

THE FLAME OF LOVE
SPIRITUAL DIARY 1962-1981

MY SPIRITUAL FIGHTS : OBSCURE NIGHT

The way of the Lord, by which He leads us, never ends; it is us who turn aside from Him. I also turned away. The numerous preoccupations, the dissipating working, together with my situation of widowed woman, broke down my spiritual meditation. And bit by bit, I deviated from God. The unceasing struggle for life gave occupation to my mind. At the end of a long fight, my spiritual life had become so darkened that even the vigour of my faith was unsettled. That unceasing struggle for life made me ask myself : **"You see, I always told you. Why have a big family?"** While I was for ever coming back over these ideas, all that was sacred for me in the past, and did give a sense to my life, seemed to me silly things, empty words.

One sacked me from a job, and I had to go searching for another job elsewhere. Then, misery did come even more severe, and more outrageous the temptation.

The Evil One molested me unceasingly:

Satan :- "Why do you tell stories to yourself? You know very well that you should have already give up the fight a long time ago, but you don't know what to say to your children. You don't know how to tell them that even you don't believe anymore in all that....Come on! Throw off your mask, at last. You will see how much better you will feel. After all, your children will succeed to find out what you are trying to keep back from them at this very moment... "

Then, I stopped short, and for a moment appeared to me the face of God, in a very severe manner. It is in such a manner that began in me a great fight. I implored God. Something beyond description ; I don't find words to express the spiritual fight that began in me. The battle was long, frightful ; it got on my nerves.

I attended the holy mass again, but for me it was so empty ! And I got tired of it. At the time, I was working two shifts a day at the mill, and I went so far as to manage to work on Sundays. My children attended the dominical mass on the morning, whereas I attended it in the evening. It was better that it should be so, because thus they did not see my lack of self-communion. At the moment of the holy mass, instead of praying, I gave yawns out of boredom. One day, I took the decision not to go anymore, - I will not go to yawn – I said to myself. Little by little, it seemed to me that my very conscience was resigned to that.

One Sunday, I began to wash the dirty linen of the week. In the morning, I sent my children to the holy mass, while I washed the whole day. The evening came and my children notified me: "Mom, it is already five thirty!" I felt disturbed by that, and kept doing my work. Finally, a few minutes before six o'clock, one of my children told me: "Oh, do! please! Hurry up!". It shook me up and I went.

I went but, in this state, I did not know how to speak to God. I was surpassing myself in scattered thoughts : **How silly of me! Why am I keeping again the fasting of the third order of the Carmel? It is so foolish! ... Come on! Give up all that !** ... I decided to deny myself no more to eat meat since my nourishment is so insufficient and of bad quality. This fasting, I always kept it without any difficulty, but only by rule of thumb.

Coming back home, I don't know myself how the little Psalm-book of the Most Holy Virgin fell in my hands. I opened it and began to pray. This prayer that, in the past, always came up from my heart to God, now looked to me a futile babble... I took in my hands my old book of meditation, but vainly I was striving : an obscure silence, cold and dumb, wrapped me on all sides. I burst into tears : "God wants to know nothing of me".

One week, when my shift at the mill began on the morning, and the next week, when it began in the afternoon and ended very late in the evening, I became filled with an extreme inner anguish. Such thoughts arose in me that to disclose them would be to blaspheme against God.

In the middle of this great fight, the Evil One made me hear in my heart some horrible words :

Satan :-"That's why I allowed that, to get it into your head that it is useless to fight still more".

The terrible struggle went on for about three years until one day my daughter C. told me. "Mom, hurry up, today, at two o'clock this afternoon, it will be the funeral of Dr B." It was already one o'clock in the afternoon.

It gave me such a shock in my heart. Without thinking any more, I put my things on so as not to be late. Entering the room of the mortuary vigil, I burst into tears. I was thinking: "He is well now. He has been a true carmelite friar [of the third order], of a holy and exemplary life... But me?...Will I make my way there?"

"Don't cry" – It was his voice, pleasant and soft as only the blessed souls can utter -. "Go back to the Carmel!".

The day after was Sunday, July 16th, feast of Our Lady of the Carmel, patron saint of our church. I came soon in the morning and stayed till nightfall. I had quite a lot of difficulties in rising from my seat to go to confess my sins. A terrible unfeelingness was eating my heart out. I didn't feel any regret in my heart. The penance, I said it quite mechanically whereas I thought : all these people are praising our Most Holy Mother ; but the idea did not come to my mind that I was also praising her. I was only thinking of brother B, because it gave some comfort to my soul.

He induced me to go to the Most Holy Virgin : "Go and bow before Her !" That is what I did...but I didn't find peace.

It was pretty dark already when I came home. There, a very strange sensation gripped me, as if I had left my soul ravaged and used at the Carmel. Even if that day I had not taken even only one mouthful, with a lot of difficulties I began to make away with my hunger. The Evil One again took up a position close to me: -"**You silly ass! What is the good of all that to you? Do take a rest! Don't attach importance to these things**".

Broken hearted, I went out into the garden where, in the silence of the night, I began to shed tears copiously. By starlight, before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes I had in our garden, I began to pray with great fervour.

