

Source of your writings is God, that it comes from God. It is enough for you.

Are you working for human glory? No. You are working for My Glory. So do not be concerned or worried about human quibbles or human praise. You do your part. I will be your Reward. If the others are not ready to do their part, and will not pay attention to My Gift, they will receive the just recompense.

Remain calm in your Happiness, which is the best indication of where these Writings come from. Your Happiness comes from your transformation into Goodness. Your guardian Angel looks at you with pleasure because he sees you changed into Me. Help the Work of your Jesus as you can, and as much as you can. Keep working continually on yourself. You must aim for Perfection. Suffer to succeed in this, and suffer for the brothers, who are so deaf to the Voices of Love.

If I have made you into a Cistern of My Word, so that the thirsty can drink from it, you must breathe in the Word, at the cost of continual suffering. Suffering of the flesh, suffering of the heart, suffering of the mind, suffering of the spirit, all these must serve you for that purpose. I allow everything because I desire that your power as a victim-soul, who with her suffering conquers souls for Heaven, should always increase.

As regards the doubt that Satan is trying to inject into you - it is the only weapon left for him to disturb you - the doubt that you may be wrong, I reassure you. Live securely in Jesus.

Go in peace. Even if the world were to reject your Gift, I would not take the Honey of My Word away from you, and It would all stay inside you like a royal strong-box, of which you would be absolute queen. Sleep with My Blessing."

(Note-books, pp. 652-653, December 11th, 1943)

38. "I WILL ALWAYS NOURISH THE FOUNTAIN  
OF MY WORD IN YOU."

*Jesus speaks:*

"When the Creator made the Earth, He drew it out of nothing, uniting gases of ether (which was previously created and became firmament) into a mass, which, in rotating, became solid like a meteoric avalanche which continually grew around a primitive nucleus.

Even your Negation - a term I give to that Science which wants to explain things without God - admits the centripetal force, which allows a body to rotate without losing parts of itself, or rather it attracts all parts to its centre. You have machines, which however grandiose, still repeat in a microscopic way the centripetal force created by God to create worlds, and force them to rotate around the sun, a fixed pivot, unable to leave the Heavenly paths assigned to them; otherwise, they would disturb the order of creation and provoke cataclysms with incalculable destructions.

The Earth, thus getting its form during its course as a nebular projectile, which solidifies itself crossing space, had to rob, even by force, also emanations and elements which came from other sources, and which remained locked up in it under the form of volcanic fires, sulphurs, waters and diverse minerals. These appear on the surface giving testimony of their existence and of the mysteries, which with all your science you do not succeed in explaining with exact truth, the mysteries of Earth, a planet created from nothing by God, My Father.

How many good forces you still do not know, you who are the masters at discovering and using wicked forces! This latter you ask from the Evil one, and he teaches them to you, to torture you and make you torturers of your fellow-men, in his name, and in his service. But you refuse to ask for the good forces from Goodness, who would teach you Paternally, just as He taught the first men, who were also guilty and condemned by Him, the means and

the ways of how to use them during their existence on the Earth.

There are still beneficial sources and healthy juices which you do not know, and which would be so useful to know. Also there are some you know about, but you do not want to use them, preferring instead true drugs of hell, which destroy both your soul and body.

Therefore, will these springs cease to exist, springs in which the salts are dissolved, the salts taken from minerals enclosed in the womb of your planet; the springs which appear from stratum and through veins of ground on the surface, either freezing or boiling, tasteless, colourless, odourless, or with taste, with colour, with smell perceptible to your senses? No. They continue being made inside the Earth, by a process of continual assimilation and transformation, like that when food in your stomach becomes blood, nourishing the tissues and marrows, the organs and cells, which in turn produce the blood. They continue trickling, just as sweat seeps out through the tissues of the body. They obey. If this were to stop, there would be many terrestrial explosions, and the Earth, like a boiler without any opening, would explode, killing all of you.

Maria, I want you to be like one of these springs.

I feed you by a process of Assimilation in Me, as My Goodness has wanted it. But you, without worrying whether the spiritually sick come to you or not, to drink that which is trickling out of you, and this is My Word, you have to continue your Mission of a fountain which fills up and which allows someone to draw out of it. If My Word will not be drawn by those to whom It is offered in particular, and who need It the most, because they do not believe It to be healthy and holy, then this Word will overflow for the good of those who come into contact with It by chance.

