



Day Twenty-eight

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

Limbo. The Expectation.

Victory over Death. The Resurrection.

The soul to her Mother Queen:

Pierced Mama, your little child, knowing that You are alone, without your beloved Good, Jesus, wants to remain clinging to You to keep You company in your most bitter desolation. Without Jesus, all things change into sorrow for You. The memory of His harrowing pains, the sweet sound of His voice which still resounds in your ear, the charming gaze of dear Jesus, now sweet, now sad, now swollen with tears, but which always enraptured your maternal Heart – as You don't have them with You any more, they are like sharp swords which pierce your pierced Heart through. Desolate Mama, your dear child wants to give You relief, an act of compassion, for each pain. Even more, I would like to be Jesus, to be able to give You all the love, all the comforts, reliefs and compassion which Jesus Himself would have given You in this state of yours, of bitter desolation. Sweet Jesus gave me to You as your child; therefore, put me in His place in your maternal Heart, and I will be all of my Mama; I will dry your tears, and I will always keep You company.

Lesson of the Desolate Queen and Mother:

Dearest child, thank you for your company; but if you want your company to be sweet and dear to Me, and bearer of relief to my pierced Heart, I want to find in you the Divine Will operating and dominating, and that you do not surrender even one breath of life to your will. Then, yes, will I exchange you with my Son Jesus, because, His Will being in you, in It I will feel Jesus in your heart, and – oh, how happy I will be to find in you the first fruit of His pains and of His death. In finding my beloved Jesus in my child, my pains will change into joys, and my sorrows into conquests.

Now, listen to Me, child of my sorrows: 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 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 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 enchanting 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. Not only this, but He obtained triumph over the human wills, weakened and almost extinguished to true good, to make triumph over them the life of that Divine Will which was to bring to creatures the fullness of sanctity and of all goods. And at the same time, by virtue of His Resurrection, He cast into the bodies the seed of resurrection to everlasting glory. My child, the Resurrection of my Son encloses everything, says everything, confirms everything, and is the most solemn act that He did for love of creatures.

Now, listen to Me, my child; I want to speak to you as the Mama who loves her child very much. I want to tell you what it means to do the Divine Will and to live of It; and my Son and I give you the example. Our life was strewn with pains, with poverty, with humiliations, to the point of seeing my beloved Son dying of pains; but in all this ran the Divine Will. It was the life of our pains, and We felt triumphant and conquerors, to the extent of changing even death into life; so much so, that in seeing the great good, We voluntarily exposed ourselves to suffering because, since the Divine Will was in Us, no one could impose himself on It, or on Us. Suffering was in our power, and We called upon it as nourishment and triumph of Redemption, so as to be able to bring good to the entire

world.

Now, dear child, if your life and your pains have the Divine Will as their center of life, be certain that sweet Jesus will use you and your pains to give help, light and grace to the whole universe. Therefore, pluck up courage; the Divine Will knows how to do great things wherever It reigns; and in all circumstances, reflect yourself in Me and in your sweet Jesus, and move forward.

The soul:

Holy Mama, if You help me and keep me sheltered under your mantle, acting as my celestial sentry, I am certain that I will convert all my pains into Will of God; and I will follow You, step by step, along the interminable ways of the Supreme Fiat, because I know that your charming love of Mother and your power will conquer my will, and You will keep it in your power and exchange it with the Divine Will. Therefore, my Mama, I entrust myself to You, and I abandon myself into your arms.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will say seven times: "Not my will, but Yours be done", offering Me my sorrows to ask Me for the grace that you may always do the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, for the sake of the Resurrection of your Son, make me rise again in the Will of God.