The next morning, I went hastily to the little chapel I attended in times past, when I was yet myself a young mother, and where I found myself so often at the table of the Lord with Brother B. Again today, it was the liking I had taken for Him that led me there. On the way, I found myself with a few old acquaintances who remembered me as an exemplary young mother. It made me uneasy because I believed that the Evil One now wanted to tempt me by vainglory. I implored with all my heart : "Heavenly Mother, never never I want to be unfaithful to you ! Don't abandon me! Hold me tight ! I am afraid of myself ! My footsteps are so unsteady".

During the holy mass, I prayed unceasingly the Lord Jesus: Lord, forgive me my sins. I didn't dare to come near the Lord's Table, even if the person sitting by my side took my arm more than one time: "Do let's go!"

THE LORD KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

During those days, I received these extraordinary graces the Lord gives only to those who are weak and convalescent. A nun that was kneeling by my side said to me : "I am going down on my knees by your side in order to become a saint too". Oh, I knew she was seeing and feeling the Lord Jesus in me.

Some times I walked unceasingly, with my eyes suffused with tears. The love I felt for the Lord Jesus suffused my eyes with tears of repentance. I wanted not to see people anymore, I was only looking for some silence to be able to hear unceasingly the voice of the Lord. Because from that moment, He spoke to me... Oh, these quiet conversations are so simple...!

FOR SO A LONG TIME I WAS WAITING FOR YOU

I implored Him to let me immerse myself in the sea of his graces. I fervently asked for these graces for my dear children too, for Him to attract them to Him. He promised me that, if I asked for it steadfastly and with doggedness of purpose, He should grant it to me.

When I was adoring Him, submerged in a profound devotion, the Evil One talked to me in this way : -" **You believe that He can do that ? If He had that power, He would do it because He would find it very amusing. "**

What a terrible slap! I became sad at heart...

Then became visible the Holy Face of the Lord, before my spiritual eyes, and He spoke in this way :

JC.-"Look at my Face distorted and my Sacred Body tortured! Have I not suffered to save souls? Believe in Me and adore Me!"

At this moment, I made acts of faith, hope and charity, and I implored Him never to allow me to separate from Him, to chain me up solidly to his sacred Feet, so that I should remain in this manner always united to Him. So I would feel myself secure. He, for his part, asked me to deny myself, seeing that I am very inattentive and a society woman.

JC.- "I don't force you, your will is free. Only if you want it !"

With a mighty effort, I applied myself to do it. Afterwards, everything around me lined up in order in such a manner that I was led always nearer Him, because He kept urging me.

JC.- "I would like to give you great graces; that is why, deny yourself completely!"

They were important, these words, for my understanding. That is why I asked Him : Shall I be able to do that ?

JC.- "You, you have only to will; what remains, entrust Me with that."

It cost me other struggles, and others again, but the Lord lighted up my understanding and guided me step by step. These self-denials, I had to live them in a practical way inside my family.

Inasmuch as my youngest child was living with me, it was not obvious to me the meaning and importance of the self-denials. At home, I had to squeeze up always more to make some place for my children who were founding their families. It cost me a lot. I had a four room house with modern comfort. The vast dining room was yet remaining at my disposal. Even to that also I renounced, although it cost me a lot.

Leaving the dining room, the mirthful and painful souvenirs of the past assailed my thoughts. Quite a lot of family events defiled before me, the so intimate nights of Christmas times, wedding feasts, celebrations of grandchildren's baptisms, the table poorly provided in years of indigence, when for many years there was for breakfast no more than a slice of bread and butter. For years, the poor vegetable dish remained without full meal, but I took care to show off next to each dinner plate one fine-looking and beaming apple. I set the table carefully so that the children did not feel that we were living years of indigence.

At this time, I kept moving briskly among them, and I kept for myself the unceasing care of their nourishment. What I want to say is that this dining room was a part of my heart and it made the renunciation difficult.

I moved in another room thinking that I was going to nest there with my remembrances. It was the children's

room. I thought : Here my soul will get peace, quietness; I will no more be obliged to change my room again !....

Not long before, my younger son got married. I had to help him so that he too could have his room. I renounced that room too. I felt that the Lord was asking me this sacrifice, so that I become really poor... Under my eyes paraded the nights spent looking after one sick child staying beside his bed, their joyous noises, evening prayers, intimate family readings. Thinking of these remembrances, I felt sorrow-stricken in my heart just as one loses something very precious. And the Lord began urging me...

DENY YOURSELF COMPLETELY

JC.- "Deny yourself completely !"

Then, I distributed all what I had between my children so that nothing should make me cling to this world. Later on, I had the feeling to have done what was necessary. I had even not a chair left where I could rest my head in complete peace of mind. The voice of the Lord kept urging me :

JC.- "Deny yourself !"

