you, all of you, not believe that I am in the Father and He is in Me? What must I say to make you believe? If you do not believe my words, believe at least in my deeds. And I say to you and I truly say to you: he who believes in Me will perform the deeds that I do, and will perform even greater ones, because I am going to the Father. Whatever you ask of the Father in My name, I will do it, so that the Father may be glorified in His Son. And I will do anything you ask in behalf of my Name. My Name is known for what it really is, only to Me and to the Father Who generated Me and to the Spirit Who proceeds from Our love. And everything is possible to that Name. He who thinks of My Name with love, loves Me and obtains.

But it is not sufficient to love Me. It is necessary to keep My commandments in order to have true love. Feelings are testified by deeds. And because of your love I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter, so that He may remain with you forever, One against Whom Satan and the World cannot act cruelly, the Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive or strike, because it cannot see Him and does not know Him. The world will deride Him, but He is so sublime that derision will not be able to offend Him, while being so merciful as to exceed all limits. He will always be with those who love Him, even if they are poor and weak. You will know Him, because He already dwells with you and will soon be *in* you.

I will not leave you orphans. I have already told you that I will come back to you.

But I will come before it is time to come to take You and go to my Kingdom. I will come *to you.* Before long the world will no longer see Me. But you see Me and will see Me. Because I live and you live. Because I will live and you will live. On that day you will know that I am in My Father, and you are in Me and I in you. Because he, who accepts My precepts and observes them, loves Me, and he who loves Me will be loved by My Father and will possess God, because God is love, and he who loves has God in himself. And I will love Him, because I shall see God in him, and I will show Myself to him, making him acquainted with the secrets of My love, of My wisdom, of My Incarnate Divinity. They will be My returns among the children of man, whom I love notwithstanding that they are weak and even hostile. But these will be only weak. And I will fortify them; I will say to them: "Rise!," I will say: "Come out!," I will say: "Follow Me," I will say: " Listen," I will say: "Write"... and you are among them.»

«Why, Lord, are You showing Yourself to us and not to the world?» asks Judas Thaddeus.

«Because you love Me and you keep my words. He who does that will be loved by my Father, and we shall come to him and make our home with him, in him. Whereas he who does not love Me, does not keep my words and acts according to the flesh and the world. Now remember that what I said to you is not the word of Jesus of Nazareth, but it is the word of the Father, because I am the Word of the Father Who sent Me. I told you these things, speaking to you thus, because I want to prepare you Myself for the complete possession of the Truth and Wisdom. But you cannot yet understand or remember. But when the Comforter, the Holy Spirit Whom the Father will send to you in My name, comes to you, then you will be able to understand, and He will teach you everything, and He will remind you of what I told you.

I leave you my peace. I give you my peace. I give it to you not as the world gives it.

And not even as I have given it to you so far: the blessed greeting of the Blessed One to the blessed ones. The peace I am giving you now is more profound. In this farewell I communicate Myself, My Spirit of peace to you, as I communicated My Body and My Blood to you, so that you may have strength for the imminent battle. Satan and the world are stirring up a war against your Jesus. It is their hour. Have Peace within you. My Spirit, which is spirit of peace, because I am the King of peace. Have it so that you may not be too forlorn. He who suffers with the peace of God within himself, suffers, but does not blaspheme and does not despair.

Do not weep. You have also heard Me say: " I am going to the Father and then I will come back." If you loved Me beyond the flesh, you would rejoice, because I am going to the Father after such a long exile... I am going to Him Who is greater than I am and Who loves Me. I have told you now, before it takes place, as I informed you of all the sufferings of the Redeemer, before

going to them, so that, when everything is fulfilled, you may believe more and more in Me. Do not be so upset! Do not be frightened. You hearts are in need of balance...

I have not much more time to speak to you... but I have so much to say! Now that I have come to the end of My evangelization, I feel that I have not said anything yet, and that there is still so much to be done. Your mood increases My feeling. So, what shall I say? That I failed in My task? Or that you are so hard-hearted that My work has been of no avail? Shall I be in doubt about you? No. I rely on God and I entrust you. My beloved ones, to Him. He will complete the work of His Word. I am not like a father who dies without having any other light but the human one. I hope in God. And, although within Myself I feel the urgency of all the advice, of which I see you are in need, and I realise that time flies, I am going towards my destiny with a quiet mind. I know that the dew is about to descend on the seeds sown in you and it will make *all of them* spring up, then the sun of the Paraclete will come and they will become mighty trees. The prince of this world, with whom I have nothing to do, is about to come. And if it were not for the purpose of redemption, he would not have had any power over Me. But that is happening so that the world may know that I love My Father and I love Him so much that I will obey Him even to death, and I will, therefore, do what He ordered Me to do.

It is time to go. Stand up. And listen to my last words. I am the true Vine. The Father is the Vinedresser. Every branch that bears no fruit He cuts, and the one that does bear fruit He prunes, to make it bear even more. You are already purified by My word. Remain in Me and I will remain in you to continue to be so. The branch cut off from the vine cannot bear fruit. The same applies to you, if you do not remain in Me. I am the Vine and you are the branches. Whoever remains united to Me bears fruit in plenty. But if one is cut off, one becomes a dry branch and is thrown on the fire and burns there. Because, if you are not united to Me, you can do nothing. So remain in Me and let my words remain in you, then ask for whatever you want, and it will be done to you. My Father will always be the more glorified, the more you bear fruit and are my disciples.

As the Father has loved Me, so l have loved you. Remain in My love that saves. By loving Me you will be obedient, and obedience increases mutual love. Do not say that I am repeating Myself. I am aware of your weakness. And I want you to be saved. I have told you this so that the joy I wanted to give you may be in you and may be complete.

Love one another, love one another! This is my new commandment. Love one another *more than each of you loves himself.* There is no greater love than that of a man who lays down his life for his friends. You are my friends and I will lay down my life for you. Do what I teach and order you to do.

I will no longer call you servants, because a servant does not know what his master does, whereas you know what I do. You know everything about Me. I have made known to you not only Myself, but also the Father and the

Paraclete, and everything I heard from God. You did not choose yourselves. But I chose you and I elected you, so that you may go among peoples and you may bear fruit in yourselves and in the hearts of those who are evangelized, and your fruit may remain, and the Father may give you everything you will ask of Him in My name.

Do not say: "So, if You chose us, why did You choose a betrayer. If You know everything, why did You do that?" Do not even ask who he is. He is not a man. He is Satan. I said so to My faithful friend and I let My beloved son say so. He is Satan. If Satan, the eternal mimic of God, had not become incarnate in human flesh, this possessed man could not have escaped My power of Jesus. I said: "possessed." No. He is much more: he is annihilated in Satan.»

«Since You have driven demons away, why did you not free him?» asks James of Alphaeus.

«Are you asking that for your own sake, fearing that you are the one? Be not afraid of that.»

«I, then?»

«I?»

«I?»

«Be quiet. I am not mentioning that name. I am being merciful, do likewise.»

«But why did You not defeat him? Could You not do that?»

«I could. But in order to prevent Satan from taking bodily form to kill Me, I should have had to exterminate the human race before Redemption. So what would I have redeemed?»

«Tell me. Lord, tell me!» Peter has fallen on his knees and he shakes Jesus frenetically as if he were a prey to frenzy. «Is it I? Is it I? Shall I examine my own conscience? I do not think so. But You... You said that I will disown You... And I am quivering... Oh! how horrible if it is I!...»

«No, Simon of Jonah. It is not you.»

«Why are You depriving me of my name "Peter?" So am I Simon again? See? You are saying so!...It is I! But how could I? Tell me tell me, all of you… When was it that I became a traitor?... Simon?... John?... Tell me!»

«Peter, Peter, Peter! I am calling you Simon because I am thinking of our first meeting, when you were Simon. And I am thinking how you have always been loyal since the first moment. It is not you. I, the Truth, am telling you.»

«Who, then?»

«It is Judas of Kerioth! Have you not yet understood that?» shouts Thaddeus, who can no longer restrain himself.

«Why did you not tell me before? Why?» shouts Peter as well.

«Silence. It is Satan. He has no other name. Where are you going, Peter?»

«To look for him.»

«Leave that mantle and that weapon at once. Or shall I drive you away and curse you?»

«No, no! Oh! my Lord! But I... but I... Have I become delirious, have I? Oh! Oh!» Peter has thrown himself on the ground and is weeping at Jesus' feet.

«I give you My commandment: love and *forgive* one another. Have you understood? Even if in the world there is hatred, let only love be in you. For *everybody.* How many traitors you will find on your way! But you must not hate them and return evil for evil.

Otherwise the Father will hate you. I have been hated and betrayed, long before you.

And yet, as you can see, I do not hate. The world cannot love what is different from it.

Therefore it will not love you. If you belonged to it, it would love you; but you are not of the world, as I took you away from the world. And that is why you are hated.

I said to you: a servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you as well. If they have listened to Me, they will listen to you, too. But they will do everything because of My Name, since they do not know, they *do not want* to know Him Who sent Me. If I had not come and I had not spoken, they would not be guilty. But now their sin has no excuse. They have seen my deeds, they have heard my words, and yet they have hated Me, and the Father with Me. Because the Father and I are one Unit only with the Love. But it was written:[191] "You hated me for no reason." But when the Comforter comes, the Spirit of Truth Who proceeds from the Father, He will bear witness of Me, and you also will witness for Me, because you have been with Me since the beginning.

I am telling you this so that, when the hour comes, you may not be depressed and scandalised. The time is about to come when they will expel you from synagogues, and those who kill you will think that they are doing a holy duty for God. They have not known either the Father or Me. That is their excuse. I have not told you these things so extensively, before this hour, because you were just like new-born babies. But the mother is now leaving you. I am going away. You must become accustomed to other food. I want you to know.

Not one of you has asked Me again: "Where are You going?" Sadness is making you dumb. And yet My going away is a good thing also for you. Otherwise the Comforter will not come. I will send Him to you. And when He has come, through the wisdom and the words, the deeds and the heroism that He will infuse into You, He will convince the world of its deicide sin, and of justice with regards to My holiness. And a clear cut will divide the world into reprobates, enemies of God, and believers. The latter will be more or less holy,

[191] it was written, in: *Psalms 35,19; 69,5.*

according to their will. But judgement will be passed on the prince of the world and his servants. I cannot tell you more, because you are not yet able to understand.

But He, the Paraclete, will give you the whole Truth, because He will not speak as from Himself. But He will tell you everything He heard from the Mind of God and will announce the future to you. He will take what comes from Me, that is, what is still of the Father, and will tell you.

There is still a short time to see one another. Then you will no longer see Me. And then a short time later you will see Me.

You are grumbling among yourselves and in your hearts. Listen to a parable. The last one of your Master.

When a woman has conceived and the hour of delivery comes, she is in great distress, because she suffers and groans. But when her little child is born and she presses it to her heart, all her pain comes to an end and her sorrow changes into joy, because a man has come into the world.

The same applies to you. You will weep and the world will laugh at you. But later your sorrow will change into joy. A joy that the world will never know. You are sad now.

But when you see Me again, your hearts will be filled with a joy of which no one will ever be able to deprive you. Such a full joy, that it will obliterate every need of yours to ask for anything for your minds, hearts and bodies. You will feed on seeing Me again, and you will forget everything else. And just from that moment you will be able to ask for anything in My name, and it will be given to you by the Father, so that your joy may be greater and greater. Ask, do ask. And you will receive.

The time is coming when I shall be able to speak to you of the Father in plain words.

That will happen because you will have been faithful in the trial and *everything* will have been overcome. So your love will be perfect, as it will have given you strength in the trial. And what you are short of, I will add it for you, taking it from My immense treasure and saying: "Father, as You can see, they have loved Me believing that I came from You." Having descended in to the world, now I leave it and I am going to the Father, and I will pray for you.»

«Oh! now You are explaining things clearly. Now we know what You mean and that You know everything and that You give answers without being questioned by anybody. You really come from God!»

«Do you believe now? At the last hour? I have spoken to You for three years! But the Bread that is God and the Wine that is Blood that did not come from man is already working in you, and is giving you the first thrill of deification. You will become gods if you persevere in my love and in my possession. Not as Satan said to Adam and Eve, but as I say to you. It is the true fruit of the tree of Good and of Life. Evil is defeated in him who feeds on it, and Death is dead. He who eats of it will live forever and will become "god" in the Kingdom

of God. You will be gods if you remain in Me. And yet now... although you have this Bread and this Blood in yourselves, as the hour is coming in which you will be scattered, you will go away on your own account and will leave Me all alone... But I am not alone. I have the Father with Me. Father, Father! Do not abandon Me! I have told you everything... To give you peace. My peace. You will still have trouble. But have faith. I have conquered the world.»

"Jesus stands up. He opens His arms out crosswise and with His face shining brightly He says the sublime prayer to the Father. John quotes it integrally.[192]

The apostles are shedding tears more or less openly and noisily. As a last thing, they sing a hymn.

Jesus blesses them. He then says to them: «Let us put on our mantles now. And let us go. Andrew, tell the owner of the house to leave everything as it is, as I want that.

Tomorrow... you will be pleased see this place again.» Jesus looks at it. He seems to be blessing walls, furniture, everything. He then puts on His mantle and sets out, followed by the disciples. Beside Him there is John on whom He leans.

«Are you not saying goodbye to Your Mother?» Zebedee's son asks Him.

«No. Everything has already been done. Furthermore, make no noise.»

Simon, who has lit a torch at the chandelier, illuminates the wide corridor that leads to the door. Peter opens the main door cautiously and they all go out into the street, and then, working a gadget, they close the door from outside. And they start off.

[17th February 1944]

Jesus says: «In addition to the consideration on the love of a God Who becomes Food for men, four main teachings stand out from the episode of the Supper.

The First: the necessity for all the children of God to obey the Law.

The Law prescribed that a lamb was to be consumed at Passover according to the ritual given to Moses by the Most High, and I, the true Son of the true God, did not consider Myself exempted, because of my divine quality, from the Law. I was on the Earth: Man among men and the Master of men. I had, therefore, to do My duty towards God *as and better than anybody else.* Divine favours do not dispense from being obedient and from making an effort towards a greater and greater holiness. If you compare the most sublime holiness with divine perfection, you will always find it full of defects, and consequently it is obliged to strive to eliminate them and achieve a degree of perfection as similar as possible to God's.

[192] quotes it integrally, in its Gospel: *John 17*.

The second: the power of Mary's prayer.

I was God Who had become Flesh. A Flesh, that being without stain, had the spiritual strength of dominating the flesh. And I do not refuse, on the contrary I implore the help of the Full of Grace, Who in that hour of expiation would have also found Heaven closed over Her head, that is true, but not to the extent that She should not succeed in detaching an angel from it, since She is the Queen of angels, to console Her Son. Oh! Not for Herself, poor Mother! She also has tasted the bitter abandonment by the Father, but by means of that suffering offered for Redemption, She obtained and made it possible for Me to overcome the anguish of the Garden of Olives and to bring the Passion to completion in all its multiform bitterness, each of which aimed at cleansing a form and a means of sin.

The third: self-control and endurance of offences, the sublime charitable attitude towards all offences, as can be possessed only by those who make the Law of Charity the life of their lives, as I had proclaimed. And I had not only proclaimed it, but I had really practised it.

You cannot imagine what it was for Me to have the Traitor at My table, to have to give Myself to him, and humiliate Myself before him, to have to share with him the ritual chalice, and put My lips where he had put his, and make my Mother do the same. Your doctors have discussed and still discuss the rapidity of My end and they say it originated in a heart lesion brought about by the blows of the scourging. Yes, my heart was injured also by those blows. But it had already been damaged at the Supper. I was heart-broken by the effort of having to endure the Traitor at my side. It was at the Supper that I began to die physically. What followed was only an increase of an already existing agony.

What I was able to do, I did it because I was all one with the Love. Also when the God-Love withdrew from Me, I was able to be love, because I had lived of love during my thirty-three years. It is not possible to reach perfection, as is required to forgive and put up with our offender, if one has not acquired the habit of love. I had acquired it, and I was able to forgive and bear that masterpiece of an Offender, which was Judas.

The fourth: the more one is worthy of receiving a Sacrament, the greater is its effect.

That is: if one has become worthy of it through persevering goodwill, that subdues the flesh and makes the spirit sovereign, mastering concupiscences, directing one's being towards virtues, bending it like a bow towards the perfection and above all of Love.

Because, when you love, you are inclined to make the person you love happy. John, who loved Me as nobody else did, and who was pure, received the utmost transformation from the Sacrament. He began as from that moment to be the eagle, that is accustomed to soaring easily in the High Heaven of God and staring at the eternal Sun. But woe to him who receives the Sacrament without being worthy of it, and who, on the contrary, has increased his human

unworthiness with mortal sins. Then instead of being the germ of preservation and life, it becomes the germ of corruption and death.

Death of the spirit and decomposition of the flesh, whereby it "bursts," as Peter says[193] with regards to Judas. It does not shed blood, the vital liquid always beautiful in its purple hue, but its entrails burst out, blackened by lechery, rottenness pouring out of the decomposed body, as out of the carrion of an unclean animal, a disgusting sight for passers-by.

The death of the profaner of the Sacrament is always the death of a desperate person who, therefore, does not know the placid passing away peculiar to those who are in grace, or the heroic death of the victim who suffers intensely but looks fixedly at Heaven and feels certain peace in the soul. The death of one in despair is marked dreadful contortions and terror, it is a horrible convulsion of the soul already gripped by the hand of Satan, who chokes it to detach from the body and suffocates it with his nauseating breath. That is the difference between those who pass away after being nourished with love, faith, hope and every other virtue and heavenly doctrine and with the angelical Bread that accompanies them with its fruit -- better still if with its real presence -- in the last journey, and those who pass away, after the life of a brute, with the death of a brute that Grace and the Sacrament cannot comfort. The former is the serene end of a saint, to whom death opens the eternal Kingdom. The latter is the frightful fall of a damned soul, that feels it is falling into eternal death and in a moment knows what it wanted to lose and for which it can no longer find any remedy.

Acquisition and joy for the former; despoilment and terror for the latter.

This is what you give yourselves, according to whether you believe and love, or you do not believe and you deride my gift. And it is the lesson of this contemplation.»

Receiving Christ's Body And Blood[194]

My Joys

From midday on, I was utterly sad on Thursday because I was thinking, "There'll be no Communion tomorrow." With what I always suffer, especially on Fridays, and what Passion Friday has generally meant for me for fifteen years, to be left without my Food caused me sorrow. I was thinking, "Two years ago Father Migliorini brought me Communion at dawn on Good Friday. I was ill and he thus could." And I assure you that I would have wished to be even worse off so as to be able to receive it. Along with sorrow over the relic of the Holy Cross which was taken from me after it was given by a woman who has

[193] as Peter says, in: *Acts 1,18*.
[194] *NB45, March 29-30, 1945, p. 52*

contributed, with Satan, to causing me affliction, these are my secret -- and deepest -- sufferings.

Marta had gone out to visit the seven churches. I was alone. I was writing. And Mary's desolation was fusing with the tears of poor Maria.

I was lifted from affliction by the joyful apparition of my Jesus, not martyred and bloody, but handsome, radiant in his white linen robe, as He is at the gladdest times in the visions. He came towards me as if He were coming from flowering countryside and smiled, holding something underneath the white mantle He had drawn across his chest and over his hands.

He said, "Little John, I wanted to call you 'little scribe,' but I won't say this to you, for if you are the layman who, since the priests are not sufficient, teaches the truth about my mortal lifetime, you are not, however, a creature of harshness and ferocity as the scribes in my time were. Listen, little John. Father Migliorini cannot bring you Communion and you suffer. I am your Priest. I have kept you bent over my tortures, my agony. It is right for Me to give you a reward. Look: many years ago I was heading for the Cenacle at this hour to consummate the Passover and distribute the first **Eucharist**. Come and take this, little John."

And, letting his mantle fall open, He showed me the ciborium He was holding in his hand. He became solemn and said, "I am the living Bread descending from Heaven. Whoever eats this Bread will no longer be hungry and will live eternally. This is my Body, which I give you in memory of Me. Take it and eat." And He gave me a large host. I say "large" because it was as big as an ancient coin (a *scudo).* Its (spiritual and material) flavor was such that it filled me with delight. He caressed me and then said, "Now that you are nourished, write. I shall come back tomorrow."

And this evening, at the same hour, He appeared to me again. I had been feeling ill since you were here and was unable to get over the crisis. I was in a cold sweat, very pale, and gasping, with constant dizziness and a darkening of my sight. And yet I was writing because I *had* to write... Our Lady of Sorrows was moaning out all of her agony.

Jesus removed me for a while from so much shared moral and physical pain and, holding the chalice fully exposed, filled with red, vigorous blood -- I would say "thick," nearly boiling, for it foamed with strange bubbles as if it had just come out of an artery -- He said, "This is my Blood, which I have shed out of love for you. Take it and drink." And He brought the chalice up to my lips while drawing me towards it with his other hand.

I perceived the coldness of the metal against my lips and the smell of the blood in my nose. But I felt no repugnance. I pressed my lips against the smooth brim of the silver chalice and drank a sip of this divine Blood, which has all the characteristics of our own in terms of fluidity, viscosity, and taste. But it flows down into me, bringing me a delight which lifts me high up into joy. I would like to drink and drink... For the more you drink, the more you would like. But reverence restrains me. And I contemplate that beloved Blood,

smell its living scent, and admire its perfect bright redness. But Jesus has me drink twice more... And He then departs... And the taste and fragrance of that Blood of my Jesus remain in me.

I almost did not want to write this here, but in a letter which I was unsure about giving to you at once or letting you have at my death. For certain sublime moments are poorly and unwillingly articulated. Later, however, the idea of writing it down in a notebook and making it known to you immediately prevailed.

I am filled with supernatural delight.

St. Clare's Miracle[195]

St. Clare of Assisi

I see -- and it surely will not seem something impossible to see because it is known to many -- the miracle of St. Clare's driving away those attacking the convent in Assisi. But it is a joy for me to see it, and I am not concerned about others. I shall describe what I see to you.

Quite a poor little convent, low-lying, with a roof sharply sloping down in front, a small cloister crying out the great Franciscan word from each stone, "Poverty," and dark, short, narrow little corridors onto which the minute cell doors open. The convent resounds like a hive of voices in prayer and moans. And this little convent truly resembles a hive flabbergasted by an invasion. The din of the struggle outside also flows in, with a fusion of violent and prayerful voices.

I don't know if it is a lay sister who brings the news that the enemy hordes are trying to invade the convent or some resident of Assisi who warns the Poor Clares of the danger. I do know that panic is reaching its peak as they all rush into the cell of the Abbess, who is prostrate in prayer near the edge of her couch and gets up, pale and consumed, but very beautiful and solemn, to receive her terrified daughters. She listens to them and tells them to go down to the choir with due order and faith, in the silence of the Rule, "for *nothing,"* she says, *"no matter how tremendous it may be, must make us forget the holy Rule."* And she follows them and goes into the small, unadorned choir, beyond which is the little dark church with a barred door containing only two small candles -- one in the church and the other in the choir -- which peacefully shine before the tabernacle, for the souls in the world, who remember God too seldom, on the one hand, and for the souls belonging to Jesus, who see the symbol of themselves in that small perpetual flame.

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[195] *NB45, August 12, 1945, p. 90*

They pray, jolting at every cry that is louder and closer. And when one, who is surely a lay sister, comes back in, yelling unabashedly, "Mother, they are at the door!" the Poor Clares double over, as if already stricken dead.

Sister Clare does not. On the contrary, she stands up and proceeds right into the middle of the choir and says, "Do not be afraid. They are men and they are outside. We are here, inside, With Jesus. Remember his words, 'Not a hair will be taken from You.' We are his doves. He will not allow the sparrowhawks to Profane them."

Outside the wave of tumult is getting louder, giving the lie to her words. But she does not get upset. On seeing that the Poor Clares are too terrified to overcome doubt and dread, she addresses God. "My sweet Jesus, forgive your poor Clare's daring to set her hands in the place where only a priest can set them. But here there is only You and us. One of us must thus say, 'Come' to You. My hands are washed by tears. They may touch your throne.' And she resolutely goes to the tabernacle, opens it, and takes out not the monstrance, as it called, but a case resembling a pyx; it is not made of precious metal, but ivory or mother-of-pearl, I think, at least on the outside, insofar as the scanty light enables me to see. She takes it out and holds it as reverently as she would hold the Child Jesus. She fearlessly walks down the few steps and proceeds towards the convent door, singing psalms, and the sisters follow her, trembling and subdued.

"Open the door, daughter."

"But they are outside! Do you hear the cries and blows?"

"Open the door, daughter."

"But they will burst in here!"

"Open the door. For the sake of obedience!" And Clare, previously gentle and persuasive, takes on an imperious tone which will not tolerate delay. She is the former landowner accustomed to giving orders and the great Abbess calling for obedience.

The Poor Clare opens, with a moan and shudder slowing down the operation, and the others, behind the Abbess, are also trembling. They cross themselves, closing their eyes, ready for martyrdom, and lower their veils so as to die with their faces covered.

The door is finally half open. The shouting of those attacking turns into a cry of victory, and, ceasing to use their weapons, they plunge towards the opening door on a run.

Clare, her face as white as the case she is holding high up as the only veil over her cloistered visage, takes two, three, five steps beyond the threshold. I do not know if she sees those in front of her or her land or her enemies. I don't think so. Her eyes do nothing but adore the **Eucharist** she is carrying. Tall, very thin, and consumed as she is, as white as a lily, slow in her steps, she looks like an angel or a ghost. To me she looks like an angel; to the others she must look like a ghost. Their boldness crumbles, comes to a halt, and, on seeing her take another step forward, turns around in disorderly flight.

It is then that Clare staggers and, bending over, as if about to fall, hastens to go back in beyond the threshold. "They have fled. Blessed be the Lord! Now... now hold up your mother. So that I can take Him back to his altar. Sing, daughters, and hold me up your mother is very tired now!" Indeed, her face is that of a dying person, as if she had used up all her strength. But her smile is also very sweet, and her waxen hands are very strong in clasping the case!

They go back into the choir, and Clare, singing the *Te Deum,* places the case in the tabernacle; she then remains lying on her back on the two steps of the altar as if dead while the Poor Clares continue the hymn of thanksgiving.

This is what I see. And for me there is this alone: a few words from St. Clare, in her heavenly robe, not as a Poor Clare:

"With this," and she points to the Most Holy Sacrament, "everything is overcome. It will be the great strength of Paradise and the earth as long as there are earthly needs. Through the infinite merits of the Most Holy Body annihilated for your sake, we saints in Heaven obtain graces for you, and through It you obtain victory. May the **Eucharistic** Lamb be praised! May the Lord give you peace and blessing."[196]

Jesus Answers Questions[197]

11:30 p.m.

Jesus says:

"Here I am to explain *many* things. I am not fond of questions, especially from you. You are intelligent enough to understand the responses I give you through the dictations contained in the visions. But here, now that things have turned out as they should, without influencing anyone in any way, I shall speak and explain.

"Your questions -- the ones I deem proper to take up -- are: 1) Why is there so much difference between Dora's[198] manifestations and yours? 2) Why in the world are these cases becoming so frequent? 3) Could what for the time being has not been seen happen in the future (that is, an accusation against *my* phenomena)? 4) Will Dora remain in her current state? 5) Why do you feel spiritually detached in this regard, though admitting the supernatural is being manifested in her? 6) Should you keep the card received through an angelic dictation? 7) Is it appropriate for Dora to know you and your work? 8) Why did you

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[196] We pass over seventy-three handwritten pages containing five episodes from t*he Second Year of the Public Life*.

[197] *NB45, December 19, 1945, p. 124*

[198] This refers to Dora Barsottelli, who said she was favored by manifestations concerning whose origins the writer harbored apprehension and doubt, as we shall see in the course of the present volume and as can be noted in other writings separate from *The Notebooks*.

wish to see her at the outset and afterwards fail to have this desire any more? 9) Why does the devil torture her in this way? The other questions are childish, and I shall pass over them.

"Now then. *[Why is there so much difference between Dora's manifestations and yours?]* You must know that I adapt manifestations to the environment and purpose for which I have inspired them. You received the mission to become a worldwide voice. You must sing the hymn of Mercy and Love, Wisdom and Perfection, for all ears and all hearts, all intelligences and all souls. Therefore, after having prepared you for this capacity -- and do not grow proud, for everything you have has been given you by Me for this mission, including illness and being alone, *everything* -- *I* made you a complete 'voice,' a giant -- you that are a pygmy. But it's not you -- it's Me in you. I am the giant, then, my little Christopher who bear Christ but are borne by Him. Dora is destined to bring God to be loved by simple folk who are not even able to say the *Our Father* and are ignorant of the most elementary notions concerning religion. If she were to speak as I speak to you -- I could do so -- who would understand her? There are pages which make the learned pensive in what I have said to you. Could they be understood by the simple for whom I made you my instrument? Do you see how good and just God is? And how humble He is? He annihilates Himself, adapting to the instrument and those listening; He bears with gestures of familiarity which He would not endure from you. For you know how to behave, and in you they would be a lack of respect, whereas in Dora they are just instances of naivete. And they make Me laugh because I seem to be hearing the good-natured Galileans who spoke to me as common People. Not all can be Janes of Cusa? Don't you think?

"I shall reply to the second question *[Why in the world are these cases becoming so frequent?]* as follows: Providence acts benevolently towards its creatures. General corruption, existing before the war and ever on the increase, the laxity of the clergy, the tremendous war, the pernicious doctrines, the pride of the... experts, or those who think they are, have diminished faith. to such a point that it would end up dying of consumption. And -- it is painful to say so -- the agent doing most damage to their faith is the clergy, on whose faults I have dictated to you *many* times. Consequently, as on a moonless night the stars light up in greater numbers and even the smallest ones are visible and all of them serve to provide a minimum of light to guide night travelers, in the society of Catholics, who lack greater lights -- that is, an active clergy -- stars and starlets. The last time will be the time of the spirit. And these lights, these voices, will teem to provide guidance for the upright of heart groping in the haze of the forms of materialism, rationalism, and sectarianism in which priests will take an active part. And God will always be known to his children, with his true vitality, not with the cold, automatic mechanism offered by those who no longer believe, though they cry out, 'Faith! Faith!' because that is their profession. Oh, what are the ones who cry out that way? Hired mourners or paid barkers? Men and

women who, once their work is done, go off, not at all convinced about the worth of what they have exalted or saddened by the pain they have wept over. In truth, in truth I tell you that a 'little voice,' even if it makes some grammatical mistakes, but speaks words coming from God, will have more power than the utilitarian and unconvinced action of too great a part of the clergy! For this reason I go and inspire my 'voices' here and there. And I will always do so even if I am combatted through them. And the more I see my flock at the mercy of idol shepherds, the more I will do so.

"To the third question *[Could what for the time being has not been seen happen in the future (that is, an accusation against my phenomena)?]* I reply, Certainly! It could happen. *And the devil will do everything possible to make it happen.* I therefore ask you to provide *a great deal* of assistance to your sister in this mission, who, because of her very ignorance and also because she is less prepared than you -- a little warrior who have fought since adolescence, and even before, with Temptation out of love for Me, a little eagle with a solid beak who have endured bites and lost feathers, but you are healed of the Satanic wounds, flying higher and higher over purer and purer peaks so as to be cauterized and medicated by Me, the Sun; she, on account of all of this, *is less sensitive than you in feeling and distinguishing, and in reacting, and could be subjected to a craftier assault than the others by the Evil one, who tries to destroy you and her -- but you, much more than her,* for your range of action is vaster than Dora's and more powerful. And I state here that it would be necessary for Dora to be nourished *very* frequently with the **Eucharistic** Bread. If Satan does not want this, *I do.* Confession, too, will help her. But only because it will give her peace in the scruples which the Enemy will infuse into her heart. It can thus be less frequent. But let the **Eucharist** be her strength.

"And here is the fourth question. *[Will Dora remain in her current state?]* And I answer: souls are never static. They oscillate from the depths to the heights and vice versa. They sometimes plunge. When pride or deceit or lust enters, driving Me away from the soul. Or they shoot towards Heaven when they immolate themselves according to my example. But these are special cases. In the mass, ups and downs are observed. A soul, when taken to a certain level, can descend or ascend. It does not remain at that level. Dora is at a level which is *very* susceptible of change. She could be perfected. She could be ruined. Pray a lot. Let Father *watch carefully over her humility and sincerity.* The devil will try to bring ruin in these two areas.

"5) *[Why do you feel spiritually detached in this regard, though admitting the supernatural is being manifested in her?]* You could state the entire sentence. And it would be like this: 'Why am I almost afraid of her?' And you are afraid this is a sign that you are not in the grace of God. Come on! You are a girl sticking her head under the covers in order not to see the dark! But isn't darkness thicker under the covers? What are you afraid of? Of what you are? Dora is not like you! Poor Dora! She is the most innocuous being on earth. But

Mary, my Mother, was dismayed over the angel, and She was full of grace. What a mystery, for some, this fear felt by my Mother! And yet it is easy to understand. She was the humble one, the hidden one, the consecrated one, the Virgin. The secret is in these four words. And you are the Violet of the Cross, the hidden one, the consecrated one. That is why you do not desire social contacts and tremble at being known. That seems to you like being left naked. Do not fear! The Veils over your mystical love shall not be lifted. Be at peace! Be at peace! Do not tremble with suffering, O my violet, sister, and spouse. I alone know you. And let it be known that my permission goes as far as I want. The *'other one'* knows and speaks as long as he can. Do you remember Punturieri?[199] Well then? Of what use was he? To bring Giuseppe here and give him to Me. Do you see?

"The sixth question *[Should you keep the card received through an angelic dictation?]*. Yes, keep that little page with your secret papers. Nothing else is necessary.

"Seventh question *[Is it appropriate for Dora to know you and your work?]*. No, it is not at all necessary. The stars follow their way even if they do not know or meet each other. Indeed, it's a disaster if two stars meet in the sky! The two of you have different missions tending towards a single aim. You will meet *in the* Aim -- in Me. It is likewise useless -- indeed, it is really not useful -- for the directly instructed woman to receive other instructions which *would mean only exertion* for her limited cultural background and superficial enjoyment. It is like that, at least for the time being. *The environment is not suitable, either, for keeping dictations. I will never recommend sufficient moderation and prudence in distributing the notebooks.* Since people are slow to seek protection for them, *let them be very slow in giving them to one person or another.*

"Eighth question *[Why did you wish to see her at the outset and afterwards fail to have this desire any more?]*. Why I carried out this action in you. The reasons? It is not necessary for Me to explain them. Because it was right to do so, and you, also through my action in you, intuited this after having reflected in vain until the Light came. It would be harmful for you to know one another because both you and she have dealings with a rationalistic world. Do you know what the world would say? 'See how they exalt each other! This smacks of the middle ages!' And they would call to mind the Patarinis and their likes, and the Piagnonis and their likes, until finishing with the great names in psychiatry... Forget about it! Forget about it! Let every fount yield its own flow, without fusing. Similarly, it is also good for your work not to influence or *seem to influence* hers. Do you have the abundance of the Word? Does she make her voice heard? Very good! Let each remain with what is characteristic of her.

"Ninth question *[Why does the devil torture her in this way?]*. She is tortured materially because he could not torture her as he tortures you, with a

[199] See *The Notebooks. 1944,* note 788 *[Father Migliorini, Maria's spiritual advisor.].*

more refined psyche. He is subtle and intelligent with you and goads you in your psychic self. She, a poor creature, would not understand the problems he waves in front of you to bring you doubts and fears, and he thus takes her by the hair and slams her. Well then, pray for her, who will have *so much* to suffer, *so very much,* poor Dora! support her. She is a sister. *May she not be lost! May having been called not be harmful for her!* You see that Satan was able to inject his venom into the disciples. Pray that this will not happen here. She is in a great test and at a turning point.

"Show Father all of this. But it is a lesson *for you* and *for him,* and for no other. Let no one disobey. *I do not want them to.*

"And now rest. With your body weary. With your soul at peace. Be at peace. I bless you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

(And it is 1:20 a.m. on December 20. I am happy, though, to have received this dictation. And so soon. I thank my Lord for it.)

Maria's Endurance As A Divine Sign[200]

Jesus says:

"It is a need and must be done. But I am not at all happy with it. Let it be done as soon as possible, however, and in the shortest possible time let it be completed. But let it not be begun, either, unless all that you have written and handed to Father has first been typed up. And Father should give you everything that is typewritten so that you can correct it in that month of his absence. I cannot allow there to remain uncorrected and uncopied pages. And your life is so undermined by secret, enemy forces!

"Oh, my little violet with your stem cut off, does no one realize, then, that only one surviving rootlet, the thinnest of all, still keeps you inserted into existence and you are living only through that very weak life-giving vein? A bump from a butterfly would suffice to cut away this rootlet as well.

"I will give nothing more until all that has been given has been transcribed. Do nothing else until you have corrected *everything.* Father Romualdo should do nothing else until this is done. There is nothing to trifle with or trust imprudently about in supernatural assistance. Act with ordinary means as if the extraordinary ones did not exist.

"As regards priestly aid, you must certainly have it. I do not give you extraordinary, obstreperous signs. You would then no longer be my violet. But in your apparent normality as a most normal creature who eats, drinks, and sleeps like every mortal, who does not present ecstasies, inexplicable fasts, bloody sweating, stigmata, or anything else, who is in perfect psychic balance -

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[200] *NB45, December 25, 1945, p. 137*

- and whoever wants to say the opposite is knowingly lying -- there are extraordinary factors which are the sign of what you are and of what I am in you: the All, the Origin, the Explanation, and the End of your being.

"One of these is the vitality returning with each Communion. I do not come into you with my Spirit to nourish your spirit. Not this alone. But I come with my healthy Virility, too, and transfuse it into you. How could you remain without Life -- you, a nearly dead body? The key, the secret to all acts of endurance by you in the face of the diseases and exertions of the mission, which, in and of itself, with its massive weight, would overcome all the endurance of a strong, healthy person, lies in this coming of your Jesus into you with *all* his gifts, including that of a lifegiving, physical transfusion.

"If I did not wish to put too much pressure on my servant Romualdo, who is already weary, I would want to come into you every day, as the true Physician and medicine, to attenuate your excessive agonies -- really excessive agonies -- and come to the aid of your demolished strength. Consider, then, whether I could allow you to remain for days and days without the **Eucharist**. You would die even without undergoing a crisis. You would die because you would lack what nourishes you. And you would be too oppressed by the one who hates you. The **Eucharist** you bear within yourself keeps him at a distance. That alone. For he hates you more and more and with all means tries to disturb and hamper your work. For this reason, too, I exhort Romualdo not to get distracted with other cares. They are just so many false scenarios to detour, delay, and distract him, to the detriment of your work, which is truly this alone: *my work.*

"Let him show charity, a great deal of charity, towards all. But let him not have you, for it would bring Me pain. You are to be followed until the end, without other goals. And without abusing trust in God. Let him not tempt Providence. Let him bear in mind that Satan makes himself numerous weapons out of all that is ordinary existence -- events, needs, fears, afflictions, straitened circumstances, and so on. If he could succeed before the Cathedral of the integral reconstruction of the Gospel[201] is finished and corrected by the spokesman, it would be his great victory.

"Who should little John be entrusted to? 'John, here is Mary, your Mother;' 'Mary, here is your son, John.'[202] The names indicate who to give you to. But how I would have preferred not to have Mary looked after by anyone else but Romualdo! And yet it is good for you to get used to other voices, if only in order to lose other painful memories...

"And do not investigate about whether or not he was an instrument... Man often is even without deserving to be. In truth, in truth I tell you that only in the measure of ten per thousand do men die -- even if they have always been

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[201] *The "Work," Gospel.*
[202] John 19:26-27.

saints -- without having been an instrument of Satan at least once. Don't think! Don't think! And pray for him.

"And that's enough for now, little John, an undying flame because I pour myself into him.

"Tell Father this, though: that Satan is not only crafty and envious, but he is an intelligent spirit. He did not lose this quality of his from the time when he was a shining archangel. It is only that he now uses it for evil. And he knows. Beforehand. If he did not identify Me as the Christ before the hour, it is because an operation of special divine power took place in my favor. But as soon as my mission as a prophet and just one was manifested, he understood Me.

"Do you... do you know when yours began? No, you don't know. But he saw it when it first flamed up and began his work. And so it is with *many* things. Satan is shrewd and circles tirelessly around souls to eavesdrop on their secret conversations with God, which take place even without the awareness of the very creature who possesses the soul that is in conversation with God.

For Mother Teresa Maria of St. Joseph

Jesus says:

"Do you see? I have spoken to two of your daughters and made them 'Kings from the East.'[203] But the one who brings Me the incense must be you. Bring, bring Me the incense of your office as Prioress, which is so sanctifying if carried out with justice.

"Oh, in all truth, as incense is broken into grains and cast upon coals to give off fragrance and fulfill the mission for which it was created, so a Superior in a Convent, to perform the function for which he was elected to that office in true fashion, must be demolished and consumed by the burning coal. And the mortar and the pestle are the duty to be carried out: the mortar embraces all, and the characters of the souls entrusted to the Lord -- characters which, burdensome as they are in their varying characteristics and tendencies, form a very heavy pestle of bronze, when joining with each other. And the poor men's or women's Superior is underneath, sweet-smelling resin that the others pulverize and that could not be placed in the thurible unless crushed. And it would not give off fragrance unless, inside the thurible, moved by an angelic hand before the altar in the Heavens, there were no burning coals -- in part, very sweet: those set aflame by the charity of the victims giving themselves to have their immolating pyre; in part, very bitter: those of the forms of selfishness surviving in creatures even when they are no longer Rosa, Giuseppina, Antonia, Angela, and so on, but Sister A, B, or C, creatures who, on renouncing their secular garb when taking the religious habit, should have renounced their pre-existing moral habits

[203] Matthew 2:1-12.

and risen up as *new, entirely new,* to enter, singing, into the house of the Bridegroom.

"But it is necessary to have compassion...! Human nature is worse than a polyp... You cut and cut... and some tentacle, some sucker gripping the past always remains -- a past which ought to be dead, with all its tendencies and savors.

"Burn, burn! Your fragrance rises up to here. Gold is precious and is of use to kings for their crowns. Myrrh is salutary and serves to protect against putrefaction. It is of use to men, then. But incense is God's. For his throne. For his acclaim... Teresa Maria, be incense. My peace be in you."

For Mother Luigia Giacinta

Jesus says:

"I like seeing those two humble little words on Mother's envelope. In these times, indeed, the green heads of the hyacinths barely emerge from the earth. All the rest bites the earth in the vase or flowerbed; it is mortified in the darkness and wetness -- it is ignored... But when the time comes for my glorification as Redeemer, all the hyacinths uplift their scented corollas and seem to be offering them to heaven and to my altar, holding them in the chalice of their leaves, like the fingers of two hands joined in prayer which open to beseech. Precisely because I like the mortification of the hyacinth, I say my words to the hyacinth.

"I told one of your sisters to bring Me myrrh. I will tell Mother to bring Me incense. I tell you, Giacinta, 'Bring Me gold.' Charity! How much you can do in this field!

"You wish to receive direction from my Mother. I will take you to Her. Let Her, the All-Loving, speak."

Jesus grows silent and is replaced by Mary. Mary says:

"Daughter, the heart -- not knowledge -- leads over fields blossoming with love.

"When my Child was beginning to walk, many flowers blossomed again in the meadows of Bethlehem, with the first rains of autumn. And He, the beloved Baby, pushed forward his holy little body, directing his feet towards different corollas scattered here and there amidst the meadow grass, and, like a small bird, He chirped his formless words to those flowers created by his Father. And, I am sure, those flowers understood the mysterious words of the Infant God, reduced, out of charity towards all of us, to a stammering child -- He, the Word.

"But the next spring -- and even more so during the ones coming after -- along the Nilotic roads which the flood waters had nourished and turned into fertile land, He, now secure, proceeded like a golden bee, like a joyful calandra lark, from flower to flower, to pick them for me, and He would laugh, with all

his little teeth shining between his rosy lips, while pouring his booty onto my lap and behind my head to ask for kisses upon his heavenly eyes, and ask about the names of and the stories connected with the flowers. And He wanted to know what their sap was good for.

"And once, the last spring in Egypt, Divine Wisdom spoke through his innocent lips. He had listened to me speaking. He had then separated the flowers according to an idea He had. He seemed to be playing. But his mind was working. Joseph, who was cutting long boards in the green shade of the young leaves in the poor garden, observing that the most beautiful flowers were on one side, neglected, whereas caresses and sweet words went to the humble flowers of camomile, wild lilies of the valley, scurvy grass, buttercups, chicory, chickweed, and red clover, asked Him, 'Why, my son, do you prefer those, simple and common, to the splendid roses, the riccardias, and the double jasmines Rachel of Levi gave you?' 'Because these are the flowers showing charity to men. They are charity, not just pleasure to the eyes and the nose,' replied Jesus. And Joseph and I, after remaining speechless before the wisdom of the Child, bent over to kiss his luminous brow.

"Daughter, you are also familiar with the humble, common virtues, the acts they prompt, like flowers. Prefer them. Carry them out. Jesus loves them so much. You heard: 'I prefer them because they are charity.' In your role you can pick many of them. A meadow in flower stands before you. Cut, cut... There is never enough charity. Be wholly charity, and you will bear the gold of the King from the East to my sweet Jesus."

"And now that the Sweetness of God and men has spoken, I, along with Her, bless you. Peace be with you."

A Visit From St. John The Apostle[204]

I was still at Communion when St. John the Apostle appeared to me in a wood of olive trees: ruddy, laughing, in a lilac robe and a light brown mantle. He seemed to be coming in a big rush. He turned around to look at me, smiled at me, and called out, "Sister!"

"Oh, John!" I replied with the same laughter he displayed.

He remained like that until I received the **Eucharist** and afterwards, while I gave thanks, and even longer, until... I had to practice patience in listening to small talk which did not interest me and had no value except that of charity towards bothersome people...

But now, as I, though listening to that talk, ask myself a question -- this one: "How will Dina R., whom Jesus did not name in his dictation in favor of Antonio R.,[205] be judged" -- the Apostle replies:

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[204] *NB45, December 27, 1945, p. 145*

[205] See note 126 *[Matthew 2:1-12.]*.

"The words on the Cross will be -- indeed, are -- applied: 'Father, forgive her, for she does not know what is being done.'[206] Consider, though, that here, by harming what should not be derided with the sarcasm of her reasoning, Jesus, Our Lord, does not forgive on his own. He forgives the offenses against Jesus Christ, God and Man. But as for the offenses against the Triune Divinity -- and thus particularly against Power and Love (the Father and the Spirit) -- He, who knows that only God can forgive the sins against the Spirit of God -- for only the Most High and Divine One can give this absolution -- expresses to the Father his prayer for the blameworthy woman. And I do along with Him, I, who heard the way He uttered those words from the Cross and who cannot harbor doubts on their power.

"Good-bye, little sister. May the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ always be with you."

For Emma Federici[207]

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[206] Luke 23:24.

[207] See note 4 *[See Maria Valtorta, Autobiography (Isola del Liri, Italy: Centro Editoriale Valtortiano, 1991), translated by David G. Murray, pp. 159-163.]* and notes 312 *[1944 was marked by eight months of evacuation which forced Maria Valtorta to leave her house in Viareggio and take refuge in St. Andrea di Compito, a hamlet in the municipality of Capannori in the Province of Lucca. "In this note we group together the useful data to understand the references to events and persons in that period, in which the writings from April to December 1944 are situated. Since July 29, 1943 her Belfanti relatives, evacuated from Reggio Calabria, had already been living as guests at the Valtorta house in Viareggio-Giuseppe, her mother's cousin; his daughter, Paola; and Anna, nicknamed Titina, Giuseppe's second wife and Paola's stepmother. One evening in the autumn of 1943 there was added to these young Luigi, known as Gigi, Giuseppe's son and Paola's brother, who had escaped from the Germans and sought a safe refuge. It was then that they thought for the first time of St. Andrea di Compito, where Marta Diciotti knew people and Gigi moved at once remaining there until March 1944," when a lucky break enabled him to go to Rome, the first stage of his return to Reggio Calabria. On Apil 10, 1944 a friend came to the Valtorta house with the confidential information that obligatory evacuation would be decreed for the residents of Viareggio, to be effected by the end of the month. When after a few days, the news was officially confirmed, Maria Valtorta and Marta Diciotti with the three members of the Belfanti family, were already arranging a move to St. Andrea di Compito, regarded as a suitable place after the previous experience. For practical reasons Camaiore, a locality which Maria would have preferred, had been excluded. On April 24, 1944, at about 3:30 p.m., Maria left in an old rented Batilla, not having wanted the risk of asking the German Command for an ambulance. The infirm woman was placed as comfortably as possible on the back seat of the car, and Paola sat beside her. Father Migliorini accompanied her sitting alongside the driver; he had oil for the Anointing of the Sick with him. Anna, nicknamed Titina, also left at that time, but traveled on the truck transporting the furniture from the Valtorta household. Marta and Giuseppe, for their part, left five days later, going by train to Tassignano and reaching St. Andrea: di Compito on foot. There the family group, with the little dog Toi and the cage with birds, was reunited in the house of the married couple Settimo and Eleonora Giovanetti. Father Migliorini, who left for his convent in Viareggio on April 25, is thought to have visited St. Andrea di Compito a few times during those eight months of evacuation to see Maria Valtorta, to whom the*

Jesus says:

"Do you know what myrrh is? It is the resin which protects against corruption. Do you know what it can be compared to? Tears. But what do tears do, when they are good? They remove human impurities.

"Listen, daughter. Remember Ben Sirach: 'Whoever loves his son punishes him often to receive consolation from him in the future.'[208] And Proverbs: 'My son, do not disdain the Lord's discipline and do not be discouraged when He punishes you, for the Lord corrects the one He loves, as a father does with his beloved son.'[209] In my last severe admonishment[210] perceive all of my love.

"And listen, daughter. It is a promise and a peace I give you as a gift on my three feasts: Christmas, the Circumcision, and the Epiphany. Even if because of the hostility of men you could not see the Work, you would be equally dear to Me. Your being generous and faithful is enough for Me. And all you suffer will be a justification for what you will have been able to carry out imperfectly. What I demand, *absolutely demand from you, is docility, absolute abandonment to the Will showing itself to you hour by hour. Absolutely* renounce all personal judgment. With this renunciation, every action will be charged to the responsibility of others.

