

# VALUE AND EFFECTS OF THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

*From the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta  
“The Little Daughter of the Divine Will”*

**from a Letter of Luisa to Saint Hannibal Mary Di Francia,  
and from her Writings**

Saint Hannibal: “I begin by reporting here a letter which the Author sent me...”

*Most Reverend Father,*

*I am finally sending you the Hours of the Passion, now written, and all for the glory of Our Lord. I also include another sheet which contains the effects, and the beautiful promises which Jesus makes to anyone who does these Hours of the Passion. I believe that if one who meditates them is a sinner, he will convert; if he is imperfect, he will become perfect; if he is holy, he will become more holy; if he is tempted, he will find victory; if he is suffering, in these Hours he will find the strength, the medicine, the comfort. And if his soul is weak and poor, he will find spiritual food and the mirror in which he will reflect himself continuously to be embellished and to become similar to Jesus, our model. The satisfaction that blessed Jesus receives from the meditation of these Hours is so great, that He would want at least one copy of these meditations to be present and practiced in each city or town. In fact, it would happen, then, as if Jesus heard His own voice and His prayers being reproduced in those reparations, just as the ones He raised to His Father during the 24 hours of His sorrowful Passion. And if this were done in each town or city at least, by as many souls, Jesus seems to make me understand that Divine Justice would be placated in part, and in these sad times of torments and bloodshed, Its scourges would be stopped, in part, and as though dampened. I let you, Reverend Father, make appeal to all; may you complete, in this way, the little work that my lovable Jesus had me do.*

*I also tell you that the purpose of these Hours of the Passion is not so much that of narrating the story of the Passion, because there are many books that treat this pious topic, and it would not be necessary to make another one. But rather, the purpose is the reparation, uniting the different points of the Passion of Our Lord with the diversity of the many offenses, and making worthy reparation for them together with Jesus, almost making up for all that the other creatures owe Him. From this, the different ways of reparation present in these Hours: in some sections one blesses, in others one compassionates, in others one praises, in others one comforts suffering Jesus, in others one compensates, in others one supplicates, prays and asks.*

*Therefore, I leave it to you, Reverend Father, to make known the purpose of these writings with a preface.*

Saint Hannibal: “The sheet about which the author of these Hours of the Passion speaks at the beginning of her letter, here transcribed, contains what the Lord told her, and is reported here below:

\* \* \*

The following selection from the Writings of Luisa contains the passages which are referred to in the letter, and some additional ones, which were written at a later time.

**VOL. 1**

"My beloved, the things of the past have been nothing but a preparation. Now I want to come to the facts, and in order to dispose your heart to do what I want from you – that is, the imitation of my life - I want you to enter into the immense sea of my Passion. After you have understood well the bitterness of my pains, the love with which I suffered them, Who I am who suffered so much, and who you are, a most wretched creature – ah! your heart will not dare to oppose the blows, the cross, which I have prepared only for your good. On the contrary, by just thinking that I, your master, have suffered so much, your pains will seem shadows to you compared to Mine. Suffering will be sweet for you, and you will reach the point of not being able to be without sufferings."

My nature trembled at the mere thought of sufferings; I prayed that He Himself would give me the strength, because without Him I would use His very gifts to offend the giver. **So, I gave all of myself to meditating the Passion, and this did so much good to my soul, that I believe that all the good came to me from that source.** I saw the Passion of Jesus Christ as an immense sea of light, which wounded me all over with His innumerable rays – rays of patience, of humility, of obedience, and of many other virtues. I saw myself all surrounded by this light, and I remained annihilated at seeing myself so different from Him. Those rays that inundated me were so many reproaches for me. I heard them say: "A God so patient - and you? A God humble and submitted also to His very enemies – and you? A God who suffers so much for love of you – and where are your sufferings for love of Him?"

#### **VOL. 2 - September 2, 1899**

"My daughter, keep the light of my Passion ever before your mind, for in seeing my most bitter pains, yours will seem little to you, and in considering the cause for which I suffered so many immense pains, which was sin, your littlest defects will seem grave to you. On the other hand, if you do not reflect yourself in Me, the littlest pains will seem heavy to you, and you will hold grave defects as nothing." And He disappeared.