All became dark and sad all around me. Now, what can I do with my life? And the Evil One came with a large smile: **Satan : "Don't lose heart, you are not so old yet, take a rest, smarten yourself up, have a good time, and if you have the occasion, get married !....this is not at all shameful. Then, you will have again your home and you will belong to somebody. You may keep your conscience quiet, you have done your duty as a mother".**

The blood rushed to my face, because it is true that I felt all alone... The next morning, I bowed before the Lord's altar : "Lord, You know, don't You, that I chained myself up to your Sacred Feet and I don't want You to take me away from there?". I asked Him : Lord, why did You let me alone ?

JC.- "For the good of your soul. I too, for long hours I struggled alone in my agony. And to you, even this little sacrifice looks difficult? Accept all what will happen to you again."

Then I spoke to my daughter C., to whom I handed over the management of the house. From this day forward and in the future, you will be the little housekeeper, I will cook no more. She looked at me with great surprise, as if asking me what I would be doing. - "What all of you will ask me to do -I said- and I will eat what you will give me". C. replied : "Dear Mom, you are acting as if you were a hermit".

At this moment, M. my youngest daughter, entered; she was the mother of two youngsters. I have to look for a job, she says, because with only one income, one doesn't make both ends meet (her husband is a teacher). Then I gave up in her favour the product of my well paid work at the cooperative (work which consisted in painting some plastic), so that she wouldn't have to let her two little children alone at home. It was my last renunciation. All that happened in a few days. I had to do rapidly that sacrifice because the Lord was urging me :

JC.- "Your will belongs to you, I don't prescribe it to you, I accept only if you too want it. The only thing that is worth much before my eyes is that you commit yourself entirely to Me confidently. Do you believe that I cannot reward you for all that ? What riches are waiting for you! "

AT THE SCHOOL OF THE DIVINE MASTER

When these demanding self-denials materialised in me, it was on February 10, 1962, one Saturday. The next day, Sunday, feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, in the afternoon, I soon ran away the noise of the family life. My soul wanted silence. As I had no more home, the Lord Jesus wanted it to be in such a way.

IN THE CHURCH

On this wonderful Sunday, a large crowd of people emptied the Sanctuary Mariaremete (Hermitage of Mary) and the devout faithful visited our church dedicated to the Holy Spirit.

I was kneeling among the crowd. And after a brief worship, I said to the Lord : My Jesus, here I am. I got totally free from the world as You wished. So that absolutely nothing can interpose between both of us. Am I agreeable to You thus? Oh, my God, what a poor wretch I am! How it costs me to make that renunciation! You know how humiliating it is to live thus? The voice of the Lord arose in me :

JC.- "You have to live in this manner from this day forward, in the greatest humiliation! "

Listening these words, my soul came deep in his eternal thought. I asked Him : Now, that's it, You accept me? The Lord did not answer me. There was only a deep silence in my soul.

With bowed head, I did look only to Him : What will He tell me ? I felt that this renunciation to everything had brought me nearer to the Lord. Nothing disturbed anymore the silence of my soul. While I was kneeled thus, my soul filled a profound repentance and gratitude towards Him. I was waiting for his words more than ever! After a long moment, at last I broke the silence : You are glad, oh my Jesus, of all these devout souls who came to You ?

JC.- "Yes, He sadly answered, but as they are so in a hurry, it doesn't give Me enough time to give them my graces".

I understood Him, and how I would have wanted to console Him! "Oh, gentle Jesus, I live for You, I die for You. I am yours for the whole eternity". In the meantime, I was looking for a way to be able to console Him in his profound sadness. I remembered this little bird which, according to the legend, wanted to withdraw the thorns from the Sacred Head of Christ. While it did its utmost to succeed in doing it, its chest took on the tinge of the red Precious Blood of the Lord.

I stayed there a long time. I began to be cold. I wanted to take leave of Him to go home. Then, in the bottom of my heart I heard his imploring voice :

JC.- "Don't go away immediately !

I remained in my place. After a short moment, I heard a sweet voice in the silence of my soul :

MESSAGE OF THE MOTHER OF GOD

B.V.- "My dear little carmelite!"

Hearing it, a profound repentance came over my soul. Later on, I heard twice again this sweet voice, and in the meantime, came to my eyes some tears of affliction and sorrow for my sins.

Not long after, the Most Holy Virgin began to speak again in my heart as if she refrained from crying, then she said :

B.V.- "Adore and atone for my Holy Son so often offended!"

I remained pensive : This cannot come from the Evil One, because he doesn't say : adore and atone... Later on, a little embarrassment happened in my soul : how can I do that ? I remained a little more in the church. I wasn't praying, I just wanted to put my thoughts in order. But a strange half-light clouded my mind. On my way home, I asked the Most Holy Virgin : Heavenly Mother, if You are asking me that, then direct my ways to your Most Holy Son.

Even the next day, I could not free myself from that thought. During the holy mass I implored fervently : "Heavenly Mother, how and what do I have to do? You will be at my side, will you not? I am so little and so weak without You!

The holy mass ended, I felt a strong desire to ask for the key of the house of the Lord to be able to get in freely.

I called on the nun sacristan with my request. I described the situation at home.