I will always nourish the Fountain of My Word, in you. It is enough for Me that you give Me love, humility, good will and a spirit of sacrifice. But if you have love, you already have everything, because love gives birth to every

virtue. One who loves is humble towards the beloved, in whom he (or she) sees every perfection. One who loves is eager to make the beloved happy. One who loves does not feel an aversion to sacrifice, if that sacrifice can be useful to the beloved. This is valid for human love. And this multiplies a hundredfold when the love is supernatural.

And you, who already know the fruit of humility and sacrifice, two powerful magnets that attract Me with all My supernatural Gifts, increase your humility and sacrifice to an annihilation and to a frenzy.

Long live the victim-souls who are delirious by Divine Love, enraptured by It! They are the victors of the world which they trample underfoot. They are the conquerors of God, of Christ, who is the supreme Victim-Soul!"

(Note-books, pp. 653-655, December 11th, 1943)

### 39. THE VICTIM-SOUL IS ALWAYS A VICTIM OF LOVE.

*Jesus speaks:*

"Even the soul that most wants to belong completely to God, is subject to distraction by everyday demands.

One does not have to be their slave to be distracted by them. Even if you are so spiritual as to be more soul than body, as long as the flesh clothes your soul, like a peel encloses the fruit, you are subject to the needs of the flesh. Reduced to that minimum, that I too accepted, they are not a sin, but rather a duty and prudence.

I did not preach the destruction of flesh through some sort of morbid attack on it, like that of certain ascetisms used by religions scattered through the world. I taught, and I showed you the same by My Example, that one should not worry about the flesh which is going to die, but about the soul which is immortal. I taught not to fear what can kill your body, but that what kills your spirit. I taught that if you had to choose between preserving the body or the soul, you should always choose what preserves the soul. But I certainly did not teach you to torture the flesh out of some misguided religious interpretation, and even less out of religious hypocrisy.

I tell you truthfully that if you fast with your mouth and then do not fast with your heart - by refusing to harm your neighbour with your actions, with your words or even with your thoughts - then your fasting is a disgrace to Me, and here is death for your soul, because practices without charity are merely the heaping up of rocks for the stoning of your eternal future.

As I say to you: "Do not kill your soul with actions of the flesh", so also I say to you: "Do not kill your flesh by behaving in a way that is not sanctity, but simply exaltation." Be holy in spirit, in thought, in feelings, in works, in flesh.

How then to avoid being distracted by life, and to ensure that the soul, as your queen, keeps the flesh subject to a regime in which there is no injustice?

With love. Love is your master, who like the director of an orchestra directs all your actions that they, like various instruments of an orchestra, melt into only one single sound, full of harmony, which may be a simple melodic phrase, or a more complex excerpt, or even a magnificent symphony, depending on your ability to love.

The giants of love obtain the full and imposing choir of a magnificent Symphony, to which the Angels and Saints join in, seeing no difference between themselves and these giants of love, who although still living on Earth, have the soul of a Seraph.

The simple lovers know already how to sing their Melody, over which the Angels and Saints lean listening to it, ready to join in, when they see that the faithful ardour achieves its growth in the lover, and changes him from a lover to a giant of love.

Those who are willing to love will know only how to repeat one melodic Phrase, like the cry of a sparrow at the sun which is late to warm it with its golden rays, because it is not like a skylark. At the feast of dawn a skylark flies up high, transporting its body towards the sun, annulling its weight by its desire, carrying it over its own capability of

flying, and its singing beyond its possibility of endurance, as far as to fall destroyed by desire, when having achieved the good wanted, and it dies in exultation of fusion with the golden ray of the sun. But even that timid, brief cry of a sparrow - since it is faithful, and it is all what this creature can achieve - is blessed by God, and preserves the actions of that being, from being polluted.

Who are these giants of love? They are victim-souls.

You make distinctions between victims of justice, victims of expiation, victims of love. But do not distinguish! The victim-soul is always a victim of love.

