

Fiat!

The 1st Three Entries of the Word *FIAT* in the Book of Heaven

Vol. 2 - August 31, 1899

The confessor gives Luisa the obedience not to speak to Jesus and to reject Him.

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

And He said to me: "Daughter, abnegation".

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

And He, for the second time: "Abnegation".

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

And He, for the third time: "My daughter, abnegation". And He disappeared. Who can say how I felt in seeing that Jesus wanted me to dispose myself to the obedience?

Vol. 2 - September 1, 1899

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

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

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

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

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

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

While I was saying this, I saw the confessor; and Jesus, drawing near him, told him: "This is impossible for my souls. I keep them so immersed in Me as to form one single substance; so much so, that it is no longer

possible to distinguish one from the other. It is like when two substances are mixed together – one transfuses itself into the other; and afterwards, if anyone wanted to separate them, it would be useless even just to think about it. In the same way, it is impossible that my souls be separated from Me." Having said this, He left, and I remained in my affliction - greater than before. My heart was beating so very strongly that I felt my chest crack.

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

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

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

And Jesus: "I am not a demon".

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

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

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

Now, while blessed Jesus was with father, I said to Him: 'If you really are Jesus, kiss the hand of the confessor.' In my mind I thought that if he was the Lord, He would accept the humiliation of kissing his hand; while if he was a demon, he wouldn't. And Jesus kissed it, though not to the man, but to his priestly authority – in this way He kissed it. After this, it seemed that the confessor was pleading with Him, to see whether he was a demon; and not finding Him as such, he gave Him back to me. But in spite of this, my poor heart was unable to enjoy the embraces of my beloved Jesus, because obedience kept it as though bound - hampered; more so, since there was not yet a contrary order, so it did not dare to pour itself out, not even to say a word of love ...

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

But as I am saying this, the voice of my adorable Jesus is making itself heard to my ear, saying: "Obedience was everything for Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. Obedience made Me be born, obedience made Me die. The wounds I have on my body are all wounds and marks that obedience made to Me. With reason you said that she is like a most powerful warrior, armed with all kinds of weapons which are apt to wound. In fact, in Me, she left not even a drop of blood; she tore my flesh to pieces; she dislocated my bones, while my poor Heart, exhausted and bleeding, kept looking for a relief from one who would have compassion for Me. Acting with Me as more than a cruel tyrant, only then was obedience content, when she sacrificed Me on the Cross and saw Me breathe my last, as victim for her love. And why this? Because the office of this most powerful warrior is to sacrifice souls; therefore, she does nothing but wage a fierce war against those who do not sacrifice themselves completely for her. So, she does not care whether the soul suffers or enjoys, whether she lives or dies; her eyes are intent on looking at whether she wins, because in other things she meddles not. So, the name of this warrior is "victory", because she concedes all victories to the obedient soul; and when it seems that she dies, then does true life begin. What greater thing did obedience not concede to Me? Through her I conquered death, I defeated hell, I released man from his chains, I opened Heaven; and like a victorious King, I took possession of my Kingdom – not only for Myself, but for all my children who would profit from my Redemption. Ah, yes, it is true that she cost Me my life, but the name 'obedience' resounds sweetly to my hearing, and this is why I have so much love for obedient souls".

I continue from where I left.

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

Vol. 2 - October 1, 1899

Jesus speaks with bitterness about the abuses of the Sacraments.

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

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

And He: "My daughter, you are the relief for my pains. However, know that I do not tell you anything because you always force Me not to chastise the people. You want to oppose my Justice, and if I do not do as you want, you remain disappointed, and I feel more pain for not keeping you content. Therefore, in order to avoid displeasures on both our parts, I keep silent."

And I: ‘My good Jesus, have You perhaps forgotten that You Yourself suffer after You have made use of your Justice? It is seeing You suffer in the creatures themselves that makes me more than ever alert in forcing You not to chastise the people. And then, seeing the creatures themselves turning against You like many poisonous vipers, such that they would almost take your life if it were in their power, because they see themselves under your scourges, and they irritate your Justice even more... I don't have the heart to say *Fiat Voluntas Tua*.’

And He: "My Justice can take no more. I feel wounded by everyone – by priests, by devout people, by the secular, especially because of the abuse of the Sacraments. Some do not care about them at all, adding despises; others, who attend them, turn them into a conversation for their own pleasure; and others, not satisfied in their whims, because of this reach the point of offending Me. Oh, how tortured my Heart is in seeing the Sacraments reduced to painted pictures, or like those statues of stone which seem to be alive and operating from afar, but as one draws near them, one begins to discover the deceit. Then, one goes about touching them, and what does he find? Paper, stone, wood - inanimate objects; and here is how they are disillusioned completely. This is how the Sacraments have been reduced for the most part – there is nothing but mere appearance. What to say, then, about those who remain more filthy than clean? And then, the spirit of interest that reigns among the religious – it is something to be wept over! Don't you think that they are all eyes where there is a most wretched penny, to the point of degrading their dignity? But where there is no interest they have no hands nor feet to move a tiny bit. This spirit of interest fills their interior so much that it overflows outside, to the point that the secular themselves feel the stench of it, are scandalized by it, and this causes them to give no credence to their words. Ah, yes, no one spares Me! There are some who offend Me directly, and some who, though they could prevent so much evil, do not bother doing it; so, I do not know to whom to turn. But I will chastise them in such a way as to render them incapable, and some I will destroy completely. They will reach such a point that churches will remain deserted, with no one to administer the Sacraments."

Interrupting Him, all frightened I said: ‘Lord, what are You saying?! If there are some who abuse the Sacraments, there are also many good daughters who receive them with the due dispositions, and who would suffer very much if they could not attend them.’

And He: "Too scarce is their number; and then, their pain for not being able to receive them will work as reparation for Me, and to make them victims for those who abuse them." Who can say how tormented I was left by these words of blessed Jesus? But I hope that He will placate Himself out of His infinite Mercy.

Vol. 2 - October 16, 1899

Waiting for Jesus. Jesus speaks about chastisements.

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

The next 9 Entries of the Word *Fiat* in The Book of Heaven

Vol. 3 - November 1, 1899

Purification of the Church. Her support: the victim souls.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a church, in which there was a priest celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, and while doing this, he was crying bitterly and said: "The pillar of my Church has no place to lean!"

In the act in which He was saying this, I saw a pillar; its top touched the heavens, and at the bottom of this pillar there were priests, bishops, cardinals and all other dignities, sustaining this pillar. But to my surprise, I went about looking and I saw that of these people, some were very weak, some half rotten, some infirm, some full of mud. So very scarce was the number of those who were in a condition to sustain it. So, this poor pillar kept swaying, unable to remain still, so many were the quakes it received from the bottom. At the top of this pillar there was the Holy Father who, with gold chains and with rays emanating from his whole person, did as much as he could to sustain it, and to chain and illuminate the people who dwelled at the bottom, although some of them would flee so as to be more comfortable in becoming rotten and covered with mud; and not only this, but he did as much as he could to bind and to illuminate the whole world.

While I was seeing this, that priest who was celebrating Mass (I am not sure whether he was a priest or Our Lord; it seems to me it was Him, but I cannot tell with certainty) called me close to Himself and told me: "My daughter, see in what a heartrending state my Church is. The very ones who were supposed to sustain Her withdraw, and with their works they knock Her down, they beat Her, and reach the point of denigrating Her. The only remedy is that I cause so much blood to be shed as to form a bath to wash away that rotten mud and to heal their deep wounds, so that, healed, strengthened and embellished in that blood, they may become instruments capable of keeping Her stable and firm." Then He added: "I have called you to tell you: 'Do you want to be victim, and therefore be like a prop to sustain this pillar in these times so incorrigible?'"

At first I felt a shiver run through me for fear that I might not have the strength, but then immediately I offered myself and I pronounced the *Fiat*. At that moment, I found myself surrounded by many Saints, Angels and purging souls, who tormented me with scourges and other instruments. At first I felt a certain fear, but then, the more I suffered, the more I wanted to suffer, and I enjoyed the suffering like a most sweet nectar; more so, since a thought touched me: 'Who knows whether those pains might be the means to consume my life, so that I might take wing in the last flight toward my highest and only Good?' But to my highest sorrow, after suffering bitter pains, I saw that those pains would not consume my life. Oh God, what pain! – that this fragile flesh prevents me from uniting myself to my Eternal Good!

After this, I saw the bloody slaughter that was made of the people who were at the bottom of the pillar. What a horrible catastrophe! So very scarce was the number of those who would not be victims; they

reached such daringness as to try to kill the Holy Father. But then, it seemed to me that that blood which was shed and those bloody tormented victims were the means to render those who remained strong, so as to sustain the pillar without letting it sway any more. Oh, what happy days! After this, days of triumphs and of peace would arise; the face of the earth seemed to be renewed, and the pillar would acquire its original prestige and splendor. Oh, happy days! - I hail you from afar, days which will give great glory to my Church, and great honor to the God who is Her Head!

Vol. 7 - May 7, 1906

Jesus does not want to go out of the interior of Luisa.

This morning, after I received Communion, I saw blessed Jesus in my interior and I said to Him: 'My beloved, come out from inside - come outside, that I may clasp You, kiss You and speak with You.' And He, making a sign with His hand, told me: "My daughter, I do not want to come out, I am well within you, because if I go out of your humanity - a humanity which contains tenderness, compassion, weakness, concern - it would be as if I went out of my living Humanity. In fact, since you occupy my same office of victim, I should make you feel the weight of the pains of others, and therefore spare them. I will go out, yes, but not from within you; rather, from within God without a Humanity, and my justice will make its course as appropriate to chastise the creatures." And it seemed He would go deeper and deeper inside. I repeated to Him: 'Lord, come out, spare your children, your very members, your images.' And He, making a sign with His hand, repeated: "I am not coming out, I am not coming out..." He repeated this quite a few times, and He communicated to me many things about what humanity contains, but I am unable to say them. I have them in my mind, but I cannot express them with words. I would rather have not written this, but obedience did not want it. Fiat - always Fiat.