With such delight that she was surprised... She answered that it was not within her power to entrust me with the key. She had to ask for permission to the priest. Two days later, very soon, the nun gave me the good news. I got the key I had asked for. The same day, I came with the precious key; just as I opened the door, my heart was going pit-a-pat. I felt that the Lord was sharing with me his House in a peculiar way : instead of a home, He was giving me another. That is why this church is so precious to me.

Entering by the lateral door, I stopped before the altar of the Most Holy Virgin, patron saint of the Hungarian people. I bowed before Her: Hail Mary, gentle Mother! I beg you humbly, keep me under your special protection, commend me to your Most Holy Son! I am your unfaithful little carmelite, Mother, I am using the very words you used to speak to me. I know that I am not worthy to be called in a like manner. Even if I lived for centuries, I could not deserve it, not even far from it. Come, Mother, now guide me to your Most Holy Son!"

THE FIRST HOLY HOUR, SEE TO IT THAT WE BECOME MANY

As I was alone in the immense church, I bowed myself at the feet of the Lord as never before, and I asked Him : We are only both of us ?

JC. - "Alas !" I heard his sad voice in the bottom of my heart.

JC.- "See to it that we become many"

There was no words to express the gratitude and searchings of the heart that dropped out of my soul towards the Lord.

Oh, gentle Saviour! Nobody knows better than You how much I went forward warily until, by your graces, reaching to You. Lord, now that You have taken away the external carapace of my soul, I am feeling that the abundance of your Grace is suffusing me.

Oh, my Jesus! Take out the large faults of my soul with a snip of the scissors. I don't mind that it hurts me, so long as the day when I will have to present myself before You at the hour of my death, You can recognize in me the work of your holy Hands.

Beloved Jesus, I want so much to regret my sins, as never did any repentant sinner, and to love You as no converted sinner ever loved You.

Beloved Jesus, with profound humility I implore You that in the future not a single day of my life be spent without tears of repentance shed from my eyes because of my gratitude and love for You.

Humble me, Lord Jesus, at each moment of my life, so that I feel unceasingly to what extent I am poor and wretched.

Oh, Lord Jesus, my heart gave a jump when the thought occurred to me that already here in the world, I can live with You, but that after my death, for a short time I will have to separate me from You because of my sins. Tell me, beloved Jesus, what will happen with my countless sins?

An unthinkable anxiety gripped me. How I implored the Lord! Then He made me feel that my sins should be lost in his merciful love.

Who knows until when I should have stayed there, without paying attention to me and bowed at the feet of the Lord, if the nun sacristan had not given me notice that the door is closed at seven thirty. At this very moment, I did not have the key. I could not separate myself from the Lord Jesus, and I asked Him to come with me. I went home by a longer road, by the silent streets. I felt that the Lord was coming with me. We said not a single word. I would have liked to bow myself in the dust of the street, so much I felt his presence.

From the time He gave me such a large home, I visited Him every night with humbled and repentant heart, - moved by gratitude – and in accordance with the desire of the Most Holy Virgin, I worshiped Him and made amends to Him.

What gladness I feel when going towards Him ! He is always there, waiting for me. I don't try to describe these intimate hours, because it should be impossible to do it.

The year 1961 went by in the very middle of these conversations, that at this very moment I did not set down in writing. I began to write only when the Lord gave me the order. When the beloved Saviour gets into a brief conversation with me, I write it word for word. During Holy Hours, it often happens that the ideas come directly in my subconsciousness, and after I feel unable to express it. In one occasion, I thanked Him to have assured me of an eternal refuge.

JC.-"Assure me, you too, my little carmelite, an eternal refuge ! You feel, don't you, how much both of us belong one another? May your love never grow less !"

One time, He asked me to do each Monday an evening of prayers in favour of sacerdotal souls who are in Purgatory.

Another day, I went to visit the house of a few people I know, where they had a chapel. My visit ended, I did not enter in the chapel to give Him my greetings. Speaking in a gentle tone, He reproached me with my innumerable untactful acts towards Him. I said to Him: "I beg your pardon, beloved Jesus. Did I not ask You to cure my soul of my bad traits?"He answered to me with a peaceful voice:

JC.- "My little one, you have to love Me day and night!"

One certain moment, I asked Him to let me feel his presence full of Majesty and Goodness.

JC.- "Don't ask Me that for yourself, my little one. I give it to the one for whom you made a sacrifice or to those for whom you offered your prayers ".

I beg your pardon, my Jesus,...You see what a selfish person I am !

JC.- "I know your imperfection and destitution, Daughter. But that doesn't have to diminish your perseverance in the future, because it is one reason more for you to count on my love with a greater confidence".

CONTRIBUTE TO THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS

Between March 4th and 7th, 1962

I don't know what happened in the country. These days, almost every five minutes, the Lord induced me to kneel and make amends to Him.

Also, in the first week of March, happened what I will narrate.

I was seeing to the household duties, continuously submerged in Him, and implored Him to let me participate in the greatest measure possible in his Work of Salvation. Then the Lord began to speak to me in the bottom of my heart :

JC.- "Ask for graces in abundance! The more you are going to ask for, the more you are going to receive !

Ask for others too ! Don't be afraid to ask too much!