#### **VOL. 6 - May 30, 1904**

*The Passion serves as garment for man. Pride transforms the images of God into demons.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about and offering the Passion of Our Lord, especially the crown of thorns, and I was praying that He would give light to so many blinded minds, and that he would make Himself known, because 'it is impossible to know You and not to love You.' While I was saying this, my adorable Jesus came out from within my interior and told me: "My daughter, how much ruin pride causes in souls! It is enough to tell you that it forms a wall of division between the creature and God, and from images of Me it transforms them into demons. And then, if the fact that creatures are so blinded that they themselves do not understand nor see the abyss they are in, grieves you and saddens you so much, and you take so much to heart that I help them, my Passion serves as garment for man, which covers his greatest miseries, embellishes him and gives back to him all the good of which he had deprived himself and had lost because of sin. So I give it to you as gift, that you may use it for yourself and for whomever you want." On hearing this, a great fear came to me in seeing the greatness of the gift, fearing that I might not be capable of using this gift and therefore I might displease the Giver. So I said: 'Lord, I do not feel the strength to accept such a gift - I am too unworthy of such a favor. It is better if You keep it, for You are everything and know everything, and You know to whom it is necessary and appropriate to apply this garment so precious and of immense value. But I, poor one, what can I know? And if it is necessary to apply it to someone and I do not do it, what strict account would You not ask of me?' And Jesus: "Do not fear, for the Giver Himself will give you the grace not to keep the gift He has given you as useless. Can you believe that I would give you a gift to do you harm? Never." I did not know what to answer, but I remained frightened and suspended, intending to hear what lady obedience thought about it. It is understood, however, that this garment wants to signify nothing other than all that Our Lord operated, earned and suffered, in which the creature finds the garment to cover her nakedness stripped of virtues, and riches with which to enrich herself, beauties to render herself beautiful and to embellish herself, and the remedy for all her evils. Then, as I told this to obedience, he<sup>1</sup> told me that I should accept.

---

<sup>1</sup> Here Luisa is referring to her confessor.

## **VOL. 6 - June 5, 1905**

### ***Crosses are baptismal founts.***

This morning, on coming, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, crosses, mortifications, are as many baptismal founts, and any kind of cross which is dipped in the thought of my Passion loses half of its bitterness and its weight decreases by half." And He disappeared like a flash. I remained there, doing certain adorations and reparations in my interior, and He came back again, adding: "What is not my consolation in seeing, redone in you, what my Humanity did many centuries ago. In fact, everything which I established for each soul to do, was done in my Humanity before, and if the soul corresponds to Me, what I did for her she does again within herself; but if she does not, it remains done only in Me, and I feel an inexpressible bitterness."

## **VOL. 7 - November 9, 1906**

### ***Effects of meditating continuously on the Passion.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the Passion of Our Lord; and while I was doing this, He came and told me: "My daughter, one who meditates continuously on my Passion and feels sorrow for it and compassion for Me, pleases Me so much that I feel as though comforted for all that I suffered in the course of my Passion; and by always meditating on it, the soul arrives at preparing a continuous food. In this food there are many different spices and flavors, which form different effects. So, if in the course of my Passion they gave Me ropes and chains to tie Me, the soul releases Me and gives Me freedom. They despised Me, spat on Me, and dishonored Me; she appreciates Me, cleans Me of that spittle, and honors Me. They stripped Me and scourged Me; she heals Me and clothes Me. They crowned Me with thorns, mocking Me as king, embittered my mouth with bile, and crucified Me; while the soul, meditating on all my pains, crowns Me with glory and honors Me as her king, fills my mouth with sweetness, giving Me the most delicious food, which is the memory of my own works; and unnauling Me from the Cross, she makes Me rise again in her heart. And every time she does so, I give her a new life of grace as recompense. She is my food, and I become her continuous food. So, the thing that pleases Me the most is meditating continuously on my Passion."