Vol. 8 - April 5, 1908

All that the Queen Mama contains has its origin in the Fiat.

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, within a garden, in which I could see the Queen Mama placed on a very high throne. I yearned to go up there to kiss Her hand, and as I tried to go, She came to meet me, giving me a smacking kiss on my face. In looking at Her, I saw as though a globe of light in Her interior, and within that light there was the word 'Fiat'. From that word descended many different unending seas of virtues, graces, greatnesses, glory, joys, beauties, and everything that our Queen Mama contains as a whole. Everything was rooted in that Fiat, and all of Her goods took their origin from the Fiat. Oh, omnipotent, fecund, holy Fiat! Who can comprehend you? I feel mute... It is so great that I can say nothing; therefore I stop here.

So I looked at Her with amazement, and She said to me: "My daughter, all of my Sanctity came out from within the word 'Fiat'. I did not move even for one breath, one step, one action, or anything at all, if not within the Will of God. My life, my food, my all, was the Will of God; and this produced such sanctity, riches, glories, honors for Me... not human, but Divine. So, the more the soul is united, identified with the Will of God, the more she can be called holy, and she is loved more by God. And the more she is loved, the more she is favored, because her life is nothing but the product of the Will of God. How can He not love her if she is His own thing? Therefore, one must not look at how much or how little he does, but rather, at whether it is wanted by God. In fact, the Lord looks more at something little, if it is according to His Will, than at something great, without It."

The next 5 Entries of the Word *Fiat* in The Book of Heaven

Vol. 11 - March 15, 1912

The Divine Will is the sanctity of sanctities, and the soul who does It on earth as in Heaven is a queen soul, who gives life to all the good done on earth and in Heaven. These souls are the true Consecrated Hosts of the Divine Will.

Continuing in my usual state, I felt a great desire to do the Most Holy Will of Blessed Jesus; and He came and told me: "My daughter, my Will is the Sanctity of Sanctities. The soul who does my Will according to the perfection that I am teaching you - that is, on earth as It is in Heaven - however small, ignorant and ignored, leaves even other Saints behind in spite of their prodigies, the most clamorous conversions and the

miracles. Really, in comparison, the souls who do my Will in the way It is in my third "FIAT" are queens, and it is as if all the others were at their service.

It seems that the souls who live in my Will do nothing, while they actually do everything, because being in my Will these souls act Divinely, in a hidden and surprising way. They are light which illuminates, wind which purifies, fire which burns, miracles which cause miracles. Those who do miracles are channels; but in these souls resides the power. Therefore, they are the foot of the missionary, the tongue of the preachers, the strength of the weak, the patience of the sick, the regime (of the superiors), the obedience of the subjects, the tolerance of the slandered, the firmness in the dangers, the heroism in the heroes, the courage in the martyrs, the sanctity in the saints, and so on with all the rest. Being in my Will, they concur with all the good that can be both in Heaven and on earth.

This is why I can surely say that they are my true Hosts - but living Hosts, not dead ones. The accidents that form the host are not full of life, neither do they influence my Life; but the soul who lives in my Divine Will is full of life and, doing my Will, she influences and concurs with all that I do. This is why these consecrated Hosts of my Will are more dear to Me than the very sacramental Hosts, and if I have reason to exist in the sacramental Hosts, it is to form the sacramental Hosts of my Will.

My daughter, I take such delight in my Will that, in simply hearing talk about It, I feel overjoyed and I call the whole of Heaven to make feast. Imagine what will become of those souls who will do It: I find in them all the joys, so I give all the joys to them. Their life is the life of the Blessed. They care about, desire and yearn for two things only: my Will and Love. They need to do very little else, while in fact they do everything. The virtues themselves remain absorbed in my Will and in Love. Therefore, they have nothing to do with them, since my Will contains, possesses and absorbs all; but in a Divine manner - immense and endless. This is the life of the Blessed."

Vol. 11 - February 8, 1915

Oblivion of ourselves is needed in order to occupy ourselves only with the salvation of others. The unity and the happiness of the Three Divine Persons is in their Will; Jesus wants to do the same with one who does His Will in everything.

I continue very afflicted because of the ways my always adorable Jesus uses with me, but I am resigned to His Most Holy Volition. If I lament with Jesus because of His privations and His silence, He says to me: "This is not the time to think about this. These are childish fusses, and of very weak souls, who care about themselves and not about Me; who think of what they feel rather than of what they have to do. These souls reek of human to Me, and I cannot trust them. From you I do not expect this; I want the heroism of the souls who, forgetting about themselves, care only about Me and, united with Me, occupy themselves with the salvation of my children, whom the devil tries to snatch from my arms with all his tricks. I want you to adapt yourself to the times - now sorrowful, now mournful, now tragic - and to pray and cry together with Me for the blindness of creatures. Your life must disappear and let my whole Life permeate you. If you do this, I will feel in you the fragrance of my Divinity, and I will trust you in these sad times, which are nothing less than preludes of chastisements.... What will happen when things go further? Poor children, poor children...!"

It seems that Jesus suffers so much that He remains speechless; He hides more deeply than inside the heart so as to disappear completely. When I renew my laments because of my sorrowful state, and I call Him over and over again telling Him, 'Jesus, don't You hear about the tragedies that are happening? How is it possible that your merciful Heart can bear so much torment in your children?' - it seems that He barely moves in my interior, as if He didn't want to be heard. And I feel inside my breath another panting breath, like a rattle... It is the breath of Jesus because I recognize its sweetness. But as it refreshes me completely, it makes me feel deadly pains, because in that breath I feel the breath of all, especially of many lives dying in war; and Jesus suffers in an agonizing rattle. Other times, it seems that He is in so much pain that He sends feeble moans, which would move the hardest hearts to pity.

Then, as I was continuing my laments, this morning He came and said: "My daughter, the union of our wills is such that the volition of one cannot be distinguished from that of the other. It is this union of Wills that forms the perfection of the Three Divine Persons because, as We are equal in the Will, this uniformity brings also the uniformity of Sanctity, Wisdom, Beauty, Power, Love and of all the rest of our being. Therefore, We reflect Ourselves One to the Other, and our satisfaction in looking at Ourselves is so great as to render Us fully happy. So, each One is reflected in the Other, and each One pours into the Other all the

qualities of our Being, like many immense seas of different joys. If anything were dissimilar among Us, our Being could not be perfect, or fully happy.

Now, in creating man, We infused into Him our image and likeness in order to overwhelm him with our happiness and to be reflected and delighted in him. But man broke the first link of connection - the will - between himself and the Creator, therefore losing the true happiness; even more, all evils swooped down upon him. So, We can neither reflect Ourselves nor delight in him. We can do it only in that soul who does our Will in everything; in her We enjoy the complete fruit of Creation. Even those who have some virtues, who pray and attend the Sacraments do not allow Us to be reflected in them, if they do not conform to our Volition because, since their will is broken from Ours, all things are in disorder and upside down.

Ah, my daughter, only our Will is acceptable, since It re-orders, delights and brings all goods with It. Therefore, do my Will always and in everything, and may my Will be enough for you in every sanctity." And I: 'My Love and my Life, how can I conform to your Will in regard to the many chastisements that you are sending? It takes too much to say 'FIAT'... Furthermore, how many times have You told me that if I did your Will, You would do mine? And now, have You changed?'

And Jesus: "I have not changed; it is the creature that has reached the point of becoming unbearable. Come closer and suckle from my mouth the offenses that creatures send Me. If you can swallow them, I will suspend the chastisements."

I approached His mouth and suckled with avidity. To my greatest regret, I tried hard to swallow but I couldn't. I suffocated. I returned to try hard again, but I couldn't. Then, with a tender voice, sobbing, Jesus told me: "Have you seen? You cannot swallow it - it is too disgusting, nauseating and bitter. Spew it on the ground and it will fall upon creatures." So I spewed it, and Jesus too spewed it upon the earth from His mouth, saying: "This is nothing yet. This is nothing yet!" And He disappeared.

Vol. 11 - September 20, 1915

New chastisements. Every act must be tied by the 'FIAT' between the Divine and the human will.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen as He was touching and striking the creatures with chastisements in His hands. It seemed that the chastisements were spreading more. Among many things, it seemed that a conspiracy was being plotted against the Holy Church, and they were mentioning Rome. Blessed Jesus was afflicted and seemed covered by a black mantle. He told me: "My daughter, scourges make people rise again, but there will be so many that all people will be covered by sorrow and mourning. And since the creatures are my members, I am covered by a black mantle because of them."

I was all dismayed and I begged Him to calm Himself; and He, to relieve me, told me: "My daughter, the FIAT must be the sweet tie that will bind all your acts. My Will and yours will form the knot. Know that every thought, word and act done, tied with my Will, will be like many channels of communication opened between Myself and the creature. If all your acts will be tied to my Will, not one channel of Divine communication will be closed between you and Me."

Vol. 11 - October 2, 1915

Sins attract chastisements.

After having suffered very much because of the privations of my always adorable Jesus, it seemed that He came for a little while, but in such suffering as to be terrifying. I plucked up courage and drew near to the mouth of Jesus; I kissed Him, and I tried to suckle: who knows if I managed to relieve Him, by suckling part of His bitterness...

To my surprise, I was able to draw some bitterness out of Him, which other times I did not manage to do. But Jesus was in such suffering that it seemed as if He didn't realize it. However, after I did this, as if He were stirring Himself, He looked at me and said: "My daughter, I cannot take any more, I cannot take any more... The creature has reached the brim. She fills Me with such bitterness that my Justice was in the act of decreeing the general destruction. But you arrived in time to snatch a little bit of bitterness away from Me, so that my Justice might still hold off. However, the chastisements will spread more. Ah, man incites Me, he disposes Me to fill him, almost stuff him with sorrows and chastisements, otherwise he will not change his mind."

I hastened to pray Him that He would calm down; and with a moving tone He told me: "Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!" And He disappeared.