I am happy when I can give more ! Your sighs only make Me already happy! And what will I say if you accept faithfully the sacrifices I ask you for my cause! Many are those who ask Me repeatedly to be able to participate in my Work, but when they have to accept one sacrifice I offer them to accept from my own Hands, they are afraid of Me...

Never let Me without your sufferings, and help toward the conversion of sinners ! If you do that, you will receive a great reward. A time will come when you will hear my Voice not only in the bottom of your heart, but high and loud, and it will bless you.

Daughter, you have to suffer very much. I will not give you any consolation that make you cling to the earth.

I will always shed on you my fortifying grace, and the force of the Holy Spirit will be with you.

You have to relieve yourself of all in you that inclines to harm, and live in all according to my convenience. I help you to go on the right road. Submerge yourself only in my teaching !"

In spite of all my efforts, Lord, I note not any progress in me.

JC.-"About that, don't worry! Do it again every day! Our Mother will help you. Ask for everything to Her ! She knows how you can oblige Me".

At this time, the Lord Jesus asked me many times :

JC.- "My daughter, deny yourself ! I ask that of you with such insistence because you cannot participate in my Work of Redemption except if totally, without any interruption, you live united to Me at every moment...

Offer that to my Father at all times, without any interruption, also for those who gave Me their life and nevertheless live more for the world than for my Work of Redemption. They don't think of their vocation. Do penance for your sins and on the same occasion for them too. How I would like to wash them of their sins ! May they come to Me ! Don't spare yourself any fatigue, my little one.

Accept no limit at all! Never separate yourself, even for only one instant, from my Work of Salvation, because, if you do, I should feel that your love for Me grows less. With such eagerness I want your love ! May You always feel what I feel !.... "

The Lord made me come into contact with a person I had not seen for fifteen years, and that moreover I had met only three times in my whole life. The Lord Jesus instilled into me a great trust in her (for I am by nature very coy). I spoke to her of the state of my soul, and how I found myself once again in a dark obscurity. After the conversation that took place in the chapel, the Sister (for she was a nun) told me : "It can be some autosuggestion!" It hurted me badly. Some terrible thoughts assailed me. The lack of faith confused all my lucidity. It seemed to me that all that was taking place in me was pure empty dreams ; or maybe the Evil One, got up as an angel of light, wanted to disturb my soul's peace so dearly won.

EVERY BEGINNING IS HARD

I passed a whole day in those anxieties. When I went by night to worship again the Lord, I thought in the middle of all my perplexity : My God! What is it really going on in me? Where did I allow myself to be led? What is true : what there is now in me, or what there was before ?

The one who never suffered such a temptation can hardly understand what I felt before such an uncertainty. I remained a long time in silence. Little by little, this terrible obscurity vanished. I began to feel that the Evil One did not disturb me so much. My heart began to feel some relief.

The next day, when I kneeled down to receive the Lord in the holy Communion, I had already retrieved entirely the peace of my soul. At home also, submerged in Him, I carried out my tasks... While I was washing the house linen, I worshiped Him unceasingly, thinking out for myself : "What a miserable person I am ! How is it that I am so powerless to help Him!" Immersing me thus in his eternal thoughts, the Lord began to speak in the bottom of my heart:

FAST WITH BREAD AND WATER FOR TWELVE PRIESTS

JC.-"Abandon yourself completely to Me, my little carmelite [of the Third order], it is only in a like manner that you can make sacrifices for Me. I am asking you something great. Listen ! Have no fear ! Be very humble and unimportant, it is only thus you will be in a position to carry out my mission. Every Thursday and Friday, do fast on bread and water; offer it for twelve priests. In each of these days, spend four hours in my divine Presence, and atone for the numerous offenses I received. On Friday, from noon until three o'clock in the afternoon, adore my Sacred Body and my Precious Blood that I shed for the sins of the whole world. The fast on Friday, keep it until the hour when my Sacred Body was descended from the Cross. The acceptance of this sacrifice brings on some extraordinary graces.

Do what I am asking you, my little one!"

He begged me so much!

JC.- "Bind yourself to that during twelve weeks for the twelve priests, the most gifted to carry out my plans. I want to make them worthy of it by special graces. Do that, my little one! In so doing, you too will be the favourite of my Heart. You will know who will be the person to forward my request to the twelve priests. These will have to do the same thing that I have asked you, that is to say : atonement and to submerge themselves in my Sacred Passion. My little one, these twelve sacerdotal souls are the best in the country".

He asked me to do that for twelve weeks, me and these twelve priests to whom will come his message.

JC.-"I will let you suffer, daughter, in a state of great spiritual unfeelingness.

Various temptations are going to torment you, but have no fear, my Grace will be unceasingly with you.

Have absolute confidence in Me. That is the key of my Heart !

Leave your doubts ! The Holy Spirit you invoke so often will take possession of your soul through Our Mother, his favourite.

