

**IF ONLY I COULD PERCEIVE YOUR GOODWILL
AND YOUR DECISION TO SET YOURSELVES
IN MOTION**

Thereupon, Jesus gave leave to the Blessed Virgin to speak again. Her voice was at the same time immensely comforting and imploring :

B.V.-Look at me now and have recourse to my intercession! I want to help and have power to help. If only I could perceive your goodwill and your decision to set yourselves in motion! Don't postpone it any longer! You have already lost too much time. The Evil One works with greater success and relentlessness than you. It hurts me so much !

My little carmelite [of the third-order]! I am bending towards you and, with a maternal tenderness, I caress you and guard you against all spiritual danger. Don't be afraid of the Evil One who is unceasingly turning all around you. I put him out of countenance. You have nothing to be afraid of. Find refuge under my mantel, and kiss frequently my holy garment (scapular) that you wear.

**LOOK AFTER THE SO FINE DRESS
OF SANCTIFYING GRACE**

After the Blessed Virgin had spoken to me, the Lord Jesus said many things more, but unfortunately I cannot write them all. After the Holy Communion, I thanked Him with a profound gratefulness for his abundant graces, and begged his pardon for having received Him undeservingly so many times in my heart. I atoned also for those who today are receiving Him undeservingly. The Lord Jesus, seeing my affliction and atonement, began complaining effusively : his words of complaint gushed forth :

JC.- "My little one, when a paterfamilias buys new clothes for his child, he makes him say thank you and strongly advises him to take good care of them, because it is the fruit of many sacrifices.

My Heavenly Father has also given you a new dress in the holy baptism, the so beautiful garment of sanctifying grace, and for all that, you are not taking care of it ! Is there a paterfamilias who has suffered more than I have so that this garment of sanctifying grace will be able to regain anew its purity?... I have instituted the Sacrament of Penance and you disregard it. For this, I have sweated blood. For this, I have worn a crown of thorns. Voluntarily I lied down at full length on the wood of My Holy Cross. I endured the worst suffering! And after that, I hid Myself humbly under an ordinary shape to be more approachable to you, so that you may not be afraid of Me. Like a little child wrapped up in white swaddling clothes, I hid Myself in the white Host. When I enter in your heart, make sure that there is not any dirtiness on the garment of your soul, not any tear or stain, because is there a paterfamilias who has made a greater sacrifice in order to acquire a dress for his child? Many souls are not grateful to Me in the least. Every day, you repeat unmoved the same words with coldness, without feeling them, without paying attention to it, absent-mindedly. You come here thus every day, and it goes like that year after year. You don't think that I am also a Man, and just as it is, you don't have to enforce the distance of two steps of the rules of good manners, as you received Me in your heart. You have to speak to Me with simple human words. So don't let Me alone, my Heart longs for love and confidence. I am the One who asks you to speak to Me, to have the opportunity to answer your words with the fullness of my graces.

Everywhere you can, my little one, lead souls nearer to Me.

ATONE FOR THE CONSECRATED SOULS

May 24, 1962

It moves me to tears each time I think of Him as Infant-Jesus and bow before Him. Each time, the Infant-Jesus, in spirit, held to me his little hands and told me:

JC.- "Kiss them for those to whom I hold them vainly!"

I gratified his wishes to the full with all my heart. And I asked Him : -Are there some people whom You hold them to and who ignore them ?

JC.- "Unfortunately yes, there are some. Nevertheless, it grieves Me because, before these souls, I will have to raise my Hand as a severe Judge".

Today, He told me :

JC.- "Atone instead of these souls who, even if they are consecrated to Me, don't bother about Me. These souls, whom I sheltered in my Heart and gratified with my precious treasures, let nevertheless accumulate dust in the bottom of their heart. If they were cleaned of their dust by the Sacrament of Penance, they should become again glittering by the light of my graces. But that hardly concerns them, they only seek relaxation with the multicolor Game of this world. The one who doesn't gather with Me disperses."

The gentle Saviour asked me to meditate with Him his eternal desires. It took much time ; He meditated the prayer with me; it hurts me not to be able to describe it because his words went directly in my subconscious. They penetrated so profoundly in the depths of my heart, and melted down with it, that I am not able to express them in words.

I had a work to deliver, that is why I walked hastily. He told me again:

JC.- "We will always remain united, will we? "

- We will never separate, since we would not be able to support living one without the other !

These words sounded so simultaneously in my heart that I truly don't know who pronounced them first, He or I.

**MAKE YOURSELVES PLEASANT TO JESUS BY
THE PROFOUND REPENTANCE OF YOUR SINS**

June 2, 1962. Saturday

At the Holy Mass, there was exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament. I took my book of prayers (the little Psalm-book). Then the gentle Saviour told me :

JC.- "Keep your prayer book and let's talk !"