Vol. 11 - April 21, 1916

The privation of Jesus which Luisa suffers. The sins of the world have surrounded the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus with thorns, preventing Him from pouring His grace upon creatures.

I continue my most bitter days. I fear that some day Jesus may not even come in passing, and in my pain I keep repeating: 'Jesus, don't do this to me. If You don't want to speak - so be it; if You don't want to give me the gift of your charisms - FIAT! But not coming at all - not this! You know that it would cost me my life, and that my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt.' As I was saying this, blessed Jesus, increasing my bitterness, made Himself seen telling me: "Know that if I do not come to pour Myself out with you for a little while, it is because the world is receiving the last blow of destruction and all sorts of scourges."

What fright! I remained terrified and petrified for the pain. So I continued to pray, saying: 'My Jesus, for every moment of your privation I ask You that a new Life of Yours be created within the souls. You must give me this grace. Only on this condition do I accept your privation. I don't deprive myself of a trifle - but of You, immense, infinite, eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let's come to a deal.' Jesus stretched His arms around my neck, as if He were accepting. And looking at Him - ah, what a painful sight! Not only His head, but all His Most Holy Humanity was surrounded by thorns, to the extent that I was pricked in hugging Him, but I wanted to enter into Jesus at any cost. And He, all goodness, broke that garment of thorns at the point of His Heart, and placed me inside. I could see the Divinity of Jesus, and although His Divinity was one with His Humanity, while His Humanity was tortured, His Divinity remained untouchable.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, have you seen what a painful garment creatures made for Me, and how these thorns have penetrated into my Humanity? These thorns have closed the door to the Divinity, having surrounded all my Humanity, only from which could my Divinity come out for the good of creatures. Now it is necessary that I remove part of these thorns, and that I pour them on the creatures so that, as the Light of my Divinity flows from these thorns, I may save their souls. Therefore, it is necessary that the earth be invested by chastisements, earthquakes, famines, wars, etc., in order to break this garment of thorns that creatures made for Me. In this way, as the Light of the Divinity penetrates into their souls, I will be able to disillusion them, and to make better times arise."

Profusion of Entries of the Word Fiat in The Book of Heaven

Vol. 12 - August 14, 1917

Jesus did nothing other than give Himself prey to the Will of the Father. Difference between living resigned to the Will of God, and living in His Will.

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus just barely came, passing by, and told me: "My daughter, I did nothing other than give Myself prey to the Will of the Father. Therefore, if I thought, I thought in the mind of the Father; if I spoke, I spoke in the mouth and with the tongue of the Father; if I worked, I worked in the hands of the Father. I even breathed my breathing in Him, and everything I did was ordered the way He wanted. Therefore, I could say that I carried out my Life in the Father, and that I was the bearer of the Father, because I enclosed everything in His Will and I did nothing by Myself. My main point was the Will of the Father, because I did not care about Myself, nor did I interrupt my course because of the offenses I received; rather, I kept flying more and more toward my center. Only then did my natural Life end, when I fulfilled the Will of the Father in everything.

The same for you, my daughter. If you give yourself prey to my Will, you will no longer have concerns for anything. The very privation of Me, which torments you and consumes you so much, flowing in my Will, will find support, my hidden kisses, my Life in you, clothed with you. In your very heartbeat you will feel Mine - burning and sorrowful; and if you don't see Me, you feel Me; my arms hold you tightly. How many times you feel my motion, my refreshing breath, which refreshes your ardors! You do feel all this; and when you try to see who squeezed you, who breathes on you, and you do not see Me, I smile at you, I kiss you with the kisses of my Will, and I hide more within you, in order to surprise you again, and let you jump once more into my Will. Therefore, do not sadden Me by afflicting yourself - but let Me do. May the flight of my Volition never cease in you; otherwise you would hinder my Life within you. On the other hand, as you live in my Will, I do not find any hindrance, and I make my Life grow, and I carry out my Life as I want."

Now, out of obedience, I want to say a few words on the difference between living resigned to the Divine Will, and living in the Divine Will.

First: living resigned. According to my poor opinion, this means to be resigned to the Divine Will in everything, both in prosperous and in adverse circumstances, seeing in everything the Divine Will, the order of the divine dispositions which the Divine Will has over all creatures, such that not even one hair can fall from our head if the Lord does not want it so.

It seems to me like a good son, who goes wherever his Father wants, and suffers whatever his Father wants. Poor or rich, it is indifferent to him; he is happy just being what his Father wants. If he receives or asks for an order to go somewhere to carry out some business, he goes only because his Father wanted it so. But in the meantime, he has to take some refreshment, stop to rest, have some food, deal with people; therefore he has to put much from his own will, even though he goes because his Father wanted it. However, in many things he finds himself in the circumstance of doing them by himself; so it may happen that he is far away from his Father for days, for months, without receiving specification of the Will of his Father in all things.

Therefore, for one who lives resigned to the Divine Will, it is almost impossible not to mix his own will with It. He will be a good son; however, he will not have the thoughts, the words and the life of his Father fully portrayed within himself, in everything. In fact, since he has to go, return, follow and deal with people, love is already broken - because only a continuous union makes love grow, and it never breaks - and the current of the Will of the Father is not in continuous communication with the current of the will of the son. During those intervals the son may get used to doing his own will. However, I believe that this is the first step toward sanctity.

Second: living in the Divine Will. I would like the hand of my Jesus to write this. Ah, He alone could say all the beauty, the goodness and the sanctity of living in the Divine Will! I am not capable; I have many concepts in my mind, but I lack the words. My Jesus, pour Yourself into my word, and I will say what I can. Living in the Divine Will means being inseparable, doing nothing by oneself, because in the face of the Divine Will one feels incapable of anything. He does not ask for orders, nor does he receive them, because he feels incapable of going by himself. So he says: 'If You want me to do this, let us do it together, and if You want me to go, let us go together.' Therefore, he does all that his Father does. If the Father thinks, he makes the thoughts of the Father his own, and does not add one thought to those of his Father. If the Father looks, if He speaks, if He works, if He walks, if He suffers, if He loves, he too looks at what the Father is looking at; he repeats the words of the Father; he works with the hands of the Father; he walks with the feet of the Father; he suffers the same pains of the Father, and he loves with the love of the Father. He lives inside his Father, not outside of Him; therefore, he is the reflection and the perfect portrait of his Father - which is not, for the one who lives only resigned. It is impossible to find this son without his Father, nor the Father without him; and not only externally, but all his interior is as though interwoven with the interior of the Father - transformed, dissolved completely, completely, in God.

Oh, the rapid and sublime flights of this child in the Divine Will! This Divine Will is immense; in every instant It circulates within everyone; It gives life and order to everything. And the soul, wandering within this immensity, flies to all, helps all, loves all, but as Jesus Himself helps and loves - which cannot be done by one who lives only resigned.

Therefore, one who lives in the Divine Will finds it impossible to do things by himself; even more, he feels nausea for his human works, though holy, because in the Divine Will all things, even the smallest ones, take on a different look. They acquire nobility, splendor, Divine sanctity, Divine power and beauty; they multiply to infinity, and in one instant one does everything. And after he has done everything, he says: 'I have done nothing - Jesus did. And this is all my contentment: that, miserable as I am, Jesus gave me the honor to keep me in the Divine Will, to let me do what He Himself has done.' Therefore, the enemy cannot bother this child - whether he has done well or badly, little or much - because Jesus Himself did everything, and he together with Jesus. He is the most peaceful one; he is not subject to anxiety; he loves no one and loves everyone - but divinely. One can say that he is the repeater of the Life of Jesus, the organ of His voice, the heartbeat of His Heart, the sea of His graces.

True Sanctity, I believe, consists only in this. All other things are shadows, larvae, specters of sanctity.

In the Divine Will, virtues take their place in the Divine order; while, outside of It, in the human order, they are subject to self-esteem, to vainglory, to passions. Oh! how many good works, how many attended Sacraments are to be cried over before God, and to be repaired, because they are empty of Divine Will, and

therefore without fruits. Heaven willing that all would understand true sanctity. Oh! how all other things would disappear.

So, many find themselves on the false way of sanctity. Many place it in the pious practices of piety - and woe to those who move them! Oh, how they deceive themselves! If their wills are not united with Jesus and transformed in Him - which is the continuous prayer - with all of their pious practices their sanctity is false. And it shows how these souls pass very easily from pious practices to defects, to amusements, to the sowing of discord, and other things. Oh, how dishonoring this kind of sanctity is! Others place it in going to church, in attending all the services, but their will is far from Jesus. And it shows how these souls have little care for their own duties; and if they are hindered, they get angry, they cry that their sanctity goes up in the air. They complain, they disobey, they are the wounds of families. Oh! what a fake sanctity. Others place it in frequent confessions, in scrupulous spiritual directions, in having scruples for everything; but they do not have any scruple if their will does not run together with the Will of Jesus - and woe to those who contradict them! These souls are like inflated balloons: a little hole is enough for the air to come out, and their sanctity goes up in smoke, and falls to the ground. These poor balloons always have something to say; they are mostly inclined to sadness. They live always in doubt, and therefore would like to have a director for themselves, who would advise them, give them peace and console them in every little thing. But they are soon more agitated than before. Poor sanctity, how forged it is.

I would like the tears of my Jesus in order to cry together with Him over these false sanctities, and make everyone know how true sanctity is in doing the Divine Will and in living in the Divine Volition. This sanctity puts its roots so deeply that there is no danger that it may oscillate, because it fills Heaven and earth, and finds its support everywhere. This soul is firm, not subject to inconstancies or voluntary defects. She is attentive to her duties; she is the most sacrificed and detached from everyone and everything, even from spiritual directions themselves; and since her roots are deep, she rises up so high that the flowers and fruits bloom in Heaven. She is so hidden in God that the earth sees little or nothing of this soul. The Divine Will keeps her absorbed within Itself; only Jesus is the author, the life, the form of the sanctity of this enviable creature. She has nothing of her own, but everything is in common with Jesus. Her passion is the Divine Will; her characteristic is the Will of her Jesus, and 'FIAT' is her continuous motto.