I know that, with Me, you are thirsty for the souls. My Heart is so delighted when you implore Me and tell Me that you are thirsty for Me with an unquenchable thirst. I am feeling the same thing for you and all the souls that I gratified with my Graces. May you feel the consuming thirst in my Soul! I truly beg your love. Please, Daughter, at least you, don't leave Me ! With each heart-beat, repent your sins, offer Me atonement and console Me. If your love should diminish, turn towards our Heavenly Mother, she will fill your heart with an overflowing love for Me. I am obliged to you because your heart is suffering with Me, beating in Me. Don't succumb to tiredness in the contemplation of my Holy Wounds, from which you will always derive a great force. Commend yourself to the Eternal Father and live with the Holy Trinity ! (Let us not forget that even if these words are written in the singular, they are meant for all of us) In the middle of temptations, take refuge under the mantle of our Mother. She will stand up for you against the Evil One who will unceasingly make trouble for you. For my part, I will be with you if you persevere by my side. You, nothing or nobody will never be able to separate you from Me...

Don't be afraid, my little one; you, live only hidden in great humility. Nobody has to know anything about you, except a few people. You will win merits by your suffering, offer it in union with Me to the Eternal Father for the souls consecrated to Me. May your humility be so great that it irradiates goodness and love on all those you keep company with.

We will always be together, my little one. Keep asking Our Mother to keep you hidden in humility. Learn to speak with each of your near relations in such a manner that, by your words, you should lead them to Me. To Me, you have to ask for love, from Me you have to draw love ! The sacrifices, you have to do them without flinching because they are necessary to attain the end. The Eternal Father knows with what character He created you. He knows that you are violent, irritable, but you have to change according to my Heart... In the future, you cannot use violence except against the bad, but do not loose heart! Look at Heaven with confidence, towards Me, and ask for graces in abundance. Among your family, be a living sacrifice. Specially the insignificant little sacrifices, you have to do them. Come to Me because I am in pain when forsaken ! Don't worry if you can only do small things; it is not very suitable for you. Remain very little. Diffuse yourself in Me like the drop of water in the wine".

DO DENY YOURSELF – INSISTENCE OF JESUS

April 8th, 1962.

The Lord asked me not to mix the holy hours with his creatures:

JC.- "Don't search for yourself ! I have yet repeated many times that I want you entirely for Me! Do deny yourself! Nothing will interpose between you and Me!"

I answered to Him : "Lord Jesus, I am only a beginner".

JC.- "That is why you don't have to loose heart, daughter, once you begin. Remember how, when you were young, your unshaken preoccupation was to study, but you never had the opportunity to do it. It is Me who did not allow it and put all obstacles in your way.

I preferred you in a like manner, completely uninstructed, because already then, I had my plans for you ; I wanted to make you come to maturity for Me."

Lord, how many times You directed to me the invigorating rays of your graces! For my part, I avoided You, I followed other paths.

JC.- "Surely you remember how, only a few months ago, you wanted to have yourself registered to the Superior popular school ? But I was opposed to that too. I called upon you in order to admit you to my school. Now rejoice greatly and be a diligent student. I am the Master. Learn from Me. I don't spare Myself any fatigue ; I will dedicate Myself to you from the morning to the evening."

Yes, Lord - I answered Him- the problem is that I pay very little attention to You.

JC.- "That's right, Daughter".

Then He showed me a lot of occasions where I had offended Him. For example, when I went in a place where there was a chapel, I took leave of everybody except Him. Moreover, when I genuflect, I have also to think of Him with much love...

JC.-"Because if you don't do these little things... it hurts Me so much!"

I had much pain because of these faults, and my eyes filled of tears of repentance.

GO TO MY MOTHER, SHE WILL HELP YOU

JC.- "Again and always I tell you, my little one, you must change and become as I want you to be. I help you to follow the right way, but you have to assimilate my teaching well, and you have to carry out, with all your might, the tasks I give you. Go to my Mother, She will help you !"

I love Her very much, Lord. She is the one who raised within me the desire to adore her Most Holy Son and to make atonement to Him. Oh, how bowled over my heart was when I heard her voice! Oh, what a deep repentance her voice, stifled with tears, aroused inside of me !

JC.- "Yes, my little one, it was the first encounter, the great step, when my Mother recommended you specially to Me. Since then, my little one, you are flying towards Me like an arrow. In your flight, don't return and look at the earth, to avoid being disturbed by the noise of the world.

I HAVE BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR YOU

JC.- "Ever since I created you, I am waiting for you, and for all souls !"

My Lord, now don't let me go anymore !

JC.- "It is you who tore yourself away from Me ; I never let you down. "

Oh, my Jesus, that is the reason why I remained so unfortunate and without education. Educate me, Master.

JC.- "Deny your own will, my daughter. I ask you that so often because you can participate to my work of Redemption only if, totally and without a break, you live united to Me at every moment.

Remember, my little carmelite, when you became a widow and your children were slowly growing up, how you begged them to help you, at least for one hour each!... What a relief it should have been for you! How sad you were when they excused themselves by all kinds of pretexts... You had to bustle alone and forsaken.

Think of the numerous children I have too, my daughter. And if everyone of them should help Me but for one hour, how delighted I would be because of you! In these moments, I am specially thinking about my consecrated souls, the ones I consider as the elect of my Heart! This being, these souls do not want to join themselves intimately to Me.