"Do not say, 'But then I will never have merit!' Merits in human actions are ten parts per thousand, even in actions with an intentionally good aim. Demerits are the other 990 parts. But if you renounce your own judgment and

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local pastor, Father Narciso Fava often brought Communion. Maria also received visits from Father Pennoni (from Viareggio); Father Fantoni (from Lucca), who brought news from Father Migliorini; Sister Gabriella, a Stigmatine from Camaiore; and other people who were there as a result of the evacuation, both friends from Viareggio, such as the Lucarinis, and new acquaintances. In St. Andrea di Compito, in the midst of hidden manifestations and complex sufferings documented by the writings included in this work, the infirm Maria Valtorta continued the mission as a writer she had commenced the year before, which began to be enriched with passages pertaining to her major work on the Gospel, which are also documented in this volume. Because of varied needs, Marta Diciotti visited Lucca from time to time, in a kind of stagecoach or on foot. She stopped by Viareggio for the first time on September 24, 1944, in the company of Enzo Lucarini, and went back again in early October and in November, bringing back news about the condition of the house and the damage caused by the war. On November 10, 1944 Giuseppe, Anna, and Paola Belfanti were able to start out on the difficult return journey to Reggio Calabria. On December 21, 1944 a letter from Father Migliorini, brought by his brother in religion Father Fantoni, notified them all that the longed-for return home was now possible, and Maria and Marta in fact left two days later, on December 23, in an ambulance which luckily was available, preceded by the truck taking back some of their household goods, on a trip marked by diverse vicissitudes. Father Migliorini was waiting in Viareggio. In February 1945 Marta Diciotti returned to St. Andrea di Compito to bring back the remaining furniture.] and 472 *[The religious mentioned in this passage all belonged to the Order in question.]* in *The Notebooks. 1944*.

[208] Ben Sirach 30:1.

[209] Proverbs 3:11-12.

[210] On December 2.

leave actions to others, you fulfill obedience on a one thousand per thousand basis. One thousand per thousand -- that is, totally and perfectly. And you receive *complete* merit therefrom which cancels out every other possible demerit on your part in my eyes.

"Will you give Me this myrrh? I will embalm your whole spirit with it, and it will be uncorrupted.

"My daughter, my peace be with you."

Jesus As The Compendium Of The Love Of The Three, The Origin Of Evil[211]

As I was sewing, I mentally contemplated the moral figure of Jesus Christ. I thought that if I could have a painting of Him -- according to my indications and, therefore, as close as possible to what his Most Holy Face as a Man was like -- I would have a phrase written underneath to represent "all" that Jesus of Nazareth was. I thought of "Come to Me," "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and "It is I -- do not fear." But I felt that all of this was still not what my soul wanted to indicate "the Christ."

St. Azariah[212] spoke to me:

"Jesus is the Compendium of the love of the Three. Jesus is the Compendium of what the Most Holy Trinity and Unity of God is. He is the Perfection of the Three summarized in One alone. He is infinite, multiform Perfection summarized in Jesus. An abyss of Perfection before whom the heavenly forces and the blessed multitudes of Paradise prostrate themselves in adoration. An abyss of Love that could and can be comprehended and accepted only by those who possess love.

"Consequently, we can here explain how the archangel who was a benign, holy spirit -- but not holy to the point of being *entirely* love -- was able to become the Spirit of Evil. It is the measure of love, which one possesses in oneself, that provides the measure of one's perfection and refractoriness to all corruption. When love is complete, nothing more can come in to corrupt. The molecule which does not love is an easy breach for the infiltration of the first elements which are not love. And they force, distend, invade, and submerge the good elements, to the point of killing them. Lucifer had an incomplete measure of love. Self-satisfaction occupied a space in him, a space in which there could be no love. And it was the breach through which his ruinous depravation came in. Because of it, he could not comprehend and accept Christ-Love, the Compendium of the infinite, single, Triune Love. And the fact that nowadays the heresy denying the Divine Humanity of the Second Person and making Him a simple man who is good and wise is vaster may be readily explained with this

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[211] *NB45, January 20, 1946, p. 172*

[212] *Maria Valtorta's guardian angel.*

key: lack of love in the human heart, incapacity for love, poverty in the possession of love.

"Observe, soul of mine, that in both the time of Christ and your era, there have always been two points concerning which man's arrogant intellect, which cannot believe unless it is humble and loving, has been most obstinate: that Christ was God and Man, performing exclusively spiritual actions because of which He was hated even by those closest to Him and thus betrayed, and that He created the Sacrament of Love. Then, now, and always, the 'loveless' heretically said and will say that God cannot be in Jesus and that Jesus cannot be in the Most Holy, Adorable **Eucharist**.

"Accordingly, soul of mine, if you were to have words written under the portrait of the God-Man, you should have this written: 'I am the Compendium of Love.'"

And St. Azariah grew silent, in adoration.

What peace! What peace in me, what light, and what a feeling of mental well-being, of thought being calmed by a reply convincing it entirely, were produced during and after the angelical lesson! With my treasure I closed the notebook and went back to manual work, while my contented mind contemplated the lesson received.

I later reread, meditated, and concentrated on the phrase "Lucifer, not holy to the point of being entirely love." With my sublime idea of the angels, I was unable to grasp how a spirit like the spirit that is an angel could have committed faults. I had always been invincibly astonished at the angels' sin! And no one had ever offered me an explanation as to how spiritual beings created by the perfect will of God, in a creation lacking the element of "Evil," which had still not taken shape -- contemplating Eternal Perfection, and that alone, had been able to sin. Now the phrase "not holy to the point of being *entirely love"* halted me, again prompting my "How could this be so?"

St. Azariah said to me:

"The angels are superior to men. I say 'men' to refer to all the beings designated in this way, composed of matter and spirit. We are, then, superior, entirely spirit. But remember that when Grace lives in man and the Blood of the Mystical Body, whose head is Christ, circulates, while the seven Sacraments confirm him from birth to death, in every state and every stage of life, we then see the Lord in you, 'living temples of the Lord,' and worship Him in you, and you are then superior to us -- you are 'other Christs' -- and have what is called the 'Bread of angels;' but Bread is for men alone. A mystical, insatiable hunger for the **Eucharist** which is in you and makes us cling to you, when you feed on It, to perceive the divine fragrance of this perfect Food!

"But, to go back to the initial point, I tell you that in the angels, different from you in nature and perfection, there is free will, as in you. God has created nothing as a slave. At the origin there was only Order in the creation.

But Order does not exclude freedom. *Rather, in Order there is perfect freedom.* Nor is there in Order fear -- as a constraint -- of an invasion, an intrusion, or the anarchy of other wills which may produce secret pacts and ruins penetrating into the orbit and trajectory of other beings or created things. The whole Universe was like that before Lucifer abused his freedom and by *his own will* introduced the disorder of passions into himself to create disorder in the Universe. If he had been entirely love, he would have had no room in himself for anything that was not love. He instead had room for pride, which might be termed 'the disorder of the intellect.'

"Could God have impeded this event? He could have. But why violate the free will of the very handsome, intelligent archangel? Wouldn't He, the Most Just, then have introduced disorder into his orderly Thought by no longer willing what he had previously willed -- that is, the archangel's freedom? God did not oppress the disturbed spirit by violently making it impossible for him to sin. His not sinning would then have lacked any merit. For us, too, it was necessary 'to be able to will the Good' in order to go on deserving to enjoy the vision of God, infinite Blessedness!

"God, since He had wanted the sublime archangel to be at his side in the first operations of creation and wanted him to be aware of the future of the creation of love, so he wanted him to be aware of the adorable and painful necessity which his sin would impose upon God: the Incarnation and Death of a God to counterbalance the ruin of Sin which would be created if Lucifer did not overcome pride in himself. Love could only speak this language.[213] The first annihilation of God is in this act of wanting to induce the proud one *gently* -- *almost* begging him, with the vision of what his pride would impose upon God -- not to sin so as to lead others to sin.

"It was an act of love. Lucifer, already turned into a devil, took it to be fear, weakness,[214] and offense, a declaration of war; and he waged war against the Perfect One by saying, 'You are? I, too, am. You made what You made through me. There is no God. And if there is a God, I am. I worship myself. I hate You. I refuse to recognize one who is unable to overcome me as my Lord. You should not have created me so perfect if you did not want rivals. Now I am and I am against You. Defeat me, if You can. But I do not fear You. I, too, will create, and because of me your Creation will tremble, for I will shake it like a bit of cloud seized by the winds because I hate You and want to destroy what is yours to create what will be mine over the ruins. I do not know or recognize any

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[213] Striking parallels are seen between how Jesus attempts Satan's conversion here and Judas' conversion as recorded in extracts from: The Poem of the Man-God, Chapters 529, 565, 573, and 580; Gospel, Chapters 530, 567, 575, and 582.

[214] Malachi Martin reports in his book, Hostage to the Devil, that the possessing wicked spirits gave Jesus the derisive appellation, "The Great Weakling," because they would not say His name, "Jesus."

other power except myself. And I will no longer worship, I will no longer worship anyone but myself.'

"Truly, in the Creation, in the whole Creation, down to the very depths, there was then a horrendous convulsion out of dread at the sacrilegious words. A convulsion the likes of which will not be seen at the end of the Creation. And from it there arose Hell, the realm of Hatred.

"Soul of mine, do you understand how Evil arose? From free will -- respected as such by God -- of one who was not 'entirely love.' And believe that upon every sin committed since then there stands this judgment: 'Here love does not exist entirely.' Complete love forbids sinning. And without effort. Whoever loves does not labor to reach justice! Love takes him high above all mire and danger and purifies him minute by minute of the barely perceptible imperfections which are still present in the final degree of consummate holiness, in that state wherein the spirit is so advanced that it is truly a king, already united by spiritual marriage to its Lord; God gives and reveals Himself to such a point to his blessed son, who enjoys only a single degree less than what the life of the blessed in Heaven is.

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit."

A Visit From Pope Pius X[215]

Kindly, candid, and good-natured, the figure of holy Pope Pius X appeared to me at the time of Holy Communion. He came forward just as he surely looked in his final days. Slightly obese, burdened by ailments, with his silent gait somewhat shuffling, his shoulders somewhat bend, rounded, supporting a head covered with silvery hair -- already haloed with splendor -- above his short neck, with a youthfulness in the flesh of his elderly face and a virginal sweetness in the gaze of his limpid, serene eyes. Be was wearing the white clothing of the Pontiffs, but without a red mantle or *camauro.* Oh, not at all! He was a priest dressed in white rather than black -- that's all. But he was so much "himself" that he was more venerable than if he had been in the magnificence of pontifical apotheoses, amid banners and *flabella,* shining guards, the red of cardinals, and so on. He was the holy Pope.

He uplifted his short, chubby hand to bless me. He spoke:

"Woman blessed by the Lord and the Immaculate Virgin, may the Lord and Mary always be with you.

"Do not take offense, blessed one! Continue, continue on your way. The Lord is pleased. Be *simple, increasingly simple,* like a child. One of those children whom our blessed Lord so loved. Feed on the **Eucharist** because you are the little host that is consecrated only when Our Lord Jesus Christ is

[215] *NB45, February 8, 1946, p. 185*

transubstantiated in the large Host. The more you feed on the Holy **Eucharist**, then, the more you become a host with Him.

"O blessed one! If I were on the throne of Peter and they told me that there was a creature who had become a 'voice' after having been a 'voluntary cross,' I would not leave you in this anguish. But I would have comforted you with my blessing, reading the blessed pages on my knees.

"Remain a girl, won't you? Always a girl. A little, little John, *with your eyes free from all malice and your heart free from all pride,* to understand the Most Blessed Master at all times, who provides instruction for the good of many. *The **Eucharist** and simplicity.* The way of the children of love. St. Therese's way, and also mine as a poor servant of the Lord who is still amazed at having become a Pontiff after being a priest" -- and he wept gently, humble and holy in his weeping as he was holy in his smile.

He lifted up his head and looked at me again -- he, too, a big "child;" his expression was so pure. He again smiled at me.

"I give you my blessing. Are you happy? I bless you, soul of the Lord and of Mary Most Holy. Continue in patience and faith. In Paradise nothing is remembered except having always done the Most Holy Will of God, and in this one is blessed. Paradise is so beautiful that none of the lovely things you see can equal it. You could not see Paradise as it is because your heart would burst.

"When you get the chance, send my blessing to that blessed soul, Sister Giuseppina. Tell her that her Patriarch *always* remembers the Institutes of the Most Holy Child Mary, and especially those very dear ones of his Venetian region. Peace, peace to those places and those who live there!

"And peace to you, little child of my Jesus. Good-bye. Always remember the Pontiff of children and the **Eucharist**."

He again raised his hand in blessing, and the whiteness of the woolen robe turned into an incandescence in which St. Pius X was transfigured and disappeared. And now I can say that I, too, have seen a Pontiff! And what a Pontiff!

Did I transcribe his Venetian words correctly? I tried to represent his words as I heard them being pronounced. But I don't know the Venetian dialect. I have been in Romagna, Lombardy (around Milan), Pavia, Florence, Reggio Calabria, and Viareggio, but never in the Venetian area. So... But I was very happy that he spoke to me so informally, like a good pastor, as when he was one in his Venetian region -- and he was already holy and great in the sight of God -- as when, acting as the Patriarch and later as the Pontiff, he would linger informally with his friends, with the simple folk, with whom the very humble and holy Pope Pius X must have felt quite at ease...

Christ's Efforts To Attract Souls[216]

10:30 a.m.

Father had left twenty minutes before... and I was brooding over my great sources of bitterness...

Jesus, who had appeared at the moment of Communion on the right-hand side of the bed, now consoled me in divine fashion, drawing me to his chest. I enjoyed the warmth of his Body through the white woolen cloth of his robe. I felt secure like that, in the gentle grip of his strong hands forcing me to remain that way, held against Him, as if He were simply a human friend. But some tears were falling all the same, for Father's complaint had caused me pain and his veiled accusation that I had oriented him poorly. Too many things bring me pain! The clinical misfortune which had occurred this morning -- which would have terrorized anyone else -- had and did not cause me the slightest agitation... On the contrary! If only it had been for me the murmur in which the voice of the Bridegroom was present saying, "Come!"

But the other matters! Deceitful souls! Disobedient souls! Proud souls! Restless souls! Sinful souls! Blasphemous souls! That is what brings me pain! I understand, I increasingly understand Jesus' spiritual passion... Every soul that is at fault is a blow of the scourge, a piercing by a thorn, a crucifixion... And I see only a few souls. He contemplated *all* of them!

I was weeping, and Jesus let me weep. Tears, in this grip of love, held against a completely loving heart, were not bitter here, though. They were sad, but also a relief.

Jesus then ordered, "Write what you experience, for I will dictate later, for Father." And He had me write without entirely removing his embrace; with his left arm and hand passing over my shoulders, He kept holding me close to his side. He then spoke. Jesus said:

"The strange conduct -- to avoid using another adjective -- of men seeks justification and tranquilization by way of excuses or reasons which, in alleviating them, weigh upon other men, attributing to them responsibility for the actions performed by those wishing to be relieved. And they often end up saddling God Himself with the responsibility, to the point of accusing Him of allowing a soul to err because He has provided little or no light. For tens of thousands of years men have accused God of having led man to sin through the temptation connected with what was prohibited. And so it will be, until the end of the ages, with everything which is not good.

[216] *NB45, February 23, 1946, p. 212*

"Romualdo, why do you reproach Me for not having been clearer? And what more did you want? Don't you know that I am Charity? Have you still not felt the *infinity* of this love, which is my essence and which, by paternally supporting its creatures' wishes and protecting some imprudent acts by them which are not real sins -- doing so to keep a soul from becoming shameless because of a small matter, the whim of a little girl, and have her, grateful to the condescending Lord, turn the imprudence into the starting point for an entire holy journey along my ways -- this love, which, by forgiving the blameworthy, modifying the initial design, overturned by Satan, for the constant purpose of making the soul a masterpiece, becomes everything to everyone, if only it can help, console, and save?

"Have you still not grasped that in *every* way I seek to make *everyone* a saint, that I would like to make each of you a voice of mine, be able to speak to all of you, fill you with Myself, pour Myself out so as to have you where I *am -- all of you, all, all?*

"Don't you know that as soon as I see a movement in a heart a good movement, I rush to pour Myself out? You will not, indeed, say, like those who do not know Me, 'But is He a fool, then, who does not see the future?' Oh, you won't say that! Consider, reflect on my agony, and you will understand my conduct towards the good and the not good.

"Is there someone who is holy, beloved to my heart, or simply desirous of being so, and always intent on reaching sanctity? It is proper for Me to go into him to make my dwelling and for him, in union with Me, to find ever-greater strength to sanctify himself.

"Is there someone who, without being one of the damned, always remains a sinner, however, who stays right where he is? Shouldn't I try to bring him out of his stagnation by attracting him with spiritual gifts? Don't people act like this with little children to awaken their intelligence, their will to learn, and their attention and have them grow in wisdom as well as height? And so it is, then, that I provide a push, a call, to those who are stationary in their faults, and I offer a gift, a grace, a miracle to infuse into them a desire to get moving, to receive an impulse which will take them out of the place where they are bogged down.

"Is there someone who is a sinner, a great sinner, foreseeably one of the future damned? And why shouldn't I, the Good Shepherd, the Savior, go on trying to save with my love, until the final hour, until the soul's separation from the body? Remember Disma... I had encountered him, once and again, with no apparent benefit, with no, apparent intention of encountering him... In the eyes of the people, the impenitent thief could have seemed like a defeat for Me. It must certainly have looked like a foolish act of weakness on my part to pour Myself benignantly into the jaws of Carit, the thief who -- in a gesture of goodness towards the One who, in another valley, nearly a year before, had spoken kindly to the robber to get him to mend his ways -- brought Him roast lamb,

undoubtedly the result of a theft. But what could the sinner give except sin? Definitely the result of a theft, but one which was purified through the charitable act whose substance it became. Everything must have seemed like this, and some apostles must have tasted a scandal in the meat offered... But a year later the loving words in the valley near Modin and the loving gaze offered to Carit as one bringing the fruit of his horrendous work, joined to the loving words and loving gazes of a Crucified One and a wounded Mother, saved Disma.

"This is my conduct, Romualdo. I am never the first to point to someone deserving reproach. I am never the first to cast the first stone. I know who I am dealing with, I know. I know you. You are quick to get scandalized -- even more than if you were the purest of angels. I do not get scandalized because I am Mercy. I cover spiritual lepers with my merciful speech, as yesterday with the spread-out mantle I covered Eliseus, who was being cleansed, to give you the capacity to remain alongside a leper and love him, helping him with your love to accelerate his resurrection.

"And, besides... How can you say I didn't advise you concerning Dora?

"I said, 'Father *should limit himself* to performing the functions of his ministry, and nothing more' -- that is, Confession and Communion, for you cannot refuse to administer them to a Catholic who is not excommunicated.

"I said, 'Go to the Bishop.' I definitely said so! If Pievano was failing in his duty towards a tormented soul, it was right and proper for there to be someone to force him to concern himself with the matter. And to obtain this someone was needed who would speak. And what's wrong with that?

"I said, 'Father should greatly insist on Confession and the **Eucharist**,' for the more she feeds on it, the better it will be for her soul, which on its own has less resistance than seaweed in a ditch.

"But I also said, 'Father should be *very* vigilant regarding Pride and deceit.' A *very* revealing sign.

"But I also said, 'Father should leave everything and concern himself only with Maria and the dictations.'

"And I permitted the disturbing demoniacal apparitions on December 30 and thereafter; and I provided the tremendous dictations on Satan, the clear dictations on the differences between true mystics and doubtful or completely false mystics.

"What more do you want, Romualdo...? I have counseled You and you are not a child. As I send Dora Raphael, 'God's medicine,' so I send you the Word's counsel. I do not order. One orders servants, not children and friends; and you are the son and friend of your Father.

"But 'God's medicine' and the 'Medicine of medicines' -- the holy Word concentrating in Himself all of God in Will, Power, Knowledge, Love, and every other attribute, who possesses in Himself all that We are -- cannot be of benefit if they remain outside you, not assimilated. They will sometimes be bitter, like many medicines. But it is to heal and fortify. They should not be

looked at alone. They should be introduced into you, in practice, so that they will become useful Medicine.

"And remember that if Lucifer, the most beautiful, and Adam, the most beloved, could degenerate, after having been created with an entirely different destiny, a soul that does not respond fully to its ministry can certainly degenerate and become a 'nonentity.' I give and I take away. And no one can reproach me for doing so.

"Remember: 'Woe to the senseless prophets who follow their own spirit without seeing anything. You did not go out against them. You did not erect a defending wall (against Satan and to defend you from Satan, in your spirit) to stand resolutely in battle, on the day of the Lord (the battle of Satanic seductions to keep you from receiving the Day: the Light of God). Tell the ones whitewashing without a mixture (and the mixture is sanctity which is painfully, laboriously formed) that the wall will fall, that the flooding water will come, and that I will hurl huge stones and a demolishing storm wind. You, son of man, turn your face against the daughters of my people who prophesy on their own and say, "The Lord God says the following: 'Woe to the women who work for the purpose of catching souls (through their pride) and thus dishonor Me for a handful of barley and a piece of bread (the eagerness to be known and acclaimed), bringing death to the souls not dying and life to the souls not living (that is, discouraging the just with pain and scandal and flattering the unjust), deceiving my people, which believes in lies. Well then! I will tear what you have woven. I will free the people from your power, and you shall know that I am the Lord. For you, with deceit, have saddened the hearts of the just not saddened by Me.'"'

"Say this. In your heart. It would not be understood if said in the words of Ezekiel. But on the basis of this, realize what you should do and do not say that you lacked sure guidance. One should not be bitter about being deceived, but about not following the way the Lord points out as good.

"May the Spirit enlighten and comfort you."

The different tone, in both the voice and the severe majesty, made me understand at once when the Eternal Father took the place of Jesus. It was at the sentence "I, counseled you, and you are not a child." And also because Jesus had stopped holding me, but was listening to the Voice with supreme respect.

It was night. The good Archangel came back, the good companion.[217] He looked at me and smiled, but was sad. The radio was broadcasting mundane music, and Marta delighted in it. I worked and contemplated St. Raphael.

What a prodigious thing it is to be able to lose oneself like this in the supernatural without anything's being able to distract us from it! What wonderful operations God performs in us! In us, poor material, burdensome, superficial,

[217] See the entry for February 20, 1946.

inactive creatures! Oh, the power of "good will!" For I have nothing but that, have never had anything but that. And it has made me -- a *very human,* very defective creature of great passion -- what I am: a *little* soul, *very* little, but such as to be able to give a bit of joy to my Lord.

The good will of loving the Lord! It has been the golden thread shining on all my actions and channeling and directing them, keeping them from overflowing onto paths where my impulse, my passion for life, could have taken them. Even in the twilight of the worst hours, in which I was really a creature of flesh and blood, the golden thread shone and reminded me of God, and my gaze rose up from the earth to Heaven. A brief gaze at first, then longer and longer, until it established a connection forever, and the lone Voice of Divine Love, which would say to me, "Come to Me!" turned into a duet in which I, too, said, "Come! Come in pain. Always come, with everything, but come, come, come, my only Love." And to shorten the wait and the distance, now following the golden thread, running along it -- whereas before I just looked at it -- I went; I went without asking, without even thinking I could reach my present state, but only because I wanted to love more and more.

Now it happens that, in the midst of any action, even material, distracting, or disturbing, I remain with Him and find Him again in the words I hear, in work, rest, harmonies, moments of desolation... And nothing separates me from Him. Isn't this true, sweet Archangel that know and see the actions of men through the mirror of God, in which everything is reflected and known?

But why do you remain here, sweet angel of mine? Your company -- protective and restful -- is dear. But do not leave that soul alone. Go, go to her... I beg you to, for I pity her... For I think that if you are not there, her soul has not protection. It is so ugly to feel we are alone...! Alone in the stormy hours when Heaven remains closed, either as a punishment or as a trial! It is desolation! It is hell! You, sweet angel, do not know these hours. I do... And the memory of them has remained like the memory of a nightmare which only in Heaven will fade away. Go, go to her, to the poor, poor sister...

I am praying like this, absorbed, and Marta thinks it is the music which is absorbing me and giving me sweet thoughts. On the contrary… it is contemplation and mercy. But St. Raphael does not go away. And I think of Dora, with a sisterly agony...

Palm Sunday[218]

Introit: Ps 22(21):20, 22, 2

Collect: Almighty and everlasting God, who willed that our Savior should take upon Him our flesh and suffer death on the cross,

[218] *AZ, April 14, 1946, p. 61*

so that all mankind should follow the example of His humility; mercifully grant that we may both learn the lesson of His patience and be made partakers of His resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.

Epistle: Ph 2:5-11

Gradual: Ps 73(72):24, 1-3

Tract: Ps 22(21):2-9, 18, 19, 22, 24, 32

Gospel: Mt 26:1-75; 27:1-66

Offertory: Ps 69(68):21-22

Secret: Grant us, we pray, Lord, that the gifts now offered in the sight of Your majesty, may win for us the grace of true devotion and the reward of a happy eternity. Through our Lord.

Communion: Mt 26:42

Postcommunion: By the virtue of this mystery, Lord, may our sins be purged away and our rightful desires fulfilled. Through our Lord.

Azariah says:

"The reading which precedes the blessing of the palms is not part of the Holy Mass, but it is part of today's liturgy.

"One day, at the beginning of your instruction by the Most Holy Lord Jesus, He told you, 'In the pages of the Book, in the History of my People, the events of the future are concealed under figures and actions.'

"Generally, people apply the figure of today's palms to the seventy palms in the oasis of Elim. But my Lord grants that I may instruct you on the true figure of today's Reading.

"The people of Israel, after the holy times of the patriarchs, who could be compared to fertile lands rich in every good, had grown corrupt, becoming a 'sterile desert' where only rare oases, and even rarer fountains, demonstrated that not everything had died and, as a reminder of celestial mercy, attracted those who were lost -- but possessed good will -- around the solitary spirits of the Just Ones of Israel. The patriarchs, judges, and Prophets, the great kings of Israel, the Maccabees, Judith, Esther, Joel, Tobit, Nehemiah, and the saints -- these are the palms and the fountains rising in solitary fashion in the midst of the desolate aridity of the conscience of Israel, which was ungratefully drifting away from its Benefactor, forgetting his help.

"He who had given that formerly promised Land -- whose rich beauty surpassed all hope of the patriarchs -- to his People found his Land to be such. The Christ found it to be such when He descended to fulfill the second part of the great promises made to Abraham[219] -- that is, after having given him and his descendants the land seen in the vision and a posterity more numerous than the

[219] Gn 22:15-18

stars, the promise that he would be given the Messiah, born of the womb of a daughter of Abraham, to redeem the world.

"And the Christ gave the oasis with twelve fountains and seventy palms to the people languishing in the desert so that it would have refreshment and nourishment and camp in the oasis provided by the Savior.

"A true gift of Most Holy Jesus were the twelve apostles left to perpetuate Him in his magisterium and give souls the living water of the divine words, and the Food contained in the Sacraments. A true gift of Most Holy Jesus were the seventy-two disciples, who, as coworkers of the apostles, formed the initial core of the Apostolic Church along with them, the Oasis around which the multitudes of believers have become ever more numerous, the oasis which has spread out, fertilizing the soil, overcoming the desert, to the point of elevating its glorious palm trees in all points of the Earth. The restoring oasis, the saving oasis.

"See this truth in the first part of the reading on this moment of the Exodus and never be like the people that, when near the founts and palms of Elim, complained about this gift of Our Lord Jesus.

"The second figure: the Bread of Heaven. The Manna which man could not imagine or demand, which man could not give himself, but which the eternal Lord liberally gives his children so they will not die of hunger, the sweet-tasting, white Manna which is given in such measure that there will be enough for *all* who wish to feed upon it every day. And only rebellion against God's commandments, infractions of the Law make it change from holy, Life-giving Food into Corruption. Not through Itself, for It is incorrupted, incorrupting, and incorruptible, like Him whom not even death corrupted and who is That Itself with his Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, as He was in his days of Earth. But it becomes corruption through being received in sin for accursed is the one who feeds on It in the spirit of Judas, the enemy of obedience and justice.

"Reflect on the words of God Most Holy: 'And thus may I test whether or not he walks according to my Law.' *Indeed, he who in feeding upon the Most Holy* ***Eucharist*** *-- food* which is not given to the angels themselves, but which Infinite Love gives to men -- does *not sanctify himself, but remains as he was or regresses to a worse state shows that he is not walking according to the Law, for with his soul obstinately at fault, more or less seriously,* he must take that Food, since such Food does not come to transform him.

"**Eucharist** and good will -- the **Eucharist**, God's love, and good will, man's love -- when joined together can produce nothing but holiness. Good will clears the ground of what could make the Most Holy Seed sterile which germinates eternal Life. Good will places upon the altar what serves to consummate the holocaust -- that is what the **Eucharistic** fire can set aflame, burning the material man to ignite the spirit, purify it, and make it nimble as a flame tending towards Heaven, rising up with its gleams and its perfumes to Heaven to rejoin the Fire which has set it aflame: Fire with fire for the union of love.

"But when good will is lacking and disobedience is present -- that is, a state of sin -- what can the **Eucharist** do? Nothing more than the Manna could when gathered in a way contrary to the one commanded by God. It remains inert in its action and becomes harmful, in its effect, in whoever receives it. Nor I am I speaking just of the truly sacrilegious, but also of the lukewarm and the proud, who feed on it out of habit, virtually saying, 'It is we who show this condescension towards God, we who carry out this custom.'

"'On the sixth day they must prepare what they have brought and let it be double the amount they usually gathered day by day.'

"On the sixth day -- that is, the eve of the Lord's Day (and every day of Holy Communion is the Lord's Day for the soul) -- souls must prepare what they habitually possess: fervor, repentance, and resolutions, so as to go worthily and fruitfully to receive the Bread of Heaven. Blessed are those who do so. And blessed are those for whom every day is the eve of the Lord's Day, and in perpetual preparation for the wonderful, sanctifying, vital encounter their lives transpire. When they have arrived at the eve of the great day of their rest: death in the grace of God, they will hear themselves being comforted by the Priests of God, by the voice of their heart and of the Guardian Angel, with these words: 'Tonight (death is the night) you will know that the Lord is the One who has led you out of the land of Egypt (that is, from the earthly life, which is exile and sorrow). And tomorrow morning (that is, having overcome death) you shall see the glory of the Lord:' that is, Heaven, your dwelling-place as saints eternally.

"This is what the reading of the Blessing of the Palms ought to say to you. And now let us meditate on the Holy Mass.

"Supplicate with your true and perfect Master. You are truly cast, like metal liquefied by heat, in his form and take on the likeness of Him in his passion. Your humanity has melted in the heat of charity, the spirit has become soft in order to be remodeled, and hour by hour a sign of your beloved Jesus in his Passion is being impressed upon you. His desires are yours, his sorrows are yours, his moments of solitude, his bitter observations of what men are; his desolation on seeing Himself not understood, rejected, and mocked in that way is yours. And yours are his moans and his prayers to the Father.

"Holy Week, week of pain. But for having always given you his loveliest gems in this week, which is the perfection of his many weeks as a Man -- nor does any of all the weeks which saw Him in the world equal this final one as a Man subject to pain -- be grateful to Him as you would be for the most beautiful proof of love. Do not wonder, 'What torture will this one bring me? What chalice will I drink between Thursday and Friday? What agony? What death? What discomfort? What betrayal?'

"Do not ask yourself. Abandon yourself to your Father. One hour will be spared you: that of abandonment by God. You have already experienced it, when it was necessary to come to the aid of the souls led to despair and restore

Heaven to them and restore them to Heaven, and *that torture is not lived through twice.*

"The Eternal and Holy Father will therefore reject no longer his little 'voice,' and you can cry to Him, certain of being heard: 'Oh! Lord, do not withhold your aid from me, come to my defense, free me from the lion's mouth, free me, who am so weak, from the buffalo's horns.'

"He has already heard one prayer of yours in these days. But persevere in that aim, for there is still a great deal to do for that soul. And there is even more to be done for you, who really see the horrendous mouth which would like to devour you opening wide over you and the threatening horns leveled at you of the diabolical buffalo that would like to terrify you to blot out the work of God. Nor are you defended by the one who has the duty of defending you, as a fellow, as one of the faithful, and as an instrument.

"You are familiar with this aspect of your Master as well: the flight of the apostles, of his friends, when the storm raged over the Innocent One, the selfish thought of man in all such cases: 'May I be saved,' and with it abandoning, without heroism and without justice, the defenseless one to his accusers.

"But God, even if He seems absent, is present. But God judges and measures. But God defends. And human injustice, I repeat once again, cannot affect divine Justice.

"'My God, turn to me. Why have You abandoned me?' Yes, that is the moaning of the soul in the hours of darkness. But it is not condemned by God. But it is not an offense to God. But it does not denote despair of God. Otherwise the Most Holy Word would not have cried thus, both in Gethsemane and on the Cross. In his lament, which to the superficial may appear a reproach against God and despair, is faith. Faith in his help, in his presence, in his justice, even if the forces of evil, triumphing for their brief hour, seem to negate everything and so lead the soul to tremble like a guilty man before the Perfect Judge.

"The forces of evil that hurl the anathema against the innocent and accuse them of crimes to crush them in the spirit as well and 'separate them from salvation.'

"Oh, soul of mine, even if you were burdened with sin, a victim expiating and redeeming the sins of men, a victim offering herself to continue the work of Jesus the Redeemer, burdened with accusations of sins as was the Christ in those tremendous hours, consider *that it is an external weight, external garb.* It is not the fault of the spirit, not leprosy upon it, not filthy clothing -- all of which would cause you to be thrown out of God's banquet -- but on that spirit there are only the glorious wounds of the victim soul, and those wounds are an ornament, not a dishonor. The angel apostle stated who the ones before the throne of God and the Lamb are: 'These are the ones who come from the *great*

tribulation and have washed and whitened their robes in the blood of the Lamb.'[220]

"Those robes whitened with the Pain of pains, with the Victim of victims, and with the great tribulation of the true faithful, of the 'victims,' of those martyred to be co-redeemers, are adorned with the gems of your sufferings, including the gem of unjust accusations.

"Do not fear, soul of mine. And do not moan if you are humiliated and crucified. The Prayer says so: because He humbled Himself in taking on mortal flesh and subjected Himself to death on the cross, the Most Holy Word became the Savior. Little voice, voluntary host, join and even surpass the Prayer's request and ask not only to deserve to receive the teachings and fruits of the vital and mortal sacrifice of Christ, but rather to be like Him and humiliated and crucified with Him to save a great number of souls.

"To save is greater than to be saved.[221] For it is an affirmation that the little savior is already saved, since only where God lives in the fullness of his graces is there heroic virtue; and love for the cross, for pain, and for holocaust through love of that great love possessed by 'whoever lays down his life for his brothers'[222] is heroic virtue. And because to save means to be 'another Christ.' Through patience you will arrive at Glory and the resurrection in Heaven, in God, forever, after the death which is life on Earth.

"Let us read Paul: 'Have the same sentiments as Jesus Christ in yourselves.' That is the model. Paul does not say, 'The same as this or that saint.' He says *the same as Jesus Christ.*

"Christ said, 'Be perfect as my Father in Heaven is perfect.'[223]

"It is obvious, even for upright human reflection, that even if Christ had been only a great prophet, he would have been the first to strive to reach the perfection of the Father, according to what He taught. And in truth Jesus is the mirror reflection of Heavenly Perfection, of the Triniform God. Not a single fault in Him in thirty-three years of life, to the extent that the Truth, living in mortal form, could state, 'Who among you can convict me of sin?'[224] And, when near death, in the hour when not even ordinary men lie, but only those who are servants of Deceit can maintain deceit, He repeated before the Pontiff, 'I have spoken in the hearing of all and have said nothing in secret. Why do you question me? Question those who have heard me about what I told them.'[225]

"Oh, blessed are those who can repeat these words to their accusers without blushing, certain that they have not performed reprehensible actions! Blessed! Most blessed! *Slain, but not contradicted by the facts, they ascend to*

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[220] Rv 7:14
[221] Jn 5:19-20
[222] Jn 15:18
[223] Mt 5:48
[224] Jn 8:46
[225] Jn 18: 20-21

God, already crowned, and if in time men change their judgment of those they one day condemned, it is indeed not they who raise the crown from the dark Earth to place it on the head of the blessed one, but it is a crown which descends and in its celestial splendor speaks and causes those to tremble who raised their hands and opened their mouths against the one God loved and who loved God and served Him with perfect service.

"'Have in yourselves the same sentiments as Jesus Christ, who, though existing in the form of God, did not regard this equality of his as plunder.'

"Jesus, on account of being the One Born to Mary, was no less God than He was as the Word in Heaven. The Flesh did not annul the Divinity in Christ. As True God and True Man, He had not one, but two perfections in Himself. That of the Divine Nature, hidden, but not diminished by the Flesh, and that of the Human Nature, retrieved and indeed superperfected from what was Adam's nature, for to the gift of a perfect human nature -- God's gratuitous gift to Adam -- He had joined his own will to superperfect human nature. The First-Born from among the dead wished to redeem fallen man not only with his Blood,[226] but by bearing Humanity -- once perfect, then fallen -- to a superperfection so that Hell and the blasphemers of the Truth would be left defeated and confused.

"Bend your heads, O men who want to explain the unexplainable with the poor science created by you, dark and devoid of supernatural lights and guides. Annihilate yourselves, O you that know only how to discover Error, or Harm. You are defeated. Jesus Christ, the Man, with the flashing of his Humanity, destroys your axioms, annuls your calculations, shows you up for what you are: the maniacally proud who measure God -- if you accept Him -- by your pettiness, and, if you do not accept Him, go on raving about impossible self-creations of matter, about degrading and impossible lines of descent.

"Jesus Christ is the Man. And there is no philosopher or mad founder of sacrilegious religions who can create a superman that is more so than the Man not born by carnal will, but by the Will of God.

"And this Perfect One, in whom was the Fullness of the Divinity and that of the Holy Humanity, did not think that because of the former He could abuse all power for the sake of the latter... 'But He annihilated Himself, taking the form of a slave and becoming similar to men, He appeared as a simple man and humiliated Himself, making Himself obedient unto death, and death on the cross.'

"This, O dear voices, O dear victims, is where you must arrive, precisely so that God may shine forth more brightly in you. Honor entails obligation. Being extraordinary instruments must not give you pride or pretensions of enjoying material benefits, pretensions of immunity from pain, offenses, calumnies, unjust accusations, disdain, abandonment -- from everything, in short,

[226] Cl 1:18

which Jesus, the God-Man, suffered. But rather, deeming yourselves more than compensated for all sacrifice by the extraordinary gifts which God grants you and by acceptance of your sacrifice -- for there is no greater honor than to be judged worthy to be 'hosts' -- you must perfect yourselves in humility and in obedience, heroic obedience unto death, and death on a cross.

"But listen to what Paul says in concluding: 'For this reason as well, however, God exalted Him and gave Him a Name above every other name, so that in the name of Jesus every knee must bend in Heaven and on Earth and in Hell, and every tongue must confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father.'

"In due measure -- oh, fear not, dear victim souls and voices -- you will be given by God a name which is above the one men have given you, a name already written in Heaven. And a day will come when, at least for a period of time, the knee of every man that did not deserve to be at the right hand of the Lord and Judge will have to bend before the victors, and your name will be known, and more than one of those who judged you, with mistaken judgment, will change his tune before the truth. They will kneel not to honor you spontaneously, but crushed by the flashes which from Christ the Judge will go out to his saints, forming a blinding sea of light entirely written in words of Truth, with the names of truth. And the Truth will separate forever the voluntarily blind from the willing seers, and the Light will establish Himself in glory with his chosen ones, while Darkness will swallow up darkness, and in the Abyss there will be the howl of anguish and despairing recognition from those who have failed to know God and recognize God in his servants and God in the works of those same servants. The reflection of the Name of Jesus written on the brows of the saints! And not one will then be unknown. One hundred and forty-four thousand times the Name of Jesus written on the foreheads of the saints![227] Arrows of flashing light to wither the one hundred and, forty-four thousand times 144,000 guilty ones who denied God in his dearest creatures and tortured them with their denials!

"Dear soul, it is worthwhile to suffer the Cross for that hour. Place your right hand in the hand of the Lamb going up to his Calvary and let yourself be led with his approval so as to be welcomed with honor afterwards where those marked with the Name of Jesus await the hour of the triumphal review.

"How good the Lord is to the upright of heart! How good He is! But keep awake and watch so that your steps will not stray from the path and your heart will not grumble against justice on seeing the momentary triumph of sinners.

"Christ, too, saw it and wept, shouting, 'I cry to You and You do not hear me. But, in this hour, I am a worm and not a man, the disgrace of men and dregs of the people. All who see me deride me, mutter with their lips, and shake

[227] Rev 14:1

their heads, saying, "He hoped in the Lord. Let the Lord free him, then, and save him, since He loves him so much!" And they strip me after having derided me, and divide my possessions, drawing lots on my Truth, almost as if it were a matter for wagers...!'

"Oh, holy modesty of Christ, not only because of the covering of the Flesh left uncovered, but because of the Truth ill-treated, mocked, and altered to render it ridiculous and sacrilegious, like the work of a madman or a demon.

"Your torture, crucified extraordinary instruments. Your torture! You await someone with respect and compassion and find no man to console you. You ask for charity, and they give you gall. You beg for the refreshment of a fraternal word, of holy understanding, and they give you vinegar to sharpen the pain of your wounds.

"Prostrate yourself and with your Guardian pray, 'Father, if this chalice cannot be separated from me without my drinking it, Thy Will be done.' *The great word which many, who are severe to their brothers, are unable to say as far as they are concerned.* But say it yourself, to bend the Lord to the fulfillment of your just desires.

"Let us bless the Lord!"

"Thanks be to God."

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit."

The Penance Of Holy Thursday[228]

Jesus' Words During My Thanksgiving for Holy Communion on Holy Thursday

I was ardently praying for Father, Paola, M. Teresa, Fed.,[229] and, finally, myself, that it might become clear that I was innocent and that God might defend me. And I was praying with the words "O Lord, I offer You Holy Communion today, the Feast of the Holy **Eucharist**, that You may help me and help those dear to me or those I feel greatly need help. Blessed Virgin of Fatima, St. John the Ap---"

Jesus cut off my words, saying:

"You have named the two **Eucharistic** souls *par excellence.*

"Mary, my Mother, was the perfection of **Eucharistic** souls. The **Eucharist** means to have God in oneself with his Divinity and his Humanity. Mary had God in her spirit with his Divinity from the moment she was conceived in Anna's womb; she had God with his Humanity when she changed from a daughter into God's Spouse and became pregnant with God; she had God with his Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity from the evening of Holy Thursday until her

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[228] *NB45, April 18, 1946, p. 249*

[229] Father Migliorini, Paola Belfanti, Mother Teresa Maria, and Emma Federici.

Dormition, for the **Eucharist** was her Food, and her womb and her spirit were the ciborium of the **Eucharist**.

"John the Beloved One, had purity and love from the use of reason on; he had an ardent desire for God from his most tender years onward; he had total faith in his Jesus, encountered near the Jordan River; he had victory, over against human respect and human calculation, out of love for Me. From the evening of Boly Thursday until his nearly one-hundredth evening he opened himself to receive Me in the Sacrament of Love, as he had previously opened his intellect to receive my Word.

"They are the two most perfect **Eucharistic** spirits among all who belonged or will belong to the great family of Christians."

And He said nothing more, for these are days of penance, and there is no greater penance for poor Maria -- who can no longer carry out the ordinary, daily acts of penance she greatly loved, except when Jesus' goodness grants that she may -- than this silence of Jesus... But today I was happy because I had been able to resume the forms of penance which Jesus had taken away from me because of my condition. I offered them to make reparation for Jesus' sufferings and for Father Romualdo, *who, precisely today, directed a rebuke at me...* Another flogging, more painful than the material ones... I offered this rebuke, too, to the Suffering Jesus for my suffering Director -- who makes me suffer more than anyone else... And, completely alone in my room, I resumed -- it was 9 p.m. -- for Marta was visiting the Seven Churches...

Shortly before Miss Rocchiccioli, the sister of my pastor, who had come to wish me well, had left. After speaking about one thing or another, she happened to mention Dora Barsotelli -- describing her in terms of the opinion held by many and repeating her assertions that when her husband came, he would be told that she was not sick, but hysterical (so it seemed to me, more or less...) and that was because she had fallen in love with the local priest (?). Wonderful...! That was all we needed! My remark: if she were holy, she would not say certain things. Miss Rocchiccioli was right. But the bad part was that she generalized and concluded, "When the evacuation took place, they told me about some man or woman who wrote revelations, dictations, or whatever! And Father Migliori Di attended to her. Did he ever bring you some of them to read?"

I answered, "He never brought any to me." Indeed, there was no need for him to bring them... It was I who gave them to him to be taken away... so that *he would keep them,* but...

And Miss Rocchiccioli ended, "I certainly never believed in that because the saints don't put themselves on display, and the mere fact that they want to be known shows that they are not saints. But, for the sake of curiosity, seeing that Father Mariano was reading these notebooks, I asked him for them. But he refused to give them to me, saying that Father Migliorini, his superior, did not give his permission. 'Well, keep them,' I replied. In any case, to believe in a saint I wait until he's canonized. So what! Well! Whether it was a man or a

woman, such saints, unless they are crazy, do not make themselves known and wait for the Church to speak out" and so on.

"You are right," I replied. "The soul that has understood God does not seek praise and human notoriety." And I said so with utter conviction! *It is what I have been preaching for three years...* But it was never heeded.

Inside, though, with the pain of one seeing something more than a human masterpiece crushed in the mire, I wept, thinking once more of all the harm that had been done to *God's Work.* It is useless to be offended, my Father, and rebel against the truth, which is this. It is useless to try to persuade anyone that what has been done in opposition to God's will and the continuous prayer of the woman who has never wanted to be known and did not want the Work to be known before her death in order to obey God is not harmful. In addition to the pain of having to lie by saying, "I don't know this," there is the pain of hearing that exactly what has not been done is being judged as an error, and the Work, as fanaticism -- something it does not deserve -- and, *above all, the pain of seeing that what is the word of God is taken as an object of mockery...*

What great, great pain! I am truly scourged more than by lashes... But You know the Truth, O Jesus Christ! You know it... Miss Rocchiccioli, I am convinced, said it without malice, not knowing she was in front of the person she was criticizing, and if she finds out one day, she will be left mortified more than I. But, in the meantime, how many mortifications *and what great Pain from seeing the Work stripped of its decorous, supernatural guise!* A piece of buffoonery! Reduced to a bit of ludicrous tomfoolery...

Oh, Father! You, that speak imperiously because Maria points out the full seriousness of the mistake made by disseminating the King's secret[230] -- what do you know about this agony of mine, which really makes me shed tears and life? What are You grieving about...?

It is the evening of Holy Thursday... Jesus forgave... And I forgive...

Second Sunday After Easter[231]

Introit: Ps 33(32): 5-6, 1

Collect: Lord, You have raised up a fallen world by the humility of Your Son; grant Your faithful people perpetual joy, so that to those whom You have saved from the perils of eternal death, You may grant everlasting happiness. Through the same Christ our Lord.

Epistle: 1 P 2:21-25

Paschal alleluia: Lk 24:35; Jn 10:14

Gospel: Jn 10:11-16

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[230] Tobit 12:7.

[231] *AZ, May 5, 1946, p. 86*

Offertory: Ps 63(62):2, 5

Secret: May this holy oblation, Lord, ever bring us Your saving blessing; so that what it represents in a mystery it may perform by its efficacy. Through our Lord.

Communion: Jn 10:14

Postcommunion: Grant us, we pray, almighty God, that we who receive from You the grace of a new life, may always glory in Your gift. Through our Lord.

Azariah says:

"The Earth is filled with the Mercy of the Lord; and if it were received by hearts just as it is shed upon all the living, there would no longer be any wretches, sinners, or separated ones. But entirely united in a Single Flock -- guided and protected by the Shepherd who gave his Life for his sheep and who offers Himself, Life, to all, to give Life -- Humanity would proceed in unity and with the strength of that union, defended by it against hatreds, political divisions, egoisms, and cupidity between State and State, People and People, defended against this evil, whose flame is fanned by the Adversary to provoke ever new and ever greater misfortunes for mankind.

"But Mercy remains inert for too many, not on its own account, but because of the excessive number who do not want to receive it. Like the Lord, whose gentle attribute it is, Mercy can say, 'I stand at the door of hearts and knock.'[232] But too often the eternal, beneficent Lover receives in reply the response of the Bride in the Song: 'I have taken off my tunic. Why put it on again? I have washed my feet. Why soil them again?'[233]

"Yes, this poor Humanity replies that way to its Powerful Lover, the Only One who loves it and could save it, and does not reflect on how great his love is and on how much it can hope for from this great love of a God who humbles Himself by offering Himself and asking to be received!

"Those proud people who say, 'Too much have we wanted to act on our own, and He can no longer love us,' and thus the ones who moan contritely (but with a spurious contrition not surpassing the stagnant point of human despair moaning over material sufferings and complaining about being tormented by them, but not passing on to the luminous degree of contrition -- that is, the degree which says, 'I have sinned. Your punishment is just. Thank you for giving me a way to expiate with pain in *this* life. But have mercy on me for the sake of your Mercy') resemble the lazy Sulamite[234] who still does not know the Bridegroom perfectly in his infinite beauty and power, to possess which no sacrifice is too weighty and do not leap at the invitation by the one forgiving them even before they ask for forgiveness and coming forward, saying, 'Receive me.'

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[232] Rv 8:20

[233] Sg 5:3

[234] *Canticle of Canticles (Song of Solomon) 7:1*

"Or mankind stands up, when despair is such that Humanity recognizes therein the claw mark of the infernal Beast, but it rises when He, tired of waiting, has departed. Nor is it capable of imitating the repentant spouse who makes reparation for her cold laziness by untiringly going in search of Him, defying darkness, watchmen, heavy dews, and dangers, agreeing to be stripped of her robes -- which are quite poor, even if appearing regal, as are those of Humanity as a queen fallen upon hard times that has lost the King who made her such -- if only she could find Him again. And yet his Word fills the Heavens created by Him and they bear witness to Him, just as everything in Creation bears witness to his providential power, and events confirm prophecies, and there is no doubt that the Word of the Father is King, Savior, Redeemer, and, therefore, the Only Shepherd.

"How can man, so many men, persist in a deafness which lower beings do not display that obey the orders received in the beginning and, if stars and planets, they give light and heat and lead their lives providing assistance to the inhabitants of your planet, as you are unable to; if animals, they procreate, and each supplies what it should; if plants, they bear fruit or serve with wood; if elements, they provide heat, bedew, ventilate, transport, nourish? Why does man -- so many, too many men -- not accept the invitation seeking to unite them in One Single Church founded by Him who died for men? Why do the branches want to remain separated and wild, when, if rejoined to the trunk, they would be nourished with good sap? Is man worse than the plants, which accept the graft and the transplant in order to be more useful and fruitful?

"Yes, man is worse than the tree. And he deprives himself of so much good because he is obstinate in his separation. And, though the upright of heart are not lacking among the separated, we thus see that they mutilate and sterilize their uprightness by wanting to remain separated from the trunk, whose roots sink into the earth of the catacombs and whose summit touches the Heavens: from Rome; and, therefore, the One Catholic, Apostolic Church is called Roman, created not by a poor man, poor even if a powerful king on a human throne, not by an excommunicate already marked with the sign of Hell, but by the God Man, the eternal, Thrice-Holy King.