## **VOL. 11 - March 24, 1913**

*Any discontent is a fruit of the human will. The Celestial Mama was filled with Jesus through her constant thinking of His Passion.*

I was feeling a certain discontent because of the privations of my always adorable Jesus, when He came and told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? I am the contentment of contentments. As I am in you and I feel some discontents, I recognize that they come from you, and therefore I do not recognize Myself completely in you, because discontents are part of the human nature - not of the Divine; while it is my Will that what is human no longer exist in you - only my Divine Life."

I add that I was thinking to myself about the sweet Mama, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the thought of my Passion never escaped my dear Mama, and by dint of repeating it, she was completely filled with Me. The same happens to the soul: by dint of repeating what I suffered, she arrives at filling herself completely with Me."

## **VOL. 11 - April 10, 1913**

*Value and effects of the Hours of the Passion. How Jesus wants them to be done. The Love of Jesus is fire which destroys evil and gives life to good.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came and, hugging me close to His Heart, told me: "My daughter, the soul who always thinks about my Passion forms a spring within her heart, and the more she thinks, the larger this spring becomes. Since the waters which spring are waters common to everyone, this spring of my Passion which is formed in her heart serves to the benefit of the soul, to my glory, and to the benefit of all creatures." And I: "Tell me, my Good, what will You give as a reward to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?"

And He: "My daughter, I will not look at these Hours as your things, but as things done by Me. I will give you the same merits, as if I were in the act of suffering my Passion. In this way, I will let you obtain the same effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while on earth - and I could not give you a greater thing from My own. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, flashing them with lightnings of

love and contentment for as many times as they did the Hours of my Passion - while they will flash to Me as well. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!"

Then He added: "My Love is fire, but not like material fire which destroys things and reduces them to ash. My fire vivifies and perfects, while it burns and consumes all that is not holy - desires, affections, thoughts which are not good. This is the virtue of my fire: to burn evil and to give life to good. Therefore, if the soul does not feel any tendency to evil within herself, she can be certain that my fire is in her. But if she feels fire mixed with evil within herself, it is very doubtful whether that be my real fire."

### **VOL. 11 - September 6, 1913**

#### *Value, effects and divine nobility of doing the "Hours of the Passion."*

I was thinking about the Hours of the Passion which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them do not gain anything, while there are many prayers enriched with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always adorable Jesus, all kindness, told me: "My daughter, one gains something through the prayers with indulgences. But the Hours of my Passion, which are my own prayers, my reparations and all my love, came really from the depth of my Heart. Did you perhaps forget how many times I united Myself with you to do them together, and I turned chastisements into graces over the entire earth? So, my satisfaction is such that, instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of love, which contains infinite love of incalculable price. Further, when things are done for pure love, my Love finds Its outpouring - and it is not inconsiderable that the creature can give relief and expression to the Love of her Creator."

### **VOL. 11 - October 1914**

#### *Value and effects of the Hour of the Passion.*

I was writing the *Hours of the Passion* and I thought to myself: 'How many sacrifices in order to write these blessed *Hours of the Passion*, especially to put on paper certain interior acts which had passed only between me and Jesus! What reward will He give to me?' Letting me hear His tender and sweet voice, Jesus told me: "My daughter, as a reward for having written the *Hours of my Passion*, for each word you have written, I will give you a kiss - a soul." And I: 'My love, this is for me; and what will you give to those who will do them?' And Jesus: "If they do them together with Me and with my own Will, I will give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these *Hour of my Passion* is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. In doing them with my Will, the creature hides inside my Volition; and since it is my Volition that is acting, I can produce all the goods I want, even through one single word. This, for each time you will do them."

Another time I was lamenting with Jesus because, after so many sacrifices to write these *Hours of the Passion*, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He: "My daughter, do not lament. Even if there was only one, you should be happy. Wouldn't I have suffered all my Passion even to save only one soul? The same for you. One should never omit good only because few benefit from it; all the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it. Just as my Passion made my Humanity acquire the merit as if all were being saved, although not all are saved (since my Will was to save everyone, and I received merit according to what I wanted, not according to the profit which creatures would have drawn), the same is for you: you will be rewarded depending on whether your will identified itself with Mine, wanting to benefit all. All the evil remains to those who, although being able to, do not do it."