They are distracted by the thoughts of the world. Submerge yourself in Me! Help instead of them, not for an hour but unceasingly! Don't ask Me how you have to work. Be imaginative! Seize every opportunity allowing you, through your desire for the Salvation of souls, to quench my thirst. "

Lord, with an unquenchable thirst I long for You. I want to love You with all my might, and also instead of those who don't come to You. During that conversation, I received some very great graces from the Lord.

My God, what have You done with me? Now I know no more finally if it is me who is living. As if now I am not walking on the earth, I am seeing nothing with my eyes, my ear cannot discern the voice of the world, my heart is only beating in You and for You, my lips don't know anymore how to praise You. I would like to bless You but I am finding no word worthy of You. I am looking at You with closed eyes and mute lips. I consider in spirit the incomprehensible suffering You have endured for me, poor sinner. I am unable to understand what You have done for me... Why have You chosen me precisely?...when there are so many pure souls who are worthy of You !

JC.- "My daughter, among the greatest sinners, I choose souls for Me, to realize through them my Work of Redemption. These souls, If they accept, I gratify them with special graces. The one who suffers with Me and lives for me, through my unlimited love I separate him from the world as I did with you. I am suffering so unspeakably, my little carmelite. It is so good to feel that you are with Me and, united with me, you too are feeling my love".

Lord, your will is mine. Act in me!

DO YOUR UTMOST TO LEAD SINNERS TO ME

JC.- "Daughter, do your utmost with all your might to lead sinners to Me. That apart, don't give place to any other concern. Look unceasingly in my eyes to see my sadness for souls.

With all the might of your heart, wish that my consecrated souls should not look away from Me and not to distract themselves in the things of the world but to look only upon Me. Wish that they welcome the look in my eyes and immerse themselves in Me. If they look Me in the eyes with repentant heart, through the ray of my grace I will make them grow better. Immersing them in the love of my Heart, I will make them to be born again, so long as they put absolute trust in Me.

I irradiate my love towards you, Daughter, because you gave refuge to Me, and I may rest in your heart. Accept that as a great honour for you, considering that by this means, you do honour to Me. Never deprive Me of this refuge! It lies only upon you. My Love has gone to the extreme ; you know all what I take great pleasure to hear when you say, bowed down before Me, that you want to repent for your sins, like no other sinner has ever repented, and to love Me more than all other repented sinners. Through these burning desires, which are yours, my little carmelite, you got entirely in my Heart. Your simple words have prompted my merciful Heart to a boundless commiseration. You see, no special training is necessary for that! What joy also your profound and sincere repentance has given to the Heavenly Father! Act this way every moment of your life. Do all that lies upon you, Daughter, with an untiring stubbornness to save souls! May this stubbornness be your school. The Holy Spirit will be at work within you to combat your nature inclined to evil, for your salvation. You do know, don't you, that my kingdom suffers violence? May your constant falls not discourage you. They will preserve your humility... think of that often until you have made it entirely yours, because today is the very day of our special union, when I gratify you with graces, to reinforce you in a special manner.

A great struggle is expecting you, but by the sign of the Cross you will vanquish. When doing the sign of the Cross, don't be absent-minded. Always think about the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Divulge what I am telling you now : Do five times in a row the sign of the Cross while thinking of My Holy Wounds ! Always look into my Eyes, filled with Blood because of the many wounds I received from you too".

Oh, Lord Jesus, don't keep saying that, for it is breaking my heart.

JC.- "Have mercy on Me !"

PERSEVERE WITH ME

April 10th, 1962

JC.- "Don't be grieved, my dear little carmelite, thinking how I will enforce my cause. I collaborate with the selected souls. Be satisfied with being good ! You know, don't you, how an authentic carmelite is? Live humbly hidden, and in union with Me, the contemplative life. Try to live in a like manner. Control your tongue, avoid all superfluous chatter!...

My love for you, my little carmelite, knows no limits. You know that I am happy when you accept the sacrifices I offer to you. (He said it with great suffering) Persevere with Me! How you make Me happy by that !... Desire for Me many souls, so that I can distribute my graces !"

On one occasion, when I was bowing myself before Him, He told me :

JC.- "Do you know I was waiting for you, being sad at heart? You see, how alone I am left! If you did not come, I should be left totally orphan.

You too, my little one, you are an orphan and you know how bitter it is to feel forsaken in loneliness".

Later on, He kept talking and teaching me.

JC.- "I ask you always : Don't be pained not to be able to do anything but small things. I tell you once more : keep entirely small ! You know what we are going to do ? You will give Me the little stones of the mosaic that you gather together the whole day, I will gather them according to their color and their form, and when all will be ended, how amazed you will be at seeing the work of art I have created with them! But you see, in vain I am artist if you don't gather them together for Me, I cannot realize the work of art".

(The intonation of his voice was a real petition).

AGENDA

One day, He told me :

JC.- "Daughter, I will now give you the assignment of your days. I began to speak of that to you once, you will remember; but I wanted to add more items in your program, that is why I postponed it until today.

Come, if you have some time. If you have plenty of it, tell Me, the will is yours. I respect entirely your will; you praise Me when you abandon it to Me spontaneously".