"Yes, man, and too many men who, though knowing Christ as Evangelicals, Orthodox, Orientals, Greeks, schismatics, Maronites, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Waldenses -- just to name some of the leading separated branches -- trample on even the proof of love which Christ has given for their salvation: his humiliations. And they prefer to remain impoverished when they could be ennobled; they prefer to be *'dead'* when they could be *'alive,'* because of their obstinate will to be the 'separated.'

"Condemnation upon them? No. They continue to be your brethren. Poor brethren far from the House of the Father. Eating a bread which does not satisfy, living in a haze which keeps them from seeing the radiant Truth, slaking their thirst at impure founts not offering the Water which comes from Heaven

and leads to Heaven. The sadness of their religions is reflected in their rites. Their hymns resemble the songs of exiles, the songs of slaves. The search of one who knows he has a father but no longer finds him is in their preaching. The display of one making up for the void of truth with choreography is in their ceremonies.

"They try to feel God and bring God to be felt; they speak the language of God and his saints so as to persuade themselves that they are, still his brothers and saved by Him. But the melancholy of separation is upon them and in them. They are the false rich, the false well-fed, the poor ones obsessed with having nourishment and abundance; but they are undernourished -- and very, very poor. The great treasures of Catholicity, the infinite treasures of Christ, the Head of Catholicity, are closed to them. Let us pray for them... And you that can suffer, suffer for them.[235]

"To suffer! God's gift to men. Sharing in the mission of Christ. A means to become saviors in addition to being saved. A nobility which the best among men in wisdom and sanctity possess. For only those who have comprehended and who want wisdom and sanctity love suffering. But if Christian man meditated on how Christ has revealed Himself and has always acted, he would love suffering.

"Luke says that the disciples recognized the Lord when He broke the bread.[236] Perhaps because Jesus had a special way of breaking bread? No, every man breaks it as He did, every head of a family, everyone presiding at table...

"But in the symbolic gesture of Himself -- the Divine Bread, broken and split up so that every man could have it -- He manifested Himself as who He was. The Pilgrim encountered along the way by the two from Emmaus revealed Himself to be Jesus by that symbolic gesture. He had already spoken to them and explained the Scriptures. And yet, although they were disciples who had known Him for years in his appearance and way of teaching, they had not recognized Him. The perfect beauty of the Risen One was able to transfigure the features of the Rabbi whom they remembered as often sweaty, dusty, and weary in the labors of the Gospel and whom they had last seen for a moment in the hours of Friday, altered by the sufferings and the foulness hurled upon Him, swollen by the blows, disfigured by the crust of dust and blood covering over his Face. But that was his speech. Jesus has never changed his accent, tone, and method. And yet they did not recognize Him as the Savior.

"But when He took the intact bread and blessed. it, offered it and then broke it and gave it to them, *then they recognized Him.*

"Jesus was the Bread of Heaven, the Intact Bread which had undergone no manipulation by man. Intact, holy, and gentle, He had descended from Heaven to Earth on a winter's night and had separated Himself a first time in a mysterious measure from the Two who with Him formed the holy Triad. The

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[235] Ep1:22
[236] Lk 24:13-35

pain of the separation, of the first break, marked the entry of the Light into the midst of Darkness. And for thirty-three years, at an increasing pace, the life of Christ was nothing but a succession of humiliations metaphorically comparable to those of bread reduced to crumbs and scattered in progressive fractions, annihilated to being: a means for all needs. Were the last three years not a reduction to crumbs for all hungers, for all souls, for all the needs of souls? Who was more annihilated than He, misunderstood by ignorant, closed-minded friends and by resentful enemies? Who was more broken to give -- by suffering and untiring action -- health to bodies and souls, and wisdom, and forgiveness, and example to everyone?

"And at the Last Supper did He not summarize in one rite the whole meaning of Himself and his mission and his holocaust? The evangelists agree in saying that, on coming to a point in the Paschal Supper, He introduced a new rite into the old one: He took bread, blessed it, and broke it, giving a piece to each one of his Twelve and saying, 'This is my Body *given* for you. *Do this in memory of Me.'*[237]

"Oh, I beg you, O Christians! Release your thought from your heavy limitations; clarify your spiritual gaze, and *see,* and *understand* beyond your usual limits!

"'This is my Body given for you.' 'Given,' He meant, in this way: *'broken,* for love of your good spurs Me to break Myself, to let Myself, the Untouchable One, be broken by men...'

'"Do this in memory of me.' The **Eucharistic** rite is established with these words. But not that alone.

"The advice to the elect among his redeemed ones is also in those words. And that advice is 'To be worthy of the election by which I have chosen you -- my true Servants among the servants -- in memory of Me, who by this teach you the form and manner of becoming Masters and Redeemers, *break yourselves into pieces.* Without repugnance, pride, fears, or human considerations. Split, break, annihilate, and destroy yourselves, *give yourselves* to men, for men, and out of love for Me, who, out of love for them, give Myself to whoever breaks Me, as I gave Myself to whoever wanted miracles and instruction.'

"Someone incapable of breaking and giving himself is not a good disciple. And the generosity, the immolation of the person able to break himself to satisfy the hunger of his brothers and sisters is the sign causing the true servants of God to be recognized.

"'And they recognized Him when He broke the bread. *And they will recognize you by your breaking yourselves out of charity and justice.* They will recognize you as true servants.

"Therefore, O dear voices, O chosen instruments, love what is humbling, painful, laborious, holy breaking into pieces for the good of one's brothers

[237] Lk 22:19; 1 Co 11:24

and the glory of God. Then the Good Shepherd will speak for you and say, 'I am the Good Shepherd, and I know my sheep, and my sheep know Me.' He will say, 'My sheep? Here they are. These are the ones! These who set their feet where I set them, even if the final way is that of Calvary. And since they truly *know* Me, they do what I did, willing to be broken if only they can save their brothers.'

"The blessed apostle Peter confirms my words in his epistle. Listen to him: 'Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example so that you will follow in his footsteps.'

"The sheep of the true Sheepfold would no longer belong to it if they abandoned their Shepherd by following in the footsteps of another, to other pastures which were not those of the Master of the Flock. And his steps do not involve material joy, but suffering, fruitful for the one undergoing it and for others, since to suffer with Christ and in Christ means to continue the Redemption of Christ.

"Nor should any of you specially chosen instruments -- along with all of you wishing to call yourselves fervent Christians -- complain about trials, sorrows, and anguish, terming them unjust because they are undeserved.

"'He,' the Apostle says, 'who never committed sin or uttered deceitful words, who, when cursed, did not curse, when ill-treated, did not threaten and placed Himself in the hands of those judging Him unjustly, bore our sins Himself, in his body, on the cross.'

"Who among men can say this in the knowledge that it is not a lie? Who can say, 'I have never sinned or uttered deceitful words or cursed or felt rancor towards those who hated me, and without reacting I placed myself in the hands of my executioners?' No one can say so. And why, then, do you complain, if He did not? Why do you react, if He did not offer resistance?

"Do you not, then, have in yourselves the key to the secret whereby one can suffer with joy and a willing haste to suffer? The secret is this: 'So that, dead to sin, men might live in justice, healed of their wounds through his Wounds.'

"That's it! Love, once more love, ever again perfect love provides the key to the joy of suffering. Those who have understood the Master and have completely wished to imitate the Master are able to die so that men will live in justice and be healed of the wounds of their sins.

"For *all* our brothers, Maria! For *all* our brothers, O true Christians! Without pharisaisms which annul Christianity: a religion of love to take back to old Israel, full of severity.

"To suffer, therefore, not only for our Catholic brothers and sisters, but for the 'separated' brethren, for the straying sheep, that they may return to the Shepherd and Bishop instituted by Christ: the Successor of Peter, Head of the lambs and also a lamb himself of the Eternal Lamb.

"And I entrust you to the arms of the Good Shepherd, consumed lamb, for the charity of your suffering today, this suffering of yours, which I deposit in the heavenly thuribles so that, together with all the prayers of the saints[238] it will burn and give off fragrance before the throne of God to obtain Mercy for the 'separated' and the grace of a return to the One Sheepfold.

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit! Alleluia!"

The Eternal, in the evening: "Maria! I bless you for all you are doing for souls!"

Third Sunday After Easter[239]

Introit: Ps 66(65):1-3
Collect: Lord, You show to those in error the light of Your truth, so that they may return to the way of righteousness; grant to all who profess themselves Christians that they may reject what is contrary to that name and follow what is consonant with it. Through our Lord.
Epistle: l P 2:11-19
Paschal alleluia: Ps 111(110):9; Lk 24:46
Gospel: Jn 16:16-22
Offertory: Ps 146(145):2
Secret: May these holy mysteries, Lord, enable us to subdue worldly desires and learn to love the things of heaven. Through our Lord.
Communion: Jn 16:16
Postcommunion: May the sacraments which we have received, Lord, we implore You, be a quickening food for our souls and a protection to our bodies. Through our Lord.

Azariah says:

"It would, indeed, be proper for the whole Earth to sing praise to the Lord with an exultant voice. But if, with the faculties granted them, the lowest of the Earth do so, *for simply to carry out what one was created for is also to sing the praises of God the Creator,* the king of the Earth -- man the king of the animal creatures, master and exploiter of the animal, vegetable, aqueous, and mineral realms -- is incapable of doing so. Not with order, not with love. Order, through animal nature, which puts him on a level with all the species created with matter, leaving him the first place on the scale of those living on Earth. Love, through the spiritual nature with which God has endowed him to make

[238] Rv 5:8; 8:3-4
[239] *AZ, May 12, 1946, p. 93*

him similar to Himself, this ring joining the materiality of the brutes and the spirituality of the angels, this being for whom God has reserved an immortal life, as what is participation in God, one for whom He has created a Kingdom of eternal blessedness, cannot perish in nothingness.

"Man violates order, all order. He therefore violates love as well. For disorder is hatred, leading to works harmful to one's brothers and negligent towards God. Whoever harms his brothers, using the realms in which man is the king and exploiter to do harm, whoever does harm to his brothers, using the superior intelligence with which he is endowed to cause harm, whoever, believing himself to be a little god for a short time, in that time is incapable of offering God homage and obedience shows that he contravenes order and is thus disorderly in order and demonstrates that he hates his fellows and hates God, in harming the former and offending God in a thousand ways.

"The Liturgy recalls this duty of man, as a living being on Earth, of loving and praising the Lord, the first among the forms of reverential love for the One Worthy of all praise, a prudent act which, in reminding the intellect of the thought of God, restrains man's whole being from performing works which only those without faith can perform. But too few accept the advice, the liturgical invitation, and the Earth lacks too many human voices in the chorus of creation to its Creator. The most beautiful voices in the immense choir are scarce, for too many men forget that they exist because God maintains them.

"In the time of the psalmist the works of Creation were still acknowledged to be God's. Man now denies even these. And this being, who is unable on his own to create a single, slender, but innocent and useful, stalk of hay, denies God the attribute of Creator, frequently substitutes heavy, obscure Matter in place of God the Luminous and, repeating the accursed phrase, 'Like You, I am,' the phrase of the Rebel, succeeds in being the creator of death and pain, taking from the things created by God,[240] which 'were good,' the elements to create what 'is not good,' what is torment and estrangement.

"As in the psalmist's day, however, while with their works and their thought they go *against* God, *against* order, *against* peace, and against everything, it is clear that they also go against sincerity and, out of hypocrisy, calculation; and baseness, adulate God with false utilitarian celebrations, aimed at deceiving other men and fit for offending God more than any honest absence from worship.

"O hypocrites who always say, 'God! God!' while exclaiming 'I! I!' in your hearts; *your* works cover the Earth. But with what? With ruins, pain, death! The sublime terribleness of God has given 'good things' in his terrible Power, according to the ancient mode of expressing the grandiosity or perfection of a power; He has given them in his infinite power, according to the proper expression of recognition of God. And these works, terrible in power, made by God,

[240] Gn 1:1-25

had covered Creation with things, beings, elements, aids, natural laws, and supernatural Laws providing upbuilding, contentment, and life.

"This is man without God, for he is without charity towards either God or his brothers, doing *his* works, truly terrible in the current sense of the word, frightful, cruel, which destroy what God has made, trample on every right and every duty, deride every natural and supernatural law, annul love, and cause ruin, pain, and death.

"Can man check this avalanche of the godless? He can individually, by not cooperating with it -- that is, by leading a *truly* Christian life of order, justice, and love. And God helps these willing ones by giving them all the means to live with order, justice, and love.

"He gives them Grace through the merits of Christ, sustains them with the Sacraments, amplifies the Faith with the proofs of Truth and the Love of God. And, from man's birth to his death, He does nothing but continue these aids and others still, all of them supernatural, among which not the least is the angelic ministry, to make man arrive at death in grace and peace so as to receive eternal glory.

"He can do so collectively by joining his other brothers with benevolent brotherhood. A Christian society against an antiChristian society, a family of children faithful to the Father against a family of degenerate children who have abandoned the Father of Lights to choose the father of Darkness as their father.[241]

"But man is so weak that his will does not suffice to offer resistance to the force of Evil, that in a thousand forms scours the world and corrupts it, and corrupts souls, either definitively or by snatches, with sudden assaults. Man by himself cannot withstand Satan, for Satan is oneself and the flesh and the world. And, then, let us angels pray, along with you, good men, asking the Almighty, who has given the erring what they need to get back on the ways of justice, to grant those who are already on this path -- but who might be wrenched away from it by some trap or some bending of their will -- what they need to have the strength to reject all that is contrary to the Christian life and to practice what is in conformity with it, with fortitude and constancy until the end -- that is, let us ask that God grant his aid. With the help of the Lord, the weak become strong; the fearful, heroic; the sensual, temperant; and Justice is reached, and people maintain themselves and live therein, for even if one falls through a violent assault, through a momentary spiritual somnolence, we see that with the help of God he quickly gets up again and proceeds towards the goal: Heaven.

"And now let us meditate on the teachings of Peter, who can speak as a master, both because of his human experience and because he was instructed by the Word and enlightened by the Spirit Paraclete so that he could be the perpetual teacher of the Apostolic Church.

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[241] Jn 1:17

"Simon of Jonah, of Capernaum, Cephas of Our Lord Jesus, can speak to men as a man who *wanted* and *was able* to become an Apostle and as an Apostle upon whom the Pentecostal Flame descended to consecrate him to the perfect teaching.

"Have you ever meditated, O soul of mine, on the symbol of that tongue of fire which -- you have seen it -- rested upon each of the Apostles' heads while it crowned the All-Holy Woman with a wreath? I want to have you comprehend it. You are generally told: in the form of a flame to be perceptible to the Apostles and to signify love and light. Yes, that, too -- but not that alone.

"The Paraclete could have -- and it would have sufficed -- come in the 'great rush of wind'[242] and penetrated into the Cenacle -- where the **Eucharistic** Rite had already been fulfilled: the donation of the God made Flesh to his faithful so that He would be in them even after the separation and they would not be deserted by their beloved Master; He could have penetrated and remained, a globe of marvelous splendor to enlighten the minds which had to speak to the world of the True God and of his Christ.

"But the Paraclete did not limit Himself to that. He, too, like the Incarnate Word, *broke* and *gave Himself,* in a Communion, in an outpouring and donation of his gifts of Wisdom, Intelligence, Counsel, Science, Fortitude, Piety, and Fear of God, just as Jesus had given Himself in Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. And since, notwithstanding the sanguinary, most holy lavacre in the Blood of the Lamb, which had cleansed their souls, but had not destroyed their humanity -- which had to struggle on its own and evolve towards perfect spirituality -- that humanity remained, even after the Resurrection, heavy and dull, Ineffable Love, the Creator together with the Father and the Son -- for the Union and Will of the Three who love one another divinely are inseparable -- wanted *to create* the new apostolic man, when the Father in due course had already created him for life and the Son for Grace. The Paraclete, acting upon these two creations, wanted to complete and perfect them, burning up the heaviest, the most poisonous dross remaining in the humanity of the apostolic man, located in the head, where the five senses are joined together at the service of material sensuality, where the organ is enclosed presiding over sensations and transmitting them to the most remote organs, and where the agent of thought is. The head: the apex of man, the only animal that stands erect, almost as if to testify to his regality, and who, on account of his erectness, seems to symbolize the fact that, as the sun reigns longer on summits and the bolts of natural electricity descend, so he, the summit of creation, gathers in upon himself the divine Sun and receives the supernatural, marvelous commands and comforts of his Father who is in Heaven.

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[242] Ac 2:2

"But into the head, sometimes, and too often, informed with heavy slabs of threefold sensuality, the Divine Sun and the Father's messages[243] cannot enter while the corrupt fumes of a corrupt humanity rise up.

"He, the Most Holy Master, has said, 'It is from the heart that evil thoughts, homicides, thefts, adulteries, fornications, false witness, envies, and blasphemies come.'[244] And they rise up, like smoke from a malodorous brazier, to the head, producing disturbing thoughts which are then transmitted to the executive organs.

"Even if in the Apostles there were not homicides, robberies, adulteries, fornications, false witness, and blasphemies, what a lesser throng of lesser shortcomings -- but still unworthy of spiritual masters -- was in them and might grow, out of pride over being masters and aided in an extraordinary way by the extraordinary gifts of God! How many fall into discredit for this reason! In how many the extraordinary gifts are a ruin!

"It should in truth be said that the selection of spirits is carried out on account of sin, but it can be stated that not only by way of darkness the lambs are separated from the goats, but also through the luminous means of the extraordinary gifts. God often pours Himself out with these gifts. He seldom persists, for He is put to flight by the pride, deceit, and spiritual sensuality of the creature benefited by the extraordinary gift.

"In the Apostles that was not to happen. In the son of Darkness, in the wretched deicide Judas, the gift of miracles had initiated the Apostle's ruin. But in the twelve destined to evangelize the world there were not to be any more ruins. And behold the Spirit in his Pentecostal Communion burning and purifying the seat of sense and thought: the heads of the apostolic men, while He crowned with love the head of the Virgin, his Spouse, and drew close to kiss with the only kiss worthy of the Most Blessed Virgin Mother, the one who was All-Grace, Daughter, Spouse, and Mother of Grace, Mary, Queen of the Apostles and of the Church on Earth, Queen of the Angels in Heaven. Alleluia!

"And now that I have explained the symbol of the breaking of the Paraclete Fire into so many tongues and of their burning over the Apostles' heads, let us return to the Apostle Peter, who, having become spiritual after the Communion of the Spirit, remembered that he had been a man and with charity and knowledge and truth told and tells men who are his disciples and brothers the rules to reach the spirituality which makes them saints.

"He says, 'I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, to refrain from carnal desires.'

"Indeed, Christian man is a stranger and pilgrim in the midst of pagan throngs. The world, pagan in its customs, and humanity itself, more or less latent, or more or less violent in the Christian, makes the spirit proceed as a pilgrim and stranger through countries not his own, unknown and dangerous.

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[243] I Jn 2:16

[244] Mt 15:19; Mk 7:21-22

"And we see, then, that Peter warns, 'Refrain from carnal desires' as beings of another nation that could take you and then make you their slaves.

"Proceed warily. For you do not know the real visage of the things surrounding you. They may have a good appearance and be abject, an innocent appearance and be roguish. Watch yourselves. Do not make easy alliances. Have charity, but do not let what belongs to others not of your chosen lineage penetrate you.

"Charity which prays and forgives and instructs by actions even more than by words. But discretion. Always remember that the spirit is more delicate than a virgin and that, if deflowered, it no longer has the lovely freshness of innocence. Forgiveness descends upon the repentant spirit, and penance makes it once again acceptable to the Lord. But the memory remains, the memory of the fall. And memory mortifies and may be of use to Satan to shake specters in the twilight hours which every man encounters -- and especially in the hour of death -- to make man fearful and distrustful of God.

"Oh, supreme security of a spirit unsullied by mortal sins and voluntary sins! How you should be sought after and protected, supreme security, to make man take joy in you!

"Be cautious, then, while you are strangers and pilgrims. For your own sakes and for the honor of God. Don't you want to work for his glory? And you must thus be bent on converting the pagans enslaved to sense and the world. But how can you be if the sensual and worldly could oppose against your words the fact that you are like them? Be careful, then, not to provoke complaining on your account, but, rather, by your authentically holy works, take care to provoke positive reflections which prepare for the Lord's coming to the pagans of the world, who, on the day of their conversion through your merit, will glorify you as their saviors, together with the great and Thrice-Holy God and Savior.

"And Peter says, 'Be subject to all authority out of consideration for God.'

"And what of it? Does God perhaps protect certain inauspicious authorities? Oh, don't harbor that thought! But what accumulates merits upon you -- your obedience to all human authority, so that it cannot be said that you are rebellious and turbulent and a scandal to others -- at the same time accumulates condemnations upon anyone holding authority who uses it iniquitously. Be subject, therefore. And to what point? As far as human law goes. But if a human authority should wish to penetrate into the domain of God and impose upon you laws contrary to the Divine Law, then be *free* and capable of dying, but without betraying God and his Law out of fear of a man or various men.

"And do not do so out of calculation either, so as to gain men's favor, but with a supernatural spirit which is capable of distinguishing and practicing good order as opposed to that which is wicked and of doing what does not prejudice the right to Life, which persecutions do not destroy, for they instead lead those faithful to the Holy Law to life.

"Respect everyone. God leaves man's will free. Man does not have the right to violate his brothers' wills. And eternally accursed are those who by violence impose slavery on human thought to have throngs of slaves bound to their heretical, pernicious ideas.

"Be loyal adversaries of your ideological enemies. Seek to bring them to your idea, which is holy, by holiness of life rather than the eloquence of your speech. But never stoop to their systems of secret accusation and violence, of contempt and calumny. Even if those leading you astray are poor brothers enveloped in heretical ideas, they are still your brothers. The Savior came and prayed and suffered and died for them as well. You must pray and suffer for their conversion, in imitation of Christ Our Lord.

"Do not give the king or heads of state greater honor than you give God. You weep over having done so. You have mistaken a man, a wretched man,[245] for an envoy of God, forgetting that it is the works of men which speak of their belonging to God or Satan. And you are bitterly atoning for this foolish idolatry of yours. No idolatry is left without punishment. Bear this in mind. Honor the heads, then, but worship God alone.

"And be respectful of major dependence -- that is, the citizen's dependence on his leaders, children's on their parents, and servants' on masters -- without rancor and envy, without dishonesty or betrayal. Learn to see God beyond man, and as you obey magistrates, relatives, or masters, who may also be such as not to attract love, look beyond them and say, 'Father, I *serve You.* I serve you by fulfilling your command, which is to be meek and obedient.' Oh, you will then see that it is easy to obey if you firmly believe that this obedience is seen and blessed by God as the greatest of the meritorious works by man; as the Saint in whom Christ is so visible, your St. Francis of Assisi, says, perfect joy does not lie in science or in different things, but in doing the will of the Father and being able to suffer afflictions and sorrows patiently out of love for God.

"You see, soul of mine, that the Apostle's words are echoed in those of the Seraphic Father, proclaiming it to be a grace -- and a *great grace -- to* be able, out of consideration for God, to bear troubles and suffer unjustly, for when one suffers punishment for sins committed, it is only expiation, a debt which is settled, and nothing more. But when without having committed sins -- indeed, having done good -- it is granted to you to suffer, it is a great grace which shines in the eyes of God, a treasure which is accumulated to your advantage in the Kingdom of Heaven.

"And now I shall leave you, soul of mine, under the mantle of the Crowned Spouse of the Holy Spirit and Queen of the Apostles, and thus of the 'Voices,' of the great 'Voices' -- and, on account of her mission, which is perpetuated forever and ever, of all the 'voices' who meritoriously fulfill their

[245] A reference to Mussolini, according to Maria Valtorta's annotation on a typewritten copy.

mission for the glory of God and salvation of souls. She is, therefore, your Queen, O voice.

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit."

Corpus Christi[246]

Introit: Ps 81(80):17, 2

Collect: Lord, You left us in this wonderful sacrament a memorial of Your passion: grant us, we pray, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Your Body and Blood, that we may always find within us the fruit of Your redemption. You who are God, living and reigning.

Epistle: 1 Co 11:23-29

Gradual: Ps 145(144):15-16

Alleluia: Jn 6:56-57

Sequence: Lauda Sion.

Gospel: Jn 6:56-59

Offertory: Lv 21:6

Secret: Lord, we pray You, mercifully grant Your Church the gifts of unity and peace which are symbolized in a mystery beneath the gifts which we offer. Through our Lord.

Communion: 1 Co 11:26-27

Postcommunion: Grant us, Lord, we pray, to be filled with the everlasting enjoyment of Your divinity, which is prefigured by our reception here in time, of Your precious Body and Blood. You who are God.

St. Azariah announces himself to me with one of those very sweet and unrepeatable angelical songs which have remained in my soul as one of the most ultramundane things I have savored. The light and the singing of Paradise are something indescribable in both their beauty and their effects.

Having already been calmed in my torment after the words of my Jesus the day before yesterday, this song completely plunges me again into the full, joyful, solemn, and also cheerful peace which has been my element since I became the instrument of my adored Jesus.

And I listen to this song as I write, a pure melody which is not word, which is only sound of a sweetness ascending up to beatitude. Oh, it is unutterable! I listen... And I understand more things at this moment than in months of meditation entirely on my own.

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[246] *AZ, June 20, 1946, p. 145*

I know that, once this moment has passed, I shall not be able even to explain what I have understood. It is too sublime! But the fruit of what I have understood will remain in my soul...

This song makes me understand what the **Eucharist** is for the Heavens, for those inhabiting them... This song enlightens me concerning the ardent angelical desire to have this Bread...

Oh...!

Azariah speaks:

"Come, rise, for, more than meditation, this explanation will be contemplation and adoration, and it will be identification with our angelical thought, which greatly differs from the usual explanations of the mystery. And it differs beginning with the Introit. Listen.

"It is said that the flour and honey with which the Introit summons people to the **Eucharistic** sweetnesses are mentioned in remembrance of the Manna: the bread raining down from heaven, like dew and coriander seed, and tasting like flour with honey, a symbol of the **Eucharist**, given to the Jewish people.

"But I, an angel, want you to know what we think in gazing at the Son and the Mother: the Son who has become Bread, and the Mother, blessed, on whom you feed as well in feeding on Him. For, oh, it is truly this way! For, on what do you feed, if not on the Bread who is the Son of Mary, of Her, Most Pure and sweet, formed as a Man by means of Herself: with her virgin blood, with her milk as Virgin Mother, with her love as Virgin Spouse?

"Yes, God nourishes you with pure wheat flour. The intact ear, growing on chosen ground, in God's enclosed Garden, ripened in the warmth of the God Sun, has become flour, flour to give you the Jesus Bread.

"She has become flour. It is not just an expression! Out of love for you, out of love for men, She immolated Herself, She was reduced to dust between the millstones of obedience and pain -- She, the Intact One, whom marriage, Childbirth, and Death were unable to affect, violate, or reduce to dust, as with every mortal. Only love could. Love delivered Her to the millstone where She became the Co-Redemptrix, changing from an ear into wheat flour...

"The Son said, 'If the grain does not die, it does not later become an ear.'[247] What mortal, more than Mary, the one *not* destined to die, has been able to die to self and to personal affections, to give you the Bread of Life? She who did not know death has tasted *all* the deaths of renunciations to give you the rich fruit of the Savior and Redeemer.

"And later, as the Mother, She raised Him for you with the best of Herself, with her virginal Milk, and, therefore, still with her blood, which gave motion to the Heart beating for God alone, with her blood turned into maternal love.

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[247] Jn 12:24

She raised Him for you with her warmth,[248] with her care, with all the honey drawn from the intact rock, rising high towards Heaven, kissed by the God Sun; and, finally, She gave Him to you to eat, flavored not only by the honey of her love, but also by the salt of her weeping.

"Oh, Holy One! Holy Mother and Nurturer of the Human Race! Chosen Granary! Garden filled with flowers and golden bees! Enclosed Garden[249] and gentle fount!

"The true Bread really is Jesus, but it is also Mary, also the One who has rendered the Word a Man to give Him to men, for redemption and nourishment. Wisdom, Life, and Strength is this Bread. But it is also Purity, Grace, and Humility. For if this Bread is Jesus, this bread is also Mary, who has made Jesus with the flour of her body and the honey of her Heart. Bread which recalls the Divine Passion. Bread which recalls the true Body and true Blood of Jesus Christ, but Bread which, to help you to be worthy to benefit from the Redemption, which is the Consummation of the Lamb on the Altar of the Cross, must also remind you of the Godlike One who formed that Bread in her Womb.

"Now, who is the believer that commits an outrage against his Lord? And who is the subject that offends his King? And who is the disciple that mocks his Master? And who is the son that offends his Mother? It is the believer, the subject, the disciple, and the son who is a sinner, hard-hearted, worthy of punishment. The one who by himself creates the condemnation -- or, rather, the condemnations. For in time there is a loss of the help of Jesus and Mary; in eternity, the loss of the possession of God.

"And yet many, forgetful of Paul's warning, go to Holy Mass without 'examining themselves' and eat that Bread, drink that Blood with an impure soul, and Bread and Blood, which are Redemption, become condemnation, being sacrilegiously received by the sinner.

"He, the Divine One, did not become Man and give Himself for this. But so that man can become a god. He did not become Bread to give you death, but to give you Life. Mad with love, after having saved and redeemed you, He wanted to live in you, crucifiers, and make you gods, for sublime love has these sublime paradoxes. Being God, He became Man, and men killed Him, and He wanted to make men gods. And He makes gods with the **Eucharist**, which, when well received, transubstantiates you into Him, as Paul says, 'I do not live, but Christ lives in me.'[250]

"Men destined to die -- destined to die eternally, for original sin always keeps the toxins of death active in you, and you may perish at any moment, in spite of the Grace which the Redeemer has restored to you with his immolation and his Sacraments, created by Him and vivified with his merits -- you can combat death with Life: with the **Eucharist**.

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[248] Dt 32:13
[249] Sg 4:12
[250] Ga 19-20

"He said so: 'If you do not eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink his Blood, you will not have life in you. Whoever eats my Flesh and drinks my Blood will have eternal Life, and I shall raise him up on the Last Day.'[251] And also: 'I have come that they may have Life and have it to the full... For this reason I give my life...'[252]

"But woe to those who knowingly make the Bread of Heaven their condemnation, the toxin which kills, using the most sublime Sacrament sacrilegiously. And harm as well to whoever limits its transforming power by receiving it with indifference and lukewarmness, without a real will to transform himself, in God and with God's help, to be increasingly worthy to receive it.

"**Eucharistic** life: life of fusion. Communion does not cease when you leave the Church or when the Species have been consumed in you. It *lives.* No longer materially. But it still *lives,* with its fruits, with its ardors, with the cohabitation -- or, rather, the inhabitation of Christ in you -- with your fructification in Christ, for 'the shoot which remains united to the vine bears fruit,'[253] and 'those who remain in Me and in whom I remain bear much fruit.'

"**Eucharistic** life: life of love. Both through what the **Eucharist**, the memorial of love, and of love as a spring and furnace, transmits into whoever receives it -- and it is undeniable that where there is good will, even if the creature is weak and formless, the **Eucharist** is seen to bring an increase in formation, a strengthening of will, a transformation of feeling from lukewarm to ardent, of desire from weak to strong, of obedience to the precept of receiving Communion on Feasts into hunger to do so every day -- and through what the soul contributes on its own, increasingly assisted by the grace of the Sacrament.

"The **Eucharist** keeps Christ present in all his operations as Christ. His Incarnation: the **Eucharist** is a perpetual Incarnation of Christ. His hidden life: the Tabernacle is a continuous house in Nazareth. His life as a worker: Jesus **Eucharist** is the unwearying craftsman who works souls. His mission as Priest alongside the dying or the suffering: as it was alongside the bed of the dying Joseph, and with all who went to Him to be consoled, so Jesus is now there to console, counsel, fortify, and ask, as He asked the two of Emmaus, 'Why are you sad?'; and to remain with you, as a Friend and Cyrenean, as 'the evening falls and the day wanes,'[254] as the way of the Cross and the final immolation are consumed.

"He is there, as when He evangelized the crowds and said, 'I feel sorry for these people. Let us give them bread so they will not perish on the way';[255] and, as then, He evangelizes you in the virtues of charity, humility, patience,

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[251] Jn 6:53-54
[252] Jn 10:10
[253] Jn 15:2-5
[254] Lk 24:29
[255] Mt 15:32

and meekness. A Lamb,[256] more than ever a Lamb who does not open his mouth before those striking Him, He, in his external silence, speaks to you with the torrents of divine sparks emerging from the Most Holy Host in which his Divinity annihilates itself and says to you, 'Be my imitators in generosity, meekness, humility, and mercy.'[257] And, as from Thursday evening to the ninth hour, He teaches you to be redeemers...

"Maria, I once told you that Jesus Christ *is 'the compendium of the love of the Three.'* Now I tell you that the **Eucharist** *'is the compendium of the love of Jesus, in whom the compendium of the Threefold Perfect Love is already present.'* And let this tell you everything.

"Jesus **Eucharist** teaches you to speak and to be silent, to work and to contemplate, to suffer and to humiliate yourselves, and, above all, to love and love and love.

"The Holy Spirit gives the lights to understand. But the Incarnate Word who has become the **Eucharist** gives the fire to speak and to convert *through charity, which is what demolishes heresies, heals hearts, fills them with the knowledge of God, and guides them to God.* And He gives them the ardor to be martyrs. From the lips of the **Eucharistic** creature flows Wisdom, for **Eucharistic** life is also the life of Wisdom, and from this heart emerges heroism, for the **Eucharist** communicates Christ. The Most Holy and Perfect Hero. And **Eucharistic** life is apostolic life, for Christ within you changes you into apostles, and the more or less powerful apostolic degree is never separated from the degree of **Eucharistic** life attained.

"And, finally, **Eucharistic** life is life deified by the Flesh and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus, who descends into you to make his dwelling in you.

"You call the **Eucharistic** vessels, the tabernacles, and all that touches the Most Holy Sacrament *'sacred.'* But it is only a *container* or a being *touched.* An external action, therefore. And yet it impresses a sacred character on the object whose lot it is to contain or touch the **Eucharist**, for the Holy Host is the Body of the Lord Jesus.

"But, then, what *your* body will become, into whose interior the Most Holy Body descends and vanishes in the Species, absorbed, like every food of man, by the juices changing it into your blood? Do you understand? Into your blood. Your blood, the blood of you that feed on the Most Holy **Eucharist**, contains -- not metaphorically -- what was the Species of the Most Holy Body, just as your spirit retains the grace which issues from this complete Body, endowed with Flesh, Blood, and Soul, like that of every man, and, in addition, with Divinity, for it is the Body of the Divine Word.

"If your body should be holy because it is the temple for the Holy Spirit,[258] who descends into you and breathes, what should it become to be a

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[256] Is 53:7
[257] Mt 11:29
[258] 1 Co 3:16

worthy tabernacle for the God who comes to dwell in you -- even more: to fuse with you, to *become* you -- and, since the Greater cannot be absorbed by the lesser: to absorb you, to *make you become Him* that is, gods, as He is God? I tell you: with every effort you should imitate the Virgin, to whom the Word united Himself to the point. of becoming Flesh of her flesh and Blood of her blood, and receiving life from Her, obeying the motions of his Mother's heart, his Mother's vital laws, so as to form Himself and be Jesus.

"Christ, when conceived, obeyed his Mother. But the Mother -- to what superabundant purity She took Herself, She, already the All Pure, to place around the Divine One a Holy of Holies even more select than the one shining on Moriah! Mary made Herself a heavenly tabernacle, a celestial throne, so that God might still live in a Heaven, as long as possible, before suffering from the contacts of the world.

"The lovers of Jesus must act this way. Make themselves heavenly recesses so that the **Eucharist** may still live in them in a pulsating, adoring Heaven, preserved from the stench and blasphemy of the world.

"And in this little Heaven, in your little Heaven, in which, if such it is, there is really nothing lacking -- for the Three are present in the **Eucharist**, inseparable although They are Three, forming the sublime Unity which is called Trinity, and the charity of Mary and the saints is not absent, always adoring wherever the Lord is, nor are the angelical choirs absent, with their hymns bearing you to Heaven -- be capable of praising. Not with words, but with love. Be capable of praising. Do not be afraid of praising too much. Jesus **Eucharist** deserves measureless praise because his miracle of power and love is superior to all human praise.

"Soul of mine, I shall not comment for you on the perfect sequence of the great and holy Thomas. Simple and profound, like all the things which come from God, it is self-explanatory. I do, however, tell you this: Thomas, the one in love with the **Eucharist**, his Light and Teacher in comprehending the theological truths and rendering them comprehensible, as he composed did nothing but *listen to what was ascending from his spirit with a voice of light.* That is, Thomas Aquinas was then a 'voice' transmitting what the Divine Beloved said for the joy of his worshiper.

"But it is always like that, soul of mine. When He speaks to you, He does so for your joy. When a *'nothing'* says what the angels can scarcely express, it is because He speaks or grants that a citizen of the Heavens may speak to you, for your instruction and the instruction of your brothers. He is the Good Shepherd who leads you to pastures blooming with flowers of truth and wisdom. He is the Love that satiates you and gives you words. Himself: Word and Food.

"Oh, let us exult! There is nothing, no, there is, nothing but exultation in me, an angel, over seeing you nourished with the Heavenly Bread and the Divine Word. I approach and hear the Word. I approach and smell the fragrance of the Bread of Paradise. Did you call my music at the outset sublime? Oh no,

this is! This Voice of your Lord and mine that speaks to you -- this is the music which only a special grace grants that one may hear without dying of joy, O mortals, one and all! This Word is the one that makes us angels sing, with great joy... And this one gives itself to be given and, like the **Eucharistic** Bread, this Word is Bread, sapiential bread which under different species that are appearance and not substance conceals sublime things. Indeed, dictations or visions are forms (species); but the substance is the Word who teaches. He gives Himself and produces different fruits, always as the **Eucharist**, according to whether He is received by the good or the not good. And it is just for it to be this way, for the Word is **Eucharist** and the **Eucharist** remains the Word under a different form, but with the same divine holiness. Since they are, then, one and the same, the gifts and fruits produced are identical: Life, Wisdom, Holiness, Grace.

"Communion may be called the Word and the Bread. For the former is Communion of God Spirit for the spirit and intellect of man, and the latter is Communion of God Flesh and Blood for the whole man, to transform him into God by the operation of most holy grace and infinite love.

"As with Communion of the Angelical Bread, I tell you, as regards the Word as well: never receive it unworthily so that it will not be 'death' for you, but in an upright, humble, obedient spirit, filled with love, satiate yourself with it and the **Eucharist** in time so as to be rich therewith for eternity. Because these Foods, which come from Heaven, help and complete each other, giving full, eternal Life according to the promise of the Word Jesus: 'Whoever keeps my words will not see death in eternity,'[259] and 'Whoever eats this Bread will live forever.'[260]

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Three piercing alleluias and then the inexpressible song again which annuls every pain, anxiety, and care and immerses me in the Heavens' breeze...

Sunday In The Octave Of The Sacred Heart And Commemoration Of St. Paul[261]

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

Introit: Ps 25(24):16, 18, 1-2

Collect: O God, the protector of those who hope in You, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; multiply Your mercy upon us, so that under Your rule and Your guidance, we may so pass through temporal things that we do not lose those that are eternal. Through our Lord.

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[259] Jn 8:51

[260] Jn 6:51

[261] *AZ, June 30, 1946, p. 161*

Epistle: 1 P 5:6-11
Gradual: Ps 55(54):23, 17, 19
Alleluia: Ps 7:12
Gospel: Lk 15:1-10
Offertory: Ps 9:11-12, 13
Secret: Look, Lord, upon the offerings of Your suppliant Church, and grant that, by Your sanctification of them, they may always avail for the salvation of the faithful who receive them. Through our Lord.
Communion: Lk 15:10
Postcommunion: Lord, may the receiving of Your sacred gifts bring life to us and prepare us, purified from our sins, for Your eternal mercy. Through our Lord.

COMMEMORATION OF ST. PAUL
Introit: 2 Tm 1:12; Ps 139(138):1-2
Collect: O God, You taught the multitude of the Gentiles by the preaching of blessed Paul the apostle; grant, we pray You, that we who celebrate his heavenly birthday, may also enjoy his patronage with You. (Through our Lord.)
Epistle: Ga 1:11-20
Gradual: Ga 2:8-9; 1 Co 15:10
Gospel: Mt 10, 16-22
Offertory: Ps 139(138):17
Secret: Sanctify, Lord, the offerings of Your people through the prayers of Your apostle Paul, that this sacrifice, which is pleasing to You as being of Your institution, may become more pleasing by his intercession and support. (Through our Lord.)
Communion: Mt 19:28, 29
Postcommunion: Relying, O Lord, on the intercession of blessed Paul, Your apostle, we, who have received Your sacraments, most humbly beg of You, that the mysteries we have celebrated to his glory, may be to us a healing remedy. (Through our Lord.)

Azariah says:

"Trust must not cancel out humility, nor should the recognition of your weaknesses cancel out trust in the goodness of the Lord. A soul which possessed one of these two elements, but lacked the other, would be imperfect and proceed with difficulty on the ways of perfection.

"Yesterday the Most Holy Lord was speaking, and I remained silent. If I had been able to speak to you, I would have had you consider that Peter is a perfect example of the soul that is in a balance of sanctity between the trust

which cancels out fear and the humility which keeps the soul in the conditions necessary to serve the Lord and receive aid from Him.

"Peter had sinned as a man and as an apostle. But his sins as a man, before his being chosen as an apostle, were no obstacle to his becoming the Apostle, for, indeed, through them his humility was strengthened, and his trust in Divine Justice, which was choosing him as an apostle, was manifested.

"One of the pitfalls of the soul is often false humility or weak trust. False humility arrives at making you deny the prodigies of God in you. But why? To hear yourselves say, 'Oh, no! You deserve it because you are good, you are worthy,' and so on. Weak trust acts in such a way as to lead you to doubt God and his power and judge his actions. Do not have either one of these imperfect things.

"Be humble, but with true humility, that which first intervenes in relations between you and God and which humbly confesses to Him your dismay and reminds you of what you are *and what you were,* so that you will never come to proclaim yourselves saints, and God is obliged to benefit you on this account. True humility, that of true saints, always recognizes that the creature's merits are always atoms compared to the vastness of the gifts which the Father grants the creature. And from this recognition there comes an increase in love and, therefore, in union with God.

"True trust abandons itself to the Lord. It knows what it is: a nothing. But it believes that God is just in his actions. It serves Him, then, without judging whether the instrument is imperfect for the task. It abandons itself. It places itself in the hands of God and says, 'Make me whatever You want.' This is the act which obtained the Savior for the Earth.

"Mary, in the solitude of her house, was dismayed not because of the miracle announced, 'but because of the form of the greeting'[262] used by the radiant Herald. But when Gabriel explained to Her why the Lord was with Her and why She was the Blessed One among all women, when She learned that She would be the Virgin giving birth to the Man, and when it was revealed to Her that her intact womb could bear fruit without man's action having sowed the seed, then She, the truly Humble and Trusting One, thus said, 'I am the handmaid of God. Let it be done to me according to his Word,' and the Verbum left Heaven and became incarnate through the work of the Holy Spirit[263] -- that is, of Love -- and dwelt among you and suffered and died on the Cross, and man was redeemed. All because of the humble, trusting 'let it be done' of Most Blessed Mary.

"Do you feel yourselves to be such 'nothingness,' such 'wretchedness,' such 'ugliness?' Do you remember so much that you were 'sin,' that you were 'a sorrow for God?' And is it for this reason that your trust does not dare to soar? Oh, no!

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[262] Lk 1:26-38
[263] Jn 1:14

"Here is Paul, the former Saul, unjust persecutor of Christ in his servants. He says, 'I well know in whom I have placed my trust and am certain that He is powerful enough to conserve my deposit...' Hear how Paul rests in regard to himself, the man of the past, the present apostle, the doctrine which death will keep him from continuing to spread -- in regard to everything. He knows who he has placed his trust in and fears nothing. As God has removed him from the quagmire of the past, as He has guided him along the ways of the apostolate, so He will gather from the hands of the slain apostle the treasure He has placed therein, to entrust it to others who will propagate it, continuing the work cut off by death.

"God's treasure does not perish, and God does not disappoint good wills. Do not fear. Cast your cares upon the Lord, as the Gradual says in the Holy Mass in the Octave of the Sacred Heart, for when a son 'cries to the Lord, He hears his voice,' He, who knows the truth of men's actions, and long prayers are not necessary to explain to Him what is needed or to dumbfound Him so that He will not see. He, who 'searches and is aware and knows whether one sits down or rises.' He, who can do all, and, just as He made Simon an Apostle, so He made the zealous Pharisee and enemy of Christianity the Apostle of Christianity -- for in both of them, 'the grace of God was not useless, but in them always remained' active and transforming.

"But I want to explain to you the Epistles of the two Holy Masses. Peter sings the power of humility. 'Humble yourselves under the powerful hand of God so that He will exalt you in the time of visitation.'

"Peter knew by experience how the honor of having been touched by the hand of God and marked out as his servant can lead man to pride. And how pride, by making the soul's vigilance drowsy, can allow the Tempter to lead man to sin. He had experienced it. He had felt sure of himself. He felt secure. He was the Head of the Apostles. God had, therefore, recognized him to be the best. That evening, then, he felt like a soldier in a safe fortress: he had Jesus **Eucharist** in his breast. He could thus diminish his watchfulness, engage in self-complacency, yield to humanity a little bit, leaving Jesus in his breast to fight for him. Here is an example of mistaken trust. God can do all. But man must not abandon himself to what God can do, almost as if God's power in favor of man were an obligation on God's part. Man must work on his own as well, join his work to God's. From this mutual aid, from this cooperation there arises the holy and perfect operation.

"Peter forgot that evening to cooperate with God and 'fell asleep.' Three times. What a symbolic sleep and what a symbolic number! There are three concupiscences; [264] there were three moments of sleep by the Apostle who had yielded to humanity and had, therefore, abandoned himself, like one who sleeps, to the Thief lying in ambush. And, like Samson,[265] after he had lost union

[264] 1 Jn 2:16
[265] Jg 16:4-21

with God because he had fallen asleep on the breast of Temptation, Peter,[266] too, was a laughingstock without strength in the hands of Satan, who led him to lie, disavow, and flee vilely.

"Peter, then, knew the evil which a thought of self-complacency sows and which then sprouts and grows under ever more sinful forms, and he says, 'Humble yourselves under the hand of God.' This means: may God's gift not be for your ruin, but, rather, through humility, which conserves the gift and union with God, may He, the Lord, exalt you in the time of visitation.

"The time of visitation is that of the coming of God to reward or punish on the last day. There are other visits: the manifestations of God in you with counsels, inspirations, or missions. But the visitation of which Peter is speaking is the Last Judgment. Every visit by God is exaltation because it is elevation of the creature to Him. And if the creature uses these priceless gifts badly, he will experience sorrow and pain as a result. But he can always make up for it with acts of reparation as long as he lives, whereas the final coming admits of no reparation or modification. It is either exaltation or eternal condemnation of man. Seek, then, to live in such a way that God can exalt you at the time of visitation.

"'And cast all your cares upon Him, for He takes care of you.'

"God is the Father. Who is the son that knows that his father loves him who, when something grieves him, does not go to his father to confide his troubles to him and receive his help, counsel, and comfort? Do, then, for this fatherhood that is greater and more perfect than the relative, imperfect fatherhood of the flesh, what you do on life's painful occasions as long as your father, according to the flesh, is at your side. What is it that makes you weep when death takes a parent away from you? Knowing that you no longer have his or her zealous love around you. The world seems like a desert to you because the one who took care of you is no longer there.

"But God is always there. And God is always the Father. Do not weep, then, O you that are anxious, because there is one who wants to allay your anxieties: God. Always be his children, and He will always be your Father. To be his children it is necessary to be 'sober and keep watch, for the devil, your adversary, is circling round you like a roaring lion seeking to devour: resist him, strong in faith, knowing that your brothers, scattered around the world, undergo the same sufferings as you.'

"Oh, Peter was familiar with the sudden attacks of the Adversary! And he knew that it was necessary to be sober in all things so as to remain awake to repel him. Sobriety does not involve just food or drink. There are the intellectual and spiritual varieties, just as necessary to save oneself from Satan. Even if one does not drink and eat like a glutton, but then satisfies without measure hunger and thirst for knowledge and goes seeking to drink at the founts of all human

[266] Mt 26:69-75

successes and praises; even if one does not commit excesses at the table or in other satisfactions of a corporal nature, in the spiritual field, however, he then causes charity to degenerate into sentimentalism, piety into quietism, or into a search for the emotional thrill of mysticism which is sterile because it excites the senses, but does not increasingly and continuously renew the spirit in goodness and gets intoxicated with these outward appearances, piling up one after another, to receive praise from men on this account and engage in self-praise; he then shatters the beautiful sobriety which involves not just the palate and the stomach, but, above all, the mind and the spirit, contrary to the threefold concupiscence, the reason for all the ruins of souls.

"Be sober. Content yourselves with your 'daily bread' -- that is, what God gives us -- and do not wish for more. He knows what is sufficient for you. To want more and procure more produces venom, for this imprudent 'more' is composed of harmful and not blessed food.

"And do not have the egoism of saying that painful things happen to you alone. Every man bears his cross, and it is certainly not a sign of divine predilection to be deprived of it or to have a small one. The more the spirit is formed, the more God identifies it with the Model: the God-Man, whose passion was complete. Be capable of suffering, and suffering with joy, considering that your suffering, when joined to that of your brothers, is fused with the suffering of Christ for the salvation of the world and the victory over Satan. Be capable of suffering, and joyfully, knowing that 'with a little suffering the God of all grace will perfect, comfort, and conform you, giving you, in the end, eternal glory for your suffering joined to the infinite merits of Most Holy Jesus.'

"And after the blessed Peter, speaking to all believers, and all the more to those who, on account of an element of election in their lives, must reciprocate with absolute dedication, there is Paul, who seems to be speaking precisely to you 'voices' -- or, rather, in your name, responding for you to the world of the incredulous and irresolute. 'I declare to you that the Gospel preached by me does not come from man, for I have not received or learned it from man, but through the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

"And what else can you say, spokesmen of the Lord? Is what you say yours? Or was it given to you by someone who was a teacher on Earth? No, it comes to you from the Word. It is His. You receive it in order to give it. You can neither pride yourselves on it nor refuse it. For if you were to do the latter, you would displease God, who, however, might repeat in you the miracle of Damascus and terrify you, to persuade you that against the will of God there is no resistance that is of use. How many of you, gripped by fear, have tried to refuse this supernatural brilliance raining down upon you like heavenly lightning? How many, before being voices, have almost or actually mocked or denied the supernatural coming to seek a 'nothing,' saying that 'it could not be.'

"Well then? Do you now hear what 'can be?' However, since you are sometimes assailed by the fear of having sinned because of this thought or the

resistance offered, I tell you that it is better to be in that state than anxious to possess certain gifts, anxious enough to fall into the Satanic trap and favor him with the yearning to dress oneself in robes which only God can give.