On the other hand, the poor and false sanctity of the balloons is subject to continuous inconstancies, and while it appears that the balloons of their sanctity swell up so much as to seem to be flying in the air at a certain height, to the point that many, and even their directors, are amazed - soon they are disillusioned. One humiliation, one favor of the directors toward someone else, is enough to deflate these balloons, because they see this as a theft against them, considering themselves the neediest. So, while having scruples for silly things, they then reach the point of disobeying. Jealousy is the woodworm of these balloons, which, consuming the good they do, keeps sucking air from them, and the poor balloon deflates and falls to the ground, reaching the point of dirtying itself with earth. Then the sanctity that was in the balloon appears. And what can one find in it? Love of self, resentment, passions, hidden under the aspect of good, almost to have occasion to say: they have become the amusement of the devil; so, of all their sanctity, nothing was found but a mass of defects, apparently disguised as virtues. But then, who can say everything? Only Jesus knows the worst evils of this fake sanctity, of this devout life without foundation, because it leans on false piety. These fake sanctities are spiritual vines without fruit - sterile, and cause of who knows how much crying for my lovable Jesus. They are the ill feeling of society, the worry of very directors, and of families. One can say that they bring with themselves a noxious air that harms everyone.

Oh! how so very different is the sanctity of the soul who lives in the Divine Will! These souls are the smile of Jesus. They are far away from everyone, even from the very directors. Only Jesus is everything for them; therefore, nobody worries for them. The beneficial air which they possess embalms everyone; they are the order and the harmony of everyone. Jesus, jealous of these souls, becomes actor and spectator of whatever they do - there is not one heartbeat, breath, or thought which He does not regulate and dominate. Jesus keeps this soul so absorbed in the Divine Will that she can hardly remember that she is living in exile.

Vol. 12 - November 27, 1917

The Sanctity of living in the Divine Will is exempt from personal interest and waste of time.

I continue in order to obey. It seems that my always lovable Jesus wants to speak about the living in His Most Holy Will. It seems that when He speaks about His Most Holy Will, He forgets everything and

makes one forget about everything. The soul finds nothing other than the necessity - no other good than to live in His Volition. So, after I wrote about His Will on November 20, my sweet Jesus, being disappointed with me, told me: "My daughter, you did not say everything. I want you to neglect to write nothing when I speak to you about my Will - not even the most tiny things, because all of them will serve for the good of posterity. In all sanctities there have always been Saints who first started each kind of sanctity. So, there was the Saint who started the sanctity of the penitent; another who started the sanctity of obedience; another of humility, and so with all the other sanctities. Now I want you to be the beginning of the Sanctity of living in my Will.

My daughter, all other sanctities are not exempt from waste of time and from personal interest - as for example, a soul who lives attentive to obedience in everything. There is much waste of time; her saying and re-saying continuously, distracts her from Me, and she mistakes the virtue for Me. If she does not have the opportunity to take all the orders, she lives restless. Another one suffers from temptations - oh, how much waste of time! She never tires of telling of all her trials, and she mistakes the virtue for Me. And many times these sanctities end up in ruin. But the Sanctity of living in my Will is exempt from personal interest and waste of time; there is no danger that they might mistake the virtue for Me, because I Myself am the living in my Will.

This was the Sanctity of my Humanity on earth, and therefore It did everything for everyone, without a shadow of personal interest. Self-interest takes away the mark of Divine Sanctity. Therefore, it can never be a Sun; at the most, as beautiful as it may be, it can be a star. This is why I want the Sanctity of living in my Will - in these times, so sad, this generation needs these Suns, which may warm it, illuminate it and fecundate it. The disinterest of these terrestrial angels, all for the good of others, without a shadow of their own self, will open in hearts the way to receive my grace.

And then, churches are few and many will be destroyed. Many times I do not find Priests to consecrate Me; other times they allow unworthy souls to receive Me, and worthy souls not to receive Me; other souls are unable to receive Me, therefore my Love finds Itself hindered. This is why I want to make the Sanctity of living in my Will. In It, I will no longer need Priests to be consecrated, nor churches, tabernacles or hosts. These souls will be everything altogether: Priests, churches, tabernacles and hosts. My Love will be more free. Anytime I want to consecrate Myself, I will be able to do it - in every moment, during the day, at night, in any place where they might be. Oh, how my Love will have Its complete outpouring!

Ah! my daughter, the present generation deserved to be destroyed completely; and if I will allow a little something to be left of it, it is to form these Suns of the Sanctity of living in my Will, who, through my example, will repay Me for all that other creatures, past, present and future, owed Me. Then will the earth give Me true glory, and my "FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA, on earth as it is in Heaven" will have its completion and fulfillment."

Vol. 12 - January 8, 1919

The Divine Volition has the power to render infinite all that enters into the Divine Will.

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted, deprived of my sweet Jesus. But all of a sudden He came, though tired and distressed, almost searching for a refuge inside my heart, to extract Himself from the grave offenses which He received. Heaving a sigh, He told me: "My daughter, hide Me; don't you see how they persecute Me? Alas!, they want to put Me out, or give Me the last place. Let Me pour Myself out; it has been many days since I spoke to you about the destiny of the world, and the chastisements which they pull from Me with their evils. This pain is all concentrated in my Heart. I want to tell you about it to make you take part in it; so we will share the destiny of creatures, in order to pray, suffer and cry together for their good.

Ah! my daughter, there will be fights among them. Death will claim many lives, including Priests. Oh, how many masks dressed as Priests! I want to remove them before the rising of the persecution against my Church, and of revolutions. Who knows if they might convert at the moment of death. Otherwise, if I leave them there, during the persecution these masks will remove their mask, will unite with the sectarians, will be the fiercest enemies of the Church, and their salvation will be more difficult."

All afflicted, I said: 'Ah, my Jesus, what pain it is to hear You speak about these blessed chastisements! And the peoples? How will they do without Priests? They are already few enough - and You want to take away more of them? Who will administer the Sacraments? Who will teach your laws?' And Jesus: "My daughter, do not afflict yourself too much. The scarce number is nothing. I will give to one the grace and the strength that I give to ten, to twenty; and one will be worth ten, or twenty of them. I can compensate for

everything. And then, the many Priests who are not good, are the poison of the peoples; instead of good, they do evil, so I will do nothing other than remove the prime elements who poison the peoples."

Jesus disappeared, and I remained with a nail inside my heart because of what He had told me, and almost restless, thinking about the pains of my sweet Jesus and the destiny of the poor creatures. Then Jesus came back, and surrounding my neck with His arm, added: "My beloved, courage. Enter into Me, come and swim in the immense sea of my Volition, of my Love. Hide yourself inside the uncreated Will and Love of your Creator. My Volition has the power to render infinite all that enters into my Will, and to raise and transform the acts of the creatures into eternal acts. In fact, all that enters into my Will acquires Eternity, Infinity, Immensity, losing all that has a beginning, that which is finite, little. All that my Will is, so It renders their acts. Therefore, say - shout loudly in my Will: *'I Love You'*. I will hear the note of my eternal Love; I will feel the created love hidden inside the uncreated Love, and I will feel Myself being loved by the creature with an eternal, infinite, immense Love - a Love worthy of Me, which stands in for Me, and which can compensate Me for the love of all."

I remained surprised and enchanted, and I said: 'Jesus, what are You saying?' And He: "My dear, do not be surprised. Everything is eternal in Me - nothing has a beginning, nor will it have an end. You yourself and all creatures were eternal in my Mind. The Love with which I formed Creation, which was unleashed from Me and which endowed every heart, was eternal. What is the wonder, then, if the creature, leaving her own will, enters into Mine, and uniting herself to the Love which longed for her and loved her from Eternity, and binding herself with that eternal Love from which she came, performs her acts, loves Me, and acquires eternal, infinite, immense value and power? Oh, how little it is known about my Will! This is why It is not loved nor appreciated; and because of this, the creature is content with remaining down below, operating as if she did not have an eternal origin, but a temporary one."

I myself don't know whether I am speaking nonsense. My lovable Jesus casts such light into my mind about His Most Holy Will that I am not only unable to contain it, but I lack the right words to express myself. So, while my mind was wandering within this light, blessed Jesus gave me a simile, telling me: "In order to let you understand better what I told you, imagine a Sun. This Sun spreads many little lights, diffusing them over the whole Creation, giving them full freedom to live, either spread through the Creation, or inside the Sun Itself, from which they came out. Isn't it right that the little lights which live in the Sun - their acts, their love - acquire the heat, the love, the power and the immensity of the Sun Itself? After all, they used to be within the Sun, they are part of the Sun, they live at the expense of the Sun, and live the same life of the Sun. By no means do they increase or reduce this Sun, because what is immense is not subject to grow or to decrease; the Sun only receives the glory, the honor that these tiny lights return to It, making a life in common with It. This is all the accomplishment and satisfaction of the Sun. I am the Sun. The little lights which come from the Sun are the creatures. The lights which live inside the Sun are the souls who live in my Will. Have you understood now?"

'I believe so...' But who can say what I comprehended? I would have wanted to remain silent, but the FIAT of Jesus did not want it; so I kissed His FIAT, and I wrote in His Will. May He be always blessed.

Vol. 12 - February 10, 1919

Jesus asks Luisa whether she wants to live in His Will; whether she wants to accept the office of second link with His Humanity, and whether she wants to accept His Love as her own, and His Will as Life.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and taking my hands in His own, He held them tightly, and with a majestic affability said to me: "My daughter, tell Me, do you want to live in my Will? Do you want to accept the office of second link with my Humanity? Do you want to accept all my Love as your own, my Will as Life, and the very pains which the Divinity inflicted on my Humanity - which were so many that my Love feels the irresistible need not only to make them known, but to share them - as much as it is possible for a creature? I can share them and make them known only to one who lives in my Will - all at the expense of my Love. My daughter, it is my usual way to ask for the 'yes' of the creature, to then operate freely with her."

