

## Day Twenty-seven

### The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Here sounds the Hour of Sorrow. The Passion. A Deicide. The Crying of all Nature.

#### Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:

Dearest child, in so much bitterness, do not deny Me your company.  
The Divinity has already decreed the last day of my Son down here.  
An Apostle has already betrayed Him, giving Him up into the hands of the Jews,  
to make Him 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.  
And 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 nothing could I deny 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.

Now, my child, *listen to Me*: 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.

Dear child, *the abandonment of dear ones is one of the greatest sorrows for a human heart*  
in the stormy hours of life.

*Epecially for my Son,*

-who had loved them so much and done so much good to them,  
-and who was in the act of giving His life for the very ones who had just abandoned Him  
in the extreme hours of His life. Even more, they had run away.

What sorrow! What sorrow!

And I, in seeing Him agonize and sweat Blood, agonized together with Him and sustained Him  
in my maternal arms. I was inseparable from my Son.

His pains were reflected in my Heart, liquefied by sorrow and by love.

And I felt them more than if they were my own.

So I followed Him the whole night.

There was not one pain or accusation they gave Him, which did not resound in my Heart.

But, at the dawn of the morning, unable to endure any longer,  
-accompanied by the disciple John, by Magdalene and other pious women,  
I wanted to follow Him step by step, also corporally, from one tribunal to another.

My dearest child,

I heard the roaring of the lashes that fell upon the naked body of my Son;

I heard the mockeries, the satanic laughter,

and the blows they gave Him on His head when they crowned Him with thorns.

I saw Him when Pilate showed Him to the people – disfigured and unrecognizable.

I felt deafened by the “Crucify Him, Crucify Him!”

I saw Him take the Cross upon His shoulders, exhausted, panting.

And I, unable to refrain, hastened my step to give Him my last embrace and to dry His face,  
all wet with Blood.

But - no! ***There was no pity for Us.***

The cruel soldiers pulled Him by the ropes and made Him fall.

Dear child, what harrowing pain, not being able to help my dear Jesus in so many pains. Every pain opened a sea of sorrow in my pierced Heart. Finally, I followed Him to Calvary, where, amid unheard-of pains and horrible contortions, He was crucified and lifted up on the Cross.

Only then was it conceded to Me to be at the foot of the Cross, to receive from His dying lips

- the gift of all my children, and
- the right and seal of my Maternity over all creatures.

Shortly after, amid unheard-of spasms, He breathed His last.

All nature was mourning, and cried over the death of its Creator.

*The sun cried*, obscuring itself and withdrawing, horrified, from the face of the earth.

*The earth cried* with a strong tremor, ripping open in various places, for the sorrow of the death of its Creator.

*All cried:*

- the sepulchers by opening,
- the dead by rising.

And even the veil of the Temple cried with sorrow by ripping open.

All lost joy, and felt terror and fright.

My child, **your Mama remained petrified with sorrow**, waiting to receive Him into my arms, to close Him in the sepulcher.

*Now, listen to Me in my intense sorrow.*

With the pains of my Son I want to speak to you of the great evils of your human will.

Look at Him in my sorrowful arms, how disfigured He is.

He is the true portrait of the evils that the human will does to the poor creatures.

My dear Son wanted to suffer so many pains in order to raise this will again

- fallen into the abyss of all miseries.

Each pain of Jesus and each one of my sorrows called it to rise again in the Divine Will.

Our love was so great that in order to place this human will in safety,

We filled it with our pains, up to the point of drowning it and enclosing it

- inside the immense seas of my sorrows, and of those of my beloved Son.

Therefore, on this day of *sorrows for your sorrowful Mother - and all for you*

- in return give Me your will, into my hands,
- that I may enclose it in the bleeding wounds of Jesus,
- as the most beautiful victory of His Passion and Death,
- and as the triumph of my most bitter Sorrows.