These Hours are the most precious of all, because they are nothing other than the repetition of what I did in the course of my mortal Life, and what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of my Passion, I hear my own voice, my own prayers. In that soul I see my Will - that is, wanting good for everyone and wanting to repair for all - and I feel moved to dwell in her, in order to do whatever she does within her. Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of my Passion! I would hear Myself in every town, and my Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would remain partly appeased."

I add that one day I was doing the Hour in which the celestial Mama gave burial to Jesus, and I followed her closely to keep her company in her bitter desolation in order to offer her my compassion. I didn't usually do this Hour - only sometimes; so I was debating on whether I had to do it or not. Blessed Jesus, all love, and as if

He was begging me, told me: "My daughter, I don't want you to neglect it. You will do it for love of Me, and in honor of my Mama. Know that each time you do it, my Mama feels as if she were personally repeating her life upon earth, and therefore repeating that glory and love which she gave Me on earth. I too feel as if my Mama were on earth again - her Maternal tenderness, her Love and all the glory that she gave Me. So, I will consider you as a Mother."

Then, He hugged me and I heard Him saying to me, very quietly: "My Mama, Mama"; and He whispered to me all that sweet Mama did and suffered in this Hour; and I followed her. Since then, I never skipped it again, helped by His Grace.

### **VOL. 11 - November 4, 1914**

*The new and continuous way to meditate the Hours of the Passion.*

I was doing the *Hours of the Passion* and Jesus, all pleased, told me: "My daughter, if you knew what great satisfaction I feel in seeing you repeating these Hours of my Passion - always repeating them, over and over again - you would be happy. It is true that my Saints have meditated my Passion and understood how much I suffered, melting in tears of compassion, to the extent of feeling consumed for love of my pains; however, not in this continuous manner, always repeated and in this order. Therefore, I can say that you are the first one to give Me this taste, so great and special, as you keep fragmenting within you - hour by hour - my Life and all that I suffered. I feel so attracted that, hour after hour, I give you this food and I eat the same food with you, doing what you do together with you. Know that I will reward you abundantly with new Light and new graces even after your death. Each time the souls on earth will do these Hours of my Passion, in Heaven I will clothe you with ever new Light and glory."

### **VOL. 11 - November 6, 1914**

*The good that the Hours of the Passion produce for Jesus and for the soul who does them.*

As I continued the usual *Hours of the Passion*, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, the world is in continuous act of renewing my Passion; and since my Immensity envelopes everything, inside and outside the creatures, I am forced to receive from their contact nails, thorns, scourges, scorns, spits and all the rest which I suffered in the Passion - and still more. Now, at the contact with souls who do these Hours of my Passion I feel the nails being removed, the thorns shattered, the wounds soothed, the spits taken away. I feel compensated by good for the evil that others do to Me. Feeling that their contact does not do harm to Me, but good, I lean more and more on them."

Furthermore, returning to speak about these *Hours of the Passion*, blessed Jesus said: "My daughter, know that by doing these Hours the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, my prayers, desires, affections, and even my most intimate fibers and makes them her own. So, rising up between Heaven and earth, she does my same office, and as co-redemptrix, she says to Me: '*Ecce ego, mitte me* [Here I am, send me]. I want to repair for all, answer to You for all, and plead good for all.'"

### **VOL. 11 - November 20, 1914**

Then He added: "I gave two great things which, as one could say, formed my own Life. My Life was my Will and my Love. I enclosed everything in these two points: Divine Will and Love. This Will and this Love carried out my Life within Me, and accomplished my Passion. I want from you nothing but this: that my Will be your life, your rule, and that you do not escape from It in anything, either small or big. This Will and this Love will carry out my Passion in you. The closer you will be to my Passion, the more you will love me and will feel my Passion in you. If you let my Will and my Love flow as Life within you, my Passion will flow in you as well. You will feel It flowing in each one of your thoughts, in your mouth - you will feel your tongue being soaked in It. Your word will come out as warmed by my Blood, and you will speak eloquently about my pains. Your heart will be filled with my pains. Every expression of your being will carry the mark of my Passion, and I will keep repeating to you - always: "Here is my Life, here is my Life." I will delight in making you surprises, narrating to you now one pain, now another one, which you haven't heard or understood yet. Aren't you happy?"