Why does he who expiates do so? He expiates for love of his brethren, for whom he pays the portion of atonement that they had to pay; his love is therefore love of one's neighbour, carried to a heroic degree.

Who is the victim of Justice, to whom he offers himself? To the insulted God, to offer Him consolation for the offence. This love of God is carried to an heroic degree.

Love is the eternal Sacrificer. It is Love that offered up God made Flesh, and it is Love that offers up your flesh and your soul, making them like to Christ the Redeemer.

The victim-soul is sure of her Salvation, as if she were already enclosed in My Kingdom, because her every pulsation, movement, word, feeling, action is sanctified by Love, which preserves her whole (her whole being) from human pollutions.

The victim-soul prays even when she is not praying. Her life is prayer.

The victim-soul penetrates into Me and she takes from the Centre of My Heart, which calls her "Sister", Graces and Blessings, and distributes them to her brothers. There are no limits for My victim-souls. Everything that is Mine, belongs to them, who have wanted to offer their being to the Eternal Sacrificer.

The victim-soul is stretched out on an instrument of torture whose points are suffering and love. Their heroic love allowed them to see that God is not loved as He should be loved; and they suffer therefore.

They suffer from sicknesses and misfortunes, but they are tortured much more seeing the spiritual miseries which, like the ruins of a village destroyed by the enemy, cover souls of their fellow-creatures, erasing in them the Stamp of God and burying His Holy Name under the wreckage of sin. More than suffering in itself, what makes them suffer is the feeling of being unable to reach the perfection of love, their dream, because they would like to give to God the gift worthy of His Perfection. And if I was fixed to My Altar by three nails, they are too, since My Love, their love, and their suffering, are three nails that keep them crucified until death, which is nothing else than breathing out their spirit on My Breast, after having "accomplished everything".

My Love! An Ocean of Fire that from the Height of Heaven falls down on a soul and, with continually arriving waves of ardent Love consumes it as if it were soft wax wrapped around by a flame. The insatiable Flame is common to both who love each other, and Christ wants to devour His creature to make her a part of Him, and the creature wants to breathe God into herself, to make Him her life.

Everything comes to a halt before this Ruler (Love), who passes by asserting His Rights. Existence, intelligence, affections open wide and become wings, and Love goes forward and enters, because Love is King of all things. The soul then takes the Passions of her beloved Spouse and makes them hers. A treasure of treasures is for her to be day by day tortured for this purpose, and see with her spiritual eyes, how the Light turns back into hearts and they convert to God, because love converts even without words, and attracts without ropes.

Love is Force that rules the Universe and it is Love that saves the world. Not military leaders, not scientists, not learned persons, but those who love are those who are able to find the roads of victory that lead to Goodness, because they, with the ardour of their love, tear away the

satanic chains, that turn you into slaves of the Evil One who hates you.

And if the love of believers were to obtain the Miracle of better times, which with your way of life you have prevented for yourselves, the love of victim-souls, whose love is most similar to My Perfect Love, is that which makes the defence to the assault which rises up from Satan, and wants to destroy you in a desperate malediction. The love of victim-souls is that which opens the doors of Pardon, melting them down with the fire of its sacrifice..."

(Note-books, pp. 659-662, December 12th, 1943)

#### 40. THE VICTIM-SOULS ALSO NEED AN ANGEL OF COMFORT

*Jesus speaks:*

"I am talking to you, My dear victim-souls, who need a comforting Angel to encourage you to suffer, just as I had one, because while My Spirit, burning with Charity, wanted to do the Will of My Father, I was not deprived of the terrors of the flesh, and of the revolts of flesh in front of suffering.

Even you, little Jesus', know well of the dualism between spirit and flesh. The spirit who cries out: "Sacrifice yourself, to obtain Salvation", and the flesh which moans: "Have pity! I want to live and not to suffer." But I come, and to strengthen also your flesh for suffering, I give you My Word.

I have pity even on your flesh, because, when it is an instrument of Redemption, when the Spirit of God possesses it and moves it according to Its pleasure, like a blade of grass kissed by the wind, then it is not censurable substance but a holy thing that will experience Glory in My Kingdom.

I made holy also flesh, redeeming it with My Teaching and My Blood. And those who live faithful to My Teaching, and do not mock My Blood, but by virtue of it purify themselves, becoming cleaner and cleaner, make



holy their flesh too, and pleasing to God.