Jesus remained silent, as if He was waiting for my "FIAT". I was surprised, and I said: 'My life, Jesus, your Will is mine. You, yourself, unite them together and form one single FIAT, so I will say "yes" together with You. I beg You to have mercy on me; my misery is great, and only because You want it, I say: "FIAT,

FIAT.' But – oh!, how annihilated and pulverized I felt in the abyss of my nothingness; more so, since this nothing was called to live in the All.

So, my sweet Jesus united the two wills together and impressed a *FIAT*. My "yes" entered into the Divine Volition, and it seemed to be not a human, but a Divine "yes", because it had been pronounced in the Will of Jesus. This "yes" in the Divine Will multiplied into many, for as many refusals as the creatures gave to my sweet Jesus; it made the most solemn reparations and embraced everyone, as though wanting to bring everyone to Jesus, substituting for all. It was a "yes" which had the seal and the power of the Divine Volition, pronounced not out of fear, nor for interest of personal sanctity, but only to live in the Will of Jesus, to run for the good of all, and to bring to Jesus divine glory, love and reparations. My lovable Jesus seemed so happy with my "yes" that He said to me: "Now I want to adorn you and clothe you like Me, so that you may come with Me before the Majesty of the Eternal One, to repeat my own office." So, Jesus clothed me, as though identifying me with His Humanity, and we found ourselves together before the Supreme Majesty. I don't know how to say it... this Majesty was an inaccessible, immense, varied Light of incomprehensible beauty, on which everything was dependent. I remained dissolved in It, and even the Humanity of Jesus was little. Just to enter the air of this Light was delightful, embellishing... But I don't know how to go on to explain.

My sweet Jesus said: "Adore the Uncreated Power together with Me in the immensity of my Will, so that not I alone, but also another creature may adore in a divine manner, and in the name of all her brothers of the generations of all centuries, the One Who created everything - on Whom all things are dependent."

How beautiful it was to adore together with Jesus! We multiplied ourselves for all; we placed ourselves before the Throne of the Eternal One, as though to defend Him from those who would not recognize the Eternal Majesty, or would even insult It, and we ran for the good of all to make It known. We did other acts, Jesus and I together, but I feel that I don't know how to go on. My mind wavers and cannot lend me the right words; therefore I will not go on. If Jesus wants, I will come back to this point. Then, my sweet Jesus brought me back into myself; but my mind remained bound to an eternal point from which it could not move... Jesus! Jesus, help me to correspond to your graces! Help your little daughter, help the little spark!

Vol. 12 - March 20, 1919

The deaths and the pains which the Divinity made the Humanity of Jesus suffer for each soul, were not just an intention, but they were real. Luisa takes part in them.

I felt my poor mind immersed in the pains of my lovable Jesus; and since I had been told that it seemed impossible that Jesus could suffer so many deaths and so many pains for each one, as is said above, my Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Will contains the power of everything. It was enough that my Will wanted it, for it to happen. And if it were not so, my Will would have had a limit in Its power, while I am without limits and infinite in all my things. Therefore, whatever I want, I do. Ah, how little I am understood by creatures, and therefore I am not loved! Come into my Humanity, and I will let you see and touch with your hand what I have told you."

In that moment I found myself in Jesus, Who was inseparable from the Divinity and from the Eternal Volition. By just wanting it, this Volition created repeated deaths, innumerable pains, blows without scourges, the sharpest pricks without thorns, with such an ease, just as when, with one "FIAT", It created billions of stars... It did not take as many "FIATs" for as many created stars - one was enough. Yet, not just one star came out to the light, while the others remained in the Divine Mind or in Its intention - rather, all of them, in reality, came out, and each one had its own light to adorn our atmosphere. In the same way, it seemed that, in the Heaven of the Most Holy Humanity of our Lord, with Its creative "FIAT", the Divine Volition created life and death as many times as It wanted.

So, being in Jesus, I found myself at that point when Jesus suffered the scourging from the Divine hands. It was enough for the Eternal Will to want it and, without blows, without lashes, the flesh of the Humanity of Jesus fell off in pieces; deep furrows were formed, but in a harrowing manner, and in His most intimate parts. The obedience of Jesus to that Divine Volition was such that His Humanity melted by Itself, but in such a painful way that one can say that the scourging which He received from the Jews was the image and the shadow of that which He suffered from the Eternal Volition. Then, at the will of the Divine Volition, His Humanity recomposed Itself. This happened when He suffered deaths for each creature, and all the rest. I took part in these pains of Jesus, and - oh, how vividly did I understand that the Divine Volition can make us die as many times as It wants, and then give us life again. Oh God, these are unutterable things, excesses of

love, profound mysteries, almost inconceivable to created mind... I felt unable to return to life, to the use of senses, to motion, after I suffered those pains; and my blessed Jesus told me: "Daughter of my Will, my Volition gave you those pains, and my Volition gives back to you life, motion, and everything. I will call you often in my Divinity to take part in the many deaths and pains which, in reality, I suffered for each soul. It is not, as some believe, that it was only in my Will, or that I just had the intention of giving life to each one. False, false! They do not know the prodigy, the Love and the Power of my Will. You, who have somehow known the reality of the many deaths suffered for all, do not put it in doubt, but love Me, be grateful for all, and be ready when my Will calls you."

Vol. 12 - March 22, 1919

All things came out to life from the Eternal FIAT. Excesses of love in the creation of man.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I could see all the order of created things. And my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, see what harmony, what order in all created things, and how all of them came out to life from the Eternal FIAT. Everything cost Me a FIAT. The most tiny star as well as the refulgent and splendid Sun, the most tiny plant just as the great tree, the most tiny insect just as the largest animal - they all seem to say among themselves: 'We are noble creatures. Our origin is the Eternal Volition; we all carry the mark of the Supreme FIAT. It is true that we are distinct and different from one another; we have diversity of office, of light, of heat, but this says nothing: one is our value - the FIAT of a God; one our life and preservation - the FIAT of the Eternal Majesty...' Oh, how eloquently does Creation speak of the Power of my Will, teaching that from the greatest thing to the smallest, one is the value, because they have life from the Divine Volition! In fact, a star would say to the Sun: 'It is true that you have much light and heat; your office is great, your goods immense. The earth almost depends on you, so much so, that I do nothing in comparison to you. But the FIAT of a God made you so; therefore our values are equal - the glory which we give to our Creator is completely similar'."

Then He added in a more afflicted tone: "It was not so in creating man. It is true that his origin is my FIAT, but this was not enough for Me. Taken by excess of love, I breathed on him, wanting to infuse in him my own Life. I endowed him with reason; I made him free, and I constituted him king of the whole Creation. But man, ungrateful - how did he correspond to Me? Amid all Creation, he alone has become the sorrow of my Heart, the clashing note. And then, how much could I tell you about my crafting in the sanctification of souls? Not only one FIAT, not my breath, do I place at their disposal, but my very Life, my Love, my Wisdom. Yet, how many rejections, how many defeats my Love receives! Ah, my daughter, compassionate my hard sorrow, and come into My Will to substitute for the love of the whole human family, so as to soothe my pierced Heart!"

Vol. 12 - June 4, 1919

In order for Redemption to be complete, Jesus was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries; and since the Divinity was incapable of giving Him these pains, this is why He suffered the Passion from the hands of creatures on the last of His mortal days.

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable Jesus, especially when He found Himself under the storm of the scourges, and I thought to myself: 'When did Jesus suffer more - in the pains which the Divinity made Him suffer during the whole course of His Life, or on the last day from the hands of the Jews?' And my sweet Jesus, with a light which He sent to my intellect, told me: "My daughter, the pains which the Divinity gave Me surpass by far those which creatures gave Me, both in power and in intensity, multiplicity and length of time. However, there was not injustice or hatred, but highest love and accord on the part of all Three Divine Persons in the commitment which I had taken upon Myself to save souls at the cost of suffering as many deaths for as many creatures as would come out to the light of Creation, and which the Father had granted to Me with highest love.

Injustice and hatred do not exist in the Divinity, nor can they exist. Therefore, It was unable to make Me suffer these pains. But man, with sin, had committed highest injustice, hatred, etc., and in order to glorify the Father completely, I was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries, etc. This is why, on the last of my mortal days, I suffered the Passion on the part of creatures, in which the injustices, the hatred, the mockeries, the revenges and the humiliations that they used against Me were so many as to render my poor Humanity the opprobrium of all, to the point that I did not look like a man. They disfigured Me so much that they themselves

were horrified in looking at Me. I was the abject and the refuse of all. Therefore, I could call them two distinct Passions.

Creatures could not give Me as many deaths or pains, for as many creatures, and as many sins as they would commit. They were incapable of it. Therefore the Divinity took on this commitment, but with highest love and accord on both sides. Besides, the Divinity was incapable of injustice, etc.; so, creatures took over, and I completed the Work of Redemption in everything. How much souls cost Me - this is why I love them so much!"

Another day I was thinking to myself: 'My beloved Jesus has told me so many things; and I - have I been attentive in doing all that He taught me? Oh, how meager I am in pleasing Him! How incapable I feel of everything! So, His many teachings will be my condemnation.' And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself? The teachings of your Jesus will never serve to condemn you. Even if you did only once what I have taught you, you would still place a star in the heaven of your soul. In fact, just as I extended a heaven over the human nature and my "FIAT" studded it with stars, in the same way, I extended a heaven in the depth of the soul, and the "FIAT" of the good which she does - because any good is a fruit of my Will - comes to embellish this heaven with stars. Therefore, if she does ten goods, she places ten stars in it; if a thousand, one thousand stars... So, think rather of repeating my teachings as much as you can, in order to stud the heaven of your soul with stars, so that it will not be inferior to the heaven that shines upon your horizon; and each star will carry the mark of the teaching of your Jesus. How much honor you will give Me!"

Vol. 12 - November 28, 1920

When Jesus wants to give, He asks. Effects of the blessing of Jesus.