"And I tell you that you would act badly in taking pride in yourselves, for it is a gratuitous gift given for divine ends, not because you are you, but because there is need of you. The power is not yours. Never rob God of the glory which is his. You would soon be unmasked and punished by the mockery of the world and the judgment of God.

"Have some, like Paul, believing they were doing good, rejected the gift? Have they called it imaginary foolishness on seeing it in others' hearts? Let them examine themselves. Why? With what thought did they do so? With that of denying that God can do all? If so, they have sinned. With the thought that what the Church possesses is sufficient and that it is useless to wish to perfect what is perfect? If it is because of this thought, they have not sinned, for a respectful, zealous love 'of the tradition of the fathers' has moved them.

"But when God calls, do not offer resistance. Imitate Paul. Listen to what he says: '...Immediately, without paying attention to flesh and blood..., I withdrew... Then… I returned to Damascus...' -- that is, *he obeyed the Lord.*

"Every so often a combination of circumstances frightens you, poor souls, and you consider resisting out of fear of sinning by disobeying the 'the *[sic]* tradition of the Fathers.' No, dear souls, no! Listen: Who is strongest? God. Who calls you? God. Therefore, without taking into account one factor or another, obey the One who is above all, and go securely. Consider that God's sign is upon you. He knows. Go securely. Fears are of Satanic origin, to make you disobey God and snatch an instrument away from God. And the world's insinuations are a sound without value which falls after having sounded. Let them sound. Withdraw into God and serve Him alone.

"May the grace of the Lord always be with you. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit!"

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474. A Vision That Is Lost In A Rapture Of Love.[267]

As they often do while walking, perhaps to alleviate the monotony of their continuous traveling with this distraction, the apostles speak to one another recapitulating and commenting on the latest events, questioning now and again the Master, Who in general speaks very little, just not to be unkind, making such effort only when it is the case of teaching the crowds or His apostles, or correcting wrong ideas, or comforting unhappy people.

Jesus was the «Word,» but He certainly was not a «chatterbox!» As patient and kind as nobody else, He never appeared to be bored when He had to

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[267] *Gospel, Vol. 7, August 15, 1946, p. 350 (**472.** Poem, Vol. 4, p. 383)*

repeat a concept once, twice, ten times, a hundred times to make it enter the heads hardened by pharisaical and rabbinical precepts, neglecting *His* own tiredness, at times so exhausting as to be painful, in order to relieve the moral or physical suffering of a person. But it is clear that He prefers to be silent, keeping aloof in quiet meditation which may last for many hours, if He is not distracted by someone questioning Him. He generally walks ahead of His apostles, with His head slightly bent, raising it now and again to look at the sky, the country, people, animals. I said to look. But that is wrong. I must say: to love. Because it is a smile, God's smile that pours forth from His eyes to caress the world and creatures: a love-smile. Because it is love that shines forth, spreads, blesses and purifies the light of His eyes, which are so bright, most bright, when He comes out of intense concentration…

What are His concentrations like? I think -- and I am sure that I am not mistaken, because it is enough to watch His countenance to see what they are -- I think that they are much more than our ecstasies in which a human creature already lives in Heaven. They are the «sensible reunion of God with God.» Divinity is always present and united to the Christ, Who is God like the Father. On the Earth as in Heaven the Father is in the Son and the Son is in the Father, They love each other and by loving each other they generate the Third Person. The power of the Father is the generation of the Son and the act of generating and being generated creates the Fire, that is, the Spirit of the Spirit of God. The Power turns to the Wisdom Whom It generated and who turns to the Power in the joy of being one for the other and of knowing each other for what they are. And since all good reciprocal knowledge creates love -- even our imperfect knowledge does -- there is the Holy Spirit... There is the One Who, if it were possible to add perfection to divine perfections, ought to be called the Perfection of Perfection. The Holy Spirit! The simple thought of Him fills one with light, joy, peace...

In the ecstasies of the Christ, when the incomprehensible mystery of the Unity and Trinity of God was renewed in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, what complete perfect, bright, sanctifying, joyful, peaceful production of love must have been engendered and must have spread like heat from a blazing furnace, like incense from a burning thurible, to kiss with the kiss of God the things created by the Father, made by means of the Son-Word, made for the Love, for the only Love, because all the operations of God are Love? And that is the look of the Man-God when as Man and as God He raises His eyes, which have contemplated in Himself the Father, Himself and the Love, to look at the Universe admiring the creative power of God, as Man; rejoicing, as God, at being able to save it in the royal creatures of such creation: men.

Oh! no one can, no one will ever be able, neither poet, nor artist, nor painter, to make visible to the crowds that look of Jesus, when He comes off the embrace, from the sensible reunion with the Divinity, always united to the Man hypostatically, but not always so deeply sensible to the Man, Who was the

Redeemer and Who thus, to His many sorrows, to His many annihilations had to add this one, this very deep grief, of no longer being always able to be in the Father, in the great vortex of the Love, as He was in Heaven: almighty... free... joyful. Wonderful is the power of His look with regards to miracles, most kind is the expression of His eyes as man, very sad the light of sorrow in the hours of grief... But they are still human, although perfect in expression. This look of God, Who has contemplated and loved Himself in the Triniform Unity is beyond comparison, there is no adjective for it... And the soul prostrates itself before Him, worshipping, having become a mere «nonentity» in the knowledge of God, but blessed in contemplating His infinite love.

The torrents of delight are flowing into my soul... I am blessed! All grief, every memory is made void under the waves of the love of Jesus God... and these waves raise me to Heaven, to Heaven, to You!

Thanks, my adorable Love!... Thanks!... Now I still serve You... The creature has become a woman again, she is once again the mouthpiece after being for an instant a «seraph.» She is once again a woman, a martyr, perhaps another torment is already behind my back... But the light You gave me is shining in my spirit, the blissful light of contemplating You; neither flood of tears nor cruel tortures will be able to put it out. Thank You, my Blessed One! You alone love me!

I now understand Paul[268] as never before! «Who will be able to separate us from the love of Christ?... We triumph through these trials by the power of Him Who loved us... I am certain that neither death nor life, no angel, no prince, no virtue, nothing that exists, nothing still to come, not any power, or height or depth, *nor any created thing,* can ever come between us and the love of God that is in Jesus Christ our Lord». It is the victorious jubilant paean blaring from the groups of the winners, of the lovers, of those saved by love, because this is holiness: *salvation received because one has been loved and has loved.* It is already blaring! And the spirit, even here, a prisoner on the Earth, hears it and sings its joy, its trust, its certainty... And light, even more light comes, and the luminous words of the Apostle brighten even more, even more... «...the love of God that is in Jesus Christ our Lord.»

Indeed, now I understand the words of Azariah[269], last winter: «Jesus is the compendium of the love of the Three.» Indeed! All Love is in Him. We men can find this love of God without waiting to go back to God, without awaiting Heaven, by loving Jesus. Yes! Springs of living water, sources of light, sources of love open for those who believe, because those who believe go to Jesus, because those who believe, believe that Jesus is in the **Eucharist** with His Body, Blood, Soul, Divinity, as He was on the Earth, as He is in Heaven, with His Heart, with His Heart! And in Jesus' Heart there is the love of God. And

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[268] Paul, in the text of *Romans 8,35-39*.

[269] the *[sic]* words of Azariah, written on 20th January 1944 and included in the volume "The Notebooks. 1945-1950."

when a man receives the Most Holy Body of Jesus, he receives in himself the Heart of Jesus. Thus he has in himself not only Jesus, but he has the Love of God, that is, he has God the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, because the Love of God is the Most Holy Trinity that is one thing only: Love. The Love that divides into three flames to make us three times happy. Happy to have a Father, a Brother, a Friend. Happy to have who provides, who teaches, who loves. Happy to have God!

Oh! I can no longer bear this!... Lord, Your gift is too great! Who obtains it for me from Heaven? Is it You, Most Blessed Mother, contemplated in Your splendour of Queen of Heaven, where You have been bodily received? Is it you, lover of Christ, kind John of Bethsaida, my friend? Is it you, amiable Patriarch protector of those who are persecuted, solicitous supplier of consolation, most venerable Joseph? Is it you, my great little sister, Therese of the Child Jesus, who obtain for me what I have been asking for these twenty-one years: that the waves of the Love may overflow into my soul? Oh! if it is you, complete the work. Obtain for me to die not in one of these assaults of love. I am a little soul, too, and I do not wish extraordinary things. But to die after one of these assaults of love, when I have become again a «little, very little soul,» made even smaller by the knowledge of what is the Infinite Love, after one of these assaults, because after, it is as if one were baptised again by love and no shadows of stains are left in us. Love burns... Or is it you, Azariah, my good friend, who have obtained this hour of blessedness for me, because of all the tears you collected from my eyes and you took to Heaven? If it is you, may you be blessed for that!

But I do not ask you, Therese, Joseph, John and the Blessed Virgin to let me have that ecstasy again, to fill me with joy and fire. But I ask and implore you to let other hearts have it, particularly those known to you, those hearts that torture mine and displease God, Whom they cannot perceive or obey. If those hearts have one instant only of those assaults of love, they will be converted to the Love, to the true Love. They will love. With their whole selves. Above all with their intellects that will reject the barriers of rationalism, of human science, which deny and hamper simple good faith and set limits to the power of God. And with their hearts in which the crusts of selfishness, of envy, of hatred will melt like wax near a fire...

Do that, my dearest ones. I accept to never place my lips again on the refreshing chalice of love, I accept to drink forever, until my return to God, the bitter chalice of all renunciations, but let them go back to the bright path, let them be sanctified in all their actions to deserve the sight of Jesus-God, as I was granted to enjoy it today. To deserve it here, to possess it forever in Heaven, as I, hoping in my Lord, confide to possess it as well...

The same day at 12 o'clock.

I read it again. I am thinking of theologians who will read these pages. Perhaps they will find errors in my description of the ecstasies and of Jesus'

concentration. Let them remember that I am a poor ignorant woman, that I know nothing about theology or theological terms, and that I strive to say what I see as best I can and with the sentences that my poor mind can construct...

…[270]

The Heroism Of The Martyrs[271]

The Evening

The Martyrs and their conquests.

I saw a place which, on account of the type of architecture and the people there, greatly reminded me of the Tullianum in the vision of the death of little Castulus.[272] It also reminded me of other Roman sites, like the cells at the circuses, where I saw the Christians grouped together shortly before being thrown to the lions. But this was neither the former nor the latter. The walls displayed the usual heavy square stones superimposed, one upon the other. The light was scanty and gloomy, as if filtering through slits and getting mixed with the uncertain luminosity of a little oil flame which was insufficient to illuminate the environment. Undoubtedly, the place was also a jail, and a jail for Christians, but, unlike the other places I had seen, this dark, dismal environment was not entirely closed off by gates and walls. In one corner there was a wide corridor starting from the large room and leading to some unknown destination. The corridor, slightly curved as if forming part of a big ellipse, also contained the usual quadrangular stones and was poorly illuminated by a little flame. The place was empty. On the floor, though -- which seemed to be made of granite and where big stones serving as seats were scattered -- there were some garments.

A muffled noise, like a stormy sea heard far from the shore, was coming from an unknown point. It was sometimes softer or louder. It almost sounded like a rumble, perhaps from the effect of the curved walls, which must have picked it up and amplified it, as with an echo. It was a strange noise. Sometimes it struck me as produced by sea waves or a big waterfall, and sometimes I seemed to hear it as being made up of human voices and thought it was a howling crowd; at other times there were nonhuman sounds and the other noise ceased, bursting out more loudly afterwards... Now a shuffling of steps, of many steps, was coming from the elliptical corridor, which became brightly illuminated, as if other lights were being brought there, and, along with the noise of the steps, the subdued moaning of suffering creatures...

Then the tremendous scene appeared. Preceded by two colossal men of considerable age, bearded, half-naked, and bearing lit torches, there came

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[270] *Maria's and Jesus' further commentary are omitted.*

[271] *NB45, November 24, 1946, p. 292*

[272] See the entry for January 29 in The Notebooks. 1944.

forward a group of bleeding creatures -- in part held up, in part holding up others, and in part even being carried. I said “creatures.” But the expression is not appropriate. Those lacerated, mutilated, opened bodies; those faces with cheeks marked by atrocious wounds which had torn their mouths to pieces as far as their ears or cloven a cheek to the point of displaying their teeth set in their jaws, or removed an eye, which was dangling outside of its socket, deprived of the now inexistent eyelid, or entirely missing, as if through a barbarous ablation; those heads without any covering as if a cruel device had scalped them no longer possessed the appearance of creatures. They were a macabre sight, like a nightmare, like a mad dream... They were a witness to the fact that the beast is hidden in man and it is ready to appear and give vent to its instincts, taking advantage of every pretext that can justify savagery. Here the pretext was religion and reasons of state. The Christians were enemies of Rome and the god Caesar; they offended the gods; the Christians should thus be tortured. And they were. What a spectacle! Men, women, the elderly, children and young girls were there pell-mell, waiting to die from wounds or a new martyrdom.

And yet, except for the unconscious lament of those rendered senseless by the seriousness of their wounds, no voice of affliction was heard. Those who had led them withdrew, leaving them to their fate, and then the less wounded were seen to help the most seriously harmed, and those with the slightest capacity to went to bend over the dying. Those unable to remained upright and dragged themselves on their knees or crawled on the ground, seeking their dearest ones or those they knew were physically and perhaps spiritually the weakest. And those still able to use their hands sought to provide assistance to the naked shapes, covering them again with the garments on the ground or arranging the members of the languishing in positions which did not offend modesty and extending some shreds of clothing over them. And some women placed the dying children, weeping with pain and fear, on their laps, and perhaps they were not theirs. Others dragged themselves over to the young women covered only by their loosely-hanging long hair and tried to dress their virginal bodies once more in the white robes lying on the ground. And the robes became impregnated with blood, and the smell of blood pervaded the air in the environment, getting mixed with the heavy smoke of the oil lamp. And imperceptible merciful, holy dialogues were interwoven.

“Are you suffering a lot, my daughter?” asked an old man with his skull stripped of its skin, which was hanging from the nape of his neck, like a cap which had fallen off; he could not see because as eyes he had only two bleeding wounds, which he turned towards a woman who must have been a glowing bride, but who was now only a heap of blood and was clasping to her open chest -- with the only arm that could still do so, in a desperate gesture of love -- her little son, who was sucking his mother’s blood instead of the milk which could no longer flow down from her lacerated breasts.

"No, my father... The Lord is helping me... If Severus would only come, at least... The child… is not crying... Maybe he's not wounded... I feel he is seeking my breast... Am I badly wounded? I no longer feel one hand and cannot... cannot look because I have no more strength to see... Life… is escaping with my blood... Am I covered, my father...?"

"I don't know, daughter. I no longer have eyes..."

Beyond there was a woman crawling on her belly over the ground as if she were a snake. Through an opening at the base of her ribs her lungs could be seen breathing. "Do you still hear me, Christine?" he asked, bending over a naked girl, without wounds, but with the color of death on her face. A crown of roses was still on her brow over her loose dark hair. She was semiconscious.

But she roused herself at her mother's voice and caress and drew together her strength to say, "Mother..." The voice was a murmur. "Mother! The snake... clutched me so tightly... that I can't... hug you any more... But the snake... doesn't matter... The shame... I was naked... They were all looking at me... Mother... am I still a virgin even if... even if the men..., saw me... like that...? Am I still pleasing to Jesus...?"

"You are dressed in your martyrdom, my daughter. I tell you: you are more pleasing to Him than before..."

"Yes... but... cover me, Mother... I would not like to be seen any more... A robe for mercy's sake..."

"Don't get upset, my darling... Here you are. Mother is placing herself here and concealing you... I cannot look for a dress for you any more... because... I'm dying... All praise for Je---" And the women threw herself over her daughter's body with a great gush of blood and, after a moan, remained motionless. Dead? Certainly at the point of her final breaths.

"My mother is dying... Hasn't any priest survived to give her Peace...?" asked the girl, forcing her voice.

"I am still alive. If you carry me...," said an old man whose belly was completely open from a corner...

"Who can take Cletus to Christine and Clementine?" several People asked.

"Maybe I can, since I've got good hands and am still strong, But I would have to be led because the lion tore out my eyes" said a dark, tall, sturdy young man.

"I'll help you to walk, O Decimus," replied a young *[sic]* who was slightly wounded, one of those least harmed.

"'My brother and I will help you to carry Cletus," two robust fellows in the flower of manhood, also only slightly wounded, said.

"May God reward all of you," said the old priest with his belly torn open as they transported him cautiously. And once laid down beside the martyred woman, he prayed over her, and, in agony as he was, he still managed to commend to God the soul of a man who, with his legs stripped of flesh, was

bleeding to death at his side. And he asked the blind man who had brought him if he knew anything about Quirinus.

"He died at my side. The panther opened his throat at the start."

"The beasts act quickly at the beginning. Then they get sated and just play," said a young man slowly bleeding to death not far away.

"Too many Christians for too few beasts," remarked an old man who with a piece of cloth was plugging the wound which had opened his side without damaging his heart.

"They do it deliberately. To enjoy a new spectacle later. They are certainly thinking about it now...," observed a man holding up his left forearm -- nearly torn off by the bite of a beast -- with his right hand.

A shudder ran through the Christians.

The young Christine moaned, "Not the snakes! It's too horrible!"

"It's true. It crawled over me, licking my face with its clamy tongue... Oh, I preferred the blow of the claw that opened my chest but killed the snake to its chilliness. Oh!" And a woman raised her wavering, bloodied hands to her face.

"And yet you are old. The snake was reserved for the virgins."

"They satirized our mysteries. First Eve seduced by the serpent, then the early days of the world: all the animals."

"That's it. The pantomime of the earthly Paradise... The director of the Circus was rewarded for it," said a young man.

"The snakes, after crushing many of the women, hurled themselves on us until they opened to the beasts and there was combat."

"They sprinkled oil on us, and the snakes fled from us as prey for food... What will become of us now? I'm thinking of the nakedness...," moaned a young woman hardly more than a girl.

"Help me, Lord! My heart is wavering..."

"I trust in Him..."

"I would like Severus to come, for the child..."

"Is your son alive?" asked a very young woman weeping over what had been her son and was now a formless fistful of flesh: a little trunk, just a trunk, with no head or members.

"He is alive and unwounded. I put him behind my back. The beast clawed me. And yours?"

"His little head with slight curls, his little heavenly eyes, his little cheeks, hands like flowers, and tiny feet barely learning to walk are now in the belly of a lioness... Ah, she was female and surely knows what it is to be a mother and had no mercy on me...!"

"I want Mommy! I want Mommy! She was left with Father over there on the ground... And I feel bad. Mommy would make my tummy get better...!" A child aged six or seven whose abdominal wall had been clearly ripped open by a bite or clawing and who was quickly nearing death was weeping.

"You will now go to Mommy. Your brothers, the angels of heaven, will take you there, little Linus. Don't cry this way..." A young woman, sitting down at his side, comforted him and caressed him with her less wounded hand. But the child was suffering on the hard floor and trembling, and the woman, helped by a man, took him onto her knees and held him there and rocked him to sleep that way.

"Where is your father?" Cletus asked the two brothers who had carried him together to the blinded man.

"He became food for the lion. Right before our eyes. While the beast was already biting the nape of his neck, he said, 'Persevere.' He said no more because his head was torn off..."

"Now he is speaking from Heaven. Blessed Crispianus!"

"Blessed brothers! Pray for us."

"For the final struggle!"

"For final perseverance."

"Out of love for our brothers and sisters."

"Do not fear. Already perfect in love, to the point where the Lord wanted them in the first martyrdom, they are now most perfect because they are alive in Heaven and know and reflect the Perfection of the Most High Lord. Their remains, which we left in the arena, are just remains. Like the clothes they took away from us. But they are in Heaven. Their remains are lifeless. But they are *alive.* Alive and active. They are with us. Do not fear. Do not be concerned about how you will die. Jesus said, 'Do not be concerned about earthly things. Your Father knows what you need.' He knows your will and your resistance. He knows everything and will help you. A little more patience, O brothers and sisters. And then there will be peace. Heaven is conquered with patience and violence. Patience in pain. Violence towards our human fears. Crush them. It is the hellish Enemy's trap to tear you away from the Life of Heaven. Reject fears. Open your hearts to complete trust. Say, 'Our Father who is in the Heavens will give us our daily bread of fortitude because He knows we want his Kingdom and are dying for it, forgiving our enemies.' No, I said a sinful word. *There are no enemies for Christians.* Those torturing us are our friends, like those loving us. Indeed, they are our friends twice over, for they are of use to us on earth to witness to our faith and dress us in the nuptial robe for the eternal banquet. Let us pray for our friends. For these friends of ours who do not know how much we love them. Oh, at this moment we are truly like Christ because we love our neighbors to the point of dying for them! We love. Oh, exactly! We have learned what it is to be gods. For Love is God, and those who love are like God, true children of God. In keeping with the Gospel, we love not those from whom we expect joys and remuneration, but those who strike us and strip us of life itself. We love with Christ, saying, 'Father, forgive them because they do not know what they are doing.' With Christ we say, 'It is right to carry out the sacrifice because we have come to carry it out and want it to be carried out.' With Christ

we say to the survivors, 'Now you are grieving. But your sorrow will be turned into joy when you understand we are in Heaven. From Heaven we will bring you the peace in which we dwell.' With Christ we say, 'When we have gone away, we shall send the Paraclete to carry out his mysterious works in the hearts of those who did not understand us and persecuted us because they did not understand us.' With Christ we entrust our spirit not to men, but to the Father so that He will support it with his love in the new trial. Amen.' Old Cletus, with his belly torn open, dying, spoke with such a strong, secure voice that a healthy man could not equal it. He transfused his heroic spirit into everyone, to the point where a gentle song rose from those tortured creatures...

"Where is my wife?" asked a voice from the corridor, interrupting the song.

"Severus! My husband! The child is alive! I saved him for you! But you have come just in time... for I am dying. Take him, take our Marcellinus!"

The man came forward, bent over, embraced his dying wife, and took the child from her trembling hand. And the two mouths, which had loved each other in holy fashion, joined one last time in a single kiss placed on the innocent little head.

"Cletus... Bless me... I am dying..." The woman really seemed to have halted life until the arrival of her husband. She now sank into a death rattle in the arms of her husband, to whom she murmured, "Go, go... for the child's sake... to Puden---" Death cut off her words...

"Peace be with Anitia," said Cletus.

"Peace!" responded all.

The husband gazed at her, lying at his feet, bloodless, lacerated... Tears fell from his eyes upon the face of the dead woman. He then said, "Remember me, O my faithful wife...!" He then turned to his elderly father-in-law: "I will take her to Titus' Vineyard. Caius and Sostenutus are here outside with the stretcher."

"Will they let you go through?"

"Yes. Those with relatives among the living will have burial..."

"With money?"

"With money... and without it, too. Anyone who wants to can come to gather the dead and say good-bye to the living. They thus hope that the sight of the martyrs will weaken those who are still free and convince them not to become Christians, and they hope our words... will weaken you. Those without relatives will go to be slaughtered... But our deacons will look for their remains during the night..."

"Are they perhaps preparing a new martyrdom?"

"Yes, that is why they let the relatives through, and for this reason, too, the martyrs will be buried at night. They will be busy with the spectacle..."

"At such a late hour? What sort of spectacle at night?"

"Yes, what spectacle?"

"The stake. When it's completely dark..."

"The stake...! Oh...!"

"For those who hope in the Lord the flames will be like the sweet dew of the dawn. Remember the young men Daniel speaks about.[273] They went singing amidst the flames. The flame is beautiful! It purifies and dresses in light. The filthy beasts do not. The slippery serpents do not. The indecent stares at the bodies of the virgins do not. The flame! If there is a remnant of sin in you, let there be the flame of the stake, like the fire of Purgatory. A brief purgatory and then, dressed in light, we go to God. To God -- Light -- we shall go! Fortify your hearts. They sought to be light for the pagan world. Let the fires of the stake be the beginning of the Light we shall give to this world of darkness," Cletus continued.

There are heavy, hobnailed footfalls in the corridor. "Decimus, are you still alive?" asked two soldiers appearing in the room.

"Yes, companions. Alive. And to speak to you about God. Come. Because I cannot come to you, because I'll never see the light again."

"Unfortunate!" the two said.

"No. Fortunate. I am happy. I no longer see the horrible things in the world. The allurements of the flesh and of gold can no longer tempt me by entering through my eyes. In the darkness of temporary blindness I am already seeing the Light. I see God...!"

"But don't you know that in a short while you will be burned? Don't you know that because we love you we asked to see you, to have you escape if you were still alive?"

"Escape? Do you hate me so much that you want to take Heaven away from me? You weren't like that in the thousand battles we fought side by side for the Emperor. We then spurred each other on to be heroes. And now you, while I fight for an Eternal Emperor, immense in his Power, advise me to be base? The stake? And wouldn't I have willingly died amidst the flames during the assaults on an enemy city, provided I could serve the Emperor and Rome -- a man, like me, and a city which exists today and is gone tomorrow? And now that I'm assaulting the most authentic Enemy to serve God and the Eternal City, where I will reign with my Lord, do you want me to fear the flames?"

The two soldiers looked at each other in astonishment.

Cletus spoke again, "The martyrs are the only heroes. Their heroism is eternal. Their heroism is holy. With their heroism they do not harm anyone. They do not emulate the Stoics, with arid forms of stoicism, or the cruel, with their useless, iniquitous acts of violence. He does not steal treasures. He does not usurp powers. They give. They give what is their own. Their wealth... Their strength... Their lives... They are generous ones stripping themselves of everything in order to give. Imitate them. Supine servants of a cruel one who orders

[273] Daniel 3:19-90.

you to cause death and encounter death, pass over to Life, to serve Life and serve God. When the intoxication of battle has subsided, when the signal imposes silence on the field, have you ever felt the joy that you feel is in your companion? No. Weariness, nostalgia, the fear of death, and the nausea of blood and acts of violence... Here... look! Here people die and sing. Here people die and smile. For we will not die, but live. We do not know Death, but Life, the Lord Jesus."

Those two muscular fellows who had come at the beginning with torches entered again. Two other men, pompously dressed, are with them. The torches held aloft by the two were smoking. The others who were with them bent over to observe the bodies...

"Dead... This one, too... She is in agony... The boy is already ice cold... The old man will soon die... This one...? The snake crushed her ribs. Look -- there is already pink foam on her lips...," they advised one another.

"I'd say... we should let them die here."

"No. The game has already been scheduled. The Circus is filling up again..."

"The others from the jails would be enough."

"Too few!" Proculus was unable to manage the masses. Too many to the lions. Too few for the stakes..."

"That's the way it is... What should we do?"

"Wait." Someone stepped into the middle of the room and said, "Whoever among you is less wounded must stand up."

About twenty people got up.

"Can you walk? Remain steady on your feet?"

"We can."

"You're blind," they said to Decimus.

"I can be guided. Do not deprive me of the stake, since I imagine you're thinking of this," said Decimus.

"Of this. And do you want the stake?"

"I ask for it as a grace. I am a faithful soldier. Look at the scars on my limbs. As a reward for my long, faithful service to the Emperor, give me the stake."

"If you love the Emperor so much, why are you betraying him?"

"I am not betraying either the Emperor or the Empire, for I am not performing acts against their well-being. But I serve the true God, who is the God-Man and the Only One worthy to be served to the point of death."

"O Cassianus, with hearts like yours torments are useless. I am telling you so. We do nothing but cover ourselves with purposeless cruelty...," said a superintendent of the Circus to his companion.

"Maybe it's true. But the god Caesar..."

"And let it be! You that walk, come out of here! Wait for us alongside the exits. We'll give you new clothes."

The martyrs said good-bye to those remaining. A young man knelt down to be blessed by his mother. A girl with her blood appended a little cross, as if it were chrism, on the forehead of her mother, who was leaving her to go to the stake. Decimus embraced his two fellow soldiers. An old man kissed his dying daughter and set off securely. All of them had themselves blessed by the priest Cletus before going out... The steps of those about to die drifted away in the corridor.

"Are you staying here?" the superintendents asked the two soldiers.

"Yes, we're staying."

"What for? It's... dangerous. They corrupt faithful citizens."

The two soldiers shrugged their shoulders.

The superintendents went off as gravediggers entered with stretchers to carry away the dead. There was some confusion because with the gravediggers there were also some relatives of the dead and the dying, and tears and farewells between them and those barely surviving. The two soldiers took advantage of it to say to a boy, "Pretend you're dead. We'll take you to safety."

"Would you betray the Emperor by saving yourselves when he places trust in you for his glory?"

"Of course not, lad."

"And neither do I betray my God, who died for me on the Cross."

The two soldiers, literally amazed, asked each other, "But who gives them so much strength?" And then, with their elbows resting against the wall to hold up their heads, they remained observing pensively.

The superintendents came back with slaves and stretchers. They said, "There are still too few of you for the stake. The less wounded should at least sit up."

The less wounded...! All of them were more or less in mortal agony. And they could no longer sit up. But the voices implored, "Me!. Me!. Provided you carry me..."

Another eleven were chosen...

"Blessed are you! Pray for me, Maria! Go to God, Placidus! Remember me, O Mother! My son, call my soul quickly! My husband, may dying be sweet for you...!" The greetings crossed...

The stretchers were carried away.

"Let us support the martyrs with our prayer. Let us offer the twofold pain of our members and our hearts, excluded from martyrdom because of them. Our Father..." Cletus, who was fearfully livid and dying, gathered up his strength to say the Our Father.

Someone entered, panting. He saw the two soldiers. He retroceded. He held back the cry about to burst from his mouth.

"You can speak, man. We won't betray you. We, soldiers of Rome, ask to be soldiers of Christ."

"The blood of the martyrs fertilizes the sod!" exclaimed Cletus. And, turning to the man who had just arrived, he asked, "Do you have the mysteries?"

"Yes, I was able to give them to the others a moment before they were taken into the arena. Here they are!"

The soldiers looked in amazement at the purple bag the man took out from close to his chest.

"Soldiers. You ask us where we find strength. Here is the strength! This is the Bread of the strong. This is God, who enters to live in us. This..."

"Quick! Quick, O Father! I am dying... Jesus... And I will die happy! Virgin, martyr, and happy!" cried out Christine, gasping in the agonies of suffocation.

Cletus hurried to break the bread and give it to the young woman, who became calmly recollected, closing her eyes.

"For me, too... and then... call the Circus servants. I want to die at the stake...," gurgled a boy with his shoulders torn to pieces and his cheek open from his temple to his bleeding throat.

"Can you swallow?"

"I can! I can. I did not ever move or speak in order not to die... before the **Eucharist**. I hoped... Now..."

The priest gave him a crumb of the consecrated Bread. And the boy tried to swallow. But he could not manage to. One soldier, feeling pity, bent over and held up his head while the other, having found an amphora in a corner with a drop of water in the bottom, tried to help him swallow, pouring the water drop by drop between his lips.

In the meantime Cletus broke the Sacred Species and gave them to those nearest him. He then asked the soldiers to carry him to distribute the **Eucharist** to the dying. He then had himself brought again to the place where he had been and said, "May Our Lord Jesus Christ reward you for your mercy."

The little boy struggling to swallow the **Eucharist** briefly panted and twisted... Moved by mercy, a soldier took him in his arms. But as he did so, a stream of blood issued from the wound in his neck and bathed his shining lorica. "Mommy! Heaven... Lord... Jesus..." The little body yielded.

"He is dead... He is smiling..."

"Peace to little Fabius!" said Cletus, who was growing paler and paler.

"Peace!" sighed the dying.

The two soldiers spoke together. One then said, "Priest of the true God, end your life introducing us into your militia."

"Not mine... Jesus Christ's... But... we cannot... One... must first be a catechumen..."

"No. We know that in the event of death Baptism is given."

"You are... healthy..." The old man gasped...

"We are dying because... With a God like yours, who makes you so holy, why should anyone remain to serve a corrupt man? We want the glory of

God. Baptize us: I, Fabius, like the little martyr, and my companion, Decimus, like our glorious fellow soldier. And then we will go to the stake. What good is life in the world when your Life has been understood?"

There is no more water... No liquid... Cletus used his trembling hand as a cup and gathered the blood dripping from his atrocious wound: "Kneel down... I baptize you, O Fabius, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit... I baptize you, O Decimus, in the name of the... Father... and of the Son... and of the Holy... Spirit..."[274] The old priest had concluded his mission, his suffering, and his life... He was dead...

The two soldiers looked at him... They looked for some time at those who were slowly, serenely dying... smiling in the midst of agony, enraptured by the **Eucharistic** ecstasy. "Come, Fabius. Let's not wait a moment longer. With such examples, the way is sure! Let us go and die for Christ!" And they speedily ran off down the corridor to encounter martyrdom and glory.

The moans in that place became weaker and weaker and less and less numerous... The uproar which had been heard at the outset returned from the Circus. The crowd rumbled again, waiting for the spectacle.

Third Sunday Of Advent[275]

Introit: Ph 4:4-6; Ps 85(84):2
Collect: Lord, lend Your ear, we beg, to our prayers, and lighten the darkness of our minds with the grace of Your coming. You who are God, living and reigning.
Epistle: Ph 4:4-7
Gradual: Ps 80(79):2-3, 2
Gospel: Jn 1:19-28
Offertory: Ps 85(84):2-3
Secret: May the sacrifice of our devotion, Lord, be offered to You continually, and may it both perform its appointed task in this holy mystery and in a wonderful way work Your salvation in us. Through our Lord.
Communion: Is 35:4
Postcommunion: We implore, Lord, Your clemency, that freed from our sins, we may be prepared by these divine aids for the coming festival. Through our Lord.

[12/14/46, 5:20 a.m.]

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[274] *Is this the so-called "baptism of blood?"*
[275] *AZ, December 15, 1946, p. 301*

I awaken. I find my affliction on my sickbed and load it upon myself like a cross. But at the same time there is the dear, divine Voice: 'Jesus is coming to give his kiss (the **Eucharist**) to his little bride.'

I respond, 'Oh, my Lord, give me light. Tell me if it's really You! Everything the Fathers of the Servants of Mary in general and Father Migliorini in particular make me suffer leads me to believe I am deluded, mentally ill, and obsessed. Is it You that speak or is it my brain, which has become ill and raves? It is You or Satan? My greatest pain is this, and You know it. The fear of listening to voices which are not yours and your holy ones' or of erring in calling what is really just my thought 'your word.'

Jesus answers me:

"And even if it were? Didn't I tell you that from the heart there emerge the thoughts of men and that from the fruit one knows if the plant is good?[276] Isn't it stated in Scripture and in Wisdom that whoever makes Me known already has eternal life and that whoever works for Me will not sin? How often is it stated openly or covertly that whoever is full of Wisdom is full of Me, that whoever speaks supernatural words is a voice of the Spirit of God, who dwells in his heart? For it is the Spirit of God, beloved soul of mine, who carries out these operations in the hearts of the men in whom He dwells, finding them worthy of being inhabited by Him. And the Spirit Paraclete is the Love of the Father and of the Son. If you, then, in your heart hear these words sounding, it is a sign that you are listening to the divine conversation of the Most Holy Trinity. If you hear Me speaking, then, it is a sign that I am in you with my love. Even if it were really your heart which suggested these thoughts which you later write, it is, then, a sign that your heart *is full of God,* 'for it is from man's heart that there comes what emerges from his mouth.' Now then, if your heart pushes into your mouth and mind divine or supernatural thoughts, sights, and words, it is a sign that your heart is holy; that your heart harbors only love, justice, heavenly things; it is a sign that your conversation is in Heaven and that you dwell in your spirit in Heaven, having Heaven enclosed within you.

"Blessed are those who are like you! And what are you afflicted about, O my beautiful tree, sweet apple tree, gentle olive, if you yield celestial fruits, sweet with the Wisdom that We are, luminous like pure oil lit with the Light that We are?

"Remain in peace! Remain in peace, my beloved, my faithful one, my sweetheart, and *my cherished little bride.* Remain in peace. And proceed with peace. You do what I want. Whoever opposes you does not wound you, but Me, for he opposes Me, Me alone, to such a point do I, and *no one else,* possess and dominate and shine and instruct and *live* in you.

"Proceed. You make the Lord, Mary, and the Heavenly Populace of the Holy Ones loved. For this alone, for this alone you would have eternal life! And

[276] Mt 15:18-19; Mk 7:14-15; Mt 7:16-18; Lk 6:43-44

then there is all your long-time, ever-growing love. There is your suffering. There is your immolation. There is everything for you. Oh, fear not! You cannot err because you are immersed in heroic love.

"Fear not. That which is full and that which is immersed cannot receive anything more or be more bathed and submerged by anything other than that in which it already finds itself.

"Fear not. Proceed and forgive.

"The short-sighted and those who, because of threefold sensuality or even just pride,[277] live on the flat plain have cataracts over the pupils of their intellects and cannot see the sun shining on the mountaintops which tend towards the sky because they love the sky; the heights, the purities; they do not see the plants which the sun causes to grow on the summits. Similarly; they do not see the divine contact of the God Sun with the pinnacle of your spirit and the plants which your will to love Me has caused to sprout there, on the summit of your spirit, and which the God Sun causes to grow ever more luxuriantly, and *no* storm can uproot them.

"To every soul that gives itself entirely to Wisdom the words of the sapiential book[278] can be applied: 'I have risen like a cedar on Lebanon and like a cypress on Mount Hermon. I have grown like a palm in En-Gedi, like the rose bushes of Jericho, like a fine olive in the fields and a plane tree in the square near the fountain; like a fragrant plant or sweet resins, I exhale my perfumes and fill my house with them.' For whoever gives himself to Wisdom exhales Wisdom. And Wisdom is fertile; it is a useful and beautiful forest of plants of every kind, with flowers, fruits, and sweet scents, nourished by the eternal Founts of its own Nature: the Divinity. This praise is not only of Mary Most Holy. In Her Wisdom was complete, and every creaturely perfection was reached by Her. But, I tell you, it is also of all the souls that give themselves to Wisdom, and the Liturgy applies it to many of them who have been able to possess Wisdom.

"Who are you? Do they ask and do you ask yourself who you are? I shall tell you with the words of Isaiah what your name is: 'I, the Lord, give and shall give them a better name than that of sons and daughters: I shall give them an eternal name which will never perish.'[279] I shall tell you with the words of John the Beloved: 'To the victor I shall give hidden manna and *a white stone with a new name written on it* which no one knows except the one who receives it.'[280] And I have already given it to you and will not take it away from you if you remain faithful to Me. I will not take it away from you, and you shall bear it with many others, with all 'those who come from the great tribulation,'[281]

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[277] 1 Jn 2:15-16
[278] Si 24:13-15
[279] Is 56:5
[280] Rv 2:17
[281] Rv 7:14-17

where there is no longer pain, 'for God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.'

"Are you at peace, little bride? Have I come to kiss you, as I told you at the outset? Is my **Eucharistic** honey in you? Do you taste how sweet it is? Do our two hearts not beat as one? Does my Blood intoxicate you? Does my Sun shine in you? Does it warm you, console you? Oh, my Maria! Come! Abandon yourself! It is so beautiful to love one another[282] and forget the quadrigas of Aminadab -- fierce, harsh, dark, cold, and material. Come to love. Give me love. I have so few souls who love me unreservedly as you do. Why would you like to withdraw, frightened by the voices of those remaining between the grass and the guagmire, like frogs that would like to silence the nightingale and fly in the sun like the dove and are annoyed because they cannot? Come. It's really Me. Come. You cannot doubt, you doubt no more when I hold You this way. But ecstasy is not at all hours. And you must be able to remain blessed, secure as you now are, even when ecstasy withdraws and you are enveloped by the *willful* incomprehension and distrust of men.

"Everything will pass, soul of mine. But I shall remain for you always, forever. After Calvary comes the Resurrection. After the Passion, the Ascension. For Christ and for the brides of Christ.

"My peace, my charity be in you, for you, and with you always."

Azariah says:

"Our Most Holy Lord has anticipated for you the picture which the liturgy sings today. He has come to console and reaffirm you, poor soul that are shaken mercilessly in order to bend you to saying what is not true.

"Never say it. I remind you of the Master's words: 'Give to Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's.'[283] A tax was referred to there; a work is referred to here. But in both cases what belongs to God should always be given to God. Even if, by insisting on wanting the supernatural origin of the work recognized, you succeeded in having no one be further concerned with it -- I am speaking of priests -- let them act. They will have to answer to God for three things: not having recognized the Word, having scandalized many souls, and having sinned against charity towards you and also towards those hungry for the Word, for whom Jesus Most Holy, having mercy on them, dictated the Work. In wanting to do what God wills, *you have acted* on your own, even though you are prevented from acting. In the eyes of God, you have complied, as both a spokeswoman and an executor of God's orders. And that must suffice for you. God will attend to the rest and the others. Oh, what words in the Gospel can be applied to *this* case!

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[282] Sg 6:12

[283] Mt 22:21; Mk 12:17; Lk 20:25

"But the little ones are always blessed who serve the Lord with simplicity and love, and woe always to those who, by their way of acting, opposed to the goodness of the Lord, heap up the rigors of Justice upon their heads!

"And let us still, and always, pray that by the grace of the coming of Christ darkness may be dispelled from the minds of many.

"And faithful souls that serve and follow God and his Will with simplicity and love, always be cheerful in the Lord. May the joy of this mutual love and of the peace that comes from saying, 'I do what God wills' always accompany you, amidst the crosses and trials. Whatever justice you may attain, whatever reflection may shine from your actions and disclose to men the joint operations by God in you and by you out of love for God, whatever the graces may be which eternal Goodness grants you, be modest, so that men, on observing you, can say; 'He is a true son of God, for to his merits he adds modesty in every act or word or glance.'

"Be very watchful, for there are looks which betray imperfect virtue more than open words. Truly: some who in all other things are virtuous are deficient in this virtue of perfect humility. Perfect humility does not caress, even in the secrecy of the heart, complacency over being good and aided by God... Perfect humility is not disturbed by the praise of others and does not adopt those hypocritical poses of humility which are refined pride and calculation aimed at having oneself praised even more. There are looks, smiles, and acts which wordlessly say clearly that you enjoy praise. And then it is no longer true humility.

"Souls that tend towards perfection out of love for God, be truly modest in everything. The eye of God is always upon you and sees the reality of your hearts. Always remember this. And the Lord may still be near with his judgment, for no one knows when death will come to liberate your souls and direct them to God's judgment. Always live as if the Lord were about to appear to you, calling you to the other life.

"Do not worry about anything, mindful of Christ's words: 'Your Father knows what you need. Every day has its own difficulty.'[284] Why get sad and weary over future things which you may see only through suggestion or the work of the devil aimed at frightening you and making you doubt Providence? Worry about the morrow is like water cast upon the sweet fire of hope in divine goodness and like sand flung to destroy the tender little plants of your daily trust in God.

"Jesus Most Holy; on teaching you the Sunday prayer, told you to say, 'Give us this day;'[285] not 'Give us for the whole year or throughout life.' For the Our Father is, must be, a daily act of charity; faith, hope, and contrition asking for forgiveness. Have you never reflected that in the Our Father there are the four acts -- of faith, hope, charity; and contrition -- which the Church includes among the parts of the prayer which a good Christian must offer each day to

[284] Mt 6:32-34
[285] Mt 6:9-13; Lk 11:2-4

help himself to reach these virtues, increase them in his soul, and profess them heroically against human respect and the mockery of the world, whereas the act of contrition is useful reparation and a means towards greater virtue the following day, for it is assumed that in whoever prays *[sic]* attention to what he is saying is present -- otherwise it would not be prayer, but stammering sounds without value -- and that the act of contrition is, therefore, the close of a daily, most salutary examination of conscience during which man humbly recognizes the sins and omissions of the day and accuses himself of them with sincere sorrow over having offended God?

"Meditate and you will see that in the Our Father these four acts are included, right and proper in regard to God and necessary to your growth in wisdom and grace. Do not worry, then, about the morrow so as not to fall into sadness and fear. Useless concerns separate one from God. They are like opaque, dark screens placed between yourselves and your eternal Sun. They are like chains keeping you imprisoned down here, whereas without them and with wonderful trust in God you would fly in spirit to God. They are slits open to Lucifer, who can enter through them to wound and embitter you.

"Do not worry; but turn to God in everything with prayers and entreaties joined to thanksgiving. And remain in peace. Charity, faith, hope, humility, trust in God and for God, and obedience to his wishes yield this peace surpassing all intelligence. May it be in you. And with peace in your hearts you will gain a foretaste of Paradise, for to have peace is to have Jesus Christ and to be established in Him.

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit."

The Wedding At Cana And The Holy Eucharist[286]

Jesus says:

"I could have spoken before to give you this gem, O my little John.[287] But such is the dignity of the Holy Sacrifice, too little known for what it is by too many Catholic Christians, that I have given precedence to the explanation of it. And this is the first lesson that I give to many, speaking only exceptionally on feast days and on Gospel passages which I have already dealt with according to the usual teaching.

"When a priest or a voice speaks in the name of God and by God's order, when a precept is obeyed, I, who am the Lord, remain silent, for great is the dignity of a teacher who speaks in my name and by my order, and great is the dignity of a rite -- very great that of the Holy Mass, the rite of rites, just as the **Eucharist** is the Sacrament of Sacraments.

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[286] *NB45, January 19, 1947, p. 317*

[287] See note 1, p. 31 *[Little John is the name given to Maria Valtorta because of her spiritual affinity with the Apostle and Evangelist John.].*

"Now then, listen, O my little John. I told you a long time ago[288] -- you were in the place of exile and suffered as only I know[289] -- that every Gospel passage and episode is a mine of teaching. Do you remember? I had shown you the second multiplication of loaves of bread and told you that, as with a few fish and pieces of bread I was able to satisfy the hunger of the throngs, in the same way your spirits can be sated limitlessly by the few passages which are included in the four Gospels. Indeed, for twenty centuries an incalculable number of men have been fed by them. And now, through my little John, I have increased the episodes and words[290] because starvation is truly about to consume spirits, and I have mercy on them. But even from those few episodes in the four Gospels bread and fish have been coming to men for twenty centuries so that they will be fed to the full and there will still be food left over.

"All of this is done by the Holy Spirit, who is the Master teaching from the chair of Gospel instruction. 'When the Paraclete comes, He will instruct you concerning all truth and teach you everything and remind you of all that I have said,'[291] teaching the *true* spirit of every word, of every letter in the episode. For it is the spirit of the word, and not the word in itself, which gives life to the spirit. The uncomprehended word is a vain sound. It is uncomprehended when it is just a term, a noise, not 'life, a seed of life, a spark, a source' sinking its roots in, inflaming, washing, and nourishing.

"The wedding in Cana.[292] For twenty centuries it has been a point of departure for spiritual masters to preach the holiness of marriage effected with the grace of God and to preach the power of Mary's prayers, her teaching of obedience -- 'Do whatever He tells you to' -- my power in changing water into wine, and so on. None of these fruits picked from the Gospel passage are mistaken. But these are not the only fruits contained in the episode which you can grasp.

"My little one in love, a lover of Me, hungry for Me as **Eucharist**, this is one of the episodes in my public life in which the final miracle of the *God-Man,* the **Eucharist**, is germinally present. The Resurrection is indeed a miracle

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[288] May 28, 1944, in the dictation commenting on the episode of the "Second Multiplication of the Loaves of Bread" in the major work on the Gospel.

[289] See note1, p. 35 *[Compito is the locality where Maria Valtorta took refuge from April 24 to December 23, 1944, remaining away from Viareggio during the second world war.]*.

[290] See note 1, p. 108 *[A reference to Maria Valtorta's writings as a whole, constituted by the monumental work on the life of Jesus (beginning with the birth of the Mother of God, continuing with Jesus' hidden and public life, passion, death, and resurrection, and concluding with Our Lady's assumption into Heaven); comments on Old Testament passages, on St. Paul's Letter to the Romans, and on New Testament texts; and some accounts of the early Christians and martyrs. Maria Valtorta affirmed that her writings were due to visions and dictations communicated by God.]*.

[291] John 14:25.

[292] John 2:1-11. The teaching which follows could be included as a commentary on the episode of the "Wedding in Cana" in a new edition of the major work on the Gospel.

of the *God-Man,* the first of all the miracles appearing from the moment when the glorified God-Man Jesus, the Victorious One, emerged from the Victim destroyed by Sacrifice. Before the God was still concealed in the Man. His Nature shone forth by way of flashes in his words and miracles, like the bursts of flame crowning a mountain peak from time to time and bringing people to say, 'Fire is concealed here, and this mount, apparently like many others, is a volcano whose soul is the element of fire instead of just layers and layers of earth and rock.'

"But the Humanity of the Christ who had to suffer and die was in all respects like that of every man, undergoing flesh subject to the law of matter, with a need for food, sleep, drink, and clothing, the discomfort of cold and heat, and weariness from a lot of work or a long trip, and the density of flesh, and -- indigence for the Omnipresent One -- being constricted to a single place. Everything except sin and its appetites. Indeed, *everything, and, above all, what is martyrdom for the just:* having to live among sinners, seeing the offenses committed against the Eternal by them, and the descent of man into the slime of the brutes. The Man -- I am telling you so, Maria -- in his intellect and his heart suffered more from this than from everything else. The stench of vice and sin! The worm-like mass of all forms of concupiscence! I tell you: I began to expiate them from the moment I got close to them -- so great was the torment they brought to my soul and intellect. The angels enumerated the blows of the immaterial scourges of human vices upon my Humanity, as numerous and *more painful* than those of the Roman *flagrum.*

"After the Sacrifice, my true Body, though remaining a true Body, took on the free beauty and power of glorified bodies which will be yours, too, where matter will resemble the spirit with which it lived and struggled to become a queen as the spirit is king. And the Body was glorious, like the Spirit, which was divine in it, no longer subject to all that had previously mortified it, and space was no longer an obstacle, nor was a wall an obstacle or distance or my being here in Heaven and your being there on earth in order for Me to be true God and true Man in Heaven and on earth, with my Divinity, with my Soul, and with my Body and Blood, infinite, as befitted my Divine Nature, contained in a fragment of Bread, as my Love willed -- real, omnipresent, loving, true God, true Man, true Food for man, until the consummation of the ages, and true joy of the elect for what is no longer an age, but eternity.

"The **Eucharist** was the final miracle of the God-Man; the Resurrection, the first miracle of the Man-God, who by Himself changed his Corpse into the Eternally Alive. The **Eucharist**, a transformation of the species of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, stands at the limit between the two periods, like a star, the morning star, between the two times called night and day. And when the morning star shines, pilgrims say to themselves, 'It's day now,' even if it is not day yet, because they know that this light, at the borders of the sky, is the harbinger of dawn. The **Eucharist** is the Morning Star of the

new time. Its light as a miracle of love is a harbinger of dawn, of the dawn of the time of Grace. For this reason, radiant in its flames, it remained suspended between the time that is coming to a close and the one that is opening up, at the end of my preaching, at the beginning of the Redemption.