The flesh is the clothing of your altar. The altar is your soul on which your spirit immolates itself. But every altar has to be clothed in pure linen, to be ready to be a mystical table. A pure flesh, sacrificed, made precious by suffering, is the white table-cloth which covers your altar; the table-cloth pure, smooth, decorated, to which the Eternal Priest does not disdain to come to complete the Rite with the host of your spirit.

Do not expect, oh victim-souls, gratitude and understanding of the world.

"You are in the world and the world does not know you because you are not of the world, any more." In this, you see, you are like your Master.

You sacrifice yourselves for the world, "and the world looks at you shaking its head and covering you with scorn" and striking you with its wicked arms. Even in this you are like Me.

The world tries to lead you into dangerous traps "with subtle interrogations that sound like praise, but are really inquiries with which they hope to collect stones to throw at you." Answer the world with "silence and patience", and if it continues in its malicious inquiry - to persuade itself, and feel itself justified; and you, whatever you say is a blasphemy - reply: "I am doing what my Father wants. My deeds are clear, I am not working in the dark to harm anyone. I work in the light of truth. If you think I am doing something wrong, show me what it is; but if you are not able, because there is no harm in what I do, why do you strike me?" Even if the world kills you, I will give you double Life, because you will be martyrs twice: of the world, and of the love.

Do not tire of being victim-souls. The insults and ingratitude of the world must not push you away from the purple path of sacrifice - My Path - which joins the Royal road of Glory, and leads your spirit into the Joy of My Residence.

Do not say: "Everything is useless". When it looks as though the seed has fallen into infertile clods, because it does not at once bring forth tender leaves, that is because it is putting down deep roots, to be more sturdy later, giving a tuft of ears of corn. But it is your tears that must irrigate the dry clods, and it is your blood, either the blood of your veins or the blood of your spirit, or the total sacrifice, that must feed the dust without juice, and change it into fertile soil.

Prayer is like the water that evaporates under the rays of the sun, goes up, and then comes down to nourish the earth. Your prayer - and your whole life is a prayer - rises, through the action of love, up to My Throne and pleads for your brothers. I, Who see and make no mistake, bless your prayer and send it again to them who is worthy of receiving it. And if between your brothers you have only enemies of love, that is the enemies of God and of you, then your prayer, which My Blessing changed into a Grace, comes back to you, and it fills you with Heavenly Goods.

Do not tire of calling "brothers" those who treat you as enemies. The little Jesus' look on all as "brothers", even if the others do not know how to have for them anything but hostile hate. Let the unconscious and conscious devils complete their work. You do your work. I am watching, and I judge, and I give to each one what he deserves.

I have spoken to disillusion you as regards to human satisfactions in your life as victim-souls. I, the Supreme Victim, in My thirty-three years of Life never received as many insults, as I did during the few hours between Gethsemani and My Death. But it was precisely those hours that made of Me the Redeemer. Remember that.

For now, you must expect from Me alone the comfort. When your trial is over, you will have the Happiness of reading the names of those saved by you in the Book of Life; and close to My Heart, you will wait to receive their thanks, when they, redeemed by "our" suffering, enter into Peace." (Note-books, pp. 662-665, December 13th, 1943)

#### 41. ALWAYS "FIAT" TO THE WISHES OF GOD

*Mary speaks:*

"There are special generositys whose fragrance comes only from souls who are one with My Lord, and whose perfume is appreciated only by God, or by those who are already living in the Kingdom of God.

It is generosity to know how to renounce liberty and close oneself up in a convent, forbidding oneself those human joys which God has allowed and my Son blessed, since they enter into the field of creative outlines, and perpetuate, with the help of creatures, the Work of the Creator.

The Father, the Everlasting Source of new spirits, creates souls in Heaven, seeds, destined to bear seed, they clothe themselves with flesh, and becoming male and female, in union of two flesh in one, they create on Earth the new clothing for new souls, destined to come down to Earth and people it with creatures of God.

After that of loving the Lord, there is no greater joy than that of being a mother of one's own creature and say: "I formed you, I fed you and carried you, I gave you my blood and my milk, your flesh is mine, and my thought is yours, because you are the thought and the purpose of your mother."

