

## Day 27 - "Good-bye Mama. Bless your Son, and give Me the obedience to die."

My dear Son, taken by excess of love and not wanting to leave His children,  
 - whom He came to search for upon earth with so much love,  
has already left Himself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist,  
 so that whoever wants Him, may possess Him.

So, the life of my Son is about to end. He is about to take flight to His Celestial Fatherland.  
 Ah! dear child, the Divine Fiat gave Him to Me, and in the Divine Fiat I received Him  
 And now, in the same Fiat, I give Him back. My Heart is torn. Immense seas of sorrows  
 inundate Me. I feel life leaving Me because of the atrocious spasm.

***But I could deny nothing to the Divine Fiat.***

On the contrary, I felt disposed to sacrifice Him with my own hands, had It wanted it so.  
 The strength of the Divine Will is omnipotent, and I felt such strength by virtue of It,  
 that I would have contented Myself with dying rather than deny anything to the Divine Will.

My maternal Heart is drowned with pains.

Just thinking that my Son, my God, my Life, must die, is more than death for your Mama.  
 Yet, I know I must live. *What torment, what deep gashes form in my Heart, piercing It all the  
 way through with sharp swords.*

Yet, dear child, I grieve in saying this. But I have to say this to you: in these pains and deep  
 gashes, and in the pains of my beloved Son, there was your soul - your human will.

Since it would not let itself be dominated by the Will of God,

***We covered it with pains, We embalmed it, We fortified it with our pains,  
 so that it would dispose itself to receive the Life of the Divine Will.***

Ah! if the Divine Fiat had not sustained Me and continued Its course  
 - with infinite seas of light, of joy, of happiness, along side the seas of my bitter sorrows,  
***I would have died as many times for as many pains as my dear Son suffered.***

Oh! how tortured I felt, when He made Himself seen for the last time  
 - pale, with a sadness of death on His face,  
 and with trembling voice, as though wanting to burst into sobs, He told me:

***"Good-bye Mama. Bless your Son, and give Me the obedience to die.***

***My Divine Fiat and Yours made Me be conceived, and***

***my Divine Fiat and Yours must make Me die.***

***Hurry, oh dear Mama, pronounce your Fiat, and tell Me:***

***'I bless You and I give You the obedience to die crucified.***

***So does the Eternal Will want, and so I too want'."***

My child, what a blow to my pierced Heart.

Yet, I had to say it, because there were no forced pains in Us, but all voluntary.

So We blessed each other. And exchanging that gaze which is not able to detach any more  
 from the beloved, my dear Son, my sweet Life, departed.

And I, your sorrowful Mama, stayed. But the eye of my soul never lost sight of Him.

I followed Him into the Garden, in His terrible Agony

And – oh! how my Heart bled in seeing Him abandoned by all,

-even by His most faithful and dear Apostles....