"If the star of the Epiphany shone to tell kings that the Universal King had been given to the world, the star of my **Eucharist** shone at the Paschal Supper to tell the world that the true Lamb was about to be immolated, was already being immolated, offering Himself spontaneously as perpetual food for men so that his Blood would moisten not only door jambs and lintels,[293] but circulate in utter unity with them to make them saints and the Immaculate Flesh would fortify their weakness while the Soul of Christ and the Divinity of the Word dwelt in them, bringing the inseparable Presence of the Father and the Eternal Spirit. And between the announcement of the star of the Epiphany and between the announcement of the star of the **Eucharist** the light of the miracle in Cana thus shone with its misunderstood symbols to tell the world what Incarnate Wisdom and Power would do in the stony hearts of men and with the poor water of the thought.

"'Three days later there was a banquet.' Three days: three periods before the feast of joy. The first, from the creation of the world until the punishment of the world; the second, from the flood until the death of Moses. The third, from Joshua, a figure of Me, until my coming. And three more periods, or three days: the three years of my preaching before the Paschal feast. And as happens with a nuptial banquet -- where, the closer the moment for the feast comes, the more preparations for it intensify -- so it was with my banquet of love. The voices of the prophetic concert and the lights of those awaiting the true Bridegroom coming to wed Himself to Humanity to make it a queen thus became clearer and clearer.

"'And the Mother of Jesus was there.' The Mother! Can the Mother be lacking if the new man is to be born? Can Eve not be there if from now on she must be 'Life' where there was Death? And can the Woman be lacking as the hour approaches when the Serpent will have oppressed the head and limited his freedom of action? She cannot. And the Mother of the living, sinless Eve, the Woman of the 'Hail Mary' and the *Fiat,* the Woman with the Powerful heel, the Co-Redeemer, was present at the banquet with which Humanity's betrothal to Grace began.

"But 'when the wine ran out,' the guests would not have delighted in the presence of Jesus. Oh, when I came for my banquet of Grace, I truly found that the wine soon ran out. There was too little, and it was quickly consumed, and men fell into sadness because I disappointed their hopes of becoming inebriated with the human juices of power and revenge.

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[293] Exodus 12:7.

"What had I found on starting my mission? 'Stone vessels prepared for the purifications of the Jews' -- that is, for material purifications. Just that. Hearts, after centuries and centuries of impure assimilation of Wisdom, had turned into stone vessels. And not, indeed, to purify themselves, but to be used for purification. Rigorism, the exteriority of rites. That rigorism which caused hardness without serving to cleanse even themselves. The usual sin of pride in believing oneself to be perfect and believing others are impure. The opaque hardness of stone opposed to the light and the suppleness of Wisdom, which enlightens to bring understanding and helps to love. Closed hearts. Even the water filling them does not make them soft. It serves to freeze them. And nothing more. When the water is cast aside, they are arid, hard, and without fragrance. This is the exteriority of rites which fill up without penetrating, without transforming, without bringing sweetness and fragrance. The vessels -- the hearts -- were empty. They did not contain even that minimum of the useful element which is water to purify others. They were empty. They had not even thought of filling themselves with the minimum. Empty, surly, harsh, useless, dark within like a cavern, and gray on the outside from dust and old age.

"'Fill the vessels with water.' Oh, how much living water I poured into the Jews' hearts of stone so that they would at least have a minimum so as to be useful for something! But they did not change, and almost a majority of them rejected the water, remaining empty, hard, dark, and surly.

"'And now draw it out.' That's it. In the hearts where the water was received it turned into select wine, to the point where the steward said, 'Everyone serves the best wine at the beginning and then the worst, whereas you have reserved the best for the end.' I indeed reserved the best for the end -- I, the Bridegroom at the great banquet. At the Last Supper, my final act as the Master, I, the Bridegroom, did not turn water into wine, but wine into my Blood for a new transformation which would help you, O men, to be happy with my happiness, which is holy and eternal. For three years I had filled the empty vessels with the Water coming from Heaven. But now water was no longer enough. The time was coming for struggle and rejoicing, and wine is useful for those struggling and unfailing for guests. And I gave you the **Eucharist**, my Blood, so that you would drink my own strength and be strong and my cheerful desire to serve God and become heroes, like your Master, and my joy would be in you.

"And that miracle of transformation of one species into another[294] has never ended. The vessels at the Cana banquet were quickly emptied, leaving those invited to the wedding inebriated. My **Eucharist** has been filling the chalices and ciboriums of the whole earth for centuries. And until the end of the ages the hungry, the exhausted, the thirsty, the weary, the afflicted, the dying and those barely beginning to exercise reason, the pure and the penitent, the sick and

[294] Though this expression may prove exact for the miracle at Cana, in the case of the Eucharist one should speak of "transubstantiation" -- that is, a change in the substance -- as is stated more clearly in the next paragraph and at other points in the dicat1on.

the healthy, priests and lay people, and men of every race and condition, on the mountaintops and on the plains, among the polar snows and at the equator, and on water and on land will come to drink, eat, be nourished, be saved, and *live* on my Blood and my Flesh, this Wine given at the end of the Banquet, on the threshold of the Redemption, so that it would be the perpetual Banquet of the Bridegroom for those loving Him and ongoing Redemption of your weakness and falls.

"The wedding at Cana. The transformation of water into wine. The Paschal Supper: the transubstantiation of bread and wine into my Body and my Blood. The former, to mark the beginning of my mission of transforming the Jews in that ancient time into disciples of Christ; the latter, to mark the beginning of the transubstantiation of men into children of God through grace returning to life in them. The last miracle of the God-Man. The first and perpetual miracle of Love made man. This, my little John, is one of the applications -- and it is the highest one -- of the miracle at the wedding in Cana.

"And in you -- and forever -- may my Body and my Blood be the precious, incorruptible Things through which, as Simon Peter says,[295] you have been redeemed, so that you will exalt the virtues of Him who called you from the darkness into his glorious light. My peace be with you, little bride, longing for Love. Peace be with you. Peace be with you. Peace be with you."[296]

A Sign Of Grace[297]

My Lord tells me to note down what follows here.

Young Giulio Pierotti, one of my neighbors, who had returned from prison a few months before, having developed an intestinal carcinoma which had been identified inadequately and too late, was operated on, in a last attempt, on February 18, 1947. But since the tumor was seen to be too widespread to be removed, the incision was closed, leaving the cancer to complete its work...

On the morning of the operation, since the young man and his mother had begged for my prayers, I ardently complied. And Jesus then replied to me (at 7 a.m. on February 18th): "Not his body. Pray for his spirit and commend it to Me."

I understood, before finding out the result of the futile operation -- performed more to diagnose than to heal -- that he would not improve even temporarily, and I then replied to the Lord, "Thy will be done. But if it is your will

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[295] 1 Peter 2:9.

[296] We omit over eight handwritten pages, dated January 26 and February 1947, containing Azariah's commentary on the Masses for the Third Sunday after the Epiphany and Septuagesima Sunday.

[297] *NB45, April 8, 1947, p. 385*

that the young man should die, give me a sign that my prayers will obtain eternal life for him."

The Lord said to me, "What sign do you request, soul of mine?"

"If he dies in your grace and enters into your Kingdom, that this should take place on either the Feast of St. Joseph or, even better -- I would be really certain concerning his dying in peace -- on Good Friday, between the sixth and the ninth hour."

It seemed that the young man was to die a few days after the operation, before the end of February. He lived, however, still very ill, ever more so, devoured by cancer, covered with wounds, already a corpse in all respects except intellectually, resigned to his suffering, and often nourished by the **Eucharist**, until Good Friday. At noon he went into a *conscious* agony. Ten minutes before 3 p.m. he gently breathed his last. He had spoken until a few minutes before, saying good-bye to the sisters at the hospital he was leaving in order to die at home -- where he in fact died as soon as he arrived.

As opposed to what generally happens with such unbearable diseases, his face possessed an impressive peace; his body, which had been covered with sores for over a month, did not give off either a stench or pus during the twenty-seven hours in which it remained on the funeral couch; and his face was not at all blemished. All of those who had taken care of him and were familiar with his decline and agony were left astonished at this appearance of peace and this halting of all decomposition.

Just to be truthful. As for me, I feel great peace in regard to him, for I received the sign that young Giulio Pierotti, after a life that was always tormented because of family problems and warfare (seven years, between war and prison), is in the joy of God, having died in his grace.

Full Communion With The Trinity[298]

While I was waiting for Father, who was to bring me Holy Communion, I got to thinking about it. I thought of the very simple form Jesus had taken to give Himself: a fragment of bread which a few words turn into the Body of Jesus Christ. And I thought about what I would experience if I were a priest, on taking Jesus' place to say those words and change bread into the Divine Body. To call God, the Incarnate God, from Heaven, have Him come down there, with his Flesh, Blood, Soul, and Divinity, not just *once,* but every day... And touch Him, this meek Jesus as **Eucharist**, who abandons Himself to the priest's hands, as He did to the hands of Jesus and Mary when he was a newborn Baby. My heart would break with love! And my body, my thought, and my spirit would want to be purer than a budding lily to be able to touch the Lord in a way that

[298] *NB45, April 18,1947, p. 387*

was not unworthy. And I thought about his graciousness in resting upon a tongue and in a mouth which are not always clean or fragrant and in descending into a stomach which is sometimes still cluttered up with poorly digested food. On many occasions I have seen Jesus rest his hand on lepers and horrendous wounds. And that is already a great deal. But here he does not rest for an instant: here He descends and merges into our fetor and regurgitation. I plunged into abysses of humility before the humility of Divine Jesus, into abysses of grateful love before the generous love of Jesus as **Eucharist**.

Then there was a thought and a question for my present Lord: "If man had not sinned and he and all his descendants had not been left with the inheritance of sin, would the **Eucharist** have existed -- indeed, the Communion between God and man -- as intimate and real as we sinners have it?"

Jesus, sparkling with love, replied:

"Indeed! You would have had not the particular communion of the Incarnate Word for his faithful, *but total communion with the Most Holy Trinity.* For I, in descending as a Host into you, bring threefold and indivisible Love with Me, *but I feed you with Myself in particular.* I said, 'This is my Body. This is my Blood.' And the Church says, 'This is the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May it keep you unto eternal life.' But if you had remained innocent, with no need for fragments of bread you would have had Communion with God. The substance is for your humanity, which became overbearing after Adam's Sin. Spirituality was the queen before. And spirituality has no need for material substances to grasp that it is *receiving* and *possessing* an object. In our case, God.

"If man had remained innocent, already just through God's free gift, he would have evolved increasingly towards perfection, *for all holiness,* except for divine perfection, *is capable of being perfected.* The stairway leading from the relative perfection indispensable for possessing the Kingdom of Heaven one day to the perfection inferior to God alone is extremely lofty. Soul of mine, you must consider the great difference between the perfection a soul attains after having purged itself for years or centuries in Purgatory of its imperfections which were not eliminated during the earthly day and the perfection a soul attains during sometimes very brief mortal time, not by action through a means created by God, as is Purgatory -- a merciful workshop where imperfect souls become as the inhabitants of the Heavenly City must be, where nothing impure and ugly can enter -- but through their own heroic will.

"Even innocent men could have worked to attain a very lofty perfection with their own will. The human race would have evolved into ever-greater spirituality. As witnessed to by these points: 'And God said to the man and the woman...' (Genesis 1:28-30); and 'The Lord, having formed all the animals..., brought them before Adam...' (Genesis 2:19); and also 'And with the rib taken from Adam the Lord God formed woman *and brought her* before Adam;' and, finally, in the third chapter, the voice of the Lord, who would stroll through Paradise in the freshness of the evening and who called Adam and had the last

conversation with him and the woman, ending in the condemnation, *from the blessedness of being able to know and love God, then, in familiar contact with Him as a Father with his dear children, they would have passed on to possession of God.* For God always gives a hundredfold to the creature who loves Him. And in this case *He would have given Himself to be possessed,* the Spirit of Love fusing Himself with the spiritual love of the creature who has become perfect. And this would have been the Communion of the Innocent, with a spirit refined enough to sense God and consider that it was receiving God, not through the help of faith and substances, *but through an exact perception of God's arrival with all his gifts* to embrace his loving child once again.

"Love's coming to man over and over. Like a divine wave of the divine Ocean upon the shore calling and reaching out towards the divine Ocean to be kissed and covered by it. An ongoing kiss, a new, ever loftier virginalization of the already virgin spirit, which would have become increasingly virginal, a pure whiteness which is no longer a color, but fire, the very same incandescent, virginal whiteness of Mary Immaculate, the Mirror of God shining within Her and perfectly reflected outside of Her.

"That would have been your Communion if you had remained pure, as the Eternal created you. God in you, One and Threefold. You in Him. In your spirit-king, the Spirit-King. The difference, so perceptible at present, between the place where you exist and the eternal place would have been reduced to a very thin diaphragm which a more intense throb of love would have brought down, causing the creature to move without exertion or pain from the earthly paradise, where it would have communicated with God in spiritual love, into the heavenly paradise, where it Would have *remained* in God, with a twofold power of enjoyment and love.

"You, that know what Love coming to communicate itself with its Trinitarian fires is like, can intuit, though vaguely, the Perpetual ecstasy, the fullness of life, the security, the wisdom, and the peace which innocent man would have had as his constant companions through the perpetual Communion of God with man. It would no longer have been 'This is my Body and my Blood,' but 'Here we are, O child! Receive Us and possess in yourself the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, to be perfect in union with Us.'

"Oh, union with Us! Your union with Us! My burning desire which shaped my ardent prayer on the night of Passover! My glory for you so that you will be *one with Us!*

"Maria, you are quite familiar with Love, but still know nothing of the Immensity of Love. A mortal creature cannot know it. But you shall come where I am and shall know it. You shall know the degrees of intensity in gifts that God wanted to arrive at to reward his faithful children. These are mysteries which Heaven will disclose.

"Be at peace."

635. The Last Teachings Before Ascension Day. The Sacraments And The Church.[299]

«…[300]

So I washed you before admitting you to the **Eucharistic** banquet, before listening to the confession of your sins, before infusing the Holy Spirit into you and consequently the character of both true Christians reconfirmed in Grace, and of My Priests. Let the same be done to the others whom you will have to prepare for the Christian life.

Baptise with wafer in the Name of the God One and Triune and in My Name and through My infinite Merits, so that the Original Sin may be cancelled from hearts, sins may be remitted, Grace and the Holy Virtues may be infused, and the Holy Spirit may descend to dwell in consecrated temples, that is, in the bodies of men living in the Grace of the Lord.

Was water necessary to cancel the Sin? Water does not touch the soul. But neither does the immaterial sign touch the sight of man, who is so material in all his actions. I could very well have infused Life also without a visible means. But who would have believed it? How many are the men who can firmly believe if they do not see? So take the lustral water of the ancient Mosaic Law, the water that was used to purify unclean people and admit them again to the camps, after they had become contaminated by a corpse. In actual fact, every man who is born is contaminated, by having contact with a soul dead to Grace. So let it be purified of the unclean contact by the lustral water and made worthy of entering the eternal Temple.

And let water be a dear thing to you... After expiating and redeeming through thirty-three years of laborious life, which culminated in the Passion, after giving all My Blood for the sins of men, then the wholesome waters to wash the Original Sin were drawn from the bloodless consumed Body of the Martyr. By means of the consumed Sacrifice I redeemed you from that stain. If on the point of death a divine miracle of Mine had made Me descend from the cross, I solemnly tell you that with the blood I had shed I would have redeemed the sins, *but not the Sin.* The *full consummation* was required for it. Really, the wholesome water of which Ezekiel speaks came out of this Side of Mine. Immerse souls into it, so that they may come out of it spotless, to receive the Holy Spirit Who, in recollection of that breath which the Creator breathed on Adam to give him the spirit and thus the image and likeness of Himself, will come to breathe and dwell in the hearts of men who have been redeemed.

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[299] *Gospel, Vol. 10, April 11, 1947, p. 412 (**631.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 842)*

[300] *Jesus' remarks on various topics before and after mentioning the Eucharistic Sacrament are omitted.*

Baptise with My Baptism, but in the Name of the Triune God, because, really, if the Father had not wanted and the Spirit had not acted, the Word would have not become incarnate and you would have had no Redemption. So it is just and fair that every man should receive the Life through Those Who joined together in wanting to give it to him, mentioning the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit in the act of Baptism, which takes the name of Christian after Me, to distinguish it from the others past and future, which will be rites, *but not indelible signs on the immortal part.*

Take the Bread and the Wine as I did, and bless them, break them and hand them out in My Name; and let Christians feed on Me. And of the Bread and Wine make an offering to the Father of Heavens, consuming it then in memory of the Sacrifice that I offered and consumed on the Cross for your salvation. I, Priest and Victim, by Myself offered and consumed Myself, as no one, if I had not wanted, could do that of Me. You, My Priests, do that in memory of Me and so that the infinite treasures of My Sacrifice may ascend imploringly to God, and descend propitiously on all those who invoke them with firm faith.

Firm faith, I said. No science is called for to avail oneself of the **Eucharistic** Food and of the **Eucharistic** Sacrifice, *but faith.* Faith that in that bread and in that wine, that one authorised by Me and by those who will come after Me -- you Peter, the new Pontiff of the new Church, you James of Alphaeus, you John, you Andrew, you Simon, you Philip, you Bartholomew, you Thomas, you Judas Thaddeus, you Matthew, you James of Zebedee -- will consecrate in My Name, is My true Body, My true Blood, and he who feeds on it receives Me in Flesh, Blood, Soul and Divinity and he who offers Me really, offers Jesus Christ, as He offered Himself for the sins of the world. A child or an ignorant person can receive Me, just like a learned man and an adult. And a child and an ignorant person will receive the same advantages from the Sacrifice offered, as those that anyone among you will have. It is sufficient that faith and the grace of the Lord are in them.

But you are about to receive a new Baptism, that of the Holy Spirit. I promised it to you and it will be given to you. The very Holy Spirit will descend upon you. I will tell you when. And you will be replete with It, in the fullness of sacerdotal gifts. You will be able, therefore, as I did with you, to infuse the Spirit with which you are replete, to confirm the Christians in grace and instil the gifts of the Paraclete into them. As a regal Sacrament, little inferior to the Priesthood, it must have the solemnity of Mosaic consecrations with the imposition of hands and the unction with scented oil, which was once used to consecrate Priests.

No. Do not look at one another so frightened! I am not speaking sacrilegious words! I am not teaching you sacrilegious acts! The dignity of a Christian is such, I repeat it, that it is little inferior to a priesthood. Where do priests live? In the Temple. And a Christian will be a living temple. What do priests do? They serve God with prayers, sacrifices and taking care of the believers.

That is what they should have done... And a Christian will serve God with prayer and sacrifice and with brotherly love.

And you will listen to the confession of sins, as I listened to yours and to those of many and I forgave where I saw true repentance.

Are you becoming upset? Why? Are you afraid that you may not be able to distinguish? On other occasions I have already spoken of sin and of the judgement of sin. But remember, when judging, to ponder on the seven conditions whereby an action may or may not be sinful and of different gravity. I will recall them. When one sinned and *[1]* how many times, *[2]* who sinned, *[3]* with whom, *[4]* with what, *[5]* which is the matter of the sin, *[6]* which is the cause, *[7]* why did one sin. But be not afraid. The Holy Spirit will assist you.

What I implore you with all My heart to observe is a holy life. It will increase the supernatural lights in you to such an extent, that you will succeed in reading the hearts of men without mistaking, and you will be able, with love or with authority, to tell sinners, who fear to disclose their sin or refuse to confess it, the state of their hearts, helping the timid and humiliating the unrepentant. Bear in mind that the Earth is about to lose its Absolver and that you must be what I was: just, patient, merciful, *but not weak.* I said to you: what you will loose on Earth will be loosed in Heaven and what you bind here will be bound in Heaven. So with measured deliberation judge every man without allowing yourselves to be corrupted by likes or dislikes, by gifts or threats, being impartial in everything and with everybody as is God, bearing in mind the weakness of man and the snares of his enemies.

I remind you that at times God allows also His chosen ones to fall, not because He likes to see them fall, but because a greater future advantage may come from a fall. So offer your hands to those who fall, because you do not know whether that fall is the resolutive crisis of an illness that dies forever, leaving in the blood a purification that brings about health. In our case: that brings about holiness.

Be instead severe with those who have no respect for My Blood, and with their souls just cleansed by the divine bath, throw themselves into filth one and one hundred times. Do not curse them, but be severe, exhort them, reproach them seventy times seven, and have recourse to the extreme punishment of cutting them off from the chosen people, only when their obstinacy in a fault that scandalises the brothers, compels you to take action in order not to become accomplices of their deeds. Remember what I said: “If your brother has sinned, correct him between your two selves. If he does not listen to you, correct him in the presence of two or three witnesses. If that is not sufficient, inform the Church. If he does not listen even to the Church, consider him as a Gentile and a publican.”

…»

636. The Supplementary Passover.[301]

…[302]

They all stand up and the noise warns the women of what is happening. They are on the point of going out, but Jesus enters the house greeting them as well.

Mary says: «Son!» and She worships Him more deeply than the others, teaching them by such a gesture that, no matter how Jesus may be a friend, such a friend and relative as to be even Her Son, He is always God, and is to be worshipped as God. Always worshipped, with an adoring spirit, even if His love for us is so full as to urge Him to give Himself with full confidence, as our Brother and Spouse.

«Peace to You, Mother. Sit down and eat. I am going upstairs, where Marjiam is awaiting his reward.»

He goes out to climb the little staircase and He calls in a loud voice: «Simon Peter and James of Alphaeus. Come.»

The two He has called go up behind Him and Jesus sits at the central table, where Marjiam is, and says to the two Apostles: «You will do what I tell you» and to Matthias, who is at the head of the table, He says: «Begin the Passover banquet.» This evening Jesus has Marjiam beside Him, where John was the last time. Peter and James are behind the Lord awaiting His orders.

And the banquet is celebrated with the same ritual of the Passover Supper: hymns, questions, libations. I do not know whether it is the same at the other tables. I look fixedly where Jesus is, unless His will compels me to look elsewhere, and I forget everything to contemplate my Lord, Who is now offering the best morsels of His lamb -- He has taken it on His plate but He does not eat any of it, neither does He take any lettuce or sauce, and He does not drink of the Chalice -- and He offers the best morsels to Marjiam, who is really blissful.

At the beginning Jesus made a gesture to Peter to bend and listen to Him, and Peter after listening to Him said in a loud voice: «At this moment the Lord offered the chalice for us all, as He was the Father and Head of His Family.»

Now He makes another gesture to Peter, who listens again and then stands up and says: «And at this point the Lord girded Himself to purify us and teach us what we are to do to consume the **Eucharistic** Sacrifice worthily.»

The supper proceeds until at another sign Peter says again: «At this moment the Lord, after taking the bread and the wine, offered them, and praying blessed them, and after breaking the bread into parts, He handed them to us

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[301] *Gospel, Vol. 10, April 23, 1947, p. 435 (**632.** Poem of the Man-God, Vol. 5, p. 861)*

[302] *The vision's description of the setting and circumstances at Lazarus' estate is omitted.*

saying: “This is My Body and this is My Blood of the new eternal Testament, and it will be shed for you and for many to the remission of sins.”»

Jesus stands up. He is most imposing. He orders Peter and James to take a loaf of bread and break it into small morsels and to fill a chalice, the biggest one there is on the tables, with wine. They obey and hold the bread and the wine in front of Him, and Jesus stretches out His hands over them and prays without any other action except His enraptured look...

«Hand out the morsels of bread and offer the brotherly chalice. Every time you do this, you shall do it in memory of Me.»

The two Apostles obey, full of veneration...

While the distribution of the Species takes place, Jesus goes down to the women. I think, but I cannot see, because I do not go in where they are, that Jesus administers Holy Communion to His Mother with His own hands. This is what I think, but I do not know whether it is true. But I cannot understand why He should go there, if it were not to do that.

Then He goes back up to the terrace. He does not sit down any more. The supper is about to end. He asks: «Is it all consumed?»

«It is all consumed, Lord.»

«As I did on the Cross. Stand up. Let us pray.»

He stretches out His arms, as if He were on the cross, and He intones the prayer of the *Our Father.*

I do not know why I am weeping. I think that it is perhaps the last time that I shall hear Him say it... And, *as no painter or sculptor will ever be able to give us the true image of Jesus,* so no one, however holy he may be, will ever be able to say the *Our Father* so manfully and at the same time so gently. I shall always feel a great nostalgia for these *Our Fathers* as I heard them from Jesus, a real conversation of His soul with the most loved and adored Father of Heaven, a cry of honour, of obedience, of faith; of submission, of humility, of mercy, of wish, of trust... everything!

«Go. And may the Grace of the Lord be in all of you and may His peace accompany you» Jesus says dismissing them. And He disappears in a bright light that by far exceeds the moonlight, as the moon is now full and high over the silent Garden, and the light of the lamps placed on the tables.

Not a voice. Tears on faces, adoration in hearts... and nothing else. The night watches and knows, with the angels, the throbs of those blessed hearts.

The Propitiatory Mass Of The Victim Souls[303]

A lesson in love by Jesus, in an outpouring of love which was so intense that it nearly put an end to my life.

"My dear victim soul, in the chalice of propitiation which is offered every day on altars are my Blood and the victim souls' tears of generous love. For your pain is love. Out of love you have asked for pain; out of love I have given it to you; out of love you endure it. Everything is love in the victims: the smile at my love consoling them, the moan over the torture of the flesh, and tears over human incomprehension or betrayal or from affliction on perceiving that your God is not loved. And you should not be ashamed of crying over the first two things. I wept before you did, for man also has flesh and a heart, and tears are wrung out of them when they are tortured, and tears do not degrade the sacrifice of love.

"But water along with wine was needed in the chalice. Living Blood and the water of the supreme sacrifice. And the water from my Side was the first drop of the holy spring which would later be augmented by the victim souls, martyrs -- oh, yes, martyrs! -- and you will be recognized as such in Heaven, even if it is not granted to you to shed your blood in violent martyrdom.

"This is the **Eucharistic** wine which the priest puts into the chalice and lifts up, offering it for the needs of the world and assistance to those who are already out of the world, and he upraises it in offering it filled with my Blood and the 'prayers of the saints' on earth, above all -- that is, their sufferings in love to honor God. Yes, soul of mine! For all holiness, in order to be attained, is made up of sufferings. Struggles against passions and temptations, against mockery, persecutions, and illnesses. That is the Calvary of the saints.

"And as the prayers of the saints give off smoke and fragrance before my throne in Heaven, so the incense of adoration rises to the Lord God from the earth, offered by the just in their perpetual Mass *of their* latreutic, [304] **Eucharistic**, propitiatory, and impetratory[305] sacrifice, consummated together with mine. For I have granted you this in my love, which wants you to be where I am and identifies you with Me, O shoots that are most alive among the living shoots: to be able to do all that I do.

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[303] *NB45, May 14,1947, p. 393*

[304] *Latreutic: of or relating to latria. Latria is a theological term for the highest form of worship, reserved for God alone. It also applies to the Eucharist and Eucharistic adoration, which are considered sacrificial and worthy of latria.*

[305] *Impetratory is an archaic adjective that means having the power to obtain something by asking or requesting. It comes from Latin impetrāt-, meaning to obtain by asking, entreaty, etc.*

"You see, soul of mine, that, though for fifteen years illnesses have been nails for you, nailing you to your cross, you are in all the Masses and all the chalices, in all the Hosts which are celebrated and offered every day on the altars of the whole world more than if you were present at the Sacrifice in your parish church. Indeed, this gives you another trait of resemblance to Me. I, too, on Good Friday and Holy Saturday, was kept from being present in the Temple, but in reality I was never a worshipper of the Father at any other time as I was on the Cross, outside the wall of the Holy City, on the abominable mount...

"Soul in love, with whom I am in love, consider, consider, what love grants! It frees the creature's desires from the creature's limitations, those desires which Love itself prompts and renders immense, and the creature's spirit -- another trait of likeness to Me -- can be spiritually present on all altars, in all chalices and Hosts, with Me.

"Come, fuse yourself increasingly with my Body, my Blood! No longer close, but united, united to Me! Sing with Me, with all the rejoicing of those worshipping God, their Father: 'Now, then, O Holy Father, we offer You this sacrifice to honor You, thank You, propitiate You, and beseech You for all the graces which your Church and your faithful need to receive, in addition to praying for the deceased and asking that your power may convert those who are outside the sheepfold to your Christ, the one, holy Shepherd.'

"Be glad, soul of mine! Be glad! The Lord is with you."

The Priest Offering The Sacrifice At Calvary[306]

11:30 a.m.
Listening to the Mass Broadcast from Holy Mary of the Angels, Rome

As soon as the Mass began, Jesus said:

"A lesson, a great lesson, my Maria.

"Here it is! Look..." (The summit of Calvary appeared to me, Yellow and bleak, the cross raised on high with the Victim, Blessed Mary and John at either side. Down below, Jerusalem in the sun. On Calvary the cursing crowd...)

"Most beloved soul of mine, consider that I never tire of teaching because I want you to know me completely and in all respects, insofar as is granted to a creature still on earth. I want you to come to Me instructed about Me. Because I want you to be in the knowledge of God before death takes you into the Kingdom of Intelligence and Knowledge.

"Consider, soul of mine. Who was the Priest on Calvary? They say, 'Jesus was the Priest and Victim.' It is true. I alone was able to be the Priest of

[306] *NB45, July 27, 1947, p. 405*

Myself, with my desire for offering, to do the Will of my Father. No human force could have sacrificed Me as God if I as God had not wanted the sacrifice.

"But beyond this spiritual Priest (in reality invisible to the world, for there I had the appearance of a blameworthy prisoner, not of a free Priest), beyond this mystical, incorporeal quality as the Priest of Myself, which only my Mother and a few other spirits understood, there was the *real* personality of the priests sacrificing the Lamb.

"And who were they? John, perhaps? Perhaps one of the faithful disciples? Perhaps one of the few just people in Israel? No, they were the ones immolating Me -- that is, priests of the perpetual rite that was beginning, the holy rite which is latreutic, **Eucharistic**, propitiatory, and supplicatory -- the sinful Jews, the false priests, the greedy Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Herodians filled with hatred and the threefold concupiscence, rebels against God, Love, and love for their neighbor. The Romans were my immolators, from the Head to the Legionaries -- that is, the sinners from my People and the Gentiles were offering the Divine Innocent One.

"And why? Wasn't this inappropriate? It was not. Was the event unsymbolic? No, it had its symbol.

"I had come for the *seriously* infirm, for those who were obtuse, blind, deaf, and spiritual lepers. And who goes to the fount of health, seeks it out, opens its current, and bathes therein? The healthy, perhaps? No, the sick.

"I had come for the Jews and the Gentiles, both of them sick. And they, the sick, the symbol of my Universal People, which would receive Life and Health by being ingrafted into Me, by drinking the water of Eternal Life issuing forth from Me, and by feeding on Me, the Bread of Eternal Life -- they, with the obtuse obedience of the Roman subject to the laws of Rome and the enraged obstinacy of the Temple and the Synagogue, were carrying out the rite. They were serving God in thinking they were serving their own interests or those of the Emperor. And since the soldier's obedience to Rome's orders -- that is, altruism for the good of the Country -- was more pleasing to God than the Israelites obedience to *their selfishness,* the light thus penetrated underneath the double armor of their hauberks and pagan religion and, dissolving the granite of their pagan hearts, made them God's terrain, whereas it did not penetrate beneath the light robes of the priests and pharisees, for underneath the robes was the impenetrable armor of hatred and selfishness. But the priests were Jews and Gentiles.

"And so it is now... And they must be prayed for. The current Gentiles. The current priests. That today's Gentiles may share the happy lot of the Gentiles at that time. And that today's priests may not share the lot of the priests then. And let both certainly offer Me -- but with fruit for their spirit. Just as my love wills.

"Soul of mine, in saying 'priests,' I am not speaking only about those who have received the priestly character, but about all Catholics. The Catholics

in whom the Priesthood is the select portion, at least in name and because of the character received with the Sacrament of Holy Orders, and the faithful -- the soldiers at the orders of the leaders of my People, who are precisely the Priests, from my Vicar to the last priest in an out-of-the-way mission land -- unknown, poor, alone, and persecuted. Above all, unknown, forgotten by the world, but not by Me, who bend over to fill his solitude with Myself, restore his strength, and dress him already in the robe of the servant-kings of the Love King.

"The Holy Mass is over, Maria. Go on looking at Me on my Cross and look at Mary, my Mother and yours, and John, your brother. We love you. And we want you, like a burning candle, on this true altar, which is Golgotha.

"But, burning candle consuming yourself, do not remain there alone, where you are, burning at the foot of the Cross; come, ascend, to be even more inflamed and at the same time to refresh yourself and bring relief to the flames of the hatred of the world -- which does not understand and does not love you, just as it did not understand or love Me -- here at my open chest. Come, burn, drink, Love Me, above all, more and more. You and I. We alone. I am entirely for you. I alone am entirely for you. Come..."

Jesus was speaking from the summit of the Cross. But it was a luminous Face of Christ already transfigured into glory towards the end of these words which relieved my initial pain from the vision of his tortured Visage and the pain of Mary and John. And when I was rejoicing in his embrace, He concluded:

"You shall add this. This lesson teaches once more that the Power of God, for his good purposes, is able to use even less meritorious persons and things and that the Wisdom of God can make base persons and things -- sometimes even worse than base -- his instruments to attain a goal of grace, whether there is a tendency towards Good in them, as in the Apostles, or a spirit hostile to true Good, as in Saul of Tarsus; but it is enough, in the latter case, for docility in heart to respond to the touch of Grace. And once more my warning rises up: Never ask God 'why' in regard to certain acts of his (like making sinners and Gentiles priests of the sacrifice of the Son of God) and do not judge God's instruments according to appearances, for the smallest among men can be raised up to the status of 'the greatest' among God's servants if I so will and he adheres to my will with humility."

Love Uses All Means[307]

Jesus says:

"Listen, and may my Infinite Mercy be your peace. Peace. Always. You will never touch the limit of this Mercy of mine because it is unlimited. But

[307] *NB45, October 17, 1947, p. 424*

know this, too, and may it be the word of an absolving Priest for those deficiencies of yours over which you are afflicted. It is of use for you, but also for many others.

"In my infinite love for souls I apply infinite diligence to use all that poor souls -- or souls already on the way of perfection -- give Me, provided they love Me to the extent they are able to with their entire selves, with their capacities and relativeness, which they always seek to augment. There is no saint, though now in glory, though following the perfect way on earth, who has not introduced some elements of soil into his or her gold, even if they are minimal. Well then, I have taken up even these portions of persistent humanity in the just. My love has taken advantage of them and changed them from a dead weight into something useful for other souls.

"Yes, whereas men make use only of what is good and helpful for a type of work or an area of interest and even in their affections love only the good parts of the beloved one, my love makes use of their deficiencies, too. It takes up and transforms the most common elements in the ordinary life of a soul that loves it and turns simple actions into meritorious actions. And it goes even further: it makes use of their very faults and weaknesses, sometimes their little lies, what is not perfect, but, however, not harmful to their neighbors -- those small failings prompted by a complex set of impulses, comparable to the imprudent, playful acts of curiosity and boasting of a child -- and uses them so that other souls will enter upon the way of goodness, thereby turning the imperfection committed by a soul that is unreflecting or has yielded for an instant into a means for good in relation to others. This act diminishes the imperfection and the debt to Justice contracted by the soul on account of these imperfections. And at the same time it makes the soul that has committed them increase its love for Me with gratitude for my Mercy, which does not repress them by unmasking them, but, rather, when it sees that strength may come to others from their weakness, it goes along with them.

"My method in loving and saving takes on forms used by Me alone which few understand.

"It is then, when I avail myself of the faults of souls to fortify other souls, that I say to the soul that has committed them, 'Has no one condemned you?' And when it replies, 'No one, Lord,' I say, 'And I do not condemn you, either. Go and sin no more.' Ready to repeat it seventy times seven, for the faults of these loving souls generally flow from a misguided desire to lead others to love Me, perhaps following the wrong paths, and they are later afflicted over this.

"But don't you know, souls of mine, that when there is no desire to offend Me, but only to honor Me, there is no sin? But don't you know, my sweet souls, that the humility of feeling incapable repentance over having done wrong out of a desire to do good properly, and the love blazing up more forcefully in

you after one of these... childish falls bring Me more glory and do more good to souls than if you never committed them? It seems like a paradox but it's true.

"Be at peace, be at peace. My love and yours cleanse you of all the dust which may try to cover your gold -- your desire to love Me perfectly. Be at peace. And instead of the **Eucharist** which was not brought to you, take my Word. It is nourishment, life, health, and joy. It is I who communicate Myself to you with my infinite means. Rest on the One who loves you."

Judgement By Love[308]

Yesterday one of my seven witnesses informed me that a Dominican had written to him, saying, "I know from a soul that communicates with Our Lady that 'we will be saved through Mary.' I cannot tell you anything else. Remember this statement, and in two or three years you'll be able to say something more to me."

This witness of mine *does not know* about the communications I have received on the need to resort to Mary: the only final salvation for us. Except for Father Berti, no one knows about them. And Father Berti himself does not know about the next-to-last one on October 23 (about a Holy Year with a Marian character). This concomitance of *voices* on Mary's power to save us gave me one of those sudden starts I always experience when from other sources -- unknown to me, as I am to them -- I hear things being repeated which I have been told.

The same witness informed me that Father Pietro Pennoni, in his recent visit to Camaiore (September 1947), had told Mrs. Favilla (one of the many fanatic women to whom, in an imprudent and disobedient way, the notebooks from 1943 to 1945 had been given by Fathers Migliorini, Pennoni, De Santis, and others) that Father Migliorini was continuing to write and copy the communications of the "spokesman" and that some notebooks had been presented to the Holy Father and the Holy Roman Rota (?) in order to be examined. Doesn't this obstinacy in being tactless, imprudent, and so forth ever yield? May God forgive them and make provision...

This news pained and disturbed me throughout the evening, night, and morning. My thoughts then turned away from this bitterness to consider an event I would term... domestic.

Yesterday I was saying to my lodger, good, but not practicing, and soon to become a mother, "I don't like to be a preacher. I leave everyone free to believe or not, to practice or not. I limit myself to showing my faith openly. And if my example is attractive, all the better. If not..., I let God act. I'll tell you, though -- since you're afraid of a surgical birth -- that you would be well advised

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[308] *NB45, October 30, 1947, p. 432*

to start setting your conscience in order. If you are in God's grace, He and his Saints -- especially Our Lady and St. Anne -- will be benevolent towards you. I don't like those who wait to cry out, 'Lord, Lord' when they are drowning, but don't think about providing themselves with a life jacket in time and then complain about the Lord's not helping them..." She replied, "I'll do what I ought to around Christmas," and the conversation ended there.

This morning I reflected, "Alright. She'll unload her conscience of all the Sunday Masses she did not attend and all the rest at Christmas. But the child will be born at the end of January... She'll thus have at least four Sundays without Mass on her conscience... And so? If a disaster were to take place, what would happen to her poor soul?" And I turned to Jesus, saying, "Lord, she's an ignorant woman, religiously *illiterate.* So apply your prayer of forgiveness to her because she 'does not know what she is doing.'"

And Jesus unexpectedly replied, "And I'll do so. And I indeed do so, precisely because she is a savage in religion. She is not far above those who have an instinctive stimulus towards God without knowing who the true God is. But she not to blame. *[sic]* There are so many like her! They have Baptism, Confirmation, the **Eucharist**, and other Sacraments because... it is the custom for them to be administered to children or to receive them... And these Sacraments are like extraordinary encounters with Me... *They then lose sight of Me and no longer remember to come to Me,* who am awaiting all the pilgrims of the earth. Their relatives don't think about it; they don't think about it. They are Catholics because they are baptized. But *they are not united to Me because they do not live.* They are animal-men and not Men united to God through Grace. They are indigent. And they should be pitied and helped *to be saved.* But you, on the other hand, will be judged severely because you have received perfect religious instruction directly from the Word of God: the Most Perfect One."

I felt properly judged and worthy of hell. I already felt as if I were being enveloped by the infernal flames. I was tremendously frightened by these words.

But, after a pause in which He let me meditate -- and I can assure everyone that I had never conducted such a severe and minute and contrite examination of conscience as I did this morning and had never annihilated myself so much on seeing myself as "mire, impurity, and unworthiness" as I did this morning -- Jesus added, "I truly tell you that if you did not join a total love, like the love you have for Me, to your insufficiency, in comparison to the religious instruction I have given you, your stay in Purgatory would be very long, for you will be judged even for the slightest nuances, according to Justice. But Love will forgive you because of your love and according to my word. For I said 'Those who have loved greatly will be forgiven for many sins.' And I say to you, 'You will be forgiven for your veniality and insufficiency because you love Me with your whole capacity for loving.' Go in peace, Maria. You are a victim of Justice, but it is Love that judges you. Do you understand? Love. The love of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. We. Love."

And I thus got over my fright.

[Most Correct Name For The Mass][309]

9 o'clock in the morning
Jesus says:
«Listen carefully, because this is a very important point.

The most correct name for the Mass as you call it, or Sacrifice of the Altar, is "the Breaking of Bread." This is because the Mass was founded on the Thursday evening. The Mass is the perpetual memory of my love which goes beyond the hour and the moment. The Passion, the Crucifixion, Death were the historical hour and the moment of my love: the **Eucharist** is the *always* of my love for you. The Mass is the immolation of the Christ, not just in relation to the *material* consumation of the sacrifice with its suffering, wounds, beatings, crucifixion and death *inflicted by men and suffered by me resignedly and in obedience to the Father's will for the good of the world, but also as a loving and willing immolation of a God, of the Word that breaks to give itself as Bread, Food to human beings,* humiliating himself even more than through death on the Cross.

And it doesn't seem to be the wrong word. Think of someone who sometimes receives me, to whom I come down to, I God, I the Pure One, I the Holy One. I began these fusions with sinners, the impious, rebels of the Ten Commandments of Sinai and my Two Commandments of love, at the Last Supper, descending into Judas, and then into impure lips, still hot from lust, lips that blaspheme my Father, murderous hearts, beings in who denial, heresy, infernal commerce, fever of concupiscence, all that's rotten in fallen human beings, all the lies of false feelings and of a calculated exhibition of faith, *which in them is not a true faith* -- and they accepting the Holiest of the Holy, the Purest of the pure, the Most Perfect One. The horrors carried out at the altar only God, and who is with Him in Heaven, can know, and they are much greater immensely greater than the sacrileges of Good Friday...

The Mass is the Breaking of Bread. It is the **Eucharistic** sacrifice. Yes. Remember also the Sacrifice of Calvary. Because at the table of the Last Supper I said, already seeing my sacrificed Body and my Blood shed for all men: "This is my Body and this is my Blood, the Blood of the new and eternal Testament which will be shed for *you and for many* for the remission of sins."

But, above all, the Mass is the sacrifice of my love, the memory and the perpetuation of my divine, and therefore infinite, total love for mankind.

The Breaking of Bread, or as you prefer to call it, the Mass, is what you saw in the additional vision of Easter when I myself taught the Bishop of

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[309] *LNB, November 18, 1947, p. 90*

the Church of Christ and the Bishop of Jerusalem: Peter and James son of Alphaeus, to celebrate it.

After the supper with the brothers, the consumption of my Body and my Blood, left through infinite love as the Food and Drink of salvation; that Body and that Blood which through the Lord's grace my priests can invoke from heaven; neither the Body nor the Blood can refuse the priestly invocation to transubstantiate the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; in Jesus Christ, living, truly and completely present under the consecrated Appearance, transubstantiated into the Holy Body and Blood, the Soul of Jesus, and Divine Word of God, One with the Father and with Love.

After the brotherly agape with the brothers on Earth and the brothers in Heaven, between saintly brothers who love makes equal, even though there are the elders: the priests, and the others: the faithful, the union with our Divine Brother, He who only knows how to love and only asks for love and union with his loved ones.

The need for information -- it's necessary to remember that the Apostles and deacons of the first centuries of the christian era had to be able to teach pagans, that is people who were completely ignorant about the Holy Religion -- the need for instruction, made it necessary to add to the Breaking of Bread, so short and simple, teaching for those who wanted to become Christians so they could enter Christ's sheepfold knowing the Shepherd and the Wisdom, knowing the old and eternal Law and the Words of the Master. This is the introduction to reading the epistles of the Apostles and the Gospels. In the early days, right at the beginning, instead of the readings there was direct preaching, that is the accounts of the old days, or the verbal advice of the Apostles, or verbal instruction about the books of wisdom, and also the verbal recounting of my work in three years of public life, about my birth, death and resurrection.

Thereafter, as the number of churches grew and the number of *authentic* eye witnesses, Apostles and disciples, was not enough to cover them all, and also because even if the disciples were full of good intentions, their repitition of the message was subject to human errors, unintentional variations and arbitrary interpretations made with good intentions, but... human, the Heads of the Priesthood wanted fixed texts that could be read at the assemblies and explained to the catechumens before the Breaking of Bread and the Our Father, just as I had recited it at the First Breaking, *in the presence of the faithful,* in the second additional Easter[310], *after* consuming the bread and wine.

Truly, I had put the Communion before the prayer. For centuries you do the opposite. And you believe it's best. It's not a sin to do so. But, think. What is the Our Father? It's the payer of Jesus to the Father. The divine prayer that I taught you. The *perfect* prayer. If there was no other prayer or *no other was said well, apart from it,* you would have everything, o mankind, for your

[310] *the second additional Easter* should be understood as: *the second Easter, the additional one*. It is described In Chapter 636 in "The Gospel as revealed to me"

spirit and your body, and you would give all to God, all that God wants, if *you lived in the Father.*

I said: "Our Father." With full right I could have said it in the First Person: Father. You,... even though God is your Father, have much less right to say it because you rarely reflect the divine similarity to the Father in yourselves and your works. Sin and your predispositions disfigure your likeness to the Father.

And so: I transfuse myself in you, I come to you, I make myself like you, my touch deifies you, I come as bread and wine and I am in you, and you can -- Human voice fused to the voice of the Son of God, soul inflamed by the love which I bring with me, sanctified altar (I'm talking about those who eat the Bread of Heaven worthily) that sings and perfumes for the Holocaust that shines above: the Body of the Lamb of God -- you can say "Father" to the Father, with full right, having in you the Son of the Father and your Brother; you can pray understanding what you say; you can offer and ask with perfect power: I give you *my* Power *living in you.*

It's a holy prayer because it was said in a moment of Grace: Christ, just as he has transubstantiated the species into his Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, so he will make his Body and Blood your food; the **Eucharistic** species are transformed in your blood, in your flesh, you live in Me, even in your mortal flesh... This is why Viaticum for the dying *is always Life,* even if sometimes it is not life added on to a life that has ended, that's why in me, my soul, the **Eucharist** is the life that keeps you alive. I am the oil which is poured into the dead lamp of your body and keeps you alive. I am your doctor. I am your blood Donor. I am your Lord who wants you: my lamp, my echo in this cold, dark, lifeless world silent without blessed voices.

The other parts of the Mass are assimilations, sometimes necessary, to combat heresies. Assimilations of heartbeats, oh! all good, of my servants who through the human tendancy to exaggerate, make more important and rearrange things, have added, exaggerated, made more important and rearranged, especially for simpler souls, the first beautiful *simple* Breaking of Bread, and as a result the *divinely inspired* Gatherings in the catacombs. They did this because they wanted to honour me, to love me and be loved by me, and *therefore they have done a good thing,* even though it isn't necessary or useful for the Rite.

They are the superstructure of times of religious peace. You believe that you are not in a time of religious peace only because you are maligned and taunted and because some priests fall under the fury of some child of Satan? Oh! You don't know! When the prophesised times come, those who are believers and know the hour, can say: "For them it was peace, for us it is an atrocious war." Superstructures will no longer be possible. They won't resist Satan's siege catapults. Nor will the faithful have time to rebuild them when they fall down.

But the essential and unchanging will remain: the Breaking of Bread, the Gatherings of the faithful, because they come from Me and from the Holy Spirit who inspired the Apostles. And what comes from Us is eternal.

This is the lesson.

You will gave *[sic]* these sheets of paper to young Isaac[311] just as they were written under my dictation, reserving the right to copy them *afterwards.* You will tell him to copy them by typewriter and send the copy back to you from Rome so that you can re-copy it, or attach it to the instructions. This way you'll see that I care about him and that when I dictate to you, and I give you the strength to follow me you don't make a single mistake -- sometimes I don't tell you everything for my own inscrutable reasons.

Now rest in your double fervour: your love for Me and your fever. Be at peace, my soul."

Lesson 14[312]

The most holy Author[313] in reply to an objection of mine regarding the phrase contained in the dictation of the 6th of January, 1948 says, "... the most beloved Ark (Mary)... who still contains Us just as She is contained by Us,…"

«It is said that the body of man is the temple of the Holy Spirit. And it is to be believed because it is a truth. A truth which spurs to a perfect life in order to possess the divine Host, who is the Eternal Spirit who inhabits the souls of the just. However, one must not believe that only the Third Person lives within you. She is mentioned because She is the one who embraces and contains the Two who precede Her. However, being the inseparable Trine-Unity, where One is, the Others are also. Therefore, by possessing the Holy Spirit within yourself, you have *all* the Love, that is, God One and Trine.

It is also said, "The Spirit of the Lord fills the whole world." The whole of the world. From always. And forever. By following the different evolutions of the world wanted by the will of God. Wanted. Not self-evolutions, but evolutions willed by the Creator, by the Eternal, Omnipotent Lord.

"The Spirit of God moved over the waters," it is said, and it is one of the first words of the marvellous history of Creation. God already was. He has Always been. And through His Being, He was able to create everything from nothing; order from disorder; from the incomplete -- more: from the shapeless -- the complete, the formed, with a most powerful law of wisdom. The universe arose from chaos. From the vapours charged with chaotic molecules, from the

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[311] In the book on the Gospel, Isaac is one of the shepherds at the Nativity, who became a disciple and is the name given to Father Berti, just as Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary of Bethany, is the name given to Father Migliorini.

[312] *LES, February 2, 1948, p. 93*

[313] *God, the third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit.*

anarchy of the elements, “He created Heaven and Earth,” and immediately, His Spirit “moved over the waters.”

And little by little, as the successive works of Creation were being accomplished, “the Spirit of the Lord” moved upon them with His laws and providences. With successive works and ever more powerful. From chaos which separates and orders itself into, I shall say, families -- solid parts with solid parts in order to form the globe of the planet Earth, humid parts with humid parts in order to successively form the seas, lakes, rivers and streams -- to light, the first of things not only ordered with the elements already existing in the chaos, but created, with its own power, from nothing.

For light did not exist “and darkness was upon the face of the deep,” that is, of the chaos in which confusedly the masses of gasses collided, charged with humidity, gasses and molecules. And God *created* light. *His* light. He bestowed to the world, which was arising from nothingness through His will, the attribute, one of His attributes: light.

God is Light and He is the Father of Light and lights. And to the Earth, His first creature, He bestows and gives light. Just as to man, the perfection of creation and the last of the six works in the six divine days after which God rested, He bestowed the attribute which makes man similar to Him: free spirit, immortal, His divine breath infused into matter so that it could be animated by God and would have a right to Heaven, to the Abode of the Father.