There is a still higher motherhood, but it is no longer human, and it is already included in the great, insuperable, the first of all joys, that of loving the Lord; because it is only the total love for our Most Holy Lord which makes us love creatures to the point of becoming mothers for them, ready to give them Life through our sufferings, in order to increase the Glory of the Eternal God by increasing the Citizens of His Kingdom.

It is generosity to offer oneself as a victim for the world. It is a great generosity because it makes you resemble my Jesus, who was an Innocent, Holy Victim, consumed by Love. But there is an even greater generosity, a heroic generosity.

God, whose Greatness you cannot understand, rewards generous souls with rivers of Delight. He communicates with them through spiritual Contacts. He gives Lights which are Words, and Words which are Lights. He gives vitality which is repose, and repose on His Heart which is vitality. He makes Himself the support of a generous soul, and He unites Himself with her, when He sees that the generosity of a creature is so violent that it goes beyond the bounds of its strength, so that the creature bends, like my Son, under an excessive load, which it does not refuse but only asks that it be lifted up for a moment, so that she can get up and proceed to the top, because she knows that Joy will be reached only by total sacrifice.

Well, the most heroic of all sacrifices is when a creature pushes its love so far as to be able to renounce also this Comfort, of having the Help and the perceptible Presence of God.

Maria, I experienced it. I know. I can instruct you in this Science of sacrifice. Because this is not just a simple instruction, it is a Science. Those who reach this point are not pupils any more but teachers of the most difficult of sciences: that of knowing how to give up not only one's liberty, health, maternity, human love, but to know how to renounce also the Consolations of God, which make all renunciations bearable, and not only bearable, but sweet and desirable. Then one drinks the bitterness which my Son drank, and one experiences the solitude that surrounded My Heart, from the morning of the Ascension to the day of My Assumption. That is the perfection of suffering. Yet, Maria, I was happy in My suffering. In Me there was no egoism, but only burning Charity.

As I understood, by ascending degrees, how to accomplish every offering and separation, always keeping present in My spirit that by the offering and the separation which pierced Me, the Will of God, my Lord, was accomplished, and His Glory increased; so I separated from my Son when He was preparing for His Mission, for His Preaching, for His Capture, for His Death, for His Burial -

all of which I knew to be of short duration. So also at first dawn on the fortieth day of His Life of Glory, when, without witnesses - as on the morning of the Resurrection - He came to give me His Kiss before ascending to Heaven, I was able to smile and bless Him, paying no attention to the tears of My Heart.

I, Mother, was losing the Son with His Presence, which gave Me unspeakable Joy. But I, His first Believer, knew that for Him had finished the time of His stay in a hostile world, which, while it could no longer harm Him, because He was now unreachable, still continued to be hostile towards Him.

The Heavens opened to welcome in Glory the Son, Who was returning to the Father after His Suffering. The Triune Love rejoined again without necessity to divide again. Still I felt the lack of light and air because the world was no longer inhabited by my Jesus, and His breath was not in the air any more to make it holy. He, "Son of Man", had now returned to be "Son of God", clothed in His Divine Glory, for all Eternity. It was My last "Fiat", nor was it less prompt or less generous than that of Nazareth.

Always say "Fiat" to God's Wishes, whether He is coming to us to become part of us, or leaving us to rise up and prepare for us a Place in His Kingdom. Surrounding Him with love when He is with us; loving Him when looking there where He dwells, so as to remind Him that His servant loves Him, and awaits His smiling Invitation to die in a outburst of joy, which is the shining beginning of a bright Eternal day of Paradise. And welcoming Him, serving Him, listening to Him, while He is with us; and know how to live without diminishing for one degree our love, since He is no longer visibly present with us.

Offer this renunciation for His Glory and for the brethren, so that our solitude may transform into Divine Company for them, and that the silence which is now our longing, may change into the Word for so many who need to be evangelized by the Word.

We have memories, Maria. Others have nothing. We have the certainty that He is working to prepare for us a Home. Others see time as a river whose mouth is a mere nothing. I say "us" because I join you to My thoughts when I lived on Earth.