### **VOL. 11 - October 13, 1916**

***How the Angels are around the soul who does the Hours of the Passion. These Hours are sweet little sips that souls give to Jesus.***

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, in the course of my mortal Life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of my Humanity, gathering everything I did – my steps, my works, my words, and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to Mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says."

Then He added: "After the so many bitternesses that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me; but for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!"

**VOL. 11 - December 9, 1916**

***Jesus wants to find Himself and what He did in the soul. With this intention the soul must do the Hours of the Passion and every action.***

I was afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus; and if He comes, while I breathe a little bit of life, I am left more afflicted in seeing Him more afflicted than I am. He does not want to hear about placating Himself, because creatures force Him, and snatch more scourges from Him. But while He scourges, He cries over the lot of man, and He hides deep inside my heart, almost not to see what man suffers. It seems that one can no longer live in these sad times; yet, it seems that this is only the beginning.

Then, as I was worried about my hard and sad lot of having to be so very often without Him, my sweet Jesus came, and throwing one arm around my neck, told me: "My daughter, do not increase my pains by worrying – they are already too many. I do not expect this from you; on the contrary, I want you to make my pains, my prayers and all of Myself your own, in such a way that I may find in you another Me. In these times I want great satisfactions, and only one who makes Me his own can give them to Me. That which the Father found in Me – glory, delight, love, satisfactions whole and perfect, and for the good of all – I want to find in these souls, like as many other Jesuses that match Me. These intentions you must repeat in each Hour of the Passion that you do, in each action – in everything. If I do not find my satisfactions – ah, it is over for the world! The scourges will pour down in torrents. Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!" And He disappeared.

**VOL. 11 - February 2, 1917**

***The world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of the Passion.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always lovable Jesus, dripping Blood all over, with a horrible crown of thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the thorns. He told me: "My daughter, the world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of my Passion. In darkness, it has not found the light of my Passion which would illuminate it by making known to it my love and how much souls cost Me, in such a way that it could turn to loving the One who has truly loved it; and the light of my Passion, guiding it, would put it on its guard against all dangers. In weakness, it has not found the strength of my Passion which would sustain it. In impatience, it has not found the mirror of my patience which would infuse in it calm and resignation, in such a way that, in the face of my patience, feeling ashamed, it would make it its duty to dominate itself. In pains, it has not found the comfort of the pains of a God which, sustaining its pains, would infuse in it love of suffering. In sin, it has not found my sanctity which, placing itself in front of it, would infuse in it hate of sin. Ah, man has made an abuse of everything, because he has moved away from the One who could help him! This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What will happen to this child and to this disciple? They will be the sorrow

of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah, man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with tears of blood!"

**VOL. 12 - May 16, 1917**

***Effects of the Hours of the Passion.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in my sweet Jesus, and then I poured all of myself into the creatures, in order to give the whole of Jesus to all. And my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, every time the creature fuses herself in Me, she gives the influence of Divine Life to all creatures; and according to their own needs, the creatures obtain their effects: those who are weak, feel strength; those who are obstinate in sin, receive light; those who suffer, receive comfort; and so with all the rest."

Then, I found myself outside of myself. I was in the midst of many souls - they seemed to be purging souls and Saints - who were speaking to me and mentioning one person known to me, who died not too long ago. And they said to me: 'He feels happy in seeing that there is not a soul who enters Purgatory without carrying the mark of the *Hours of the Passion*. Surrounded by the cortege of these *Hours* and helped by them, the souls take a safe place. And there is not a soul who flies into Heaven, without being accompanied by these *Hours of the Passion*. These *Hours* make a continuous dew pour down from Heaven to earth, into Purgatory, and even into Heaven.'

On hearing this, I said to myself: 'Maybe my beloved Jesus, in order to keep the word He had given - that for each word of the *Hours of the Passion* He would give a soul - is allowing that there be not a saved soul who does not benefit from these *Hours*.'