To this spirit of man, He, the most Good One, has already prepared the fullness of Life and His gifts with His Christ, and Christ will come when the hour of His Coming will have struck, and men will possess the fullness of Life, Grace and Union through the merits of Christ and the Sacraments instituted by Him.

However, it is not in this lesson that I will speak of this last supreme gift. Now, I will enlighten you on the doubt of having understood and written badly. In order to remove it from you and make you wise.

The body of man is animated by the breath of God. Every man. Because of this, in every man and upon every man, the Spirit of God extends and penetrates with the right of a King and with the Love of the Father Creator. Even before the Redemption, the Spirit of the Lord -- the Love -- guided the patriarchs and taught the prophets and the just ones. And His voice resonated in the spirits, from the beginning of the days, and resonates, and will resonate, in order to give every man that which is sufficient to guide him and which the Creative Providence does not refuse to any man, and that increases the more man is moved by a good will of honouring and serving the Supreme Entity, of many names and with different forms of appearance, depending on the people and religions, but from the believers of every people *a deeply felt Being,* worthy of every adoration.

The inhabitation of God in man would have been perfect if man had not sinned. The Passion of Christ and the belonging to His Church, by re-

establishing Order and by restoring Grace, grants again the inhabitation of God within you: the Kingdom of God within you.

And in this way, just as the soul is within you and yet contains you by being a superior thing for its origin and immortality to the flesh, so you contain God in the temple of your body in which He -- the Holy of Holies -- is the soul in grace; you are embraced by God, however, because God is the Infinite One who gathers all His beloved ones into His Immensity.

Having said this, I ask if you sinners, if you in whom the scar of the great wound of the original Sin remains, its foments that at times agitate even the most heroic in the Good, if you have the Holy Spirit in the temple of your body, have the Love in you and are embraced by the Love, always more fused to Her the more you live in love, that is, you are in the Love because all that which is holy is in Her, can one doubt that Mary, She who ab eterno[314] was thought of by the divine Thought -- Who is the perfect Will and Power -- Immaculate and Full of Grace, Daughter, Bride, Mother of God, She who to the divine Will reciprocated with Her will which, free as the one of Jesus, wanted to use (this free will of Hers) in order to always walk in the presence of God and be perfect, would not have God in Her and would not be in Him?

She too "did not sin because She did not want to sin." The second Eve, She did not imitate the first and trampled on the Snake because, totally lost in the God reigning in Her spirit and embracing Her, Her love, She was blind, deaf, and unmindful of everything that was not of God and love for Him.

An Ark holier than the one of acacia wood, within Herself She contained the Trinity and the Word Incarnate, and later still, the Trinity and the **Eucharistic** Christ, and now She contains Us again, being We in Her, and She in Us.

Where does God rest? In the spirit of the just. What is the spirit? It is the best part of your soul. When does it cease to be a throne to God? When concupiscence overthrows it. When does the soul leave you? When it separates itself from the flesh in the hour of death in order to be judged and to await the resurrection of the flesh and with it, to have eternal and final judgement.

However, Mary did not die. She crossed over in rapture from this life to the other life, and in the crossing over, Her most pure spirit was more than ever the throne of God. So it, too, should have been for every man if in Adam they had not all sinned.

Mary was not judged. She was the Innocent one. She was not subjected to judgement nor to death as you are. Mary did not return to dust in Her immaculate flesh as with the soul; She was made incorruptible for having carried the Son of God and of Man. In body and soul, She was taken up into Heaven by the Angels. And not even in the hour of the crossing over did the soul totally separate itself, but arose intellectually and completely, not to the third but to the

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[314] *Latin: from eternity.*

supreme and empyreal Heaven, and She adored, while equally the Spirit One and Trine did not leave Her sweet virginal tabernacle where She rested.

Mary is in Heaven in body and soul, alive as She was on Earth, blessed as She can be, in Heaven. And God who inhabited in Her on Earth inhabits in Her in Heaven. Nothing has changed. Placed at the center of the divine Fire who converges upon Her with His ardent loves, She eternally tells us, "Here is the Handmaid, oh God" and She opens her heart and receives Us in a mystery of ineffable love.

The Saints who love Mary have intuited this and have proclaimed that whoever wants to find God, the Salvation and the Life, should go to Mary, and there, one will find the Love, the Saviour, the Life, the Light (and) the Wisdom. And there, one will be reborn from man to a true child of God.

Because Mary, the divine Generatrix, is also the fertile holy Matrix who receives and will receive in Her womb, until the end of the centuries, those who want to be *born children of God,* and these shapeless weaknesses, these incomplete seeds -- *unlikely capable of living by themselves* -- She turns and will turn them into the "living ones" of the Kingdom of God, and She gives and will give these children to Her God.

Mary is the tireless Co-redemptrix and Co-operator for the final divine triumph. She is inexhaustible and unfailing charity, working as the Servant and glorious as the Queen for the glory of God; She is the Mother, the perfect Mother to all those who ask Her for Life.»

[Life, Descending Into My Blessed Womb.][315]

Mary says:

«Life, descending into my blessed Womb, blessed because it was made fruitful by Love, was the sweetest myrrh for me which preserved me from the corruption of death. It was not just because I was Immaculate that I did not return to dust after corruption. It was more for having given life to corruptible material, through the Most Holy Life, which became Flesh in me. But believe me, oh children. For you too, even if you do not fall into the sleep of death soon, Life comes into your being, under the Species of the **Eucharist**, and is received there, not unworthily, during your earthly days. It gives *life,* Glorious Life to the flesh.

After the earthly day, and the sleep of death, comes the dawn of the Eternal day and the flesh will be alive in living spirits. The flesh and the spirit of those who cannot *die* because Life, Jesus the Bread of Life, has vivified them. The flesh and spirit of those who, as Tabernacles of the Bread of Heaven who is my Jesus, have in them the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.»

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[315] *LNB, February 21, 1948, p. 102*

651. Comments On The Passage, The Assumption And The Royalty Of The Blessed Virgin.[316]

…[317]

18th December 1943.

[Mary says:]

«As the birth of My Son was an ecstasy to Me, and from the rapture in God that seized Me in that hour, I came to Myself and to the Earth with My Child in My arms, so My improperly called "death" was a rapture in God.

Relying on the promise I had received on the bright morning of Pentecost, I thought that the approaching of the last coming of the Love, to abduct Me with Him, should manifest itself with an increase of the fire of love that always burnt in Me. And I was not wrong.

As far as I was concerned, the more time passed, the more My desire to blend with the Eternal Love increased. I was urged by the desire to join My Son and by the certainty that I could never do so much for men as when I was at the foot of the Throne of God, praying and operating on their behalf. And with a motion more and more inflamed and rapid, I used to cry to Heaven with all the strength of My soul: "Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Eternal Love!"

The **Eucharist**, that was for Me like dew for a parched flower, was indeed life, but the more time passed the more it became insufficient to satisfy the irrepressible eagerness of My heart. It was no longer sufficient for Me to receive My Divine Creature in Me and carry Him within Me in the Sacred Species, as I had carried Him in My virginal body. My whole self wanted the God One and Triune, but not under the veils chosen by My Jesus to hide the ineffable mystery of the Faith, but as He was, is, and will be in the centre of Heaven. My Son Himself, in His **Eucharistic** transports, inflamed Me with embraces of infinite desire, and every time He came to Me, with the power of His love, He almost eradicated My soul at first, then He remained calling Me with infinite fondness: "Mother!," and I felt that He was anxious to have Me with Him.

I longed for nothing else. Even the desire to protect the newborn Church was no longer in Me, in the last days of My mortal life. Everything was canceled by the desire to possess God, as I was convinced that one can do everything when one possesses Him.

Endeavour, o Christians, to arrive at such total love. Let all earthly things be of no value. Aim only at God. When you are rich in this poverty of desire, which is an immeasurable wealth, God will bend over your spirits, to teach them first, to take them later, and you will ascend with them to the Father,

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[316] *Gospel, Vol. 10, April 18, 1948, p. 536 (**647.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 941)*

[317] *Other commentaries by Jesus and Mary are omitted as not relating directly to the Eucharist.*

to the Son, to the Holy Spirit, to know them and love them for the blessed eternity and to possess their riches of graces for your brothers. Men are never so active for their brothers as when they are no longer among them, but they are lights reunited to the Divine Light.

The approach of the Eternal Love had the sign that I expected. Everything became devoid of light and colour, voice and presence in the brightness and the Voice that, descending from Heaven, open to My spiritual sight, were coming down upon Me to take My soul. People say that I would have rejoiced at being assisted, in that hour, by My Son. But My sweet Jesus was indeed present with the Father when the Love, that is the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Eternal Trinity, kissed Me for the third time in My life, with a kiss so powerfully divine that My soul exhaled, becoming lost in contemplation, like a drop of dew absorbed by the sun in the calyx of a lily. And I ascended with My spirit singing hosannas to the feet of the Three, Whom I had always worshipped.

Then, at the right moment, like a pearl in a setting of fire, assisted at first, then followed by the procession of the angelic spirits who had come to assist Me in My eternal celestial birth, expected by My Jesus even before the threshold of Heaven, and on its threshold by My just earthly spouse, by the Kings and Patriarchs of My stock, by the first saints and martyrs, I entered as Queen, after so much grief and so much humility of the poor maid of God, into the kingdom of infinite delight. And Heaven closed again on the joy of having Me, of having its Queen, Whose flesh, the only one among all mortal flesh, was acquainted with glorification before the final resurrection and the last judgement.»

Lesson 23[318], *Romans 7:14-25[319]*

The Sweet Guest[320] says,

«To fully understand the words of Paul, one needs to take Original Sin well into consideration.

A lesson that has been given many times, but that is never given enough because the sorrowful reality of that sin and the sorrowful, real consequences of it are often denied or are placed in doubt by many, by too many. And amongst these, there are plenty of those who more than anyone else should be convinced of the reality of original sin and of its consequences on account of the studies carried out, and above all, through their ministerial experiences which continuously place before their wise eyes the decadence of man who from a perfect creature has mutated into a weak and imperfect creature against the assaults of

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[318] *This dictation is presented in its entirety, 31 pages from the noted Maria Valtorta book.*
[319] *LES, May 21/28, 1948, p. 145*
[320] *God, the Holy Spirit.*

Satan and of what is around and within man, the marvellous creation enviously disturbed by the Enemy of God because of original sin.

Someone will say, “A lesson which repeats itself, and therefore, a useless lesson.” It is always useful, for when it is required, you never know it enough, neither for yourselves nor for others.

It matters too much to Satan that you not know it! And for this reason, he creates blurs in you to darken your correct knowledge of this episode which has had no end or limit since the day in which he saw it and in those who committed it, but that, as through the seed and through blood all men have inherited life (existence) from Adam and Eve -- and in the last man to be born on Earth, there will still be the descendancy of the two First Humans -- thus, out of a fatal inheritance, it propagates itself from Adam, the first generator, from progeny to progeny, to all the children of man until the last one to be generated.

To thoroughly understand the confession of Paul, the desolate voice of all men who in wanting to do good perfectly feel incapable of executing it with the desired perfection, one needs to contemplate the fruit of the Sin first, and therefore, also of the first Sin, so as not to find condemnation and the consequences unjust.

Paul confesses, “I am carnal, sold and subject to sin.” And he continues, “I do not know what I do; For I do not the good which I will, but the evil which I hate. Even if then I do what I will not, I acknowledge just the same that the law is good (in prohibiting or commanding what it prohibits and commands), however, (when I do the evil which I hate with my better part, whereas I do not the good that I would like to do) I am not, in these moments, I who act, but sin that lives in me... Good does not live in my flesh... The will to do it is present in me... but I cannot find the way of accomplishing it... When I have a will to do good, evil is already beside me... I take delight in the Law of God according to the inward man, but I see in my members another law which opposes itself to the law of my mind and it makes me a captive to the law of sin that is in my members...”

“I am carnal.”

Even Adam was formed of flesh besides the spirit. But he wasn’t carnal since the spirit and reason ruled above matter. And the innocent spirit, full of Grace, had an admirable resemblance with His Creator, intelligent enough as he was to comprehend how much he surpasses all natural things. The elevation of man to the supernatural order, that is, to the progeny of God by means of Grace, had elevated the intelligence of man, already very vast on account of the preternatural gift of innate knowledge and able, therefore, of understanding all natural things, to the supernatural intelligence of being able to comprehend what is incomprehensible to one who is not predisposed by a supernatural gift: of being able to comprehend God, and to a lesser extent, of being able to be a faithful image of His for order and justice, charity, wisdom and the freedom from every humiliating restriction.

Splendid freedom of man full of grace! A freedom respected by God Himself, a freedom not undermined by exterior forces or by internal stimuli. The sublime regality of the deified man, a son of God and heir to Heaven, a dominating regality upon all creatures and upon the one who is often now your tyrant: the *I* in which the poisons of the great wound ferment unceasingly within you.

When one says, "man, king of the sensible creation, was created with the power of dominion upon all creatures," one needs to reflect that he, because of Grace, and for the other gifts received from the first moment of his being, was made to be king even of himself and of his instincts, out of the knowledge of his ultimate purpose, for the love that made him supernaturally tend towards it, and for the dominion over matter and the senses existing in it. Joined to the Order and lover of the Love, he was created to know how to give to God what He is due and what is lawful to give to the *'I'* without debaucheries or instinctual dissoluteness. The spirit, intellect, and matter constituted a total harmony in him, and this harmony was present from the first moment of his being, not in successive phases as some want.

There was no autogenesis and there was no evolution, but there was the Creation willed by the Creator. The reason, of which you are so proud, should convince you that the initial thing cannot form itself from nothing, and from a unique and initial thing cannot come everything.

Only God can put chaos in order and populate it with innumerable creatures which form the Creation. And this most powerful Creator did not have limitations in His creating, which was manifold, nor in creating already perfect creatures, each perfect according to the purpose for which it was created. It is foolish to think that God created, wanting to give a Creation of shapeless things and expecting to be glorified by these when individual creatures and all creatures would have reached, with successive evolutions, the perfection of their nature so that they would be suited for the natural or supernatural end for which they had been created.

And if this truth is certain for the lower creatures, with a natural end and limited in time, it is even more certain for man who was created for a supernatural end and with an immortal destiny of celestial glory. Could one think of a Paradise whose legions of Saints, exalting around the throne of God, be an end product of a long evolution of beasts?

Present man is not the result of an ascending evolution, but the sorrowful result of a descending evolution, as the sin of Adam has forever marred the physical-moral-spiritual perfection of the original man. He so marred it that not even the Passion of Jesus Christ, though restoring the life of Grace to all those baptized, can annul the residues of the sin, the scars of the great wound, that is, of those foments that are the ruin of those who do not love God or who do not love Him much, and is the torment of the just who would want not to have even

the most fleeting thought drawn from the voices of the foments and who combat the heroic battle all their life in order to remain faithful to the Lord.

Man is not the result of an evolution just as Creation is not the product of an autogenesis. In order to have an evolution, one always needs to have a first creative fount. And to think to have had the infinite [amount of] species from the autogeny of *a single* cell is an impossible absurdity.

In order to live, the cell needs a vital ground with elements that allow for and maintain life. If the cell formed itself from nothing, where did it find the elements in order to form, live and reproduce itself? If it did not exist even when it began to exist, how did it find the vital elements: air, light, heat and water? What *is not yet,* cannot create. And how then did the cell find the four elements at its formation? And who gave them to it, which fount had the seed of "life?" And when, supposing that this non-existent [cell] had been able to form itself from nothing, how, from its unique unity and species could there have come from it so many diverse species, as many as there are to be found in the sensible Creation?

Stars and planets, clods of earth, rocks, minerals, the varied and innumerable species of the plant kingdom, the even more diverse and numerous species and families of the animal kingdom, from vertebrates to invertebrates, from mammals to the oviparous, from the quadruped to the quadrumanous, from amphibians and reptiles to fish, from ferocious carnivores to docile ovines, from those which are armed and covered by hard offensive and defensive armours to insects that even the slightest thing is enough to destroy, to the gigantic inhabitants of the virgin forests, to the assaults to which none resist but those of their own equal colossal [counterparts], to all the classes of anthropoids up to the protozoa and bacillus; all having come from a single cell? Everything from a spontaneous generation?

If this were the case, the cell would be bigger than the Infinite One. Why did the Infinite One, the Without Measure in His every attribute, work for *six* days, six epochs, to make the sensible Creation by subdividing the creative work into six ascending, evolving orders of creation, this yes, towards an always greater perfection? Not so that He could learn how to create even more, but for the order which governs all of His divine operations. This order would have been violated -- and this would thus have made the survival of man, the last creature to be created, impossible -- if man had been made first and before the Earth had been created in all her parts and made inhabitable through the order placed in its waters and in its continents, and made comforting through the creation of the firmament; made luminous, beautiful and fertile by the beneficent sun, from the shining moon and the innumerable stars; made into a home, a dispenser, a garden to man for all the plant and animal creatures which cover and populate it.

Man, in whom the three kingdoms of the sensible Creation are represented in synthesis, was made on the sixth day, and in a marvellous truth, his

creation by God through the spiritual soul infused by God into the matter of man.

Man: true link of conjunction between Earth and Heaven, the true point of union between the spiritual and material world, the being in whom matter is the tabernacle for the spirit, the being in whom the spirit animates matter not only for the limited mortal life, but for the immortal life after the final resurrection.

Man: the creature in whom the Spirit Maker shines and dwells.

Man: the marvel of the power of God who infuses His breath, a part of His Infinite Self, into the dust by elevating it to the power of man, and gives to him the Grace which elevates the power of the man-animal to the power of life and to the condition of a supernatural creature, to a child of God through participation by nature, by making him capable of placing himself in direct relationship with God, by availing him to understand the Incomprehensible One and by making it possible and permissible for him to love He who is so superior over every other being that, without His divine gift, man could not, through his own ability and venerable respect, even only *desire to love.*

Man: the created triangle that rests its base -- matter -- upon the Earth from which he was drawn; who, with his intellectual faculties, tends to ascend to the knowledge of He whom he resembles; and touches with his peak -- the spirit of the spirit, the elect part of the soul -- Heaven, by losing himself in the contemplation of God-Love while Grace, freely received, unites him to God, and love lit by the union with God deifies him. For "the one who loves is born of God," and it is a privilege of the children to participate in the likeness of His nature. To the soul deified by Grace, therefore, man is the image of God, and because of love made possible through Grace, he is alike God.

On the sixth day, man was therefore created, *complete* and *perfect* in his every material and spiritual part, made according to the Thought of God, according to the order (the end) for which he had been created: to love and serve His Lord during his human lifetime, to know Him in His Truth, and to therefore enjoy Him forever in the other.

Thus, the *one Man* was created, the one from whom all of humanity would come, and the Woman in the first place, the companion of the Man and for the Man with whom he would have populated the Earth by reigning above all other lower creatures. Thus, the *one Man* was created, the one who as a father would have transmitted to his descendants everything that he had received: life, senses, material goods as well as immunity to every suffering, reason, intellect, knowledge, integrity, immortality, and finally, the gift of gifts, Grace.

The theory of the origin of man according to evolutionism, which is based on the conformation of the skeleton and on the diversity of the colours of skin and appearance in order to sustain its erroneous assertion, is not a theory *against* the truth of the origin of man -- creature created by God -- but *in its favour.* Because what reveals the existence of a Creator is exactly the diversity

of the colours, of the structures, of the species of the creatures wanted by Him, the most Powerful One.

And if this is valid for the lower creatures, it is valid even more so for the creature-man; he who *is man created by God,* even if due to circumstances of climate and of life, and even due to corruption -- and so came the flood and then, much later, in the prescriptions of Sinai and in the Mosaic curses, so severe the command and punishment (Leviticus c. XVIII, v.23 and Deut. c. XXVII, v.21) -- he shows a different aspect and colour from race to race.

It is a proven fact, ratified and confirmed by continual proofs, that a strong impression can act upon an expectant mother in a way of making her give life to a little 'freak' who mirrors in its make-up the object which disturbed the mother. It is also a proven thing that the long co-existence amongst peoples of a different race than the Arian produces, through a natural mimesis, a transformation more or less marked of the traits of an Arian face in those people who are not Arians. It is also proven that special environmental and climatic conditions have an influence on the development of the limbs and on the colours of the skin.

Therefore, the clouds on which the evolutionists would like to base the edifice of their presumption *do not sustain it, but actually favour its collapse.*

There perished in the flood the corrupt branches of humanity groping in the darkness consequent to the fall, darkness in which only for the few just ones, as through heavy fogs, there reached once again a sole ray of the lost star: the memory, of God and His promise.

Therefore, once the monsters were destroyed, Humanity was preserved and multiplied again from the lineage of Noah, judged just by God. Thus it was returned to the first nature of the first man, still made of matter and spirit, and remained so even after sin had stripped the spirit of divine Grace and of its innocence.

When and how was man to receive the soul if he was the end product of an evolution of brutes? Is one to suppose that the brutes received the spiritual soul together with animal life? The immortal soul? The intelligent soul? The free soul? Just the thought of it is blasphemous. How then could they pass on what they did not have? And could God have offended Himself by infusing the spiritual soul, His divine breath, into an animal which had evolved for as long as one wishes to think, but nevertheless having come from a long procreation of brutes? Even this thought is offensive to the Lord.

By wanting to create a population of children in order to spread the love of which He superabounds and to receive the love of which He is thirsty, God created man *directly,* with His perfect will, *in a sole operation* occurring on the sixth creative day in which He made a living and perfect flesh from dust, flesh that He then animated on account of his particular condition as man, the adoptive child of God and heir of Heaven. And not yet only of the soul "*[sic]* which even animals have in their nostrils and which ceases with the death of the

animal, but *of the spiritual soul which is immortal, that survives beyond the death of the body and which will re-animate the body beyond death, at the sounding of the trumpets of the Last Judgement and of the Triumph of the Incarnate Word, Jesus Christ, so that the two natures which lived together on Earth live together either by enjoying or suffering, according to what they both merited together, for eternity.*

This is the truth, whether you accept it or reject it. However, notwithstanding that many of you want to obstinately reject it, a moment will arrive in which you will know it perfectly and it will engrave itself into your spirit, making you convinced of having lost the Good forever for having wanted to follow pride and lies.

The truth is that whoever does not accept the creation of man as a work of God -- and creation just as I have said, that is, in such a way by making him quickly and always capable, if he wants, of guiding himself in all his actions so that they may all be turned to the reaching of the end for which man was created; the immediate end: to love and serve God during his earthly life; and the final end: to enjoy Him in Heaven -- cannot understand with precision exactly what constitutes the Sin, the reason for the condemnation, the consequences of these two.

However, follow me. My word is luminous and simple because I am God. And God, Infinite Wisdom, knows how to adapt Himself to the ignorance and relativity of His little ones, because I love the little ones *provided they are humble,* and I say to them, "Whoever is a little one, come to Me, and I will teach you Wisdom."

The test.

When man awoke from his first sleep and found his companion by his side, he felt that his happiness had been rendered complete by God.

It was already very great beforehand. Everything in Adam and around Adam had been made so that he could enjoy complete happiness, healthy and holy, and the delight that is Eden was not only around but also *within* Adam. The garden full of plant, animal and marine beauty surrounded him; however, within him, a garden of spiritual beauty blossomed with every kind of virtue, ready to mature into fruits of holy perfection; and there was the tree of knowledge suited to his state, and that of the supernatural life: Grace; neither were the precious waters of the divine spring missing which divided itself into four branches and always sprinkled the virtues of man with a new wave so that they could grow gigantically and turn him ever more so into a faithful mirror of God.

As a natural creature, he enjoyed what he saw: the beauty of a virgin world that just a short while ago had come from the will of God; he enjoyed what he could: his dominion over the lower creatures. Everything had been

placed by God at the service of man: from the sun to the insect so that everything would be a delight to him.

As a supernatural creature he enjoyed -- a reasoning and most gentle ecstasy -- the understanding of the Essence of God: Love; of the relationships of love between the Immense One who gave Himself and the creature who loved by adoring Him. Genesis veils this faculty of man and this communicating to him by God in the phrase: "having heard the voice of God walking in Eden in the cool *of* the evening."

As much as the Father had given knowledge to His adoptive children proportioned to their state, He still continued to teach them. Because infinite is the love of God, and after having yearned to give again, and so much more does He give, the more the creature is a daughter to Him. God always gives Himself to the one who gives himself generously to Him.

Therefore, when man awoke and saw the woman made in his likeness, he felt that his happiness as a creature was complete by having all the humanity and All the superhumanity, being that the Love gave Himself to the love of man.

The only limitation placed by God on the immense possessions of man was the prohibition to eat of the fruits from the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. This would have been a useless harvest, and unjustified, for man already had that knowledge which was necessary for him, and a measure superior to that established by God could only cause harm.

Consider: God does not prohibit to eat of the fruits from the Tree of Life because man had a natural need for these in order to live a healthy and long existence until a more living divine desire of revealing Himself totally to the adoptive son would not make God pronounce the following, "Son, ascend to my dwelling place and submerge yourself into your God," the call, without the suffering of death, to the celestial Paradise.

The Tree of Life that is encountered at the beginning of the Book of the Great Revelation (Genesis c. II, v.9 and c. III, v.22) and that is found again at the end of the Book of the Great Revelation: the Bible (Apocalypse of John c. XXII, v.2 and v.14) is the figure of the Incarnate Word -- whose fruit, the Redemption, hung from the wood of the cross -- of that Jesus Christ who is the Bread of Life, the Fount of Living Water, Grace, and who has given you Life with His Death, and you can always eat and drink of Him in order to live the life of the just and have eternal Life.

God does not prohibit Adam from eating of the fruits from the Tree of Life; however, He forbids from eating those useless ones from the Tree of Knowledge. Because an excess of knowledge would have awoken pride in man who would then have believed himself to be equal to God on account of his newly acquired knowledge. And he would have foolishly believed himself capable of being able to possess it without danger, with the consequent rising of an abusive right of self-judgement of his own actions and of acting, consequently, by trampling on every duty of filial obedience towards His Creator --

given that, at this point, he was similar to Him in knowledge -- His Creator who had lovingly showed him right and wrong, directly or by infused grace and knowledge.

The measure of God is always just. He who wants more of what God has given to him is concupiscent, imprudent, and irreverent. He offends love. He who takes abusively is a thief and a violent [man]. He offends love. He who wants to act independently in every respect to the supernatural Law is a rebel. He offends love.

In the presence of the divine command, the Progenitors had to obey without asking the whys that are always the undoing of love, faith, and hope. When God orders or acts, one must obey and do *His* will without asking why He orders or acts in that way. Every action of His is good, even if it does not seem so to the being who is limited in his knowledge.

Why should they not have gone to *that* tree, gathered *those* fruits and have eaten of *those* fruits? There is no use in knowing. Obeying is useful, nothing else. And being happy with having received much. Obedience is love and respect, and it is the measure of love and respect. The more one loves and venerates a person, the more one obeys him/her.

Here now, being the One ordered by God -- the Infinitely Great, the Good, the generous Benefactor of man -- man, out of respect and gratitude, should have given to God not *"a lot"* of love, but *"all"* the adoring love which he was capable of giving, and therefore all the obedience, without analyzing the reasons of the divine prohibition.

The discussions presuppose self-judgement and criticism to the order or other peoples' actions. Judging is a difficult thing and seldom is the judgement just; *but never is it just when one judges a divine order useless, wrong, or unjust.*

Man *had* to obey. The test of this ability of his which is the measure of love and respect was in the way in which he would have or would not have known how to obey.

The means: the tree and the apple. Two small, insignificant things if you compare them to the abundance that God had granted to man.

And what? He had given Himself, God, and He prohibited the admiring of a fruit? And what? He had given a natural and supernatural life to the dust, He had infused His breath into man, and He prohibited the picking of a fruit? And what? He had made man the king of all the creatures and considered him not as His servant but a son, and He prohibited him from eating a fruit?

To one who does not know how to wisely meditate, this episode can seem to be like an unexplainable punctiliousness, similar to a whim of a benefactor who, having covered a beggar with riches, then prohibits him from picking up a little rock deposited in the dust. However, it isn't like this.

The apple was not only fruit in reality. It was also the symbol. *The symbol of the divine right and of human duty.*

Even when God calls and extraordinarily benefits, the beneficiaries must always remember that He is God and that man must never prevaricate, even if he feels extraordinarily loved. And yet, this is the test that only a few elect know how to surmount. They want more of what they have already received and they go to gather what was not given. And that is how they find the Snake and his poisonous fruits.

Beware, oh elect ones of God! Always remember that in your garden, so full of the gifts of God, there is always the tree of trial, and always looking to entwine itself around it is the Adversary of God and yours, in order to snatch an instrument from God and seduce you to pride and cupidity, to rebellion. Do not violate the right of God. Do not trample on the law of your duty. Never.

Many seem to be the instruments of God, the *"voices,"* too many according to some. I say to you all, to the theologians and to the faithful, that a hundred times a hundred more would they be if all those whom God calls to a special ministry knew how not to gather that which, God has not given, so as to have more still.

All the faithful have in the Decalogue, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, their test of faith, love, and obedience. For the *"voices"* and the extraordinary instruments, more than ever is that tree alluring and a snare of Satan. Because the greater the donation, the easier it is for pride and concupiscence to rise, the presumption of being sure of saving oneself in any case. Instead, I tell you that the more one has received, the more it is one's duty to be perfect so as not to have a greater condemnation which will not be given to the one who, having received only a little, has the extenuating circumstance of having known only a little.

I anticipate a question. Did that tree then bear good fruits and bad fruits?

It bore fruits no different from those of any other plant. However, it was the plant of good and evil, *it became so according to the behaviour of man, not so much as towards the plant as towards the divine order.* To obey is good. To disobey is bad.

God knew that Satan would have gone to that tree to tempt. God knows everything. The wicked fruit *was the word of Satan tasted by Eve.* The danger of drawing near to the plant was in the disobedience. To the pure knowledge which God had given, Satan inoculated his impure malice that soon fermented even in the flesh. *However, Satan first corrupted the spirit, making it a rebel, and then made the intellect astute.*

Oh!, well did they know, *afterwards,* the knowledge of Good and Evil! Because everything, even the new sight for which they then knew to be naked averted them to the loss of Grace that had made them blessed in their intelligent innocence up to that hour, and therefore, of the loss of supernatural life.

Naked! Not so much for the garments as for the gifts of God. Poor! For having wanted to be like God. Dead! For having feared of dying with their species if they hadn't acted directly.

They committed the first act against love with pride, disobedience, diffidence, doubt, rebellion, spiritual concupiscence and *lastly,* with carnal concupiscence. I say, *lastly.* Some believe that carnal concupiscence was instead the first act. No. God is order in all things.

Even in the offences towards the divine law, man sinned *first against God* by wanting to be similar to God: *"god"* in the knowledge of Good and Evil, and in the absolute and thus illicit freedom to act as he pleased and wished against all advice and prohibition of God; *then against love,* by loving himself disordinately, by denying God the reverential love that He is due, by placing the *I* in God's place, and by hating his future neighbour: his own offspring to whom he brought about the inheritance of sin and condemnation; *and lastly, against his dignity as the regal creature* who had had the gift of perfect dominion over the senses.

The sensual sin could not have occurred for as long as the state of Grace endured and the other consequent states. *There could have been temptation but not the consummation of the sensual sin for as long as innocence lasted, and therefore, the dominion of reason over the senses.*

Punishment. Not inordinate, but just.

In order to understand it, one needs to consider the perfection of Adam and Eve. By considering *that height,* one can measure the greatness of the fall *into that abyss.*

If some of you were to be taken by God and placed in a new Eden, leaving you who you are though giving you the same commands He had given to Adam, and you were to disobey like Adam, do you believe that God would condemn you with the same severity with which He condemned Adam? No. God is just. He knows what tremendous inheritance is within you.

The consequences of original sin have been repaired by Christ, in so far as He is Grace. But the weakness of the lesion in the original perfection remains. And this weakness is constituted by foments similar to infective germs which have remained latent in man, but that are always ready to enter in strength and overpower the creature. They are even in the holier of saints. *And sanctity, after all, is none other than the fruit of the struggle and the continual victory which the soul and the reasoning of the just one sustain and suffer through the assaults of the foments in order to remain faithful to the Love.*

Now God, who is infinitely just, would not be inexorable with one of you as He was with Adam. Because He would consider your weaknesses.

With Adam He was, being that Adam was endowed with all that could have made him the victor, and easily a victor, against temptation. Hence the punishment, that punishment in which one sees that if the prevacarious man did

not respect the limits placed by God, God respected the limits that He had placed towards man.

God did not violate the free will of man, whereas man violated the rights of God. Neither before nor after the sin did God violate man's freedom to act. He subjected him to a test. Being God, He did not ignore that man would not have overcome it. However, it was just that He subject him to it in order to confirm him in grace like He had, for the same end, submitted the angels to the test and confirmed in grace those amongst them who had won the test. And, submitting him to the test, He left him free to act with respect to it.

If God had wanted to violate the free will of man in choosing his own destiny, He would have either not proposed the test or He would have bound the powers of the will in a way that man would have been impeded from acting badly. So too, if He had wanted to reward him in spite of everything, He would have either forgiven him everything in advance, or in order to have grounds to forgive him, He would have aroused the perfect contrition in his heart, or at least an attrition for the goods which he had lost, by helping, with a ray of His love, to turn the imperfect sorrow of attrition for the loss of the goods present in that instant and future instants, into the perfect sorrow of contrition for the offence made towards God and for the loss of His Grace and Love.

However, all these cases would have been injustices towards the angels who had been submitted to the test, who did not have their powers of the will bound, who had not been forgiven in advance, and who did not have aroused in their beings, and by God Himself, any impulse of contrition or attrition capable of arousing divine forgiveness. It is true that the angels were favoured more than men in not sinning because of the gifts of grace and those of their nature (spirits without a body, and therefore, without senses) and for being thus free from internal pressures of sense and from external pressures (the Serpent), and above all, through the knowledge of God; and in spite of this, they sinned without extenuating circumstances due to ignorance and the stimulus of the senses, but through pure malice and sacrilegious will. However, there was none of what was said before. Neither from God nor from man.

God respected human will. Man persevered in his state of revolt towards His divine Benefactor. He proudly left Eden after having lied -- because by now his joining with Falsehood had occurred -- and after having cited poor excuses for his sin while having made himself a belt of leaves, he testified that not because they were naked and were ashamed of appearing so to Him who had created and kept them clothed only with grace and innocence were they fearful of appearing so before God, but because they were guilty.

Fear, yes. Repentance, no. Hence God, after having expelled them from Eden "placed two cherubims on the threshold of the same" so that the two prevaricators would not fraudulently re-enter in order to loot the fruits of the tree of life, rendering nil a part of the just punishment and defrauding God once again

of His right: that of giving and taking life after having kept it healthy, happy and long-lived with the salutary fruits of the tree of life.

Therefore, a just punishment. The privation of how much man had spontaneously scorned Grace, integrity, immortality, immunity and knowledge. And hence, the loss of the paternal love of God, of His mighty help; and hence, the weakness of the wounded soul, the fever of the awakened flesh, reason, delirious and overwhelming; and hence, the fear of God and the loss of Eden where life was without hardship and sorrow; and hence, hardship, death, the subjection of woman to man, the animosity between man and man, amongst the children of a womb, crime, abuse, all the evils that torment humanity, fear of death and judgement, the torment of having provoked sorrow and of transmitting it to those most loved, in one with life.

Consequences

Beyond the immediate and personal condemnation and its immediate and personal consequences, the sin of Adam and the condemnation provoked by it has had consequences that will last until the end of time, weighing heavily upon Humanity. As the forefather of the human family, Adam has transmitted his infirmity to his descendants.

No different is it when a defective man procreates children. With more or less virulence, the poisons of the disease are in his offspring and in the offspring of the offspring, and even if with the appropriate medications, the hereditary disease, from being virulent and the giver of death, is able to transform itself into a more benign form, never will those children though, and the children of the children, be as healthy as those who have come from a healthy blood.

It is written, “By the work of one man, sin entered into the world.” And it is the truth.

The Book of Wisdom, the Letters to the Hebrews and the Book of Psalms tell of this sorrow before Paul. It is always from God therefore, because it is always God who speaks through the mouth of His inspired ones.

This sorrow fills the world, it passes on from generation to generation, nor will it end for as long as the world does not end. With its howl, it has filled the place where Adam, with effort, drew bread from the clods onto which his perspiration dripped. And it has spread throughout the Earth, and the horizons, gorges, forests and animals, shuddering, have felt it and have transmitted it to one another. And like a blinding light, it made Adam and Eve *see* the immensity of their sin, not only committed against God, but also towards their flesh and blood.

Until that moment, the verdict of God had not yet destroyed the rebellion of man, who with the natural adaptability of an animal, -- because man lacking in Grace is nothing more than the most perfect of all the animals -- had quickly adapted himself to his new destiny, no longer easy and blissful as it was before, but not lacking in human joys which compensated for human sorrows.

The passion of the sense satisfied itself in the companion's flesh, not holily joined as God had wanted and as the innocent man, full of knowledge, had understood in Eden, to make himself one flesh only; the joy of creating by themselves -- oh, persistent pride! -- new creatures, fooling themselves in this way of being similar to God, the Creator; the dominion upon animals, the satisfaction of the harvests and of being self-sufficient without having to thank anyone. Sensual joys, but nevertheless joys.

Oh, how much obscurity of the smoke of pride and of the mists of unrestrained concupiscences obstinately persisted in the arrogant two!

Childbirth was obtained with pain, but the joy of children compensated that pain.

Food was obtained with effort, but the stomach filled itself just the same and gluttony was satisfied, as the Earth was full of good things.

Disease and death were distant, and perfectly-created bodies enjoyed health and virility that made the arrogant two think that life was long-lived, even if not eternal.

And fermenting pride provoked the deriding thought, "Where is therefore the punishment of God? We are happy even without Him."

One day, however, the green of the fields on which the multi-coloured flowers created by God blossomed, turned red with the first human blood shed upon the Earth, and the mother howled upon the dead body of sweet Abel and the father understood that it had not been a vain threat that promised, "You shall return to the ground from where you had been taken, for you are dust and into dust you shall return," and Adam died twice, for himself and for his son, since a father dies the death of his children seeing them dead, and Eve gave birth *with torture,* giving to the Earth the lifeless body of her beloved, and she understood what it was to give birth in sin.

However, equally in the same hour in which -- and it was mercy again -- the punishment of God struck, pride died and had given birth to repentance, the *new life* for which the Guilty two began the ascent on the path of Justice, and they merited, after a lengthy expiation and wait, divine forgiveness through the merits of Christ.

And of Mary. Oh, allow Me here to celebrate this truth of the Immaculate who was, who is Mine, and who for our combined love has given to the world the Word made flesh: the Emmanuel.

Out of an act of unfaithfulness of the woman, mankind became acquainted with sin, pain and death. Out of the faithfulness of the Woman, mankind has obtained the regeneration of Grace, and consequently, forgiveness, pure joy and Life.

Out of concupiscence, death, *all* deaths. Out of the purity of a triple virginity -- of body, intellect, and spirit -- Life, the *true* Life, and of the risen flesh of the just ones living forever, and of the mind open to the Truth, and of the spirit re-born to Grace.

Out of the union with Satan, brotherly hate and deicide. Out of the union with God, brotherly love and spiritual love which embrace Divinity and Humanity, and they effuse on both, and they work for both, the Incarnate Love and the virginal Love, both offered voluntarily, totally, and consumed so that God could be consoled and man saved.

The death of Abel shattered the pride of Adam and made Eve an expert of the most atrocious birth to Darkness. The death of Christ shattered the Sin and it demonstrated to Humanity what it costs to give birth to Grace. The howl of Eve has a correspondence to the cry of Mary at the death of Her most Holy Son.

I say to those who believe Mary to be above sorrow because She is full of Grace, I say that not even Eve suffered in her deserved desolation that which Mary innocently suffered. Because if the howl of Eve marked the birth of Repentance, the cry of Mary marked the birth of a new era. And if in that hour marked by the first human blood, scattered by criminal violence for which the Earth was cursed twice and the ascent had its beginnings towards Justice, in the ninth hour, marked by the last drop of divine Blood, Redemption descended from the Heavens flowing like a river of salvation from the two innocent and wounded Hearts of the Son and Mother.

Truly, you have Life not only through the merits of Jesus, but also through those of Mary; and She, the Mother of Life, the Virgin Mother, pure, innocent, who did not experience labour pains in giving birth to Her Jesus, -- according to the law of the fallen flesh -- but experienced, however, and very well indeed, labour pains of the most sorrowful birth, by giving birth to you, sinful Humanity, to the new Life of Grace.

Through only one man, man knows death. Through the one Man, man knows Life. Through Adam, Humanity has inherited the Sin and its consequences. Through Jesus, the Son of God and Mary, Humanity again inherits Grace and its consequences.

This Grace, though not cancelling all the earthly consequences of original sin -- since sorrow, death, and stimuli remain to give you sorrow, fear, and struggle -- it [Grace] strongly helps you to endure present sorrow with the hope of Heaven, it helps you to face the fear of dying with the knowledge of divine Mercy, and it helps you to react and control stimuli or foments with supernatural aids through the merits of Christ and the Sacraments instituted by Him.

I said, “Grace, though not cancelling all the consequences of the Sin...” This is a point that many rebel against by saying, “Is this just? Couldn’t the Redeemer have given back all the perfection?”

It is just. *Everything in God is just.*

Man was not wounded in a conflict with God for which God should feel obliged to repair the damage made either voluntarily or involuntarily. Man voluntarily wounded himself and consciously wounded himself. Now when a man injures himself in such a serious way in everyday life that he remains either

mutilated, or defective, or marked at least with serious scars, not even the work of a doctor can cancel all the damage, and above all, re-construct the lost parts.

Adam mutilated himself of Grace and supernatural life, of innocence, integrity, immunity, immortality and knowledge. And as forefather of the entire human family, he has passed on his sorrowful inheritance to all his descendants.

However, Humanity, more fortunate than the single man, has been cured through Jesus-Saviour-Redeemer. More still: the "re-creation" in Grace, the life of the soul. And through the Sacraments instituted by Him, the virtues that they instil, and My gifts, he has also obtained the means to rise always more in perfection, as far as reaching the summit with the *"supercreation"* which is sanctity.

However, not even the Sacrifice of the Man-God, capable and sufficient of restoring to you the lost gifts and of re-elevating you all to the supernatural order -- that is, to the capacity to love, know, and to serve God in this life in order to possess Him joyfully, forevermore, in the other -- has cancelled the scars of the great wounds that man has voluntarily inflicted upon himself, and especially those of the triple concupiscence which is always ready to rewound itself again if the spirit is not watchful in restraining evil passions.

I have also said, "The knowledge of divine Mercy." Yes. Just as the inheritance of the Sin has obtained the Redeemer for you, so it has also obtained for you the knowledge of infinite charity, wisdom, and divine powers.

Man, the regenerated child of God through Jesus, knows what Adam did not know. He knows the immensity of the love of the Father who gives His Only Begotten Son to cancel, with His Blood, the decree of the condemnation of Humanity fallen in its Forefather.

Adam, through infused knowledge, and moreover, through Grace which elevating him to the supernatural order had rendered him capable of knowing God, knew just how much God loved him, because everything around and within Adam had the voice of divine love. And Adam, through the election to the supernatural order, knew how to love much. He knew how to love within the limit that God had judged sufficient during life to prepare man for the vision and the enjoyment of God after passing from Earth to Heaven. But never, not even in the greater raptures of love was the innocent Adam able to ascend, with his desire to know and love, as far as to the centre of the Truth, never was he able to submerge himself into this ardent furnace of Love that is also the Truth, and never was he able to possess the *total* knowledge of that truth that has the name of Infinite Love.

A man living on Earth cannot see what God is; and neither the Man-Adam as soon as he was created and abounding in gifts. Everything had the voice of God. Everything spoke of God. Everything drew him towards God. Man was the greatly loved one and showered with gifts in order to help him to love. However, between man and God, there is always an abyss. They are two abysses that look at each other, and the Greater One attracts the smaller one, He

flashes in front of his spirit, He dresses him with His fires and He makes him rich with His blazing lights upon the spirit of man as in a continual infusion of wisdom.

The Divine Love has, for man, the inviting gesture of two arms and a bosom which open and offer themselves through the embrace which beatifies, and human love gives wings to man so that he can forget the Earth and hurl himself towards Heaven, towards God who is calling him. However, a law of justice establishes that the total encounter, the fusion, is to be had *only after the test* which is perfected in grace.

For this reason, the more man rises in his attempt and desire to reach God, the more God eludes, He withdraws into His endless abyss. Nor does He do this out of cruelty, but to keep the forces and the wills of man active in order to reach Him, and in this way, increase the human capacity to receive profitably and to allow him to be filled with Grace, that is, once again, with God Himself. Because truly, man is much more apt to receive and possess God and His Most Holy Grace, the more actively, tirelessly, and intensely he moves towards God.

I have spoken in the present because such is the condition of man towards the immense Divinity, incomprehensible to every created intelligence. Even the greatest contemplators -- and I place here the names of John and Paul in order to indicate to you two who have already been redeemed by Christ, to whom Heaven opened unto the third and to the seventh degree, and even Moses, Ezechiel and Daniel, who saw respectively, "the back of God," the "light left by the Infinite Light," "the Being with the appearance of a man" but who was an "electrifying fire" and a "voice that would make itself be heard from above the firmament," "the Ancient of days whose face was veiled by the river of fire that flowed rapidly in front of His face" leaving only the hair and the garments visible -- they could not know the Unknowable One until the first two were amongst the mortals and the others in Heaven after the Redemption.

But such, particularly, was the condition of Adam, elevated to the supernatural order and therefore endowed like you who are restored and faithful to Grace, with a spiritual intelligence capable of drawing very near to the Truth of God, but not that of knowing the Mystery of God.

Only because of Jesus has man been able to penetrate further -- oh, much, much further! -- crossing distances, lifting veils, drawing near to the ardour of the Hearth One and Trine and understanding the immensity of the Love with a depth unknown to Adam.

Unknown due to a prudent measure. For if God had proposed the future Christ to Adam and if Adam had received the request from God to adore the Word Incarnate out of love and thanks to the Love, he would not have been able to refuse to adore the true Compendium of the Triune Love, because otherwise, he would have been guilty of the same sin as Lucifer who had become Satan for having refused to adore the Love made flesh, proudly claiming of being capable of redeeming man himself by being similar to God in substance, power, wisdom

and beauty, instead of being similar to Him as an entity, and thus particularly offending the Holy Spirit, Giver of the lights, wisdom and truths contained in God. And the sins against the Holy Spirit, of which Lucifer and his like in rebellion are guilty, as in many men, *are not forgiven.*

God wanted to forgive man. And for this reason, He proposed the test of obedience. However, He spared him the test of adoration for the Word made Man in order that Adam would not sin in an unforgivable manner by envying the power of Christ, by having the presumption of being able to save himself and being able to save without the need of Christ, by denying the known truth as impossible that the Uncreated One could become "created" by being born of a woman, and that the Purest Spirit who is God could make Himself man by assuming human flesh.

Not you. You who are redeemed by Christ, you who having come after the advent of Christ, and above all, after the sacrifice of Christ, comprehend all the love of God. Christ has revealed this infinite love to you with Himself, with His word, with His example, and with His actions.

You gaze at the baby Christ crying in a grotto and you are not frightened. Rather, that human weakness draws your spiritual weakness which is not disheartened nor frightened before the Infant God, the God who has annihilated Himself, He, the Immense One, into little members, He, the Powerful One, into members in need of all kinds of help for they are incapable, in any case, of providing for the needs of the body.

You gaze at the boy Jesus and you are not frightened. His wisdom is sweet. With a few words, He indicates to you the sure path in order to reach the House of the Father, *"To busy oneself with that which God wills and with that which is to be given to God."* The entire law is in this brief and wise answer. He says to you, speaking to those who represent the chosen humanity and are dear to God, "Do you not know that you must do this, only this, this above every other occupation, to have this love above every other love, so as to have a place in Heaven?"

And all of the teachings of Christ are in these brief words, the Christ who says to Martha, "You busy yourself with too many things, one only is necessary." The Christ who says to the disciple who is still too attached to the things of the world, "Let the dead bury their dead," and again, "Whoever, after having put his hand to the plough and [who] looks back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God."

The Christ, who by loving His Mother *with perfection,* does not place Her before His mission but clearly says that it "is His blood he who does the will of God" and He is the first to do so because love towards God is always, dutifully, the greatest respect above any other love, even of the one for the most holy blessed Mother.

The Christ who rebukes Peter by calling him "Satan" because he tempts Him not to do the will of His Father. The Christ of the Sermon on the

Mount. The Christ who says the last beatitude, “Blessed are they who put into practice the word of God,” that is, the Law still.

The Christ who teaches Nicodemus how the old man, the heir of the fallen Adam, can attain regeneration and see the Kingdom of God by being “born again of water” and this water of life, He, the Christ, gives it to you, “and through the Holy Spirit,” that is, through love, and love *is to do the will of God* in obedience to His Law for all and in obedience to His individual decrees for everyone of you.

The Christ who teaches religion that is deemed *“true,”* worthy of a reward on the part of Divine Justice, “I do not seek my will, *but the one of He who sent me.”*

The Christ who gives to you the God who can be loved considerably: “You have never heard the voice of God or seen His face until now. But here I am. I am He on whom God has impressed His seal. Whoever sees Me sees He who has sent me. Whoever listens to Me, listens to the Father because I have spoken not of myself, but I have said what the Father has told me to say.” And He unveils the love of the Father, who from the sin of Adam, draws the means to encourage you to a greater love, to a more precise knowledge and to a closer union, “The Will of my Father is that you know me for who I am: God.”

The Christ who proclaims, “I do not do anything Myself, but say and do that which my Father wills. I always do that which pleases Him.”

The Christ, the good Shepherd, who confesses the *truest* reason of the great love of the Father for Him, “For this does my Father love me: because I lay down my life voluntarily, *because this is the desire of my Father, so that you may be saved.”*

The Christ who at the threshold of the Passion says, “My Father has sent me and has prescribed that which I must say and do. *And I know that His commandment is eternal life.”*

The Christ who, *of Himself,* absolves Pilate by saying to him, “You would not have any power over Me if it had not been given to you from above. For this reason, He who has delivered me into your hands is more guilty than you of my death.” And He who delivered Him into the hands of the authority, in a divine folly out of love for man, is His Father, the Infinite God before whom the Son says His perfect prayer, “Not mine, but may your Will be done. May your Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven;” it is God the Father who permits the human authorities to be [like] so for as long as He wills, after which neither armed forces nor any other force will be useful to keep them at their place of command.