A great emotion took possession of me because his words full of charity suffused my soul of graces. I spoke to the Most Holy Virgin :

-Come, Mother, help me to thank your Divine Son, because I can hardly support his Graces which come to me with an irresistible strength. I cannot pronounce even one word. How could I thank Him for that?

B.V.- "Answer my Divine Son with the profound repentance of your sins !"

These words of the Blessed Virgin induced me to a profound repentance of my heart. My eyes filled with tears. It is in this manner that the time passed until the moment of the Eucharist. On the harmonium, one intoned the sacred canticle : "In silent depth of the church..." It augmented more again the tenderness that I felt for Him. It is my favourite chant. For many months I didn't hear it played, and now I am hearing it for the fourth consecutive day. It never moved me as much as today. Tears ran on my face. I couldn't retain them, not even at the moment of receiving communion. After having knelt down again to my place, I would have liked to express my gratitude with my union with Him. But He didn't stop speaking. He began praising me up!

JC.- "My truly little sister ! How happy I feel to be able to enter in your heart, which tries to love Me with all its might".

And He suffused so much my soul (which was already bearing a few days of spiritual aridity) with his fecund graces, that I felt overburdened with the conscience of my misery. He kept on speaking to me :

JC.- "It did please you, the hymn? I am the one who played it today on the harmonium. It is the hymn that pleases Us most. I wanted to be agreeable to you thus because you like so much the silent depth of the church, where I live ".

On June 2nd, it was the gentle Saviour who woke me up for the nightly vigil with these words :

IN THE SOLITARY NIGHT, I AM LOOKING FOR HEARTS

Let the one who will one day read these lines not take badly that once more I have to note that I am in tears. So much delicacy and attention from Him bring tears to my eyes. Then He told me :

JC.- "As this also pleases you, from this day forward, when I will be the one who wakes you up, here is what will be the countersign : In the solitary night, I am looking for hearts ".

From his words, I felt that his eternal thought is to look for hearts.

SUFFER WITH ME

June 3rd, 1962

Today at daybreak, at the end of the second hour of night vigil, the Saviour told me with an imploring tone :

JC.- "My little one, suffer with Me! Feel what I am feeling ! Relieve my sorrow!"

And He made me see with soul's eyes a vision which nearly broke my heart.

This terrible vision not only caused me a spiritual sorrow but in addition made me choke unceasingly for many minutes.

I HAVE PITY ON THE CROWD

June 4th, 1962

The Forty Hours were held. In the afternoon, I climbed to the Sanctuary Mary's Refuge (Mariaremete) to prepare my soul to the nightly vigil. The fervour of the crowd made a beneficent effect on my soul. After having remained one hour, my heart found some peace after the interior dissipation in the morning. My heart was glad to see a crowd offering Him atonement and worship. The Lord Jesus told me only :

JC.- "I have pity on the crowd!"

At the nightly vigil, we were a few dozen people. Until two o'clock in the morning, we kept persevering in prayer, then it was only a fight against sleeping. I too went out in the fresh air to shake off my sleepiness. Coming back, I saw that only a few kept themselves waking again. I could not either overcome the sleepiness that lay heavy on me. I supplied the gentle Saviour to accept my struggle against sleeping as if I should keep adoring Him and accept it also for those who maybe forgot to beg Him his forgiveness.

LAMENTS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

July 2nd, 1962

Visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon of the feast of Our Lady of Snow, the Lord Jesus inundated me again with his laments.

JC.- "Tomorrow, my little one, it is my Sacred Heart's Friday. How I would spread the abundance of my Graces in your souls ! Ask very much, not only for you but for everybody !"

The Lord Jesus kept on:

JC.- "Love Me even more, with more faithfulness, and don't tire yourself out hearing my unceasing laments. I am complaining much, my little one, because they are so few the ones who listen to Me! I vainly complain to the souls consecrated to Me, they don't enter in the very depth of their hearts to let Me make them hear my complaints also. And nevertheless, how I would need to speak with them about the way to promote the coming of my Kingdom !"

YOU ... FAN THE FIRE...

July 12th, 1962

JC.- "Listen, you did almost nothing yet. The Flame of Love of my Mother is not starting off yet. You, my little one, fan the fire, since it is for this reason that you were chosen. It is a great privilege. Your desires and sacrifices, never cease them, or else it should cause a true sorrow to our Mother".

You know, don't you, Lord Jesus, what burning desire I have in my heart. How I am suffering me too because nothing has been made yet ! The whole day, I fought against my pride ! He told me sadly :

JC.-"Your pride distracts you, my little one; I am watching you sadly. Until when will it keep going on like that ?"