Afterwards, I returned into myself, and as I found my sweet Jesus, I asked Him whether that was true. And He: "These *Hours* are the order of the Universe; they put Heaven and earth in harmony, and restrain Me from sending the world to ruin. I feel my Blood, my wounds, my Love and all I did, being placed in circulation; and they flow over all to save all. As souls do these *Hours of the Passion*, I feel my Blood, my wounds, my anxieties to save souls, being put in motion, and I feel my own Life being repeated. How could creatures obtain any good if not by means of these *Hours*? Why do you doubt? This thing is not yours, but mine. You have been the strained and weak instrument."

**VOL. 13 - October 21, 1921**

***Everything that Jesus did and suffered is in continuous act of giving itself to man. All the remedies needed for the whole humanity are in His Life and Passion.***

I was thinking about the Passion of my sweet Jesus, and upon coming, He told me: "My daughter, every time the soul thinks about my Passion, remembers what I suffered, or compassionates Me, she renews within herself the application of my pains. My Blood rises to inundate her, and my wounds place themselves on the path to heal her if she is wounded, or to embellish her if she is healthy - as well as my merits, to enrich her. The commerce she produces is amazing; it is as if she placed on a counter everything I did and suffered, earning twice as much. In fact, everything I did and suffered is in continuous act of giving itself to man, just as the Sun is in continuous act of giving light and heat to the earth. My work is not subject to exhaustion; if the soul just wants it so, and as many times as she wants, she receives the fruit of my Life. So, if she remembers my Passion twenty, a hundred, a thousand times, so many more times will she enjoy Its effects. But how few are those who make a treasure of it! With all the good of my Passion, one can see souls who are weak, blind, deaf, mute, crippled - living cadavers, such as to be disgusting. This, because my Passion is put into oblivion.

My pains, my wounds, my Blood are strength which removes weaknesses, light which gives sight to the blind, tongue which loosens the tongues and opens the hearing, way which straightens the crippled, life which raises the dead... All the remedies needed for the whole humanity are in my Life and Passion. But the creature despises the medicine and does not care about the remedies; and so one can see, in spite of all my Redemption, the state of man perishing, as though affected by an incurable consumption. But that which saddens Me the most is to see religious people who tire themselves out in order to acquire doctrines, speculations, stories; but about my Passion - nothing. So, many times my Passion is banished from churches, from the mouth of Priests; therefore, their speech is without Light, and the peoples remain more starved than before."

**VOL. 21 - April 14, 1927**

“Even in My Passion, I wanted to suffer being stripped in the scourging, denuded on the Cross, and stretched in such a horrible way that My bones could be counted, amid confusion, abandonment and unspeakable bitterness. All this was nothing other than the outpouring of the human will, that had stripped man of all goods, and with its poisonous breath, had covered him with confusion and opprobrium, to the point of transforming him in a horrible way, and of rendering him an object of mockery for his many enemies. Daughter, if you want to know all the evils that the human will has done, study My Life well, number My pains, one by one, and you will read the black characters of the noxious story of the human will. You will feel such horror in reading it, that you will be content with dying, rather than letting one single syllable of it enter into you.”

**VOL. 22 - June 17, 1927**

After this, I found myself outside of myself, and while looking for my sweet Jesus I encountered Father Di Francia. He was all cheerful, and he told me: “Do you know how many beautiful surprises I found? I did not think it would be so when I was on earth, though I thought I had done good by publishing the *Hours of the Passion*. But the surprises I found are marvelous, enchanting, of a rarity never before seen: all the words regarding the Passion of Our Lord changed into light, one more beautiful than the other – all braided together; and these lights grow more and more as creatures do the *Hours of the Passion*, so more lights add to the first. But what surprised me the most were the few sayings published by me about the Divine Will: each saying changed into a sun, and these suns, investing all the lights with their rays, form such a surprise of beauty that one remains enraptured, enchanted. You cannot imagine how surprised I was at seeing myself in the midst of these lights and these suns – how content I was; and I thanked our Highest Good, Jesus, who had given me the occasion and the grace to do it. You too, thank Him on my behalf.”

*Fiat!!!*