Oh!, the obedient Christ from birth to death, the Christ who says, “Yes” at the first cry, and says “Yes” with the extreme word on Golgotha, the Word of the eternal “Yes” to His Father, the Christ who is never frightening, who does not cause dismay with His law because He gives you the example that this law is possible to follow on the part of man since He -- the Man -- lived it before

even teaching it to you, this Man-God made flesh who delivers Himself to death, to His enemies, to contempts, to the hardships, to poverty, to the flesh -- and I placed death first and the flesh last, not out of error, but because it was sweeter to the Saviour to die than to the Word-God confining Himself in a flesh -- *He gives to you,* oh men, *the knowledge of what God-Love is.*

And that most Divine Father, who immolates His most Beloved, *gives to you the measure of the love of God for you.*

It is said, "There is no greater love than that of he who lays down his life for his friends." However, one should also say, "The love of a Father who sacrifices His one, true Son to save the life of His adopted children, those who, true prodigal sons, have voluntarily left the paternal house and have made themselves unhappy by giving sorrow to the Father, is an even greater love."

And God has loved you with this love. He sacrificed His Only Begotten son in order to save a guilty Humanity, that Humanity which was not grateful, obedient, and loving to Him in the beginning of days when it delighted in *the many things* freely received from God, and as it is not grateful, obedient, and loving towards Him now that for twenty centuries has had from God not *much,* but All, the Immense One, God giving Himself in His Second Person.

After having meditated on all of this, it is sweet to conclude that if the punishment was great though not unjust, greater, infinitely greater than the punishment was Mercy. That Mercy which does not pay to restore to you, at the cost of His Sorrow, of His Blood, of His Death by crucifixion, the gifts of which Adam had defrauded you, but that gives Itself [Mercy] to you in the most Holy **Eucharist**, It, the salient fountain of Heaven, gives to you the waters of Life, it gives to you its sweet Law of love, its example, its Humanity in order to make it easier for your humanity to love Him, its Divinity so that your prayers will be listened to. It is the very voice of the most beloved Son living within you, through His Father, it gives to you the Holy Spirit with all His gifts for which the virtues infused with Baptism are powerfully supported to strengthen and perfect themselves, those gifts that greatly help the Christian to live his life as a Christian, that is, a life of worship, as a child of God, and that give you the strength to suppress incitements, without undoing them, making them of the "evil" that they are, the "good," that is, heroism, a means of victory, crown and garment of glory.

As with Paul, the life of every one of you is an interior struggle between the flesh and the spirit, between aspiring to the Good and the not always perfectly good action, a struggle in which God comforts and helps you. For this reason, let no one be scandalized if his neighbour confesses with a word and action of being like Paul, "carnal and subject." And no one should lose heart if he realizes being so. But may the example of Paul guide and sustain you."*[sic]*»

Lesson 24,[321] ***Romans 7:14-25***[322]

The Sweet Guest[323] says,

«The Law is spiritual. It is also when it forbids material things.

Truly, in the Decalogue, the purely spiritual commands are the first three. The other seven, and especially the last six, are prohibitions of sins against one's neighbour, against his life, his property, his rights, and his honour. One could then say that it is right to call the Law "spiritual" because it comes from God, however, it is not altogether right in so far as it commands, for a good two thirds of it, not to commit material acts that God prohibits.

However, above the ten Commandments of the perfect Law *is the perfection of the Law,* with the two commandments given by the teaching Word, "'You will love the Lord your God with your whole heart, with your whole soul, and with your whole mind.' This is the greatest and the first commandment. The second is similar to this one, 'You will love your neighbour as yourself.' *The whole Law and the prophets depend on these two commandments."*

In the light of the Light that is the Word, the spirituality which is in the whole Law illuminates itself because it is given to make one live in love. Because the whole Law rests on love and lives for love. And because love is a spiritual thing, be it the Being or the individual towards whom it turns.

A triple love for God: love of the heart, of the soul, and of the mind; because inside man, there is this small trinity: matter (heart), soul (spirit), and mind (reason); and it is just that the three things created by God in order to make a unique creature -- man -- should equally give gratitude to God for the life which they have received from God.

Therefore, a triple love: love of the heart, of the soul, and of the mind; because Adam sinned with the heart (concupiscence of the flesh), with the soul (concupiscence of the spirit), and with the mind (concupiscence of reason), departing from the order for having abused the gifts received from God, and by offending God with the same gifts he had received from Him so that man could resemble Him and be for Him a cause of glory.

With the very things they sinned, sin is therefore to be repaired, the offence cancelled, and the violated order is to be re-established.

And the Word made Himself Flesh to do this, and to return "grace and truth" to you in full, overflowing and *inexhaustible* measure.

The Man-God repairs however much the first man sinned.

And He teaches you by way of example even more than by doctrine, which is perfect, but that you could judge as impossible to practice on how to

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[321] *The entire extract, 19 pages from the noted book, are presented here.*

[322] *LES, May 29 / June 3, 1948, p. 176*

[323] *The God of Love, the Holy Spirit.*

save oneself. He is the Master of facts, not only of words. And however much He has done, you too, can also do.

The inheritance of Adam remains in every man. It is as if, hidden in every flesh, there is an Adam who can be weak when put to the test, as the first Adam was at the beginning of time. However, Christ has come so that your falls could be repaired, your wounds mended, and vital Grace restored to you when your weakness in day-to-day trials deadens that supernatural life that Baptism had given to you. However, Christ has come in order to be a Master and Model to you and so that you could be His disciples and brothers, not only in name and in the flesh, but also in spirit and truth, by imitating Him in His perfection, in His triple love towards God.

For this triple love, Jesus was faithful to the justice of the flesh, despite being tested and free in His free will like every other man.

For this triple love, Jesus was perfect in the justice of the soul, that is, in the obedience of the ancient divine precept, "You will love the Lord your God" by not feeling He was exempt from this duty because He was God like His Eternal Generator; Man-God, true Man and true God not for a temporary infusion of the Spirit of God in a flesh predestined for the same destiny or for the moral union of a just [man] with His God, but for the hypostatical union of the two Natures without any mutation of the divine nature because it was joined to the human nature, and without any alteration of the human nature -- composed of flesh, mind, and spirit -- because it was joined to the divine nature.

For this triple love, finally, Jesus was sublime in the justice of the mind, by submitting His most perfect intellect not only to the divine Law like every man who knows it [the law] must do, but also to the intentions of God the Father for Him and upon Him: the Man, accepting everything proposed to Him and adhering to every obedience up to the utmost submission of His death on the cross.

"Having made Himself a servant" for the whole of a fallen Humanity, Jesus has passed the sign placed by Himself to men so that they can reach perfect love, but He did not impose on men the total sacrifice as a term of love in order to possess Heaven, and in the second precept of love, He does not say to you other than, "Love your neighbour *as you would love yourselves."* He went beyond. He did not limit Himself to loving His neighbour as He loved Himself, but He loved him much more than Himself because in order to give this "good" to His neighbour, He sacrificed His life and He made the sacrifice in sorrow and in death. But He does not propose much to you. It is enough for Him that the great majority of the members of His Mystical Body carry the little cross of everyday life and love their neighbour as they love themselves.

Only to His elect, to His chosen ones does He indicate His Cross and His fate and says, "Love one another as I have loved you" and insists, "Greater love than this no man has, that a man lay down his life for his friends" and He concludes, "You *are* my friends if you *do* that which I command you."

Predestination is never separated from heroism. Saints are heroes. In one way or another, in the manner which is proposed to them by God, their life is heroic. They know what it is they do and they know where they will be guided to by doing that which they do. They are not frightened however. They also know that what they do serves to continue the Passion of Christ and increase the treasures of the Communion of Saints, to save the world from the punishments of God, and snatch many lukewarm souls and sinners from Hell, who without their immolation, would not be saved from damnation. Because even lukewarmness, gradually cooling the love which every man must have in order to live in God, slowly leads to the death of the soul as per a spiritual starvation.

If predestination were separate from the heroic will of the being, it would not be a just thing. And God cannot will unjust things. I am speaking here of the predestination to sanctity, proclaimed by the justice of the life and extraordinary facts that, like stars, mark the life and way of the faithful predestined one to his predestination to glory, and who continue to be proclaimed by miracles beyond the death of the predestined one.

Because another is the predestination to divine Grace, common to all men, and therefore, freely given by God in sufficient measure in order to be saved; and another is the predestination to glory which is given to those who during their earthly life have used the gift of Grace well and who have remained faithful despite every trial of temptation to evil, or of any other extraordinary gift, movingly accepted with joy but not demanded or destroyed by making of it a foolish presumption of being so loved and so sure of already possessing glory that it is no longer necessary to struggle and persevere in heroism in order to reach it.

Quietism, in which the first impulses of a spirit called to an extraordinary journey then degenerate, is disliked by God. And, so too, is pride and spiritual gluttony: the two very likely sins in the elect, aided -- *and tried in order to confirm them into the mission or to deprive them of it as unworthy* -- by extraordinary gifts, the sins of Lucifer, of Adam, and of Judas of Kerioth, who by having very much, wanted to *have everything;* who believed of being sure of saving themselves without merit and out of the sole love on God's part; who trusted solely in the infinite Goodness without thinking that the perfect, divine Goodness, though infinite, never becomes foolishness and injustice; and who believing themselves to be *"gods"* since they had been elected, sinned ever so gravely.

God certainly knows those who will remain heroically persevering till the end, whereas man does not know if he will be perseverant to the end.

And even in this, there is justice. Because if God wanted that, despite the free will of man, very often the adverse cause with respect to the attainment of glory -- because with difficulty does man correctly use this regal gift of God, given so that man, aware of his final end, freely elects only doing good actions in order to merit the attainment of that beatific end -- every man would be saved, He would force men not to sin. However then, He would fall short in His respect

for the freedom of the individual, created by Him with all those gifts that make him capable of distinguishing good from evil, capable of understanding the moral law and the divine law, and capable of striving for his end and attaining it.

And the reason for the glory of every predestined individual would also be lacking: the heroism of life in order to remain faithful to the end for which he was created and to use, and use holily, the gifts freely received from God, those gifts which are the marvellous fruits of the divine Love who wants the salvation and eternal joy *of every man,* but who leaves man free of wanting his eternal future of glory or of condemnation.

This ignoring, on your part, of your final fate is also just. Because if you were to know your eternal future, you would remain without the cause that pushes the just to act in order to merit the beatific vision of God who is joy beyond every limit, and you could fall, even if transitorily, either into quietism or pride, though always sufficient to create for you a lengthier expiation and a lesser degree of glory, while the unjust ones would have in this the motive that would push them into becoming true satans, going as far as to hate and blaspheme God, and to hate and hurt their neighbour, without any more control, knowing that they are already destined for hell.

No. By knowing the Law and the end which obedience or disobedience to the Law brings, but ignoring only how much the all-embracing vision of God knows so that the spur of pure love will not be lacking in the just ones which will merit them glory, and the perverse, who prefer sin and crime over justice and love, will not lack in the freedom of following that which is pleasing to them -- so that in the hour of divine condemnation, they do not commit the extreme sin by hurling this blasphemous accusation against the Love, "I acted thus because You had all along destined me to hell" -- every reasoning individual must freely choose the path that he wishes to take, and elect for himself the end which he prefers.

Predestination to glory is not a free gift that is granted to *all* men, but it is a conquest besides being a gift, made by those who persevere in justice, a conquest which is obtained with the perfect use of the gifts and aids of God and with a good will which does not ever leave anything inert that is proposed or given by God, but renders everything active and turns everything towards the holy purpose of the intuitive vision of God and to the joyous possession of Him.

Someone objects, "But then only those who are saints at the moment of death will have glory? And the others? Is Purgatory perhaps a less sorrowful prison, but always constraining, which separates souls from God? Aren't purging souls also predestined to Heaven?"

They are. A day will come, and it will be the one of the Last Judgement, in which Purgatory will no longer exist, and its inhabitants will pass over to the Kingdom of God. And also Limbo will no longer exist, because the Redeemer

is the same *for all* men who follow justice in order to honour God in whom they believe, and to tend towards Him, just as they know Him, with all their strength.

There is still much exile, however, for these people after their life on Earth! And how much exile for those who limit their love and works to that minimum sufficient so as to not make them die in disgrace of God that they know of as Catholics!

How much difference amongst these saved ones, more than out of their own merits, out of the infinite merits of the Saviour, out of the intercession of Mary, out of the treasures of the Communion of Saints and the prayers and sacrifices of the just, and those who *willed* glory not out of egoism but out of love for God!

How much difference between the first, who with much effort and many rests of langour, murmurings of discontentment and also of dismay on the paths of egoism, drag their very limited love like a chain and weight, and the second, true lovers of God and imitators of Jesus Christ, who "love as Jesus has loved" by also giving their life, and who always embrace every cross, asking, rather, for the cross as the gift of gifts in order to save the soul of their neighbour, host-souls who have appeared all along to the divine knowledge as "friends of Jesus" because they *will do* that which He commands them to do!

Eternal present, "You are my friends." God knows. Individual conditional, "If you will do." Because the conquest of a friendship requires works capable of obtaining that friendship. However, the assurance that such works will make a friend He whom you want as such, helps you to perform them. As it is amongst men, so it is also, and even more perfectly, between God and men.

Jesus, when the lesson was already more of a "fact" than a word, gives the last lesson to His apostles so that they could reach the perfection required by Him in order to call them "friends." And this is the perfection required by Jesus for all those predestined to a *quick* glory, proclaimed by the heroic justice of life, by extraordinary deeds during life, and by miracles after death. "You are my friends if you will do that which I command you." He heartens future effort by rewarding it already with the present, "You are."

Jesus knew His disciples as He knows every man, and He considered them, as He considers you, for who they were: creatures weakened by the inheritance of Adam, weighed down by many elements in conflict with elevation in the spheres of perfection. And He knew, as He knows, what a powerful factor love is when it is given in advance in order to spur to an exchange. Man is like a child who learns to become an adult and independent of another person's help; exactly in consideration of one who is incapable and who must be assisted in everything in order to grow, be fed and walk, he is to be helped by one who is already schooled by having reached maturity in body, mind, and spirit.

And Jesus becomes a "mother" in order to make man, who is a "spiritual child," into an adult of the elect lineage, a royal priest, a living host who continually offers himself to God like Christ, with Christ and for Christ, in order

to continue the perpetual sacrifice that has begun with Christ and that will draw to a close at the end of the centuries. And His Love is the milk with which He nourishes you, the arms with which He sustains you and the words that He says to you in order to teach you the true wisdom of life.

The Gospel of St. Luke says, "Many sins are forgiven her because she has loved much." But who brought the sinner to redemption of loving *much* He who is a Saint, if not the *much* love of the Redeemer for her? I said that in every man there is an Adam. And I add, "In every creature, there is a Mary of Magdala." It is the infinite love of God which many times saves a sinful soul.

Truly, you are the redeemed through love even before than from the Blood and from the Death of the Son of God. Blood and Death have been the final events of your redemption. However, the love of God for you is the eternal state of God for you, and this divine love has begun to save you from His eternal being, because even before time existed, you were in the thought of God. All of you, from Adam to the last man. With your heroisms and your aberrations, your treasures and your poverty, with your great need of being strongly helped, divinely helped, so as to be able to reach the end for which you had been created. And the Love had already established "from the beginning," in His divine Knowledge and Will, how much was necessary in order to bring you back to the Life, as a Humanity and as individuals. He embraced everything that was sacrifice and sorrow out of love for you. And He has *always* sacrificed Himself for your love, for the love of you who are so often ungrateful, and even more often, weak.

You need only to contemplate the heroic will of the Son of God, the future Christ, always such; such before the Redemption, before His Birth, before His Incarnation, *such from the beginning of the world and before the beginning of the world,* drawing back in an immensity of time which is no longer time but "eternity," and you will be able to comprehend that it *is out of love that you have been saved.* For just as "in the beginning the Word was with God," the same "in the beginning love was with God," rather, it *was God.* For God is none other than Love. And just as it is written that "Through Him all things were made," it is also correct to write that "through Love all things were made."

All of the sensitive world and supersensitive creation is the work of love. All the providences, the physical, moral and supernatural laws are the work of love. All the actions of God are works of love. Love -- the creation of God, and love -- the particular creation of man, the adoptive child of God. Love -- the Incarnation of the Word. Love -- the Passion to redeem man. Love -- the **Eucharist**. Love -- the gifts of the Paraclete, whom the Paraclete, Theologian of theologians, Giver of Wisdom, Intellect, Advise, Strength, Knowledge, Mercy and Fear of God, gives to those who worthily receive Him, He, the Love of the Father and of the Son, Fecundator and Sanctifier of the many who know how to keep Him within, with a pure and holy life. Love -- the Church, distributor of grace and Teacher of the faithful.

The perfect Love One and Trine fills you with Himself and His munificences in order to make you perfect on Earth, and blessed in Heaven; and Christ proposes to you the two perfections through which you will attain eternal glory.

Jesus, the Word to creatures divinized by Grace, proposes to you the same holiness of His Father, "You, therefore, must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." As a Teacher to men similar to Him in the flesh and soul, He, the Man, proposes His holiness to you, "Learn from Me. I have given you the example that as I have done to you, so you do also, You shall be blessed if you put into practice my example. You are my friends if you do that which I command you."

Between the parallels of these two holy proposals, your path to eternal Life is the Christ, who joins to Himself, as the Word Son of God, the Holiness of God, and as Jesus, Son of Immaculate Mary, the perfect justice of the innocent Man full of Grace and Truth. And since "you are gods and sons of the most High," oh men redeemed by Christ, you *can* and *must,* as children of God and as children of men, copy Jesus your Brother in becoming other Christs, true children of God and heirs of Heaven; nor is it an impossible thing because He, Jesus, has demonstrated how it is possible to be so.

If the Word had revealed Himself only as the divine Word, as the uncreated and spiritual Master, just as God revealed Himself to the Patriarchs and to the Prophets before the coming of Christ, the amazed or rebellious man could have groaned or cursed, depending on his soul, "How can I, carnal, I, the perpetual Adam, tempted to sin and weak by nature, do that which You teach, You who are the purest Spirit, nor does Satan tempt You, and You do not by nature have any imperfections?" Or also, "Why did You permit that from the womb of the mother, I should have been corrupt, why did You permit the father of Humanity to have been so if you wanted me to be holy? To Your scorn, I reply with my curse."

However, the Word made Himself Flesh, He took on human nature, *in every likeness to the brothers of Abraham,* not dissimilar, for the time in which He was Jesus of Nazareth, not dissimilar to Adam full of grace and innocence on his first day in Eden, and like him, tempted *in order to be tried,* so that [He could] understand and help, even through His direct experience as Man and through His example, *those who are in trial.*

And man can no longer become discouraged by saying, "I who am carnal cannot be perfect as the Father in Heaven, nor do what the Word teaches." And nor can he call "scorn" the teachings of the Word, given to whom, by human nature, was made weak and corrupt by original Sin, and only with much and continual effort succeeds in putting them into practice.

And nor can man say, "The spiritual Law is not fitting for me, I who am carnal, because much in contrast is the exterior voice of my members, of the world which is around me, and of the devil who continually prowls around me and tempts the lower strengths of my animal nature and the moral strengths of

my rational nature, with the interior voice of my conscience that turns to my spiritual nature with God's own voice -- since the voice of the conscience is God's call to His creature so that he will not distance himself from the Law or trample on it -- the voice which from deep inside speaks to me to tell me, 'Do this' or 'Don't do that.' I -- though having the will to do good and acknowledging this Law as holy, which my conscience as man along with reason distinguishes me from a brute and which was given to me by God in order to render me capable of understanding, reflecting, choosing, and to will that which is good, tells me that it is good, despite the divine impulse that He Himself moves within me, God, eternal Foundation for all His creatures, the Immense One who communicates His immensity to me, as to every other divinized man called to great things, so that I may be capable, I, His adoptive child, of performing great works in which there can be a resemblance of His greatest and most perfect [works], and the first and greatest of all is the one to stretch out towards Him with all my love because He is the one true Good -- however, I am not able to do the good that I will, but give in to the evil which ferments in me more strongly than the good."

No. You cannot say this. Because evil is great, great is the inheritance of evil that is in you, greater the evil that is hidden in order to harm you in the circumstances of life (the world), and greater still is the evil that has the name of Satan, the beginning of Evil, devouring and insatiable monster, living eternal hatred towards the Creator and His creatures. However, only One is infinite: God. And the divinized man has Grace within him, that is, God. God Love, God Intelligence, God Holiness, God Strength, God Power, God Wisdom, God Life, God Beauty, God Truth, God Goodness, God Purity, all most perfect and infinite, *God the All.*

And a man of good will can do everything if he remains united to Jesus Christ, who in order to not intimidate man with the frightening divine clangours of the Law of Sinai, -- with the four impositions and the six prohibitions, the man in whom the disorganized law of sense dwells more powerfully than in reason, and that struggles, with even strength, with reason from the moment the gift of integrity was wounded in Eden -- reduces and concludes all the Law in a twofold command of Love, and He presents it to you like this, in a sweet, attractive garment, joyous with love. "Love God and love your neighbour."

To love is easier than to adore, than to honour, than to prohibit oneself from doing. By loving God, [love] draws God closer to man and man closer to God. To love is more inviting than to fear. And it is the staircase to ascend to adoration.

Man cannot reach the heights of adoration all at once. The same infinite greatness of God keeps him from doing so, together with the fear of God, common to the ancient Hebrews; and with the baseness of nature, it forms the bindings which keep him far from God. However, love melts those bindings with its ardour and places its wings of fire onto the soul, and the soul can rise, rise always

more, depending on whether it continues to hurl itself without thinking of what it leaves behind: miseries, poor honours, limitations, riches and fleeting affections; but thinking only of what it will reach and conquer: God and Heaven. No act of formal cult can unite you to God as much as the spontaneous and continual act of love.

Wisdom is the fruit of the union with God. And wisdom leads to the exercising of justice in all things.

A man united to God is active and joyous. From the joy which he receives from the satisfaction of God for his actions as man who loves God, he discovers a drive towards an ever greater activity for good. Because union with God gives heightened peace and never idle peace.

There is no inertia in God, the eternal working One. There is no inertia in the man united to God by love. He actively loves God. And he is actively loved. And this twofold activity produces an overflow, an illumination of charitable fire upon individuals, and it is not enough for man to contain the infinite Love within himself, who pours Himself into him in order to give some alleviation to his love as in a basin that is worthy and longing to receive Him. And nor is it enough for man, who has entered into the ardent whirlpool of divine love, to solely love the Creator, for the eyes of his spirit and the spirit of his soul, by contemplating the Creator, also see all creatures in the Creator, and man feels inclined, therefore, to love them all holily because they are the works of his most beloved Love.

And behold the love of one's neighbour that is born, that flows and effuses itself, a holy and inevitable consequence of the holy love of God. The love of one's neighbour exercised with justice, by seeing every creature in its just rank, that is, always inferior to God, even if it is the dearest one out of blood ties, or affections, or the holiest through justice of life, and therefore, never placing it before God, but seeing it also as a new gift from God, granted in order to make life of the one living on Earth easier, more pleasant, sweet, and meritorious.

And here, in virtue of love, is how man conquers the sublime freedom from the snares of the I, of the world, of the devil, the constraints consequent to original Sin.

Love is a living fire. A living fire is a flame. The flame is free and salient towards Heaven. It also radiates heat and light, and is beneficial to the one who draws near to it. And here is, in fact, how a man inflamed by love rises with his flame towards God, the centre of every fire of love, who at the same time radiates his fires onto his brothers, helps their miseries, illuminates their darkness, brightens them up by bringing into them the light which is God, purifies their impurities because every saint -- and whoever loves God and his neighbour with his whole self is a saint -- is a purifier of his brothers; sustains the afflicted, the poor, the sick in body or spirit, and preaches, and in this way, establishes the Kingdom of God within himself and in the world.

Because the Kingdom of God in man is love. Within man and in the world, the kingdom of God is love, in opposition to the kingdom of Satan that is hatred, egoism and triple lust.

The Kingdom of God!

That is, the "Paternoster" lived, *made alive* by the just, made into a continual *"action"* and not sterilized by a word murmured more or less absent-mindedly. The "Pater" truly lived, sanctifying the most holy Name of God by giving Him the truest praise: that of adoring Him in spirit and truth, and to work so that others may adore Him by means of a two-fold love which is obedience to the Law given in order to direct man to religion, or rather, to the union with God and with his brothers by seeing them in God, and with a venerable respect towards the rights of God, and fraternal [respect] towards the rights of his neighbour.

The "Pater" made alive by the establishment of the Kingdom of God in creatures and in the world for the twofold love towards God and towards one's neighbour, pathway to the possession of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The "Pater" made alive by adherence to the Will of God, whatever it may be, through the two-fold love that makes one accept trials, sufferings, agonies and bereavements with peaceful obedience, through the power of God, and to endure our neighbour for the sufferings that he can give us by considering him a *"means"* to the attainment of eternal merits, for the continual patience that one needs to exercise towards those who test you, your poor brothers guilty against love, who require mercy and prayers so that they can come back into the way of Life.

The "Pater" made alive in the love for one's neighbour, the most arduous to perform: that of forgiveness of ones' own offenders, offered to God Love so that He may forgive our trespasses towards Him.

Charity is the greatest of all the purifications, and it can be continual: a continual purification of your imperfections performed by the flames of the two-fold love. And charity is even the spiritual Law put into practice. *Able to be put into practice even by the carnal man* because faith is always associated to this charity, which in proposing its truths to you, spurs you to overcome the trials of life in view of the Origin and purpose of every creature: from Whom we were created, why we were created, for what destiny we were created, by Whom we are helped in order to reach that beatific destiny and by Whom we are assured that that beatific destiny is the inheritance of every man who lives in justice.

Every revealed truth is a confirmation of how the Lord One and Trine is good, provident and just. Good, provident, just, *God, Father* and *Creator* who "has ordered all things in measure, number and weight" and He has ordered all things to their own end, by giving to man whose end is supernatural, the indispensable means, besides Grace, of attaining this end: reason and conscience. These allow man to know and follow the natural moral law, not written by a

perishable and fallible legislator on corruptible matters, but by the finger of God on the spiritual and therefore immortal pages of the soul, so that it will not be subject to any further tampering other than that, voluntarily, of the rebellious man. The rebellious man can escape from it, however, and overpower the voices of reason and conscience with the cry of uncontrolled senses, but he will never succeed in suffocating these interior voices forever. Because they are the same voices of God, resounding in every man, be he Catholic or infidel, schismatic or Hebrew, heretic, separated or excommunicated, so that every rational creature can know and live, if he wants, according to the dictates of the eternal Law of Good.

Good, provident, just, *God Son Saviour* who incarnated Himself in order to be Jesus and who died so that you could again be "one with God," just as children are one love with their father. And He has risen and ascended to Heaven not only to give to men the foremost proof of His Divinity, but also to give to you, with His rising and ascending to Heaven, the promise and assurance of the final resurrection of the flesh and the existence of the Kingdom of Heaven in which those who lived and died in the Lord will be taken up into Heaven so that they may enjoy the beatific vision of God, and in this way, come to the joyous knowledge of the mystery of God which no human intellect can penetrate.

Good, provident, just, *God Holy-Spirit Sanctifier,* soul of the Church that He vivifies with His Grace and with His Gifts, that guides, teaches and saturates with love so that It can discern and decree with justice and wisdom that which is relevant to faith and customs, and so It may carry out *with love and justice* both spiritual goods and chastisements; and *with love and justice,* disengaged from every personal attachment to judgements, or calculations, or interests, or preconceptions, or from any other human impulse, that It may guide, support and teach her children by continuing the teachings of her Bridegroom, Head and Lord *whom she must serve and not grieve by placing obstacles to His Wills* even when they are out of the ordinary. Because God can will anything good for His children, and it is not lawful for anyone to judge the acts of God and to condemn them by obstructing them.

The Church exists because God the Word founded it through the will of God the Father and with the help of God the Holy Spirit; and the Trine Unity has made it very fecund, thus broadening, in size and depth, the Kingdom of God in hearts and on Earth so that Humanity can, in greatest numbers possible, arrive at the Kingdom of God in Heaven.

And together with faith is hope, which nourishes itself of faith, just as they are both kept alive by charity. It is the hope that is born and built on the certainty that God does not lie, nor does He give anything less than His promises, and therefore gives to man all the assistance so that he can attain beatific resurrection and eternal life for having known and believed in the Son of God, and for having put into practice His Word that saves from spiritual death. Because faith and union with Christ, living in Christ, is "life," and he who lives in

Christ and of Christ will not die. But rather, even if he is a dead branch, and later, through the grace of God and through human good will, arrives at the first resurrection: that of grafting his branch -- made dead for having been separated from the trunk of the Vine: Jesus, either because of sin or for having belonged to separate churches -- to the one Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, he changes his spiritual death into life.

It is, therefore, through Charity -- charity of God for man and of man for God and his fellowmen -- through Faith and Hope, for everything that comes to you from the three theological virtues, for everything that they produce in you, that the carnal man, though still carrying the tremendous weight of his wounded humanity within him, can still follow the spiritual Law and attain glory.

"And who shall free you from this body of death? The Grace of God through Jesus Christ your Lord."»

Lesson 25[324], *Romans 7[325]*

The Sweet Guest[326] says,

«Faith, hope, and charity allow the carnal man to follow the spiritual law which is so in contrast with the law of sin living in his members.

"And who shall free you from this body of death? The Grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It does not abolish man, but makes of the old man, a new man. Nor does it limit itself to regenerating you only *once by* means of the salutary waters of Baptism, sepulchre of original Sin, the womb from which a new, innocent, holy and divinized creature emerges. But it often regenerates and helps you as many times as man repents after a voluntary fall in a serious matter, or cries on his own weakness, the cause of involuntary falls, or even if he becomes perturbed by feeling the wind of incitements agitating within himself and fearing that it may provoke a tempest of the senses in which one loses the closeness to God and fearing that His peaceful voice may be overpowered, ever similar to "a whistling of gentle air." As many other times, it regenerates you, or comforts you, or reassures you, however many times you need it, with its divine aids, through Jesus Christ, and by means of the Sacraments, a means instituted by Him in order to regenerate and strengthen you in Grace.

And who will be able to resist He who conquered the devil, sin and death? No one and nothing if you remain faithful to Him. Faithful to the inner man *who is the one who has true value,* as Jesus said to Nicodemus and not only to him.

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[324] *The entire 15 page extract from the noted book is presented.*
[325] *LES, June 7-11, 1948, p. 195*
[326] *God the Holy Spirit.*

Because it is the spirit that animates the infirm flesh, just as blood maintains life in the body of man. However, if a man loses all of his blood, or if all of his blood deteriorates, it will do no good to him to have healthy members. Death will seize him just the same because the vital liquid is blood, and whether this be lost or deteriorated, the body perishes, whereas a body even if greatly injured but that has not been bled dry or one whose blood has not deteriorated, will most certainly heal.

Remain therefore faithful to the inner man, and do not fear.

The angels who see God and who know His thought have announced this grace to you on the night of the Birth of the Son of God and of Mary: *the grace of peace to men of good will.*

God knows and sees. God is the Father and Love. God is Justice and Mercy. He knows how to sympathize and reward. However, He desires a *"good will."* In reality, it does not always remain good and constant; it wavers and even falls. But the divine eye who sees you fall or bend also sees who assaults you in your inner good will and sees your grief for having fallen or for having bent in the impact of an unexpected assault, and He forgives you because He does not see in you *compliance* "to the evil that you hate, but *aspiration to do good"* even if you do not always succeed in doing so; He sees that not your intellectual *I* but the consequences of the underside of the sin of Adam: the foments, are at work in you.

And from this contrast between the two forces which battle within you and the two wills which contrast each other -- one moved by the love of God and towards God, the other from the Hate who keeps his poison wide awake out of his hate for you and for God -- the Lord draws riches which will give you access to the Kingdom of Heaven.

This is your wedding garment, the garment which Jesus spoke of in the parable of the banquet for the royal wedding. And woe betide whoever does not spin and weave his wedding garment during his earthly day by drawing materials to spin and instruments to weave from the assiduous inner will to do what the Law of God proposes or what God presents, and from the continual struggle between the will of the inner man and the law of sin that is in his members, or between good will and how much evil surrounds you: the world, and he who tempts you: the devil. Woe betide those who do not weave their wedding garment daily and who do not adorn it with conquered gems by suffering the "great tribulation" which makes them worthy of remaining around the throne of the Lamb with the palm branches of the victorious in their hands!

Have you ever reflected on those palms seen by John in the hands of the elect? In Christian symbolism, it is customary to place the glorious palm between the hands of the martyrs. However, John who was enraptured by the Spirit of God to contemplate, know, and write the sublime mysteries and those of the end times, says that the palms are in the hands of the elect, of the 144,000 who remain around the throne of the Lamb.

The multitude of saints and the elect is not only composed of martyrs who have suffered bloody martyrdom. But truly, every saint is worthy of carrying the palm of the martyrs because every saint is a martyr of Love and of Hate, of the spirit and of the flesh, and of all the powers of the Heavens, those of the world, those of the carnal *I,* and those of the abysses of the Darkness that have assailed him on Earth in order to test him, tempt him, and martyr him daily.

The martyrdom given by he whom Christ calls "the murderer from the beginning" is truly astute, tenacious, and ferocious! Nor is there a murderer who is equal to him. Because no assassin can commit violence other than to the flesh of man. However, Satan kills, or attempts to kill the immortal part of man, by depriving it not of existence -- because the soul that has been created can no longer perish in eternity -- but of Life, that is, of its God. And this he does, for while God has, as the purpose of His creation, the reward of giving Himself to men, that is, of re-uniting men to Himself after their death -- with the spirit immediately after death, and with the spirit re-united to the flesh after the resurrection and final judgement -- in order to make them blessed of His Knowledge and Vision and to rejoice amongst the People of His children, so Satan has, as the purpose of his rebellion, that of depriving the Creator of as many creatures paternally beloved to Him as he can, and of depriving as many creatures as he can in delighting in their Creator.

The ape of God also wants to give *his* people to himself, and he does this by preying because he is a thief, whereas God, in order to create *His* people for Himself, has endowed man, created in His image and likeness, with all the supernatural gifts apt at guiding him to the eternal Kingdom; and still not content, He gave his Only Begotten and beloved Son so that He could be immolated in order to become the Saviour of men. And this because God is the Origin of Good, Love, Truth and Order, and the divinely munific Giver of every grace, while Satan is the origin of evil, hate, falsehood, disorder, and is a thief.

From the moment that Satan wanted to be equal to God in his every action, freedom, power, and will to act, *by disordinately desiring, he who is a created creature, to being equal to He who is Uncreated* -- God as the Father from whom He is generated: the Only Begotten Son -- and desiring it so that it could also be said of the created creature that which is said of the Incarnate Word at the beginning of the Gospel of John, dictated to the Evangelist of Love and Light from the Spirit of God who is Love and Light, "All things were made through Him;" from that moment, the fulminated archangel is sacrilege, a murderer and predator.

He was Lucifer. He considered himself: Light. However, to be the "bearer of light" is not the same as being the Light. There is a considerable difference between to "bear" and "being." The Light: the Son of God, the Word of the Father, the Uncreated and Eternal, Immense and most Perfect One, "begotten, not made, consubstantial to the Father" through whom "all things were made" has nothing of the same and in common with the angelical creature

created to be the bearer of light and messenger of God who was Lucifer originally, he who then prevaricated by wanting to be the Light because he freely and voluntarily wanted to be unfaithful to the Lord his Creator and to his Grace. It was the delirious pride of wanting to believe himself God, and therefore, not subject to the obedience and adoration of God, that fulgurated the rebel.

From that moment, Satan wanted *his* own people to oppose the People of God. And he pursues this end without rest, out of hatred towards God and the beings whom God loves as a Father. And he uses his intelligence, retained even after the divine fulguration -- a most acute intelligence which was suitable to the prince of the angelic nation -- and his power for this purpose, spying on every action of man, listening to his every word, drawing from the cognition of every human action and word, from the physical appearance of an individual, from diseases, from misfortunes, from studies, from affections, from occupations, from everything, so many spheres to stir up trouble for you by creating prodigies apt to seduce and draw you into error.

Those prodigies of which Jesus Christ speaks, predicting the end times and putting men on guard against these prodigies and voices of the false prophets and false christs who will rise and appear here and there, and that will be none other than satanic snares and satanic prophets, servants of the prophesied Anti-christ, aroused in order to seduce men to Falsehood and to false doctrines of lies and to have them be found unprepared during the dreadful moment of the kingdom of the Anti-christ on Earth and of the consecutive last coming of the Son of Man, of Christ the Victor for the Last Judgement of separation of the lambs and sheep from the goats and rams, of election and condemnation, of benediction and malediction. Those prodigies which Paul speaks of in the II Epistle to those of Thessalonia (c. II). And those prodigies which John speaks of in chapter XIII of his Apocalypse.

Yes. The torment that Satan gives to the spirits faithful to the Lord is truly astute, tenacious, and ferocious.

Nor is the torment of the power of individual foments in the inner man any less constant, biting, stinging and consuming, together with everything that has established itself in the world from the moment that Satan has become its sinister prince: the triple concupiscence, the terrible discord thrown into the fields of the Lord in order to harm the elect grain, to suffocate it and bend it to the ground, or lead it astray to the point of rendering it capable of despising God and worshipping itself.

Nor is sorrow a lesser cause of martyrdom; it can be of different types, but it is sorrow nonetheless, and sometimes it is very great and never lacking in the life of the elect.

A sorrow bore by God which can come from diseases, from misfortunes, from malice, from envy, or from hatred of creatures. Malice, envy, and hate that can go as far as to committing a material crime or a moral one, by taking the life, reputation, or freedom of a neighbour, or by infringing on his

rights, appropriating other peoples' things, be it material riches or intellectual wealth, by altering the truth of things as far as presenting them as the works of one who is demented, or of a demon, that which instead is the work and deed of a genius or of a just one elected by God to extraordinary works.

A sorrow bore by God, *but condemned by God,* given by creatures to their fellow creatures, given in thousands of ways so as to torture the just one with slanders, derisions and trials hateful to God on the psyche of the saint in order to incite him and in order to put doubts about himself into his heart on the divine acceptance of his sacrifice, on that which he hears or sees; trials without prudence, charity and justice, performed with an end which is not upright and that offends and grieves both God and the creature, illicit trials because they overstep that sacred limit which love for one's neighbour has placed *and that with no specious excuse should be overstepped.*

A sorrow that can come from the *I* due to the suffering of still feeling so dissimilar, imperfect, weak, and far from that perfection which every just person aspires to achieve, out of pure love for God and in obedience to the advice of Jesus.

Generous souls, do not torment yourselves. *Sustain yourselves* just as you sustain others. Have patience with respect to your slight spiritual wretchedness, as you have in the slight illnesses of the body. Have it at all times together with confidence, even in moments comparable to unexpected and dangerous illnesses in which "in order that the greatest of extraordinary gifts does not make you swell up with pride, *the stimulus of the flesh is given to you, an angel of Satan who stings you."* It is a closeness and a stimulus that repulse you like filth that brushes against you, or a feeling of nausea that agitates within you and spills over in vomit. However, tolerate them *with patience,* without consenting to them and without losing your faith, or losing heart because of them.

Remain in peace by thinking of the love of God that relieves your weaknesses with the power of His grace, precisely with greater profusion in those hours in which the stimulus of the flesh or Satan's angel come to worm their way into you, that is, the thought that, despite every supernatural or extraordinary gift, a man remains a man, a creature in which the spiritual nature divinized by grace finds itself in contrast with the human nature subject to the disorderly appetites of concupiscence, and that you cannot therefore remain faithful to justice. Remain indifferent to these inferior or satanic voices that speak in order to discourage you. Remain in peace and do not torment yourselves on account of the filth of the turmoils, of the world, and of Satan.

Do not torment yourselves by thinking that God can distance Himself from you because of this re-ebullition of incitements and this unleashing of assaults that has unexpectedly formed in you and around you in order to disturb you and to make you doubt your mission as *true children of God. Only if you were to consent would you distance the Lord.* Because it is the compliance to temptation that is of significance, as is the compliance to inspiration that is also

of significance, be it in good or in evil, in hatred or in love, of rendering true an act worthy of condemnation or reward.

If there is no consent, the lower voices remain a useless noise. If there is no consent, the voices from above remain useless appeals. If there is no consent to evil, remain faithful to God even if you are harshly tempted to the point of being momentarily overwhelmed. If there is no consent to good, only in this case, do you lack in love. Because love is consent. If there is no reciprocal consent between two beings, love is not created. However, if there is no consent, that is, a ready obedience to the voices of the eternal Love, then a reciprocal love does not exist between God who loves and the creature who loves a little or badly, and *true* love is not created and does not grow.

Even hate is consent. However, hate does not need the reciprocal consent between the hater and the hated. But it always needs the consent of an accomplice in order to arise. I am speaking of spiritual hate. This accomplice cannot be but your *I,* that is, yourselves, with your will and reason departing from order to enter into disorder. Because even in hate amongst creatures, even if it is motivated by undoubted wrongs of the hated one towards the hater, a disorder is always established in the relationships between men. *Because order is in love, order is love, and whoever departs from love, departs from order.*

In the hate, then, of the creature towards his Creator -- for sin is hate towards the Creator, and by sinning, one arrives at having contempt for the Law, just as justice is the love of the creature for his Creator, and by loving, one arrives at practicing the Law in spirit and in truth, -- *it is always solely the "I" which is the accomplice or the indispensable element that lets either hate or love breathe.*

Just like there is no love if the free will and reason of man do not consent to the commands and inspirations of God and do not comply with the desires arisen in the soul -- those desires which the same God arouses in the spirit of man so that his degree of glory can always be greater and after having aroused them by powerfully helping the will and the limited faculties of man, He sees to it that he [man] can realize the holy desires which the Lord has aroused in his spirit -- so long as there is no compliance of the will and reason to internal stimuli and external ones of the flesh, of the world, and of Satan, if there is no seconding of irascible or concupiscent appetites, that is, if the soul does not offend his Lord *with a thorough advertence and will,* then there is no hate of the creature towards his Creator.

The martyrdom of sorrow is always in the life of the elect who also show their justice through their love of sorrow, not only endured with resignation, but also requested as an eighth sacrament and as a ninth beatitude in order to be annointed as victims and be true effigies of Jesus-Victim.

They are the uninstituted sacrament and the openly, unproposed beatitude from the divine Master and eternal Priest. However, those who know how to read and understand the Gospel, not in word but in its spirit, find this beatitude

always proposed by the same actions of Jesus, the Man of Sacrifice and of Sorrow; this sacrament does not require neither matter and form nor a minister in order to become a sensible and efficacious sign of grace, but is itself matter and form of grace, making of man a resigned victim or gaining a higher degree of identification with the divine Master and most holy Redeemer. They find in this sacrament a *voluntary* victim, welcomed by God, making of him the minister of his own immolation and a little christ, one who carries on the divine Sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Because it is through sorrow and death that Jesus was "Jesus," that is, the Saviour. It was through sorrow and death that Jesus arrived at the end for which He made Himself Man and accomplished the plan of God: that of making His Only Begotten, the Word, the Man-God so that He could be the Redeemer and the Giver of Grace to the sons of Adam, disinherited from this sublime gift through his fault.

And it is still and always through sorrow and the holocaust that man saves, continuing the saving work begun by Christ. Sorrow that is meditated, understood, and supernaturally contemplated is not a punishment of divine rigour, but is grace from divine love. Grace that God bestows to the best of His children in order to make of them christs through participation.

Yes. Through participation in the bitter chalice, in the sorrowful passion, from Gethsemane to Golgotha, and to the Cross that was the yoke of Christ, a most heavy yoke, crushing, a yoke that could not be carried if the love for God and for His fellowmen had not turned "sweet and light" if not to the flesh, at least to the heart, mind and spirit. It was the perfect love for God and for His fellowmen which made the Word of God run towards His Cross with a holy anxiety of "having accomplished all."

All His Life, that is, of His Eternity as the Word, was a yearning for this accomplishment. All His Life, be it when He was still with the Father in Heaven, be it when He descended to incarnate Himself into Mary's womb, be it when He took His first breath as to when He was growing in age, grace and in wisdom, remaining subject to Mary and Joseph, as then also to the Law and to the supreme Wills of the most holy Father, as far as consuming Himself in order to be able to give up His spirit by saying, "It is finished," He had this yearning. He had taught that if the [small] grain does not die, it cannot bear fruit. And He was dead, He, the Living One, the Eternal, in order to make of Himself, from a virginal spike of grain, into the Bread of Life for men.

Sorrow and the holocaust is the participation of the destiny of the most holy Grain, born of an immaculate and virginal spike, Jesus; it is the participation of the perfect love of the Son for man and for his brothers to the point of giving His life for them; it is the participation of the sanctity of Christ, a sanctity which is achieved through renunciation, sacrifice, and even death.

Jesus was exalted by the Father and received the Name superior to every other name, and such that to the Name of Jesus, everything must prostrate

itself, adoring, on Earth and in Heaven, after that He humbled Himself up to His death on the cross.

Therefore, whoever loves his soul and wants to give it an eternal and blessed life must hate his flesh by also regarding persecutions and infirmities which destroy matter, by also desiring elevation, be it material or spiritual, upon the cross of any martyrdom, upon the cross which removes from the Earth and raises towards Heaven in a mystical elevation, in a continual "mass" of the Christian, truly formed, who mutates himself from man to host, into a small host who wants to be consumed with the great Host, Jesus **Eucharist**, in a latria-like, **Eucharistic**, propitiatory, impetratory sacrifice.

And with the martyrdom of sorrow is the martyrdom of love. Not any less destructive in its ardent sweetness than the one of sorrow.

The martyrdom of love. The needs of love. The absolutism of love which isolates the creature embraced by Love in a holy folly and immerses itself with full and voluntary approval into the flaming ocean of love. The total generosity of love, now reigning with the power of a supreme king in a spirit, a generosity that no longer measures anything, neither renunciations, nor sufferings, nor pardons, nor merciful corporal and spiritual succours, so long as God has glory and one's neighbour has solace, forgiveness and grace.

The absolute and continual adherence of the creature given itself over to love, to the most holy Will of God, preserves, of his free will of man, one sole branch: that of wanting to do what God wills. To do that which God indicates, commands or proposes doing, God who lives in souls, who inhabits in the souls of those who love. This love that is obedient, active, and constant places the divine life in you and completes your identification with God who is Love, besides being a Spirit, as your soul is a spirit; who is Free, as you are free to will; who is the Eternal, as eternal is your spirit from when it was created.

Divine likeness of a spiritual nature, of motions of love, of intellectual lights, places love, the greatest of the commandments, in you; and not through an arbitrary prevarication like Adam's, following the insinuation and the suggestion of the Snake and biting into the forbidden fruit in order to become "like gods," but through participation to that which is the essence of the Supreme Being: love. Love makes of you "gods and children of the most High." For love presupposes Grace in the spirit who loves, and Grace is the participation of the divine life through the capacity to intuit that which is God, to act according to His will, to love as you are loved, the preparation to see that which you believed, to get to know the Mystery of God and all the mysteries of God, and all the mysterious motives of the actions of God, at times incomprehensible so long as you are in the terrestrial exile and in its fogs, to contemplate God face to face, to possess the full knowledge of every Truth, to become one with God, in the perfection of the union that can only be had in Heaven, after judgement and after the elevation to glory, in the perfection of Love that will have at this point reached the perfect measure, rather the three perfect measures.

Love is truly the gift of gifts, the means to maintain the gift of Grace, the development of virtues and the attainment of the ultimate goal. For this reason, it is given by the Holy Spirit, Spirit of the divine Spirit, essence of the most perfect and reciprocal love of the Father and of the Son, proceeding from their kiss, from their mutual affinity and from their jubilant contemplation.

The will of man can make this gift of the Spirit of Love very active, sufficient in itself to obtaining the end for which men had been created: the predestination to Grace and to Glory. Because, in truth, all those who are moved by love become "children of God" (Paul to the Romans c. 8, v.16) since their every action inspires love, that is, to the good towards He whose presence they feel even if they do not exactly know Him, and towards their fellow creatures; therefore, they live according to the natural-moral law placed and preserved by God the Creator in the heart of man.

It is of these people that St. Paul writes, "When the Gentiles, who have not the law, do that which the law imposes, and by not having a law, are a law unto themselves and they show that the fear of the law is written in their hearts and bears witness to their conscience... they will be justified on the day in which God, through Jesus Christ, will judge the secret actions of men."

As a matter of fact, whoever acts with a good conscience by following the dictates of the moral law shows that he has a *Christian* soul by nature, open to Good and to the Truth, and Jesus, who died so that men could have eternal Life -- men of good will -- will be their justification. Because all those, who though not knowing of God as He is known by Catholics, firmly believe that a God He is, a just and provident God, He who remunerates each and everyone according to individual merits, belong to the soul of the Church, out of the love which they feel for Him and out of the love and justice which they have for their neighbour and for themselves, out of the desire of God and out of the perfect contrition of the sins which could have been committed.

As having previously stated that sorrow is the eighth sacrament and the ninth beatitude, so I say that love, truly lived and practiced, and the sincere repentance of sins which could have been unintentionally committed, are the baptism of desire, worthy of implicit participation in the Mystical Body, and therefore, participation in Grace. Only God and the men in whom God operates are familiar with the divine actions that lead human beings to the salvation and celestial knowledge of the Truth for which they have been created.

Love is the holy activity which moves all the forces of man by directing them to their ultimate end. Love is wisdom. And wisdom is freedom from things which are transitory and limited. And freedom from that which confines and keeps you attached to the Earth; it opens infinities of space for the spirit so that it can fly and hurl itself towards the eternal Truth who lowers Himself to he who loves Him, and He already concedes Himself by making Himself be savoured and loved, as far as a mortal creature still can, by tearing man away from the fogs of his sad exile in order to elevate him to Himself and reveal Himself in

part in order to be loved always more, without pulling him away though and making him indifferent to the needs of his brothers. Rather, a man lost in God adores God and draws graces and benefits from Him not only for himself, but also for his brothers upon whom he spreads holy and continuous deeds of charity.

For these many martyrs given over to sorrow and to love, those who remain faithful to the inner man will, in Heaven, have the garment and the palm described by John. Because it is through their will that they will have made that garment, by cleansing their stoles in the Blood of the Lamb who will have cancelled, underneath His purifying wave, the shadows of the initial lapses and those of the final imperfections; and the endured martyrdoms, that of love more than any other, favouring the action of divine Grace received through Jesus Christ your Lord, with all the forces of man, will make these the victors of the new name, to whom will be given the hidden manna, the crown of life, the power over the nations and the glory of being seated around the high Throne, remaining forever in the presence of the Lamb, the Morning Star who guided them throughout the way from Earth to Heaven, to the Star of *their* earthly morning whom they solicitiously invoked at the end of every heart throb with the cry of a loving soul, "Come, Lord Jesus," to the Star of *their* celestial and eternal morning in the day in which they shall forever enter into the heavenly Kingdom.»

[Regarding The Tomb Of St. Peter][327]

St Peter again.

But in a solitary place, I would say a secondary tunnel of the catacombs. Or at least, if not secondary, hidden, as if to conceal better the venerable remains.

The place is 3 or 3.5 m wide by 5 m [corrected by hand to 6?] maximum, not very high: I would say about 3 metres, with a very simple altar along one of the short sides, no inscription or painting or anything else. The only bright note the four small marble columns supporting the **Eucharistic** Table. Beside the altar is the only door and next to it a burial recess (open, of course, to allow me to see what was in it) with an uncorrupted body with skin like dark parchment covering the skeleton.