I was thinking of when my sweet Jesus, in order to begin His sorrowful Passion, wanted to go to His Mama and ask for her blessing. And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, how many things does this mystery reveal. I wanted to go to my dear Mama and ask for her blessing, in order to give her the opportunity to ask for my blessing Herself. The pains which she was to bear were too many, and it was just that my blessing would strengthen her. It is my usual way to ask, whenever I want to give, and my Mama understood Me immediately; so much so, that she did not bless Me before asking for my blessing, and only after I blessed her, did she blessed Me.

But this is not all. In order to create the Universe, I pronounced one "FIAT", and by that one "FIAT" I reordered and embellished heaven and earth. In creating man, my omnipotent Breath infused life in him. Upon beginning my Passion, I wanted to bless my Mama with my omnipotent and creative Word. But I did not bless her only; in my Mama I saw all creatures. She was the one who had primacy over all, and in Her I blessed all, and each one. Even more, I blessed each thought, word, act, etc.; I blessed each thing which had to serve the creature. Just as the Sun, created by my omnipotent "FIAT", is still following its course for all, and for each mortal, without ever decreasing in light or heat; in the same way, in blessing, my creative Word remained in the act of blessing continuously, without ever ceasing to bless – just as the Sun will never cease to give its light to all creatures.

Yet, this is not all. With my blessing I wanted to renew the qualities of Creation. I wanted to call my Celestial Father to bless, in order to communicate Power to the creature; I wanted to bless her in My name and in the name of the Holy Spirit in order to communicate to her Wisdom and Love, and therefore renew the memory, the intellect and the will of the creature, restoring her as sovereign of all.

However, know that, in giving, I want. My dear Mama understood, and she immediately blessed Me, not only for Herself but in the name of all. Oh! if all could see this blessing of Mine; they would feel it in the water they drink, in the fire that warms them, in the food they take, in the sorrow that afflicts them, in the moans of their prayer, in the remorse of guilt, in the abandonment of creatures. In everything they would hear my creative word saying to them - but, alas, it is not heard: 'I bless you in the name of the Father, of Myself, the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. I bless you to help you, I bless you to defend you, to forgive you, to console you - I bless you to make you a saint.' And the creature would echo my blessings, by blessing Me too, in everything. These are the effects of my blessing; and my Church, instructed by Me, echoes Me, and in almost all circumstances – the administration of the Sacraments and others – She gives Her blessing."

Vol. 12 - December 22, 1920

The Creative Power is found in the Divine Will. Deaths which give life to others.

I was thinking about the Most Holy Will of God, saying to myself: 'What a magic force this Divine Will has - what power, what enchantment!' Now, while I was thinking of this, my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, the mere word 'Will-of-God' contains the Creative Power. Therefore, it has the power to create, to transform, to consume, and to make new torrents of light, of love, of sanctity flow in the soul. Only in the "FIAT" is there Creative Power; and if the priest consecrates Me in the Host, it is because my Will gave that power to those words which he pronounces over the Holy Host. Therefore, everything comes from the "FIAT", and is found in It. And if at the mere thought of doing my Will the soul feels soothed, strengthened, changed - because by thinking of doing my Will, it is as if she placed herself on the way to find all goods - what will it be to do It?"

After this, I recalled that years before my sweet Jesus had said to me: "We will present ourselves before the Supreme Majesty with written on our foreheads in indelible characters: 'We want death in order to give life to our brothers; we want pains in order to free them from eternal pains.' Now, I said to myself: 'How can I do this if He does not come? I could do it with Him, but I am unable to go by myself. And then, how can I suffer so many deaths?' And blessed Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, you can do it always and in every instant, because I am always with you and I never leave you. And then, I want to tell you how these deaths are, and how they are formed. I suffer death when my Will wants to operate some good in the creature, and departing from Me, It brings with Itself the grace and the help which are needed in order to do that good. If the creature is disposed to do that good, it is as if my Will multiplied another life; if the creature is reluctant, it is as if my Will suffered a death. Oh, how many deaths does my Will suffer! Death in the creature is when I want her to do some good, and by not doing it, her will dies to that good. Therefore, if the creature is not in continuous act of doing my Will, she receives as many deaths for as many times as she does not do It. She dies to that light which she should have by doing that good; she dies to that grace; she dies to those charisms.

Now I will tell you what your deaths are, with which you could give life to our brothers. When you feel deprived of Me and your heart is lacerated, and you feel an iron hand that squeezes it - you feel a death; or rather, more than death, because death would be life for you. This death could give life to our brothers, because this pain and this death contain a Divine Life, an immense Light, a creative Power - they contain everything. They are a death and a pain which contain an eternal and infinite value. So, how many lives could you give to our brothers? I will suffer these deaths together with you, giving them the value of my death, so as to release life from death. Therefore, look at how many deaths you suffer: each time you want Me and you do not find Me is a real death for you, because you really do not see Me and do not feel Me. This is death for you - it is martyrdom; and that which is death for you can be life for others."

Vol. 12 - January 7, 1921

The smile of Jesus when He will the first fruits, the children of His Will, living not in the human sphere, but in the Divine sphere.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came and surrounded my neck with His arm. Then He drew near my heart, and holding His breast between His hands, He pressed it to my heart, and rivulets of milk came out of it. He filled my heart with those rivulets of milk; and then he told me: "My daughter, do you see how much I love you? I wanted to fill all your heart with the milk of Grace and of Love; so, everything you will say and do, will be nothing other than the outpouring of the Grace with which I filled you. You will do nothing - you will just place your volition at the mercy of my Will, and I will do everything. You will be nothing but the sound of my voice, the bearer of my Will, the destroyer of the virtues in a human manner, and the restorer of the virtues in a divine manner, which are founded on an eternal, immense, infinite point." Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while He came back, and I was feeling all annihilated, especially in thinking about certain things which it is not necessary here to say. My affliction was at its summit, and I said to myself: 'How can this be? My Jesus, do not permit this! Maybe You want the will, but not the act of this sacrifice. And then, in the hard state in which I find myself, I aspire to nothing but Heaven.' And Jesus, coming out from my interior, burst into sob. I could hear that sob resound in Heaven and on earth; but as He was about to stop sobbing, a smile arose which, just like the sob, reverberated in Heaven and on earth. I remained enchanted, and my Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, after the great sorrow which creatures are giving Me in these sad times, to the

extent of making Me cry – and because this is the crying of a God, it resounds in Heaven and on earth - a smile will take over, which will fill Heaven and earth with gladness. This smile will arise on my lips when I see the first fruits - the children of my Will - living not in the human sphere, but in the Divine sphere. I will see them all marked with the eternal, immense, infinite Will; I will see that eternal point which has life only in Heaven, flow upon earth and mold the souls with its infinite principles, with divine acting, with the multiplication of acts within one single Act. And just as Creation came out from the FIAT, in the FIAT It will be fulfilled. Only the children of my Volition will accomplish everything in the FIAT; and in my FIAT, which will have life in them, I will receive complete love, glory, reparation, thanksgiving and praise, for everything and for everyone. My daughter, things return there where they come from: everything came out from the FIAT, and in the FIAT everything will return to Me. They will be few, but in the FIAT they will give Me everything."

Vol. 12 - January 10, 1921

The "FIAT MIHI" of the Most Holy Virgin. God wants a second "yes" in His Will. The "FIAT" of Luisa.

I was concerned about what is written above, and I said to myself: 'I don't know what Jesus wants from me; yet, He knows how bad I am, and how good at nothing.' And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, remember that years ago I asked you if you wanted to live in my Will; and since I wanted you in my Will, I wanted you to pronounce your 'yes' in my own Volition. This 'yes' was bound to an eternal point, and to a Will which will never end. This 'yes' is in the center of my Volition, surrounded by infinite immensity; and if it tries to go out, it almost cannot find the way. Therefore, at your little oppositions, at some discontent of yours, I laugh and I amuse Myself, because I see you like those people who are bound, by their own will, in the depth of the sea, and wanting to go out, they find nothing but water. And since they are bound in the depth of the sea, they feel the bother of wanting to get out, and in order to remain tranquil and happy, they plunge themselves even more into the depth of the sea. In the same way, in seeing you perplexed, as though wanting to go out, and in seeing that, unable to do it, being bound by your own 'yes', you plunge yourself even more into the depths of my Will – I laugh, and I amuse Myself. And then, do you think it is something trivial and easy to move from within my Will? You would move an eternal point; and if you knew what it means to move an eternal point, you would tremble with fright."

Then He added: "I asked the first 'yes' in my FIAT, of my dear Mama, and – oh, the power of Her FIAT in my Will! As soon as the Divine FIAT met with the FIAT of my Mama, the two became one. My FIAT raised Her, divinized Her, overshadowed Her, and with no human intervention, conceived Me, the Son of God. Only in my FIAT could She conceive Me. My FIAT communicated to Her immensity, infinity, fecundity, in a Divine manner, and therefore the Immense Eternal Infinite One could be conceived in Her. As soon as She said, 'FIAT MIHI', not only did She take possession of Me, but She overshadowed all creatures and all created things. She felt within Herself the life of all creatures, and from that moment She began to act as the Mother and Queen of all. How many portents does this 'yes' of my Mama not contain – if I wanted to tell them all, you would never stop listening."

Now, I asked a second 'yes' in my Will, of you; and you, though trembling, pronounced it. This 'yes' in my Volition will accomplish its portents – it will have its divine fulfillment. You – follow Me, plunge yourself more deeply into the immense sea of my Will, and I will take care of everything. My Mama did not think about how I would manage to incarnate Myself in Her; She just said, 'FIAT MIHI', and I took care of how to be incarnated. So you will do."

Vol. 12 - January 17, 1921

The "FIAT MIHI" of the Most Holy Virgin had the same Power of the Creative "FIAT". The third "FIAT" will be the fulfillment and the completion of the prayer taught by Jesus: Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in Terra.