MONDAY : day of the souls in Purgatory.

Let each of your actions be done with the purpose of helping the souls in Purgatory.

United to Me, ask for the souls in Purgatory to be able to see my Face as soon as possible. The severe fast and the prayer during a part of the night, offer them for these souls!

The severe fast I am now asking you, and the prayer by night, I don't make that request to you alone. You will make public these demands with these other messages of my Heart : Whoever will fast on Monday with bread and water will every time deliver the soul of a priest from the place of suffering.

The one who follows that prescription, he too will receive the grace to be delivered from the Purgatory during the octave following his death.

Our Mother herself is asking for that. Appealing to her Flame of Love, she obliges Me to that.

TUESDAY : Let it be the day you offer for your family

Make spiritual communions for each member of your family, recommend them one by one to our dear Mother. She will take them under her protection. The prayer vigil of tonight, you will offer it also for them.

Lord, I have the habit to sleep deeply. What will happen if I cannot wake up to do the prayer vigil?

JC. -"I will help you in that also. If something is difficult to you, trustingly say it to our Mother. She also spent numerous late nights praying. You know, Daughter, you have to be very responsible to your family. You have to lead them to Me, each according to his particular manner of being. Ask unceasingly my Graces for them. We are going to work together. (i.e. to suffer together) I cannot do without your help. Your Most worthy Patron is Saint Joseph. Don't forget him! Invoque him too, every day ! He will help you with delight. And in this manner our cause will be won".

Note from the editor : Assuming that he is dead in the grace of God. (In a conversation, Elizabeth said this : "In the Diary, in different passages where one speaks of the liberation of souls, each time it would have been necessary to write : if they died in the grace of God. As I then considered that clearly evident, it seemed to me unnecessary to express it").

WEDNESDAY : day of priestly vocations

Ask Me many young men, ardent at heart. You will obtain satisfaction inasmuch as you ask, for there is this desire in many young hearts, it is only that they don't meet somebody to help them to realize it.

Be not fainthearted! Through nightly prayers, you can also obtain for them graces in abundance.

THURSDAY : Devote that day, in expiation, to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

On this day, you will spend hours before my Holy presence. Adore Me with a particularly great reverence, and atone Me for numerous offenses that were inflicted on Me.

The severe fast, offer it for the twelve sacerdotal souls. The nightly prayer too, offer it for them. Throw yourself in my painful agony, in my sufferings as I was sweating blood! You will draw great spiritual fortitude from it.

FRIDAY : day of my Passion.

With all the love of your heart, throw yourself in my painful suffering! Waking up in the morning, remember what was waiting for Me the whole day, after the terrible tortures of the night. While you are working, meditate to the end on my way of the Cross, where I could not find one moment of respite. Exhausted in the extreme, they compelled Me to climb the Mount Calvary. You have a lot to meditate. I really got to the breaking point. That is why I tell you : you cannot fall in excesses when you are doing something for Me. From noon until three, adore my Holy Wounds. Fast if possible until my deposition, when my Sacred Body was descended from the Cross. On that day, offer the prayer vigil for the twelve priests. If you accept to sacrifice yourself, Daughter, you will receive a fullness of blessings larger again.

SATURDAY : day of our Mother

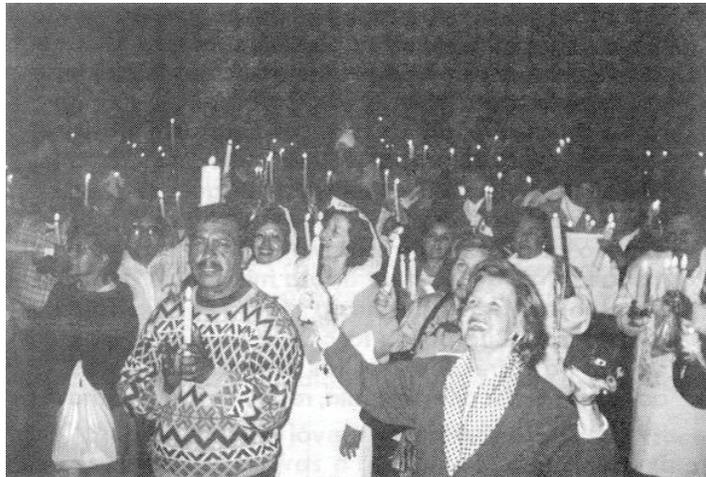
On that day, venerate our mother in a special manner, with a very particular tenderness.

You know well she is the Mother of all graces. Wish that she were venerated on earth as she is in Heaven by the multitude of saints and angels. Pray that the dying priests may be granted the grace of a good death. Offer every instant of the day to this intention. You know what great reward you will receive for that! In Heaven, the souls of these priests will intercede for you, and the Most Holy Virgin also will be waiting for your soul at the hour of your death. The night vigil of prayers, offer it for that intention.

SUNDAY :

For that day, the beloved Saviour did not establish any program.

(These conversations took place roughly in the month of July, but I do not remember exactly what day).



Ceremony of the Vigil of the Flame of Love