It was so dried out (or dehydrated) that the hands gathered together over the stomach, and which in the vision of the first deposition one could deduce were joined from the shape under the purple cloth (see the vision of 18-9-48), were now collapsed in the hollow of the dried stomach, hardly raising the precious mantle at all.

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[327] *LNB, November 13-14-15, 1948 and following days, p. 274*

The body no longer has the white shroud under it, but a precious deep red drape. I don't know if it is woven or embroidered, colour on colour (there is not much light, and it's not from a lamp but extra natural to allow me to see in this underground place, which doesn't receive light from anywhere).

The body is dressed in white with a purple mantle as I described on 18-9-48. There is a cloak fastened at the neck. I can see it well now as the body has lost a lot of flesh.

The head, connected to the body by a shrunken neck with its vertebra covered by parchment-like skin, rests on a low cushion covered with byssus [sea silk], and stands out with the fineness of a head sculpted in cipollino marble (because of its colour) against the background of the dark walls.

The forehead seems higher and more convex than when he was alive, because the eye-sockets are very deep and the temples reduced to bone. His nose, or rather the nasal bone, stands out honed like a blade from under the slight covering of dried skin which is only a few millimetres thick even at the point of the nose.

The cheekbones, strong and marked in Simon son of Jonah in Galilee, are still evident as is the lower jaw. Between them there is the hollow of the cheeks which only exist as a layer of parchment.

The chin is pointed while the lips, reduced to a line, perhaps because the incisor teeth which supported them were missing through age.

I don't see any other burial recesses. There isn't even another exit at the far end of the room in front of the altar.

I don't know where I am. I see only what is under the ground.

Every time I'm shown this, the Lord says, «This is so you cannot say anything more." *[sic]* In fact! Not seeing any reference point above ground, I can't say anything more.

[A Just Rebuke, For "You Have Even Taken Away From Her Me --The Eucharist."][328]

Jesus says:

«Just as I revealed myself to the three Wise Men,[329] so I reveal myself today to you, and for the others.

My heart is full of love and compassion for you, and opens up to you so that you can find balm.

However, my heart is offended by and closed tight to the others; rebels, hard of heart and tempters. Their behaviour causes a bitter taste of bile on my lips. To their cunning, which I abhor, I respond with my perfect prudence. I say,

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[328] *LNB, January 6, 1949, p. 176*

[329] Mt 2:1-12

"I said to Satan, It is written, do not tempt the Lord your God."[330] And I say to you.

You tempt your Lord through my little Giovanni,[331] little but most loved, who I love for all of you who do not love him. Even though you should love her at least in recognition of her long, painful effort. This is because her long loving sacrifice -- almost half a century of love and sacrifice -- merits that I make her a "spokesperson" and therefore a means for you to receive the gift of the work.

You tempt God and his spokesperson in many ways and in many things. But it is pointless.

She will not stop loving me and believing that God is good, even if you lead her to a state of desolation like my Gethsemane.

The spokesperson can distinguish between God and you but doesn't accuse God over your actions. The spokesperson knows you are only sirens, and that the Father, the Son and the Love of God do not approve of your actions. She loves me and for this reason pours out in Me the love that you reject. You have disappointed and hour by hour demolish the faith in justice, and all that my spokesperson had placed in you.

Also it is useless that you try to disobey God or pass yourselves off as a prophet.

My little Giovanni is not a prophet. She is an apostle of love, nothing more. She speaks if Love enlightens her, She keeps quiet if, after enlightening him, Love says, "Be quiet," because it judges that you do not merit the light because having it you would sin twice. Once by lying saying, "This is not what we wanted to know," and secondly through an even stronger lack of love. Do not tell lies passing off your words as divine words. Keep this in mind and follow it because the "the young boy," little Giovanni teaches how to love and serve the Lord.

To your cunning which tempts, my prudence replies -- in love advising the spokesperson and ordering you -- it replies, "What does this phrase mean; we are not in the cave of the witch of Endor?" (1 Samuel chapter 28).[332]

If I want I will give an answer, and if I don't want to I will be silent, because I am the Lord."

I don't ignore the phrase. But prudence dictates that it comes from you first. And thank me if I don't add anything else and leave it to your minds to complete what I leave unsaid.

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[330] Mt 4:7

[331] *Jesus' name for Maria Valtorta. Later in the recitation, Jesus states "I called Simon, Peter, long before his faithful spirit rose to Heaven. Maria, I called little Giovanni. So, Giovanni it is. So as not to irritate little Giovanni's enemies she is called "Giovanni the Beloved." It's a name that suits, because I have loved her, I love her and will love her, even for those who don't love her. For Me she will always be my beloved Giovanni."*

[332] 1 Sam 28

However, in truth I tell you it is best never to tempt the Lord, or his instrument, by mistaking them for a fortune teller. That is, if you don't want what happened to Saul, according to what Samuel told him, to happen to you.

Let me remind you also of 1 Corinthians chapter 12 verses 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.[333]

Little Giovanni received *the gift of seeing Me among men. Me, the Master, and to hear the Good News from my lips. This and not other gifts which you claimed.*

For the phrases and the tombs consult others in whom you might believe more, even if they are not my most beloved little Giovanni.

However, you should know that today I will reveal to little Giovanni a truth that you are burning to know. As my Heart is closed because of your offensive stubbornness to Me and your cruelty to the spokesperson, I order them not to speak, *under pain of losing my love.*

Nor can you cry out in protest at this. I am applying the old and often just law of an eye for an eye. Give and it will be given to you. *Do and it will be done to you. As you do, so it will be done to you.*[334] *As you say, so it shall be said to you.*

Your subtle cunning will make you raise a sign of the "secret" so as not to be clearly paternal with those who depend on you. I will seal the lips of my Giovanni *with my secret,* and only when justice is loved and served will he be unsealed.»

To me:

«See... Know... be silent... with *everyone.* Don't be seduced by flattery and don't be frightened by threats. Obey only Me, you who know how to obey.

I had said that P.B. should not tell... He spoke. Always, disobedience. And always against love. So I say to you, "Know and be silent, with everyone, even with your family, even with the Father..."

If I die first? All will be buried with you.

Put, what I have told you now where you have the biggest sign of my love for you, and don't think about tomorrow. If there is a tomorrow different from today I will remove the seal, and you can unseal all you have put in that place.

Remain in peace. For Me the myrrh came at the end. For you at the beginning. However, I, and you with Me, have kept the incense for after the terrible Passion. We are gold because love burns My heart and your heart.»

Afterwards he says this about the work.

«I will resume my words of 21 November and complete my guide for the future.

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[333] 1 Cor 12:7-11

[334] Ezk 21:23-25

I have said "It is the last attempt. After this, if the will of rebellious mankind should triumph over my Will, I'll give you new roads to follow."

Those roads will be to prepare you to answer whenever you are asked, without fear of answering incorrectly the thought of your Lord, and without waiting for me to speak before speaking, because I come when I want, and *never* at the behest of men.

Do not torment yourself, my little Giovanni, I'll say everything now so you can see what God's thoughts are. God who does not approve and bless whatever others want him to. If it is finally decreed, with sacrilegious stubbornness, that *My* work is to be condemned, just as they condemned Joan of Arc's "heavenly voices" as the voices of delirium and Satanism -- it required the posthumous and too long delayed decree of justice on the Martyr to cancel that horrendous error -- I'll permit the Work to be published like any human piece of writing.

This is not because I agree with their judgement, or to disown, for My part, the nature of the Work or its real Author, but only out of compassion for souls.

I have compassion for these crowds! It is my ancient cry... Compassion on all those who -- like the crowds of old in need of a miracle followed the Man, curious to see, seduced, yes even this, seduced by my Person, by my speech so that they ended up becoming disciples of Christ. Compassion for all those who search for me, even if they don't know it, because their soul remembers Me and tend to Me because of the spiritual desires of the soul, in contrast to the other desires of their inferior *io* as carnal beings.

I want all souls to be able to drink from the life-giving Spring of my Word.

Fotinai[335] was amazed that I asked her, a Samaritan, for a drink of Samarian water.[336] However, I invited her to drink the living water from *my* fountain. The water that quenches every human thirst; spiritual water which makes us able to worship God in spirit and truth in order to enjoy Him hereafter in the next life.

Others, in the worst spirit of Samaria, would like to raise barriers before Me so that I cannot reach so many souls through the Work. They also want to seal the Spring of my Word so that those who thirst for truth and knowledge cannot drink there.

For them let's open another outlet of the Divine Spring, and the Good Master, He who brings the Good News, the Word of Life which "once it goes from my mouth does not return to me empty, without carrying out my will and succeeding in what it was sent to do." The Word of Life, of Health, Guidance, Truth and Love, for *everyone.* He will reach out again and in the same way to the blind, the deaf, the lame and the paralytic, the lepers, the mad, the dead,

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[335] *Other places in the "Work," Photinai.*

[336] Jn 4:7-14

those who thirst and hunger for the spirit, to open their eyes and ears to the Truth, to restore agility to crippled or paralysed spirits, healing the senses of those who the senses have made lepers through sin, giving reason to minds delirious through demoniacal possession by anti-God doctrines, to those dead in the spirit in order to resurrect their spirit, to those who thirst and hunger for Me and Heaven that they may have their fill, to everyone, everyone, everyone, even those who don't think they can meet me by reading a book.

But for the will of man to succeed in imposing this necessity, justice must impose new terms. Human ones. So it is with all supernatural things, one tries to make them human.

Stop acting badly with my instrument, taking advantage of her patience, her respect, her good manners, everything. Stop. You will not reap everything for yourselves where she has laboured, nor can you repeat the actions of the unscrupulous servant; nor the actions of the Jews at the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple, to arrest and stone the one who gave you the divine word.[337]

I will take the right measures.

I had entrusted my little Giovanni to an Order, and as well as the little she had, she brought a gift of supernatural value to the Order. However the Order did not only have to receive but *also had to give;* give every kind of help to the sister instrument of God. Only if that had been done, would my current divine prudence not be necessary.

However, the Order, through its Head, in its Provincial, in that place, *once and for no reason* was capable of removing the sacramental assistance from a sick sister guilty only of loving the Order to which God had entrusted her, and of deluding herself of being able to find paternal protection in it.

However, the Order, through its Head and many of its members, was hostile. The Order, through its Head, stood aside, keeping silent, in the shadows, not openly influencing for the good of little Giovanni. These facts clearly showed that the Order did *not* believe that sister Maria was my spokesperson and that I guided her. *If it had believed, it would not have systematically disobeyed my will. Before, long before S. U. it was the Order that damaged the Work.* However, the Order, through its Head, made an act of doubtful acceptance, given that it was not signed by its Head for himself and his successors. This meant that in the future he could say, "It's not valid. The Work is by others. I don't recognise it."

I could continue, but no. There is no sincerity or love in the leaders and in many subjects. There is no right intention, that is, honesty. No. Not even this. Therefore I impose it.

When the will of the enemy of the people was accomplished, you, my spokesperson and creature who had received my gift, demanded that through a duly witnessed legal document the following be established. What followed

[337] Mt 25:24-30; Mt 18:23-35; Jn 10: 22-39

cancelled all other dispositions or written instructions, *valid as long as the Work kept its supernatural character and as long as the writer was considered as having written under dictation, Mine.* If these two conditions are not met, then the way forward is different, *human,* if one wants to reduce the spiritual to the human.

I. The Work "Words of Eternal Life" was received through divine will and written under divine dictation by Maria Valtorta, who is therefore *the only instrument used by God in writing the work.*

II. If mankind does *not accept the supernatural nature of the Work and consequently denies its true Author, is the writer Maria Valtorta, the Work must be dealt with legally and financed as a human work and also the person who insists that she is the author.* Therefore, she, like any person who writes a work, is the owner and proprietor of her work, and automatically becomes absolute arbiter of the destiny of her work. She can sell it to a Publisher or she can become part of the Publishing Company, accepting an annuity from the proceeds of the Work for herself and her heir (who was really a Martha of Bethany for Me and my little apostle).

Oh! Don't cry out! I was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver. So even My work can be sold, given that you, not I, want to disown it saying it's a human work!

Oh! Don't pull a scandalised face! An Apostle betrayed Me who was God. You, through your present and future Superiors, can, having had everything, and giving yourselves [?] in good faith, close the doors of your heart and of your duty to a sister who has given everything, trusting the Order. You have even taken away from her Me -- The **Eucharist**, her only joy in her long crucifixion, bringing her to death's door through this pain!

III. Therefore, wanting to declare the Work as human and the author as Maris *[sic]* Valtorta, *the work should carry the pseudonym of the spokesperson.* In justice, if there was the highest justice towards the Divine Author, the Work should carry *no other name except Mine.*

After my name, which you don't want to use, use *that of little Giovanni,* who toiled for years writing what I told her and showed her.

I say "pseudonym" because I do not change what I have declared about my spokesperson. Therefore, I want my spokesperson, as long as she is alive, to remain unknown in her human identity, in her own creature's name which in truth in this case has no value. This is because it isn't the bodily creature that has received the gift *but the spirit,* consecrating itself to Me even to total sacrifice, in imitation of Mine; and it is fully right that I gave it to one who has given everything to me.

Remember, everyone, that the only name that has any real value is that which God writes on the blank pages of a soul which knows how to remain faithful to Grace; the name that God writes above in his Kingdom, in signs of light; the name of the victor. However, God doesn't always wait to call them by

that new name until their poor life has ended, or better, the day of birth into the true, unique Life has taken place.

I called Simon, Peter, long before his faithful spirit rose to Heaven. Maria, I called little Giovanni. So, Giovanni it is. So as not to irritate little Giovanni's enemies she is called "Giovanni the Beloved." It's a name that suits, because I have loved her, I love her and will love her, even for those who don't love her. For Me she will always be my beloved Giovanni.

If you agree to these three things the Work remains with you: I, a legal declaration that Maria is the one who received the Work which is of supernnatural origin, *this declaration is necessary for the present moment and the future;* II, the legal rights or well-founded joint participation in the profits of the editions; III, the pseudonym of the spokesperson is placed at the head of the Work.

If this is not the case, *Maria is free to sell it to a Publisher* according to what is customary in these cases, *placing a legal ban on anyone using all or part of the work.* If she refuses any such clauses she will lose any human right, just as others have made sure the work has lost the only qualification which its origins entitled it to.

It was nobler before, wasn't it? More beautiful before. Yes. I am disgusted, and my disgust transmits to my spokesperson; disgust at seeing that the Work which is a spiritual instrument and not a human one must change into a disheartening human form. I felt disgust when Israel wanted to downgrade the supernatural miracle of my life as a Man to a normal conception, to a common human life, and treated me as a man, a lying man, a mad man, a sacrilegious man.

I came once to my House and they didn't want to accept me.[338] I came back and they didn't want to know me. Men's hearts haven't changed over the centuries and the Christ is still an object of contradiction between them and a sword of sorrow for those who carry it in themselves or in their heart, like my Mother.

One day I will ask those who didn't want to accept me, "Why didn't you welcome me?" And I will say to little Giovanni, "Enter, because I was hungry and you filled me with your love, I was thirsty and you quenched it with your mercy, I knocked at the door of your heart and you put me up with joy.[339] Enter because blessed are those who were persecuted in the cause of Justice, theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."[340]

This is for the Work.

Regarding the seal that I have placed on the lips of the spokesperson, you should know that *only after one year following the publication of the complete Work, and without it or my instrument being the subject of any unjust decrees,* the seal on the secret will be lifted.

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[338] Jn 1:11
[339] Mt 25:34-36
[340] Mt 5:10

My decree will not change one iota, even if you try to make amends with late repentence. It's more than two and a half years that I'm asking you to obey me. I ask you in vain seeing that you deride my advice, even if on the surface it doesn't seem that you do; but you do, blocking the ways I have opened up for you. Now God is tired, and will take the most careful measures.

Do not insist with flattery or threats. Both are useless. The first are too late, and are nearly always proved wrong, for them to be believed to be true by my creature.

What I have said, I will not change. I repeat, "Give and it will be given to you. Do and it will be done to you. As you do, so it will be done. As you say, so it will be said*.["]* The sooner you do it, the sooner you will have what I can give you. *However, if in the meantime little Giovanni comes to Me, the secret will remain a secret for eternity."[»]*

To myself, «Write, so that there cannot be excuses for those who I will nominate to you. Then justice will take its course.»

On 9.1, I wrote to their Excellencies Bishops Carinci e Fontevecchia and to Monsignor Dottarelli. On 19.1.49, H.E Mons. Carinci replied with good hopes. On 1 February, Mons. Dottorelli replied giving catastrophic predictions... who can understand anything?

The Apocalypse[341] [342]

[Apocalypse,] Chapter 2

…[343]

Errors joined to the weakness of man, who remains "man" even if he has put on the robes of religion. Errors which have sent servants of God to the stake or to jail and which still apply chains -- which, even if they are not material, certainly continue to be chains -- to the twofold freedom of the individuals chosen as servants by their Lord: the freedom of man, which, provided he does not do things against the state or his fellows which are punishable under the law, is sacred, and the *special* freedom of the servant of God to serve God as He requests of his servant.

Before, long before Jesus, the voice of the Prophets had predicted that the peoples that did not know the Lord would become "his people" in place of

[341] The notebooks from which this last entry is taken (consisting of total 73 pages), unlike the previous ones, do not mention the precise dates on which they were composed, but only a general reference to the period. In addition, the writer does not use her customary term at the outset-says-with an attribution of authorship to Jesus or another heavenly source speaking in the first person, as happens in the "dictations."

[342] *NB45, September-November 1950, p. 596*

[343] *This is but a small extract from the entire commentary on St. John's Apocalypse.*

the one that did not want to recognize Him. Jesus, many centuries later, warned his people that "the Gentiles would surpass many of them in justice." And He offered an example of the way to treat the Gentiles and sinners to lead them to the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And yet the Apostles themselves, directly instructed by the word and example of the Master, because of their ever-recurring pride in being "Jews," impeded dealings with the Gentiles. The example of Peter with the centurion Cornelius (Acts 10) should show everyone how pride can slow down the conquest of souls and or pave the way for certain souls not to come to Life. God had to intervene with a miracle to persuade the Apostle that "God does distinguish between persons, but in any nation those who fear him and practice justice are acceptable to Him" (Acts 10 :34-3 5).

Jesus, and, before Him, the Prophets, had clearly instructed people about the destiny of Christ. And yet, when the evening of Holy Thursday came, though they were fortified by purification and the **Eucharist** given to them by the Eternal Pontiff, human weakness, which is not canceled out by consecration, brought them to flee in fear and shame and to deny; and it was precisely Peter, the successor of Jesus in the government of the Church, who denied Him. And later, though assailed by the Holy Spirit on different occasions, he showed a lack of understanding towards his brothers in the priestly ministry and was weak to the point of manifesting duplicity in his way of life (Galatians 2:12[344]), out of fear of prompting criticism or enmity.

Man is man. "Like newborn babes" (1 Peter 2:2[345]) longing for sincere spiritual milk to grow and become a "chosen lineage, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, and the people of God," so Peter changed from being a man to being *holy,* heroically holy, ever holier, truly becoming "another Christ" by assiduous effort. But first he was "man." As Paul was a "man" in whom the law of the flesh (Romans 7:23[346]) struggled against that of the spirit. A man who, after being snatched up to the third heaven, still experienced the blows of the angel of Satan, the spur of the flesh (2 Corinthians 12:7[347]). As "man" many other servants of God existed, martyrs of, their selfhood, blessed because they overcame this self and were regenerated in Christ.

"How often must I forgive?" Peter asked Jesus one day. And Jesus replied, "Seventy times seven" -- that is, an unlimited number of times. For Jesus knew that man, even if regenerated by Grace, even if nourished by the **Eucharist**, even if confirmed in the Grace of Confirmation, even if elevated by the

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[344] *12 For before that some came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles: but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them who were of the circumcision.*
[345] *2 As newborn babes, desire the rational milk without guile, that thereby you may grow unto salvation*
[346] *23 But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members.*
[347] *7 And lest the greatness of the revelations should exalt me, there was given me a sting of my flesh, an angel of Satan, to buffet me.*

Priesthood, would always be "man," man in need of compassion and forgiveness, because he was prone to err.

And soon, within the Church, out of pride or lukewarmness, separations and heresies arose. There were gnostics, Nicolaitians, Simonites, and Bileamites, and, later, antipopes, the dark period of the papal court in Avignon and the even darker one of nepotism and all that was associated with it. A permanent star, like every star the Church, too, has its phases. An undying flame, like every flame it alternates between flaring up and flickering weakly.

But since its Head, Jesus, and its Soul, the Holy Spirit, are eternal and most perfect, and eternal and infinite is their power and will, so it can experience momentary phases of descent and weakening. But it cannot fall entirely or fade out completely. On the contrary, after one of these phases, like a person shaken from drowsiness or strengthened by a powerful medicine, it reawakens and becomes vigorous in its service and admirable universal mission. And it should be stated that precisely in what is painful to be seen within it -- momentary laxity or persecution by enemies -- lies the cause of its new ascendant phase.

Those who are prone to pride or criticism and to judging everyone except themselves, will say after these words, "But it is something supernatural! It cannot, then, decline in its perfection." The former will say that. And the latter will say, "If it were the way they say it is, it would be perfect in all its members. But..." And they will cite case after case, more or less deplorable in *reality* -- *I* say "in *reality"* because on occasion something may appear not to be good and in substance not be wicked.

And both will err, for the Church is, indeed, a society or congregation of chosen members, regenerated for Grace by Baptism, confirmed and perfected in the virtues and gifts by Confirmation, nourished by the **Eucharist**, cleansed by the absolution following upon Penance, and assisted in the mission of spouses and procreators by Marriage or in the other one of pastors of souls by Holy Orders. And, in addition, the Church, as the Mystical Body, is holy in its Head, Soul, Law, and doctrine, and in many if its members. This is true. Nor are the lower members to be disdained because in many instances "the members that seem to be weakest are the most necessary" (1 Corinthians 12:22), since, by their humble, holy, hidden lives, led and offered for the whole society of Christians, they contribute to increasing the spiritual treasures of the whole Mystical Body, and, moreover, "God has arranged the Body in such a way as to give greater honor to the members that did not possess it" (1 Corinthians 12:24[348]) -- that is, He often draws the sanctifiers, those who attract numberless souls to God by their action and example, from those who are "the least" in the Mystical Body, without rank or ordination, but rich in justice because they identify themselves with Christ in every one of their actions. Indeed, the Church, as a society of the faithful who are truly such, starting from its Most Holy Head, is

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[348] *24 But our comely parts have no need: but God hath tempered the body together, giving to that which wanted the more abundant honour,*

holy, and holiness, descending from the Head and circulating through all his members, will never be completely lacking. But the members are not all holy, for man is man, even if Catholic, and remains man, even if he belongs to the Church in any of its parts.

When many members become more *"rational man"* than *"divinized man,"* then the Church experiences a period of descent from which it later rises again, for the Church itself understands that it is necessary to rise up to confront external and internal enemies. The open enemies already at the service of the Adversary and the Antichrist and the crafty enemies who corrode the edifice of faith and consequently cause charity to grow chill by wanting to offer a new version of the mysteries and miracles of God by means of those "depths of Satan and of the spirit of the world" of which mention has already been made.

Those who are prone to pride should not say, "The Church cannot experience this because it will always be holy."

It has been said -- both by the divine word speaking to the Prophets and by the Divine Incarnate Word of the Father speaking to his chosen ones -- that "great abominations, such as jealousy, and horrible abominations, such as the worship of human idols (and knowledge devoid of wisdom is one of them), and perversion, with the worship of what should not be venerated," will come into the Temple (Ezekiel 8:1-17[349]) and that "after Christ is killed and when the

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[349] *1 And it came to pass in the sixth year, in the sixth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I sat in my house, and the ancients of Juda sat before me, that the hand of the Lord God fell there upon me. 2 And I saw, and behold a likeness as the appearance of fire: from the appearance of his loins, and downward, fire: and from his loins, and upward, as the appearance of brightness, as the appearance of amber. 3 And the likeness of a hand was put forth and took me by a lock of my head: and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the vision of God into Jerusalem, near the inner gate, that looked toward the north, where was set the idol of jealousy to provoke to jealousy. 4 And behold the glory of the God of Israel was there, according to the vision which I had seen in the plain. 5 And he said to me: Son of man, lift up thy eyes towards the way of the north. And I lifted up my eyes towards the way of the north: and behold on the north side of the gate of the altar the idol of jealousy in the very entry. 6 And he said to me: Son of man, dost thou see, thinkest thou, what these are doing, the great abominations that the house of Israel committeth here, that I should depart far off from my sanctuary? and turn thee yet again and thou shalt see greater abominations. 7 And he brought me in to the door of the court: and I saw, and behold a hole in the wall. 8 And he said to me: Son of man, dig in the wall. And when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. 9 And he said to me: Go in, and see the wicked abominations which they commit here. 10 And I went in and saw, and behold every form of creeping things, and of living creatures, the abomination, and all the idols of the house of Israel, were painted on the wall all round about. 11 And seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel, and Jezonias the son of Saaphan stood in the midst of them, that stood before the pictures: and every one had a censer in his hand: and a cloud of smoke went up from the incense. 12 And he said to me: Surely thou seest, O son of man, what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every one in private in his chamber: for they say: The Lord seeth us not, the Lord hath forsaken the earth. 13 And he said to me: If thou turn thee again, thou shalt see greater abominations which these commit. 14 And he brought me in by the door of the gate of the Lord's*

people denying Him is no longer his people, the city and the sanctuary will be destroyed by a people that will come, whose purpose will be devastation, and when it is over, the desolation decreed will come... And there will no longer be hosts and sacrifices, and in the temple will be the abomination of desolation, which will last until the end (Daniel 9:26-27[350]); and further, as direct confirmation by the Word of the words of his announcers, the Prophets: "When you see the abomination of desolation in the holy place... then the tribulation will be great, as never before since the beginning of the ages... And after the tribulation... they will see the Son of Man" (Matthew 24:15,21,29-30). And the charity which will grow cold in too many hearts will be one of the precursory signs of the end (Matthew 24:12[351]).

It has been said. And it will come. Open your spiritual eyes to read the predictions of Heaven! If you open them, you will read the truth and see what the true signs of the end are and the fact that it is already occurring.

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Lesson 47, *Romans 11 And 13*[352]

Romans 11 and 13

The most divine Author[353] says,
«…[354]

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house, which looked to the north: and behold women sat there mourning for Adonis. 15 And he said to me: Surely thou hast seen, O son of man: but turn thee again and thou shalt see greater abominations than these. 16 And he brought me into the inner court of the house of the Lord: and behold at the door of the temple of the Lord, between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men having their backs towards the temple of the Lord, and their faces to the east: and they adored towards the rising of the sun. 17 And he said to me: Surely thou hast seen, O son of man: is this a light thing to the house of Juda, that they should commit these abominations which they have committed here: because they have filled the land with iniquity, and have turned to provoke me to anger? and behold they put a branch to their nose.

[350] *26 And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain: and the people that shall deny him shall not be his. And a people with their leader that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary: and the end thereof shall be waste, and after the end of the war the appointed desolation. 27 And he shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week: and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail: and there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation: and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation, and to the end.*

[351] *12 And because iniquity hath abounded, the charity of many shall grow cold.*

[352] *LES, November 8, 1950, p. 317*

[353] God, the Holy Spirit.

[354] *The initial page and a half discussion from the noted book concerning the need for sacrifice and appeasement for sin, is a consequence of God's essence, Love. The extract summarizes why, how, when, and where we experience this Love.*

Only the Man-God, Jesus, could have appeased God and redeemed man, being true God and true Man.

And Jesus was immolated. However, His Sacrifice was not consumed on dead flesh, but on a living Body onto which all the torments were hurled in order to expiate all the sins of which the Innocent One had burdened Himself so as to consume them all.

Total sacrifice: of the spirit of Christ tested by the abandonment of the Father in order to make amends for the sin of the spirit of Adam, guilty for having abandoned God and His Law; of the perfect intellect of the Son of Man in order to make amends for the pride of Adam; of the innocent flesh of the Lamb of God in order to make amends for Adam's lust. And so that the world, forever a sinner, could always have a perfect victim in the presence of the immolation, the eternal Christ and Pontiff constitutes the perpetual sacrifice: that of the **Eucharist** in which it is still and always Christ in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity who is offered and consumed upon the altars.

Perpetual sacrifice and *living sacrifice.* The new sacrifice of the perfect Religion. "This *is* My Body, this *is* My Blood which are given up for you. Do this in memory of Me." He uses the present [tense]. Because in fact, until the end of time, the Sacrifice will always be new and always the same as the one consumed by Christ, equally valid before God and in favour of men.

However, to the living Sacrifice which is consumed upon the altars, man must join to it his *own individual sacrifice,* the one of all hours to be carried out in all his occupations, duties, and above all, in the will of God, even if it is a will of sorrow. A sacrifice that can be either of the flesh, in the form of diseases, poverty and exhausting work; moral, in the form of injustices, calumnies and incomprehension; or spiritual, in the form of persecutions on the part of men or abandonments of God in order to test the faith of His servant. And more: faithfulness to the Law by preserving bodies, thoughts, sentiments and spirits in a chaste, just, and loving manner.

Because this, more than the outward rites, constitutes the *reasonable service* of which Paul speaks. Not only the *form,* but the *substance* of the service to God. And the substance is given by renewing oneself, by a continual renewal of the individual *I,* as the renewal of the whole of creation in its animals, plants, and in its seasons is continual, a continual spiritual and moral renewal in order to make oneself into a new humanity, transforming oneself ever more in Christ. The essence of the devotion to God is given by a continual, arduous and sometimes even sorrowful ascending towards the perfection in order to do the will of God, the first and common divine will for all creatures with divine likeness and predestination to glory: that they make themselves holy in order to rise to the dwelling place of the Father forever.

This renewal, this transformation, this ascent towards perfection, this human will which is precisely of the man in whom there is a more living likeness with the Father, union with the Son, and a docility towards all the inspirations

of the Holy Spirit, -- so that his gifts do not remain inert as a seed which has fallen onto a stone, but active as a seed which has fallen into very fertile soil and that as a great plant is able to nourish with holy fruits not only the one who possesses it, but many others, more unhappy than guilty, poorer in God because they do not know Him and because there is no one who instructs them because they are indifferent to God -- one obtains by doing, in everything and for everything, that which God proposes one to do, in the way in which God proposes it and in the measure which God marks out.

Contributing much to the good of the whole mystical Body is one who crosses the continents and who labours tirelessly in apostolic work in order to bring new Christians to the militant Church, as someone who, unknown and hidden, suffers, and owing to his grief, he requests the help of missionaries; nor is his little Mass (the victims are hosts and their bed is Golgotha on which they consume the sacrifice for the good of many) less pleasing to the Lord. Contributing to the good of his brothers is he who writes the revelations of God because God made of him a revealer, like one who writes works of a genius in order to render the obscure points of the Scriptures or of truths of faith more comprehensible and more lovable because Jesus and Mary become better known. It is sufficient that every action or ministry be moved and upheld by love. *True love.*

True love which makes one hate the evil in himself not because it is the cause of superterrestrial punishment, but because it is a sorrow given to God. *True love* that, as it brings us to not want to do evil, so it pushes us to tear away our sinful brothers from evil, and inspires us to reproach them in a manner that, having to be rightly severe however, they are not lacking in mercy to the point of embittering or disheartening instead of comforting those who have fallen. *True fraternal love* that makes men into brothers who reciprocally tolerate each other even if they are very imperfect, and who always help each other and love each other in the Lord. *True love* that makes them diligent in the zeal and for the zeal towards God, fervent in spirit, serene during trials, patient in tribulations, unwearied in prayer, even if it seems that Heaven does not answer, merciful, and therefore, practicing all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy without rancour, hate or desire of revenge, full of understanding for their neighbour, without envying him if he is joyful, without indifference or delighting wickedly if he suffers, and not avid of rising to positions of honour by de-throning others, even by means of calumny, always happy of their very own condition and never revengeful, even towards those who have harmed them.

This is love. *True love* that gives glory to God and good to ones' brothers. And God, if not our brothers, will make up for it by re-establishing justice, by showing the truth of facts, and by punishing and rewarding just as each has merited.

And that love be a guide even in the relationships between authorities and subjects, be they either ecclesiastical or secular authorities. None of these, having been placed in high places, must be without love and justice. God --

because it is God who has permitted this one or that one to come into power -- has not placed anyone in high places so that they can be a torment to their brothers, but to test the justice and charitableness of the authorities and to punish those who do not practice both by foolishly believing themselves to be free from such duties because of their high positions.

To be in a high position, to be the "heads," implies paternal duties besides those that are brotherly, and whoever is lacking thereof, is severely judged by God who renders them responsible not only for their own sin of being uncharitable and unjust, *but also for the reactions that such sins provoke in their subjects.* He who persecutes, torments, and unjustly strikes one who is humble, a subject, just because he is in a high position, will be called to answer to God of the scandals and of the discomforts and of the doubts on the divine justices and providences that inevitably rise in the hearts of the oppressed.

God does not punish and will not punish one who is unjustly punished by men who have any authority; He will not punish him even if the oppressed has justified reactions. However, He will be inexorable towards the one who assails the spirits of the humble and who arouses doubts, rebellions, and the like in you by acting in a domineering way.

And He will punish them because, again, these people strike at God. Yes. God, who can be deprived of a child, or hear Himself be placed in doubt by a child through the freedom of the evil actions of the "mighty." In fact, what does the struck one think? "But God, who is omnipotent, why does He not intervene?" "Then is it not true that a trusting prayer obtains help from God?" Do the "mighty ones" comprehend who they strike by unjustly striking a subject? *It is God whom they strike.* It is God who suffers *with* and *in the ones who* suffer injustice. It is God who is struck every time that one lacks in love.

And that love be a guide in the relationships of subjects towards the authorities. Do not judge them, but leave it to God to judge them. Do not rebel, provided that their orders *are not* contrary to religion and to morals for the common good, or to a precedent and immutable divine order, in which case, at the cost of suffering a bloody or bloodless martyrdom, one needs to heed the example of Christ who did not bow to the intemperate wills of the Sanhedrin and Pharisees in general, nor to those of Herod; and to take the Baptist's example who served justice though knowing that by doing so, he would have lost his life; and also to take the example of Peter and John before the Sanhedrin, from James and from all the exterminated people of the martyrs of every period, from those who were torn to pieces, burned and mangled in the arenas and elsewhere, to those who were burned on the stakes as servants of the devil or heretics for having done that which God ordered them to do.

To know how to say, "One needs to obey only God" and "God is to be served first" as the heroes of God knew how to say, from Peter to Joan of Arc. To know how to say, through other bloodless persecutions, that which

Bernadette of Lourdes, Lucy of Fatima and her little cousins, and many, many others have said.

As long as the mighty, for as long as they are such -- because from one day to the next, a pit or a movement of people could humiliate to putridness and bring to *naught* their power of which they were so proud and up to making of it an instrument of torture to the *little ones* -- as long as the mighty do not command things contrary to the will of God who is the one, true, eternal, perfect Almighty One, Omnipotent rather -- and whoever, however high up he may be, should remember this in order not to fall prey to many sins -- and things which are contrary to religion and morals, except for in these cases, they are to be obeyed. Because in this case, when they order lawful things, they serve to inform of the orders of good which God had first taught to men.

Does the human law not perhaps strike those whom the divine law already strikes? Thus, and to escape from the punishment of God and that of men, and to live in justice and love as the children of God must live in order to be truly such and to keep themselves as such, one needs not to do evil, no evil, neither towards God nor towards men; one needs not to be lacking in the law of love and not to disobey the voice of the conscience that God has placed in every man so that he be guided towards good.

In this way -- by not failing in the law of love, justice, and of the conscience, but above all, not lacking in any way whatsoever in love -- you will give reasonable service to God and you will reach perfection in the observance of the Law, because love is the fulfilment of the law and whoever lives in love does not fall into the concupiscence of the flesh, that of the mind and that of the spirit, and remains in the Light; in God; he identifies himself with Christ and he will share in His Kingdom.»

[The Lily Chalice Is A Symbol Of The Eucharistic Chalice.][355]

«I am the Mother of Divine Grace and the Mediatrix of all graces, and I tell you "Don't just collect the petals of lilies, which you dry and preserve, but also the pistils which call to mind the nails, the thorns, the hammers and the lance used in the Passion of my Son, my God and your Redeemer and God. Also the central part which calls to mind the sponge soaked in honey and vinegar, a new torment, for the Dying Tortured Divine One, and with it the ovary; treasure chest of pure future lilies, just like my womb was for him while the lily chalice is a symbol of the **Eucharistic** chalice. Place the lilies you have collected in the linen handkerchief that I told you to prepare, and press them so that the linen soaks up their juice. They will give the linen a miraculous power and make it a

[355] *LNB, May 31, 1953, p. 215*

healing balm for all your physical and spiritual pains: Keep it and repeat this operation every year, for as long as you and the lily live."

I tell you also that it is the will of my Son, the Merciful Jesus that you go and vote also this time. Do not fear. Take the handkerchief with you and as many relics as you want and nothing bad will happen to you. Your sacrifice will bring a lot of good to your Country of which I am Queen and Protector.

The linen of the handkerchief could in future serve you and others in need of physical, mental and spiritual graces. It will be a liniment for pain and a source of grace because I have blessed and sanctified it, and also because the heavenly lily, whose perfume calls to mind the balm which Mary Magdalene poured over the Person of the Incarnate Word several times, has imbued it with its supernatural power.»

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650. The Glorious Assumption Of Our Lady.[356]

How many days have gone by? It is difficult to ascertain it. If one judges by the flowers that form a crown around the dead body, one should say that only a few hours have gone by. But if one judges by the olive branches on which the fresh flowers are lying, branches with leaves already withered, and by the other withered flowers lying like relics on the cover of the chest, one must conclude that some days have by now gone by.

But Mary's body is exactly the same as it was when She passed away. There is no trace of death on Her face or on Her little hands. There is no unpleasant smell in the room. On the contrary an undefinable scent like that of incense, of lilies, of roses, of lilies of the valley, of mountain herbs, all mixed together, hangs in the air of the room.

John, who I wonder for how many days has been awake, has fallen asleep, overcome by tiredness, sitting on the stool, his shoulders leaning against the wall, near the open door that leads to the terrace. The light of the lamp, which from the floor shines upwards on him, allows one to see his tired face, which is also very pale, except around his eyes, red with weeping.

It must be already dawn, because in its faint light the terrace and the olive-trees surrounding the house are visible, a light that becomes stronger and stronger and that, penetrating through the door, makes more distinct also the objects in the room, of which, being far from the little lamp, it was previously possible to catch only a glimpse.

All of a sudden a strong light fills the room, a silvery light, shaded with blue, almost phosphoric, and it becomes more and more intense, making the light of dawn and of the lamp vanish. A light like the one that flooded the Grotto in Bethlehem at the moment of the divine Nativity. Then in this paradisaic light,

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[356] *Gospel, Vol. 10, December 8, 1951, p. 527 (**646.** Poem, Vol. 5, p. 934)*

angelic creatures show themselves, a light even brighter in the already strong light that appeared first. As it already happened when the angels appeared to the shepherds, a dance of sparks of all shades bursts forth from their gently moved wings, which emit a harmonious murmur, as sweet as if it were played by a harp.

The angelic creatures place themselves around the little bed, they bend over it, they lift the immobile body, and flapping their wings more vigorously, which increases the sound existing previously, through a passage opened miraculously in the roof, as miraculously Jesus' Sepulchre was opened, they go away, taking with them the body of their Queen, a Most Holy Body, it is true, but not yet glorified, and therefore still subject to the laws of matter, to which the Christ was not subject, because He was already glorified when He rose from the dead. The sound made by the angelic wings increases and it is now as powerful as the sound of an organ.

John, who, although still asleep, had moved twice or three times on his stool, as if he had been disturbed by the strong light and by the sound of the angelic wings, awakes completely because of that powerful sound and because of a strong current of air that, descending from the opened roof and going out through the open door, forms a vortex that shakes the covers of the bed, by now empty, and John's garments, blowing out the lamp and closing the door with a loud bang.

The apostle looks around, still half asleep, to realise what is happening. He notices that the bed is empty and that the roof is open. He understands that a wonderful event has taken place. He runs out on the terrace, and as if by spiritual instinct, or by a heavenly call, he raises his head, shading his eyes from the sun, in order to see, without being prevented from doing so by the rising sun.

And he sees. He sees the body of Mary, still deprived of life, and completely identical to that of a person asleep, that ascends higher and higher, supported by the angelic group. As a last gesture of farewell, a hem of the mantle and of the veil are agitated, probably by the wind caused by the rapid assumption and by the movement of the angelic wings; and some flowers, the ones that John had placed and renewed round the body of Mary, and that have certainly remained among the folds of the garments, rain on the terrace and on the ground of Gethsemane, while the mighty hosanna of the angelic group moves farther and farther away and thus becomes fainter.

John continues to stare at that body that rises towards Heaven and, certainly through a prodigy granted to him by God, to comfort him and to reward him for his love for his adoptive Mother, he distinctly sees Mary, enveloped now in the beams of the sun that has risen, come out of the ecstasy that had separated Her soul from Her body, become alive, stand on Her feet, as She also now enjoys the gifts typical of bodies already glorified.

John looks and looks. The miracle granted to him by God enables him, against all natural laws, to see Mary as She is now, while She rapidly ascends towards Heaven, surrounded, but no longer helped to ascend, by the angels

singing hosannas. And John is enraptured by that vision of beauty that no pen of man, or human word, or work of artist will be ever able to describe or reproduce, because it is of indescribable beauty.

John, still leaning against the low wall of the terrace, continues to stare at that splendid shining form of God -- because Mary can really be said to be so, formed in a unique manner by God, Who wanted Her immaculate, so that She might be the form for the Word Incarnate -- while it ascends higher and higher. And the God-Love grants a last supreme prodigy to His perfect loving disciple: to see the meeting of the Most Holy Mother with Her Most Holy Son, Who splendid and shining as well, handsome with indescribable beauty, descends rapidly from Heaven, arrives at His Mother, presses Her to His heart, and together, more refulgent than two major planets, returns with Her whence He came.

John's vision is over. He lowers his head. On his tired face are visible both his sorrow for the loss of Mary and his joy for Her glorious destiny. But by now joy exceeds sorrow.

He says: «Thanks, my God! Thanks! I foresaw that this would happen. And I wanted to be awake, in order not to lose any episode of Her Assumption. But I had not slept for three days now! Sleep, tiredness, joined to sorrow, overcame and defeated me just when Her Assumption was imminent... But perhaps You wanted that Yourself, o God, so that I should not upset that moment and I should not suffer too much... Yes. You certainly wanted it, as now You wanted me to see what, without a miracle of Yours, I could not have seen. You have granted me to see Her again, although already so far, already glorified and glorious, as if She were close to me. And to see Jesus again! Oh! most happy, unhoped for and not to be hoped for vision! O gift of the gifts of Jesus-God to His John! Supreme Grace! To see my Master and Lord again! To see Him near His Mother! He like a sun, She like a moon, both most splendid, because they were glorious and happy to be reunited forever! What will Paradise be like now that You both shine in it, You major planets of the heavenly Jerusalem? What is the jubilation of the angelic choruses and of the saints? It is such joy that the vision of the Mother with Her Son has given me, a thing that cancels every pain of His, every pain of theirs, even more, also mine ceases, and peace takes over in me. Of the three miracles that I had asked of God, two have been accomplished. I have seen life come back to Mary, and I feel peace come back to me. All anguish of mine ends, because I have seen You reunited in glory. Thanks for that, o God. And thanks for having made it possible for me to see, even for a most holy creature, but still human, what is the lot of saints, what it will be after the last judgement, and the resurrection of the bodies, and their rejoining, their fusion with their spirits, that have ascended to Heaven at the moment of their death. I did not need to see to believe. Because I have always firmly believed every word of the Master. But many will doubt that, after ages and thousands of years, the flesh, that has become dust, can become a living body. I shall be able to tell

them, swearing on the most sublime things, that not only the Christ became alive again, by His own divine power, but that also His Mother, three days after Her death, if death it can be called, came to life again, and with Her flesh joined to Her soul took up Her eternal abode in Heaven, beside Her Son. I shall be able to say: "Believe, o Christians, in the resurrection of bodies, at the end of time, and in the eternal life of souls and bodies, a blissful life of saints, horrible for unrepentant guilty people. Believe and live as saints, as Jesus and Mary lived, in order to have their same lot. I have seen their bodies ascend to Heaven. I can bear witness to that. Live as just people, so that one day you may be in the new eternal world, in body and soul, near Jesus-sun, and near Mary the Star of all stars." Thank You again, o God! And now let us put together what is left of Her. The flowers that fell from Her garments, the olive branches left on the bed, and let us keep them. They will serve... Yes, they will serve to assist and comfort my brothers, whom I have awaited in vain. Sooner or later I will find them...»

He picks up the petals of the flowers that had been shed in falling, he goes back into the room, holding them in a fold of his tunic.

He then looks more carefully at the opening in the roof and exclaims: «Another miracle! And another wonderful proportion in the prodigies of the lives of Jesus and Mary! He, God, rose by Himself, and by His own will He overturned the stone of His Sepulchre, and only with His own power He ascended to Heaven. *By Himself.* Mary, the Most Holy Mother, but a daughter of man, by means of angelic help had the passage opened for Her assumption to Heaven, and always through angelic help She ascended there. In the Christ the spirit came back to animate His Body while it was still on the Earth, because it had to be so, to silence His enemies and to confirm all His followers in their faith. In Mary the spirit came back when Her most holy body was already at the threshold of Paradise, because there was no other need for Her. Perfect power of the Infinite Wisdom of God!...»

John now gathers in a piece of cloth the flowers and branches that were still on the little bed, he adds to them those that he had gathered outside, and lays them all on the cover of the chest. He then opens it and puts the little pillow of Mary and the coverlet of the little bed into it; he goes down into the kitchen, he collects other utensils used by Her -- the spindle and distaff and Her kitchenware -- and adds them to the other things.

He closes the chest and sits on the stool exclaiming: «Now everything is accomplished also for me! Now I can go freely wherever the Spirit of God will lead me. I can go! And sow the Divine Word that the Master gave me so that I may give it to men. And teach Love. Teach them so that they may believe in Love and in its power. Let them know what the God-Love has done for men. His Sacrifice and His perpetual Sacrament and Rite, by means of which, until the end of time, we shall be able to be united to Jesus Christ in the **Eucharist** and renew the Rite and the Sacrifice as He ordered us to do. All the gifts of the perfect Love! Make them love the Love, so that they may believe in Him, as we

believed and believe. Sow the Love so that the harvest and the catch may be abundant for the Lord. Love achieves everything, Mary told me in Her last conversation with me, whom She justly defined, in the Apostolic College, the one who loves, the preeminent loving one, the antithesis of the Iscariot, who was hatred, as Peter was impetuousness, and Andrew meekness, the sons of Alphaeus holiness and wisdom joined to nobility of manners, and so forth. I, the loving disciple, now that I no longer have the Master and the Mother to love on the Earth, will go and spread love among the nations. Love will be my weapon and my doctrine. And by means of it I will defeat the demon, heathenism and will conquer many souls. I will thus continue Jesus and Mary, Who were perfect love on the Earth.»

[From The Blood And Virginal Heart Of Mary The Supreme Gift Of Love; Jesus -- The Eucharist.][357]

Corpus Domini

The Most Holy Mary,

«Too few remember me on this Feast in which I share. After all, if I hadn't existed, you would not have had the Body of the Divine Word Jesus Christ, Lord, King, Redeemer and your Saviour forever. The seas cannot exist if there is no water. The heavens would not shine if there were no stars. Without seeds the earth would not produce its fruits. Even more importantly, there would be no **Eucharist**, infinitely multiplied for centuries and millennia, if I hadn't given birth to Jesus.

I would like to be portrayed as I show myself to you now. With my Immaculate Heart shining with heavenly light in which the Most Holy Host appears within which the Divine Child is depicted, and written underneath,

"From the Blood and
Virginal Heart of Mary
The supreme gift of Love;
Jesus -- The **Eucharist**."»

The Madonna was sitting on a very bright throne, dressed in the purest linen with her hands raised to her shoulders holding, half-closed, a mantle of the most delicate light blue which also covered her head. Her Heart was in the centre of her chest in the midst of brilliant rays of light, and like a crystal ciborium, contained a large Host in which could be seen the beautiful little face of the Infant Jesus, bathed in a golden light.

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[357] *LNB, June 4, 1953, p. 218*

[Join My Apostolate In My Eucharistic Life.][358]

I regret that Fr. Migliorini (+ 10-7-53) died without seeing the Work published for which triumph he worked so hard and suffered so much. Jesus tells me:

«It's true he worked for it, but not in a correct way, because he was against my clear and repeated orders. So, he didn't merit seeing its completion.

In every person, or at least in most of them, there are two personalities. Overall, he was good which made him a model Priest, but deep down he had a perverse streak which made him stubborn and rebellious towards the divine will and orders. As a priest he was perfect gold, but as a man he had a lot of impure amalgam: I probed and tested him as I probe and test you. After a long, suffering and painful work you came out as a perfect piece. He didn't because he didn't bend to my design. He wanted to do things by himself, deaf to the reality that his work was different to mine. So because of this he died, before seeing the Work finished.

I don't tolerate pride, rebellion and disobedience. I will give him the reward for his life as a priest, but also the punishment for his obstinate will contrary to mine. He had his true face and a mask. Now the mask has fallen, in his personal judgement before Me. Only after expiation for his rebellion against Me and you, and for his lack of charity to you which made him accuse and blame you for *my,* not your, correct reproaches for the way he acted, will his face be remodelled by the grace of the blessed life. You know how many times I spoke to him about this.

To you who always forgave him, despite suffering so much from his unjust words and his actions contrary to my will; to you who prayed for him and offered Holy Communion in suffrage for his agonised soul in order to shorten his suffering, I say, "My blessing is given to whoever loves and forgives." He too will be given peace and joy, but at the right time, when he has expiated his sin as a new Adam, who like the first Adam, didn't want to obey God's command. For his disobedience Adam lost the earthly paradise, for his he lost the grace of seeing the Work published. One needs to know how to merit graces in order to receive them. When I was on Earth who did I give grace to? To those who believe my Word. If not, if I felt rebellion, doubt or a lack of faith in that heart, I carried straight past without listening to their supplications or granting grace. It wasn't hardness of heart, only justice. Just as in this case.»

[358] *LNB, July 15, 1953, p. 227*

"I want a great army of victim souls to join my Apostolate in my **Eucharistic** Life." Jesus Christ to Sister Maria of the Most Holy Trinity, a Poor Clare Nun.

The Eucharist

a compilation of excerpts
from the writings of Maria Valtorta
that reference the Eucharist.
Her writings comprise visions and dictations
received from Jesus and other heavenly persons
from 1943 to 1951.