I felt my poor mind immersed in the immense sea of the Divine Volition. I could see the mark of the FIAT everywhere. I saw it in the Sun, and it seemed to me that the echo of the FIAT in the Sun brought me Divine Love, which darted through me, wounded me and flashed through me. And I, on the wings of the FIAT of the Sun, went up to the Eternal One bringing, in the name of the whole human family, the Love which darted, wounded, and flashed through the Supreme Majesty. And I said: 'In Your FIAT You gave me all this Love, and only in the FIAT can I return it to You.'

I looked at the stars and I could see the FIAT in them; and in their sweet and meek glittering, this FIAT brought me pacific Love, sweet Love, hidden Love, compassionate Love in the very night of sin. And I, in the FIAT of the stars, in the name of all, brought to the Throne of the Eternal One pacific Love in order to put peace between Heaven and earth, the sweet Love of the loving souls, the hidden Love of many others, the Love of the creatures when, after sin, they come back to God. But who can say all that I understood and did in the many FIATs which were scattered over all Creation? I would be too long; so I stop here.

Then, my sweet Jesus took my hands in His own, and squeezing them tightly, told me: "My daughter, the FIAT is all full of Life - even more, It is Life Itself, and this is why all lives and all things come from within the FIAT. Creation came out from my 'FIAT'; therefore in each created thing one can see the mark of the FIAT. Redemption came out from the 'FIAT MIHI' of my dear Mama, pronounced in my Volition and carrying the same Power of my Creative 'FIAT.' Therefore, there is nothing in Redemption which does not contain the mark of the 'FIAT MIHI' of my Mama. Even my very Humanity, my steps, words and works were marked by Her 'FIAT MIHI.' My pains, my wounds, my thorns, my Cross, my Blood, had the mark of Her 'FIAT MIHI', because things carry the mark of the origin from which they come. My origin in time was the 'FIAT MIHI' of the Immaculate Mama; therefore all of my works carry the mark of Her 'FIAT MIHI.' So, Her 'FIAT MIHI' is in each Sacramental Host; if man rises again from sin, if the newborn is baptized, if Heaven opens to receive souls, it is the 'FIAT MIHI' of my Mama that marks everything, follows everything, and from It everything proceeds. Oh, power of the FIAT! It rises every instant; It multiplies, and It becomes life of all goods.

Now I want to tell you why I asked for your 'FIAT' - your 'yes' in my Volition. I want the prayer which I taught - the '*Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in terra*' - this prayer of so many centuries, of so many generations - to have its fulfillment and completion. This is why I wanted another 'yes' in my Volition - another 'FIAT' containing the Creative Power. I want the 'FIAT' that rises every instant, and multiplies in everyone. I want, in one soul, my own 'FIAT' which ascends to my Throne and, by its Creative Power, brings upon earth the life of the 'FIAT on earth as It is in Heaven'."

Surprised and annihilated in hearing this, I said: 'Jesus, what are You saying? Yet, You know how bad and incapable of anything I am.' And He: "My daughter, it is my usual way to choose the most abject, unable, poor souls for my greatest works. Even my Mama had nothing extraordinary in her exterior life; no miracles - not a sign that would distinguish Her from other women. Her only distinction was perfect virtue, to which almost no one paid attention. And if to other Saints I gave the distinction of miracles, and I adorned others with my wounds, to my Mama, nothing - nothing. Yet, She was the portent of portents, the miracle of miracles, the true and perfect crucified - no one else like Her.

I usually act like a master who has two servants. One of them seems a herculean giant, good at everything; the other one is short, unable, and seems to be good at nothing - not an important service. If the master keeps him, it is more for charity, and also for fun. Now, having to send a million - a billion, to another town, what does he do? He calls the little and incapable one, and entrusts the great sum to him, saying to himself: 'If I give it to the giant, all will fix their attention on him; thieves may attack him and rob him; and if he tries to defend himself with his herculean strength, he may be wounded. I know that he is capable, but I want to spare him; I do not want to expose him to the obvious danger. On the other hand, no one will pay attention to this little one, knowing him to be incapable; no one would think that I would entrust such an important sum to him; and so he will come back safe and sound.' The poor incapable one is surprised that the master would trust him, when he could have used the giant, and all trembling and humble, he goes to deposit the great sum, with no one deigning to give him even a glance. So, he returns safe and sound to his master, more trembling and humble than before.

So I do: the greater the work I want to do, the more I choose abject, poor, ignorant souls, with no outward appearance which may expose them. The abject state of the soul will serve as safe custody for my work. The thieves of self-esteem and love of self will not pay attention to her, knowing her inability. And she, humble and trembling, will carry out the office entrusted by Me, knowing that she has done nothing by herself, but that I did everything in her."

Vol. 12 - January 24, 1921

The third FIAT will bring to completion the glory and the honor of the FIAT of Creation, and will be confirmation and development of the fruits of the FIAT of Redemption. These three FIATs will conceal the Most Holy Trinity on earth.

I was feeling annihilated in thinking about this blessed FIAT, but my lovable Jesus wanted to increase my confusion. It seems that He wants to make fun of me, proposing to me astonishing and almost incredible things, taking pleasure in seeing me confused and more annihilated. And what is worse, is that I am forced by obedience to write them, to my greater torment. So, while I was praying, my sweet Jesus leaned His head against Mine, sustaining His forehead with His hand; and a light coming from His forehead told me: "My daughter, the first FIAT was pronounced in Creation with no intervention of creature. The second FIAT was pronounced in Redemption; I wanted the intervention of the creature, and I chose my Mama for the completion of the second FIAT. Now, for the fulfillment of both, I want to pronounce the third FIAT, and I want to pronounce It through you; I have chosen you for the fulfillment of the third FIAT. This third FIAT will bring to completion the glory and the honor of the FIAT of Creation, and will be confirmation and development of the fruits of the FIAT of Redemption. These three FIATs will conceal the Most Holy Trinity on earth, and I will have the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as it is in Heaven. These three FIATs will be inseparable - each one will be life of the other. They will be one and triune, but distinct among themselves. My Love wants it, my Glory demands it: having unleashed the first two FIATs from the womb of my Creative Power, It wants to unleash the third FIAT, because my Love can no longer contain It – and this, in order to complete the work which came from Me; otherwise, the works of Creation and of Redemption would be incomplete."

On hearing this, I was not only confused, but stunned, and I said to myself: 'Is all this possible? There are so many. And if it is true that He has chosen me, it seems to me that this is one of the usual follies of Jesus. And then, what could I do or say from within a bed, half crippled and inept as I am? Could I ever face the multiplicity and infinity of the FIAT of Creation and of Redemption? Since my FIAT is similar to the other two FIATs, I must run together with them, multiply myself with them, do the good which they do, braid myself with them... Jesus, think of what You are doing! I am not for this much.' But who can tell all the nonsense that I was saying?

Now, my sweet Jesus came back and told me: "My daughter, calm yourself - I choose whomever I please. However, know that I begin all of my works between Myself and one creature; and then they are spread. In fact, who was the first spectator of the FIAT of my Creation? Adam, and then Eve. It surely wasn't a multitude of people. Only after years and years did crowds and multitudes of people become spectators of It. In the second FIAT my Mama was the only spectator; not even Saint Joseph knew anything, and my Mama found herself more than in your condition: the greatness of the Creative Power of my work which She felt within Herself was such that, confused, She did not feel the strength to mention it to anyone. And if, then, Saint Joseph knew it, it was because I manifested it to him. So, this FIAT germinated like a seed within Her virginal womb; the ear of grain was formed in order to multiply It, and then It came to the light of day. But who were the spectators? Very few. In the room of Nazareth my dear Mama and Saint Joseph were the only spectators. Then, when my Most Holy Humanity grew up, I went out and I made Myself known - but not to all. Afterwards, It spread more, and It will still spread.

So will the third FIAT be. It will germinate within you; the ear of grain will be formed; only the priest will have knowledge of It. Then, a few souls - and then, It will spread. It will spread, and will follow the same path as Creation and Redemption. The more crushed you feel, the more the ear of the third **FIAT** grows and is fecundated in you. Therefore, be attentive and faithful."

Vol. 12 - February 2, 1921

The third FIAT must run together with the other two FIATs. These three FIATs have the same value and power, because they contain the Creative Power.

Continuing in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in the Divine Volition, and I said to myself: 'My Jesus, I want to love You, and I want so much love as to compensate for the love of all generations which have been, and which will be. But who can give me so much love as to be able to love for all? My Love, in your Will there is the Creative Power; therefore in your Will I myself want to create so much love as to compensate for, and surpass the love of all, and all that all creatures are obliged to give to God Our Creator...'

While I was doing this, I said: 'How much nonsense I am saying.' And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, surely in my Will there is the Creative Power. Billions and billions of stars

came out from one single FIAT. Billions and billions of acts of Grace which communicate themselves to souls, come out from the FIAT MIHI of my Mama, from which Redemption took origin. These acts of Grace are more beautiful, more shining, more varied than stars; and while the stars are fixed and do not multiply, the acts of Grace multiply to infinity; they run in every instant, attract the creatures, delight them, strengthen them and give them life. Ah! if creatures could see the supernatural order of Grace, they would hear such harmonies, and see such an enchanting scene as to believe that that's their Paradise. Now, the third FIAT too must run together with the other two FIATs. It must multiply to infinity, and in every instant It must give as many acts for as many acts of Grace as are unleashed from my womb; for as many stars, for as many drops of water, and for as many created things as were unleashed by the FIAT of Creation. It must merge with them and say: 'As many acts as you are - so many I do.'

These three FIATs have the same value and power. You disappear – it I the FIAT that acts, and therefore you too can say in my Omnipotent FIAT: 'I want to create so much love, so many adorations, so many blessings, so much glory to my God as to compensate for everyone and for everything.' Your acts will fill Heaven and earth; they will multiply themselves with the acts of Creation and of Redemption, and will become one.

All this will seem astonishing and incredible to some; in this case they would have to doubt about my Creative Power. And then, when it is I who want it, and who give this power, every doubt ceases. Am I perhaps not free to do whatever I want, and to give to whomever I want? You - be attentive. I will be with you; I will overshadow you with my Creative Power, and I will accomplish what I want upon you."