IT HURTS ME SO MUCH, BUT SO MUCH

July 14th, 1962

JC.- "Remember what you spoke of with one of your acquaintances : the greatest happiness consists of making others happy. How much, but how much I would like making you happy, but you are looking for happiness in other things, and not where I am. You turn your back on my graces when it is precisely these graces which should make you happy. I repeat these words I said formerly: it hurts Me so much, but so much...

**ADMIT YOUR DEFICIENCIES.
I PARDON AND FORGET**

July 15th, 1962

JC.- "Until when will you make Me wait, my little one? When will I hug all of you? My patience has no limit. I already promised so many goods, only to entice you to Me. You, however, you are staying so indifferent to Me".

On July 15th, finally ending nine days of severe fast, He spoke to me in this manner :

JC.- "Invite Me to your table as a guest to your modest breakfast! Don't be indifferent, don't seem as if you were bothered, otherwise I will have to believe that it is unwillingly that you do it for Me. Bring Me your failings. Don't believe that it is not meritorious ! I know you very well, the recess most secret of your heart is wide-open before Me. But I am waiting for you to recognize your deficiencies, which in this manner will become meritorious".

My Jesus, I want to repent myself for my sins as nobody up to now did repent himself. All my heartbeats are nothing. In as much particles of dust as there are in the whole world, in each of them I put the sorrow of my heart for the wind to blow them off up to You in atonement for my innumerable sins.

Being sorry for my sins in such a manner, He became very touched, and with a silent and soft voice, he only told me :

JC.- "On such a sorrow in you, my little one, I deposit a minuscule part of only one drop of my Blood, I entirely pardon your sins and forget them. This profound repentance, offer it to Me for those sinners who do not".

In my gladness, I could not find a way to speak to Him :

*Gentle Jesus,
 I am coming to You in this dewy morning,
 in bloom and fresh of a summer day,
 when hearts are yet sleeping in the secret of sleep,
 to be the first to hail You.
 It is always short, the time spent near You,
 It is clouding, like light swimming on a cloud.
 I am coming in the stiffling heat, under a burning sun,
 Because I love You so much.
 I am coming to You in the raw semi-darkness of the
 evening ; the lamp of the Tabernacle is calling me,
 I have the feeling of it. There is nobody like You.
 I love You so much, to You I am leading souls.
 I am coming, getting over profound snow-covered
 ditches, my eyes are seeing only falling snow flakes. I am
 coming in the torrential rain, in a bottomless mud,
 Because my heart, O my God, is beating for You.*

Elizabeth Szántó Kindelmann

(The nun designed to accompany me knew each vibration of my heart. After reading this, she asked me where I had copied this beautiful poem. -The grace of God made it arise in my heart, I answered.)



ELECT SOUL

July 16th, 1962

I went to the church and, kneeling before the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, a great sadness came down on me. I thought of Father X who was always sick. Grieved, I complained to the Most Holy Virgin. She only told me:

B.V.- "Offer your sorrow for his recovery".

I asked to the Most Holy Virgin if he would recover. She, with her very nice words, consoled me:

B.V.- "Yes, before long, but not for a long time".

The Most Holy Virgin spoke of Father X in this manner:

B.V.- "He will soon come near Me; he is already on the way to Me, my dear beloved son, whom I am bearing in the very bottom of my Heart".

ONLY THUS WILL I BE YOUR GUEST

July 20th, 1962

The Lord Jesus asked me :

JC.- "Suppress all that gives taste to your meals, my little one, for it is only thus that I will be your guest. What is tasty to you is unsavoury to Me. That is why I ask you : if you invite Me, look for what is agreeable to Me ".

That day, the Most Holy Virgin asked me to devote our parish community under her patronage and the one of Saint Joseph, and to ask every day for souls the grace of a good death.

AT CORPUS CHRISTI

The gentle Saviour filled my soul with the admirable feeling of his Most Holy Body and of his precious Blood. It affected me so much that for weeks I could not meditate except on that only. It was his desire that He and I would study thoroughly this thought of an inexhaustible depth and full of graces: **"The one who eats my Flesh and drinks my Blood remains in Me and Me in him"**. One cannot describe what I lived in my soul having in mind this thought, and how I did it for weeks without getting tired of it. I don't find words to say it.

The Evil One envied this so invigorating grace ; and standing right at my side, by his continuous vexations he wanted to stop me thinking of the Most Holy Eucharist : **Satan- Why are you bored stiff by that? I can also make miracles, and bigger ones yet.** -To so infamous words I answered : -"It is possible for you to be able to do many miracles, but only those allowed to you by God, and in the

extent that He lets you do it, but you cannot save anybody".-
With that, I hit right in the middle of the target.