Let us give - and with you also the generous souls who want to reach the heights of generosity - this renunciation too, if it would be asked of you, so that your Treasure may become the Treasure of many other people, and the spiritually needy may be clothed in that Light, the spiritually illiterate in that Knowledge, which once infused, never ceases to be living and acting, and which Goodness has given to His favourite ones, to make them His elect."

(Note-books, pp. 665-668, December 14th, 1943)

42. "I GIVE YOU MY ORDERS FOR THIS TIME OF ANGER."

*Jesus speaks:*

"My beloved, you who live enclosed in the circle of My Arms, as in the enclosure of the ancient Tabernacle, I give you My Orders for these times of Anger, which has not come because of you, but because of the sins of the world.

When, in the general misfortune you see men becoming restless and confused, raging with an unjust sorrow, do not unite yourselves to them. Weep over common misfortunes but, recognising in them a sign of Divine Justice, do not give yourselves up to men's disorders.

My Spirit has touched your pupils and has given them the Sight which human eye does not possess. You see beyond the Earth and you know the Truth of things. Give therefore to this hour its name and those attentions it merits: hour of expiation, not of imprecation as most men generally do, who thus draw down on themselves new Anger of Heaven.

Let the guilty ones mourn because this hour is their fruit. You, prostrate before My Glory, bless It, because, with yet another Punishment it is calling faithless and idolatrous mankind back to God, One and Holy - and remain in Me.

The oil of Love is in you, and from you flows over the world. You are the ones who attract It; you are precious Vases in which the sacrifices of your life turn into Incense; you are burning Lamps which no wind disturbs, and you keep your spirit like a Flame, directed toward My Altar.

Do not forget your election, and do not profane the Royal Sign with human corruptions. Remain in the Tabernacle, so as to bless for those who curse, to pray for those who need every mercy. The world will be saved because of you."

(Note-books, p. 670, December 14th, 1943)

#### 43. A SPIRITUAL LESSON OF ST. JOHN, APOSTLE

*The Apostle speaks:*

"John to the little John (i.e. Maria Valtorta). After the Master and the Mother, I too, shall speak and give you a spiritual lesson.

To be among the specially loved, you have to do what I did through the Inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Absolute fidelity which accepts everything without hesitation and without discussion. Purity of spirit, of mind, of body. Heroic Charity.

Sometimes God subjects us to trials that are simply testing the quality of the gold of our soul. We are destined to live in this Home which I now possess near my God. But if one has even the slightest amalgam of impurity in his soul, He cannot enter Here. Trials help to strip us of whatever is impure in us, and to change our spirit into Quartz without slag.

Fidelity enables us to endure these trials without damage to our faith and to our love.

I always believed in the Master, always accepted everything from Him. I wanted promptly whatever He wanted from me. I cancelled my own will and my human reason, which I burnt as victims on an Altar, in order to become a host worthy of Christ. I did not want anything of that which was mine. I asked all from my Master: a new

heart, a new mind, a new character. That all would be His, and all in His Service.

I made my natural purity cleaner than an Angelic lily, by soaking it in love for my Master. It is not difficult to be an Angel, when our wings rest on Christ's Heart. And to become Seraphims, for whose love there are no more Secrets, it is the natural consequence for those who become engaged with Love Incarnate. One has to contract this spiritual Marriage, and avoid at all costs to know the horror of mystical adultery.

Charity is our Salvation because It makes us holy and takes us into Its sublime Vortex; and it pardons those things that our flesh, against our will, commits; because the flesh is a rebellious weight, which always longs for earthly things, while the spirit, already attracted by Heavenly Things, longs for and rises up in adorations of God.

My word to you, disciple, is the same as the one I said to the disciples of long ago:

Love! From Love comes Light, comes Life, comes Hope, comes Faith, comes constancy, strength, justice. Everything comes from Love. He who possesses Love, possesses the Spirit of God. And he who possesses the Spirit, has in himself the Seven Fountains that cancel the seven sins that block the Life in God.

In the Darkness which now dominates, carry the Light of the world, which is burning inside you. Through that Light you will obtain the Possession of Heaven."