Vol. 12 - February 8, 1921

While the world wants to cast Jesus away from the face of the earth, He is preparing an Era of Love: the Era of His third FIAT.

This morning, after receiving Communion, I heard in my interior my always lovable Jesus saying: "O iniquitous world, you are doing everything you can to cast Me away from the face of the earth, to banish Me from society, from schools, from conversations - from everything. You are plotting how to demolish temples and altars, how to destroy my Church and kill my ministers; while I am preparing for you an Era of Love - the Era of my third FIAT. You will make your own way in order to banish Me, and I will confuse you by means of Love. I will follow you from behind, and I will come toward you from the front so as to confuse you in Love; and wherever you have banished Me, I will raise my throne, and there will I reign more than before - but in a more astonishing way; so much so, that you yourself will fall at the foot of my throne, as though bound by the power of my Love."

Then He added: "Ah, my daughter, the creature rages more and more in evil! How many machinations of ruin they are preparing! They will reach the point of exhausting evil itself. But while they are occupied with following their own way, I will be occupied with making the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* have Its completion and fulfillment, and my Will reign upon the earth - but in a completely new way. I will be occupied with preparing the Era of the third FIAT in which my Love will show off in a marvelous and unheard-of way. Ah, yes, I want to confuse man completely in Love! Therefore, be attentive - I want you with Me, in preparing this Celestial and Divine Era of Love. We will lend a hand to each other, and will work together." Then He drew near my mouth, and as He sent His omnipotent breath into it, I felt new life being infused in me; and He disappeared.

Vol. 12 - February 16, 1921

In order to enter the Divine Will, the creature must do nothing but remove the little stone of her will.

While I was thinking about the Holy Divine Volition, my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, there are neither paths nor doors nor keys to enter my Will, because my Will is everywhere. It flows under one's feet, on the right, on the left, above one's head - everywhere. The creature must nothing but remove the little stone of her own will, which, though being in my Will, does not take part in, nor does it enjoy Its effects, becoming like a stranger in my Volition. In fact, it is as if the little stone of her will prevented the water from flowing from the shore so as to run somewhere else - the stones are blocking it. But if the soul removes the little stone of her will, at that very instant, she flows into Me, and I into her; she finds all my goods at her disposal: strength, light, help - whatever she wants. This is why there are no paths, no doors and no keys: it is enough for her to want it, and all is done. My Will takes charge of everything, providing her with all that she lacks, and making her wander within the interminable boundaries of my Will. It is completely the opposite for

the other virtues: how many efforts are needed, how many fights, how many long paths! And while it seems that the virtue is smiling at her, one passion - a little violent, one temptation, one unexpected encounter, push her back to the beginning of the path."

Vol. 12 - February 22, 1921

The third FIAT will give such grace to the creature as to make him return almost to the state of origin; then, God will take His perpetual rest in the last FIAT.

I was in my usual state, and my sweet Jesus was all silent. I said to Him: 'My Love, why are You not saying anything to me?' And Jesus: "My daughter, it is my usual way to remain silent after having spoken. I want to rest in my own word - that is, in the very work that came out from Me. I did this in the Creation: after I said, 'FIAT LUX', and light came to be - 'FIAT' to all the other things, and things came to life, I wanted to rest, and my eternal light rested in the light delivered in time. My love rested in the love with which I invested the whole of Creation; my beauty rested in the whole universe, which I molded after my own beauty. My wisdom and my power rested as well, with which I ordered everything, with such wisdom and power that, in looking, I Myself said: 'How beautiful is the Work that came out from Me - I want to rest in It.' I do the same with souls: after I have spoken, I want to rest and enjoy the effects of my word."

After this, He added: "Let us say 'FIAT' together." And everything - Heaven and earth - was filled with adoration to the Supreme Majesty. Then, again, He repeated, "FIAT", and the Blood, the wounds and the pains of Jesus arose and multiplied to infinity. And then, for the third time, "FIAT", and this FIAT multiplied in all the wills of creatures to sanctify them. Then, He said to me: "My daughter these three FIATs are the Creating, the Redeeming, and the Sanctifying FIAT. In creating man, I endowed him with three powers - intellect, memory and will; and with three FIATs will I accomplish the work of sanctification of man."

At the Creating FIAT, the intellect of man remains as though enraptured. How many things he understands about Me and about my Love for him, as I am hidden inside all created things in order to make Myself known, and to give him love so as to be loved. In the FIAT of Redemption, his memory remains as though enchanted by the excesses of my Love in suffering so much in order to help and save man in the state of sin. In the third FIAT, my Love wants to display even more. I want to assail the human will; I want to place my own Will as support of his will, so that the human will may remain not only enraptured and enchanted, but sustained by an Eternal Will. And as my Will becomes his support in everything, man will almost be unable to escape It.

The generations will not end until my Will reigns upon earth. My Redeeming FIAT will place Itself in the middle, between the Creating FIAT and the Sanctifying FIAT. They will interweave, all three together, and will accomplish the sanctification of man. The third FIAT will give such grace to the creature as to make him return almost to the state of origin; and only then, when I see man just as he came out from Me, will my Work be complete, and I will take my perpetual rest in the last FIAT. Only the life in my Volition will give back to man his state of origin. Therefore, be attentive, and together with Me, help Me to complete the sanctification of the creature."

On hearing this, I said: 'Jesus, my Love, I not able to do as You do, nor as You teach Me; and I am almost afraid of your reproaches if I don't do well whatever You want from me.' And He, all goodness: "I too know that you cannot do perfectly what I tell you, but wherever you cannot reach, I will make up for you. However, it is necessary that I attract you, and that you understand what you must do, so that, even if you cannot do everything, you may do what you can. And as I speak to you, your will remains chained with Mine; you would like to do what I tell you, and I consider this as if you did everything." And I: 'How can this way of living in the Divine Will be spread and taught to others - and who will be disposed?' And Jesus: "My daughter, even if nobody had been saved with my descent upon earth, the work of glorifying the Father would already be complete. The same now: even if no one wanted to receive this gift - which will not be - you alone will be enough, and you will give Me the complete glory which I want from all creatures."

Vol. 12 - March 2, 1921

Jesus changes the state of victim of Luisa, in order to prepare the Era of His Will.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, the third FIAT - my 'Fiat Voluntas Tua, on earth as it is in Heaven' - will be like the rainbow which appeared in the sky after the deluge, which, as rainbow of peace, assured man that the deluge had ceased. So will the third FIAT be. As

It comes to be known, loving and disinterested souls will come to live in my FIAT. They will be like rainbows - rainbows of peace - which will reconcile Heaven and earth, and dispel the deluge of so many sins which inundate the earth. These rainbows of peace will have the third FIAT as their own life; therefore my *'Fiat Voluntas Tua'* will have Its completion in them. And just as the second FIAT called Me upon earth to live among men, the third FIAT will call my Will into souls, and It will reign in them 'on earth, as in Heaven'."

Then, since I was sad because of His absence, He added: "My daughter, be cheered - come into my Will. I chose you among thousands and thousands, so that my Will may have full completion in you, and so that you may be like a rainbow of peace which, with its seven colors, attracts others to live in my Will. Therefore, let us leave the earth aside. Up until now I have kept you with Me in order to appease my Justice and prevent greater chastisements from being poured upon the earth. Now, let us allow the current of human evil to run; I want you with Me, in my Volition, to be occupied with preparing the Era of my Will.

As you move forward on the path of my Volition, the rainbow of peace will form, which will form the link of connection between the Divine Will and human will. From it, my Will will have life on earth, and this will begin the fulfillment of my prayer, and the prayer of the whole Church: *'Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as It is in Heaven'*."

Vol. 12 - March 17, 1921

Jesus makes Luisa pass from the office which His Humanity had upon earth, to the office which His Will had within His Humanity.

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: "I don't know - the more You say You give to me by means of your Holy Volition, the more wretched and ugly I feel. I should feel better - more good; instead, it is all the opposite.'

And Jesus told me: "My daughter, the more the grain of my Will grows in you, the more you will feel the misery of your straw. In fact, when the ear begins to form, grain and straw are one single thing; but when the life of the ear keeps forming, as the grain matures, the straw is detached from it, and remains only as defense of the grain. Therefore, the more wretched you feel, the more the grain of my Will keeps forming in you, and is close to perfect maturation. The straw within you is nothing other than your weak nature which, living together with the Sanctity and the nobility of my Will, feels its misery even more."

Then He added: "My beloved, up until now you have done before Me the office which my Humanity had upon earth. Now I want to change your office, giving you another one, more noble, more extensive: I want to give you the office which my Will had within my Humanity. See how much higher and more sublime this is: my Humanity had a beginning - my Will is eternal; my Humanity is circumscribed and limited - my Will has no limits and no boundaries; It is immense. A more noble and distinguished office I could not give you."

On hearing this, I said: 'My sweet Jesus, I can find no reason why You want to give me such an office; nor have I done anything to deserve such a great favor.' And Jesus: "The whole reason is my Love, your littleness, your living in my arms like a baby who cares about nothing but her Jesus alone, and the fact that you have never refused Me any sacrifice which I have asked of you. I do not let Myself be impressed by great things, because in the things which appear to be great there is always something human; but by small things - small in appearance, though great in themselves. And then, you yourself should have understood that I was to give you a special mission in my Will. That continuous speaking to you about my Will; that making you understand Its admirable effects, which I have done with no one until now... I behaved with you like a teacher who wants his disciple to become perfect either in medicine, or in history, or in something else: it seems that he cannot speak about anything else; he keeps harping on that point. So I did with you: I assumed the attitude of Teacher of Divine Will, as if I ignored all the rest. After I instructed you well, I manifested to you your mission and how the fulfillment of the *'Fiat Voluntas Tua'* on earth will begin in you. Courage, my daughter; I see that you are losing heart. Do not fear, you will have all of my Will as your help and support." And while He was saying this, He caressed my head, my face, my heart with His hands, as though confirming what He was saying. Then He disappeared.

"FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA, on earth as it is in Heaven"