

Day 28 - Limbo. The Expectation. Victory over Death. The Resurrection.
Making use of His power, He commanded His dead Humanity to receive His soul again, and to rise, triumphant and glorious, to immortal life. What a solemn act!

As my dear Son breathed His last, He descended into Limbo,
as triumpher and bearer of glory and happiness to that prison, in which were
-all the Patriarchs and Prophets, the first father Adam, dear Saint Joseph,
-my holy parents, and all those who had been saved
by virtue of the foreseen merits of the future Redeemer.

I was inseparable from my Son, and not even death could take Him away from Me.

So, in the ardor of my sorrows I followed Him into Limbo.
And I was spectator of the feast, of the thanksgivings,
-which that whole great crowd of people gave to my Son,
Who had suffered so much, and Whose first step had been toward them,
- to beatify them and to bring them with Himself to celestial glory.

So, as He died, conquests and glory began for Jesus and for all those who loved Him.

This, dear child, is symbol of how,
- as the creature makes her will die through union with the Divine Will,
conquests of divine order, glory and joy begin, even in the midst of the greatest sorrows.

Even though the eyes of my soul followed my Son and I never lost sight of Him,
at the same time, during those three days in which He was buried,
I felt such yearnings to see Him risen, that in my ardor of love I kept repeating:
"Rise, my Glory! Rise, my Life!"

My desires were ardent, my sighs, of fire - to the point of feeling consumed.
Now, in these yearnings, I saw that my dear Son, accompanied by that great crowd of
people, went out of Limbo in act of triumph and He brought Himself to the sepulcher.

It was the dawn of the third day, and
just as all nature had cried over Him, now it rejoiced; so much so,
that the sun anticipated its course to be present at the act in which my Son was rising again.

But, oh marvel - before rising again,
He showed that crowd of people His Most Holy Humanity - bleeding, wounded, disfigured-
the way it had been reduced for love of them and of all.
All were moved, and admired the excesses of love and the great portent of Redemption.

Now, my child, oh, how I wish you to be present in the act in which my Son rose again.
He was all Majesty. His Divinity, united to His soul, unleashed seas of Light and of
enchancing Beauty, such as to fill Heaven and earth.
And, as triumpher, making use of His power,
He commanded His dead Humanity to receive His soul again, and to rise,
triumphant and glorious, to immortal life. What a solemn act!

My dear Jesus triumphed over death, saying: **"Death, you will no longer be death - but Life."** With this act of triumph, He placed **the seal that He was Man and God.**
And with His Resurrection, He confirmed His doctrine, His miracles, the life of the
Sacraments, and the whole life of the Church.