I would not have thought myself that these words should leave him so defenceless. Ashamed and raging, he did not venture to molest me again.

THE OVERFLOWING LOVE OF MY HEART RECEIVES NO ANSWER FROM SOULS

July 30th, 1962

JC.- "I am only complaining, my little carmelite. How it hurts my Sacred-Heart to see together so many indifferent souls ! Now that the First Friday draws near again, I am thinking of that with great sadness. The overflowing Love of my Heart doesn't receive any answer from souls. Love Me more again, my little one, hug Me harder. Offer Me your dedicated soul, and only serve Me in a profound obedience. Do it instead of these souls who don't do it even if they also are consecrated souls to Me ".

I had to stop the wording because He transmitted again in my heart the sorrow of his Heart. Oh, this sorrow of his Heart, how it breaks my heart ! Stopping to write, I bowed and adored Him, and speaking under my breath, I told to his Heart : I want to love You as no convert sinner ever loved You! It often happens that He inundates me so much with the sorrow of his Heart that I have to stop writing.

JC. - "You know, I am here complaining before you, because you gave Me refuge in your heart. I know that what makes Me suffer, you feel it with Me. Suffer with Me, my little one !"

The same day, the Most Holy Virgin also spoke to me with an imploring voice :

B.V.- "My little carmelite, intensify your desire that my Flame of Love should start off! And make greater sacrifices again!"

It is with these very words that she spoke to me. She repeated them also at the feast of her Visitation:

B.V.- "Offer me greater sacrifices again! Do not ask how, improvise by yourself!"

On this request from her, for nine days I ate only some bread and water and some fruits. When she asked it for the second time, I even did without drinking water for many days. It was very difficult for me because of the terribly hot weather. But my heart feels so much the burning desires of the Blessed Virgin, that it gives me an extraordinary might just as if I had fasted. I spoke in this manner to the Blessed Virgin : "Heavenly Mother, I wish so much that your Flame of Love burn right now, that I am feeling a very great sadness and affliction because it is falling behind. Level, Mother, the road of those called to promote your Cause!

IN THE SOLITARY NIGHT, I LOOK FOR HEARTS

August 1th, 1962

I was sick. For many days, I could not make any nightly vigils because I was so feeble. The very hot weather of this summer contributed also to this. I hardly had enough strength to walk. When I feeled a little stronger, I meaned firmly to begin again to do nightly vigils. In the evening, I asked with fervour to the Lord : Give me the strenght, my beloved Jesus ! At three o'clock in the morning, the Lord woke me up with his presence and words :

JC.- "In the solitary night, I am looking for hearts ".

Then, He immediately left me alone. After having withdrawn, I asked myself to what intention to offer this nightly vigil. I saw with a growing brightness that I had to offer it for the FLAME OF LOVE of the Blessed Virgin to take fire. Just as I was taking this decision, the presence of the Evil One filled me with anguish. –Heavenly Mother, now it is also to that intention that I do nightly vigils with all my might and burning heart. But I alone am nothing ! What can I do?

While I was submerged into the Flame of Love of the Most Holy Virgin, I realized to my great surprise that the anguish I felt because of the presence of the Evil One, had disappeared. This one moved off almost imperceptibly. I perceived as if a blind man would have gone away from my side warily. This sensation surprised me very much. After, my soul was feeling light as never in my whole life. When it happened, I had the feeling that my body had gone away letting my soul alone, and I, as a pure spirit, was staying knelt totally reduced to nothing. I felt as if my soul was in rags roughly sewn as those borne by beggars. A very depressing feeling took possession of me.

**I COVER THE SOULS
WITH MY MATERNAL MANTLE**

You see, my Jesus, how I am ! Saying that with my imploring voice, the Blessed Virgin with her mantle (scapular) covered my sad clothes saying:

B.V.- "My little one, there are many souls in a like situation in my country [Hungary]. But I, united to you, cover them with my maternal mantle, and I hide from the Eyes of my Holy Son their souls reduced to beggary, lest He grows sad because of you".

The Most Holy Virgin kept talking :

B.V.- "The last days brought to you much suffering, didn't they? and many doubts about the usefulness of making so many sacrifices that you se persistently invent. I was looking at you with satisfaction, but I didn't want to console you immediately in the middle of your doubts, so that you could thus take more strenght from it, and make greater sacrifices again. I will obtain a great grace for you".

Saying that, she allowed me to feel in a marvelous manner the effects of grace of her Flame of Love, that were felt at this moment not only by me but also by all souls in the country. After that, she began again speaking :