(Note-books, pp. 699-700, December 27th, 1943)

#### 44. TO KNOW GOD, MAKE THE SEARCH FOR GOD THE AIM OF YOUR LIFE

*Mary speaks:*

"The first Cry of My Baby trembled in the air eight days after His Birth. It was the first Suffering of my Jesus.

He was the Lamb, and as Lamb He was marked with the Sign of the Lord because He was consecrated to Him: the First born among all the living, according to the Divine Law and according to the human law.



His Consecration to God the Father had already taken place in Heaven, when He had offered Himself to make Reparation for sin and to redeem man, by changing His Spiritual Nature into that of a Man, Word made Flesh by Desire of Love.

As the Victim already placed on the stone of the Heavenly Altar, Victim Holy and without defect, He had no need of any other consecration, which, compared to His sublime Consecration, is always imperfect. But such was the Law, and no one, except those to whom God had revealed it, knew the Nature of my Son. No one knew that the Baby of this galilean Woman was the Holy One, the Anointed of the Lord, the Eternal Pontiff, the Redeemer and the King. So, the Law had to be obeyed, also for this firstborn male, born for God, and offered to Him according to His Will.

All circumcised were Abraham's sons, but that sign on the firstborns was truly the ring that united them to God and consecrated them to the Altar. At our Altar could be offered only those who had first suffered for the Lord this mystical Engagement. The Jewish firstborns were twice holy: first through their circumcision, second through having been presented in the Temple. The Innocent One crying on My Breast, after having spilt the first Drops of that Blood which is Forgiving, was infinitely Holy.

If those present at the Rite had had their spirit alive, they would have understood what Majesty hid behind that childish Body, and they would have adored God who had appeared among men to bring them to God. But then, as now, men had their hearts littered with practices and not with Religion; with their own interests rather than detachment from the world; with egoism and not charity; with pride and not humility. Their eyes, therefore, did not see the Face of God shining through the Flesh of that Innocent One.

To be able to know God, one must make the search for God the aim of one's life. Only then He shows Himself

without further Mystery, or with that amount of Mystery He considers, in His Wisdom, good for you, so that you are not reduced to ashes by His Splendour. Because, you have to know, the Vision of God as it is, is so powerful that only our nature which is made in God's likeness (by sanctifying Grace), can sustain It, just as a son can always look at his father's power and beauty, without feeling afraid or losing courage. But only in Heaven, where Holiness has made spirits capable of Contemplating God, is one allowed to see God actually.

It is in Heaven, on the other side of human life, that man takes the true Likeness of God, and it is then that man can look at Him directly, and increase his brilliance with the Divine Brilliance, and his blessedness by contemplating Love as He loves.

The Blood of My Son demands, as It drops, a cortege of other innocent blood.

The Feet of Christ actually trod the rough Palestinian earth, which was made still more hostile by human ill-will, which united the blackberry bushes and stones of the road with human hatred, traps, treachery and crime.

The King of the Jews and King of the world did not have soft and precious carpets under His Feet. Even in His brief hour of human triumph - which was so human that, since it was the result of the crowd's exaltation for the supposed King of the Jews who was going to give the Jewish people back their lost honour, it fell like a breath of wind that no longer fills the sails, but changes into a hurricane - even then, He only had poor clothes and olive branches, homage of poor people, under His even poorer mount (i.e. donkey).

But what the people could not see, the Man-God on Earth saw, and God in Heaven saw; and when my Christ returned to Heaven, after His Martyrdom, to receive the Father's Embrace, His pierced Feet flew rapidly over a carpet of living purple. This holy path from Earth to Heaven was made by the purple blood of my Son's first

martyrs, little and innocent, who fell like bundles of grain, scythed down by the harvester, and like budding, flowery meadows, cut to make hay.

Every redemption has need of forerunners to be prepared; not so much with words, as with sacrifices. The Redemption, already begun, had at its dawn the sacrifice of innocence, crushed by ferocity, and at its midday, the sacrifice of penance, killed by lust to which penance is a rebuke.

The Blood of Golgotha fell between these two heroic bloods, to teach you that the Redeemer places Himself between innocence and penance, and that the Blood of Christ calls your blood, to the glory of suffering to make it holy, and to make holy the world by uniting your blood with the most holy Blood of my Son."

(Note-books, pp. 703-705, December 28th, 1943)

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