## 11th Round in the Divine Will The Flight into Egypt

My beloved Child, while the wound of your circumcision is still bleeding, You experience yet another sorrow. A [merciless and] tyrannical man seeks your death, and thus You are forced to flee to Egypt to seek refuge. Such an episode symbolizes the obstinacy of the human will that persecutes your Divine Will and keeps it from reigning.

My lovely child Jesus, may my words "I love You," may my affectionate kisses and my will flow within with this sorrow of yours, so that the human will may cause You no more sorrow. May the human will be reconciled and with and embrace your Divine Will, whereby they operate as one sole will. And out of [grateful] love for this sorrow of yours, may the human will implore your Fiat.

I now follow the steps of my mother as she carries You in her arms. As she walks she weeps, and within her tears I wish to comfort You with my "I love You". Therefore, I impress my "I love You", step by step, upon every grain of the soil and upon every blade of grass she walks upon. I make my voice resound within these elements so that [as she walks] You may feel within her tears my, "I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You".

And as You flee to Egypt in order to give me life, I offer my own life to defend yours, and implore the triumph of your Will [on earth]. My love, as You flee my heart breaks, for I see You cry and bitterly weep from being sought after by those who seek You, not to offer You shelter, but to kill You. To dry your tears with my love, I bilocate myself in all things of the created universe.30 To make You happy, I offer You my "I love You" and I make it resound in the depths of the sea, in every drop of water and in the darting of the fish; I wish to console your ears with the "I love You" of the mute fish of the sea, and with the most beautiful and loving music of my refrain, "I desire your Fiat".31

Within your Will I bilocate myself in the highest mountains and in the deepest valleys to call upon the plants, the flowers and the trees, and have them all repeat with me: "I love You, I love You!" On the wings of the wind I cry out with the most powerful voice, "I love You", so that you may feel my love [in the wind]; in the wind I send You my kisses and offer You my loving finesses.

My beloved Infant Jesus, as You make You flight [to Egypt], day and night You are constantly in the open, exposed to the elements. Therefore it is only fitting that I should call upon all the created elements for them to gladden their Creator. And so I call upon the sunlight to cast its luminous rays upon your beautiful face and exclaim, "I love You." I call upon all the birds of the air so that, with their songs and trills, they may form lullabies of love for You.

In a word, as I accompany You to Egypt I wish to do so with the triumph of my love, and I implore You with my refrain, "May the Kingdom of your [Divine] Will reign [on earth]". And I am not alone, O Jesus, but all the created elements are here with me. Are You not comforted by the beautiful sea, the wind, the sun and the stars that exclaim, "I love You, I love You"? The sky, the mountains and the plants all with one accord cry out with full voice: "I love You, I love You; I implore You to hasten on earth [the kingdom of] your reigning and dominating Will."

This unanimous cry resounds in the Heart of our Holy Queen Mother, who also exclaims: "My Son, my love reunites all created things and restores to them harmony; it surpasses all things and, penetrating the interior of your Heart, implores your [Divine] Fiat!"

## ON THE VALUE AND BENEFITS OF THE HOURS OF THE PASSION AND HOW MUCH THIS PIOUS EXERCISE DELIGHTS OUR LORD

With due reservation, in the most perfect submission to the decisions of the Holy Church, and seeking no other assent but human faith—as per a Decree of Pope Urban III—I am reporting here below some of the revelations that Our Lord Jesus Christ gave to the solitary soul who was inspired to write this work: revelations which show how much this pious exercise is dear to the adorable Heart of Jesus.

I begin by reporting a letter sent to me by the Author:

"Most Reverend Father, I am finally sending you the text of the Hours of the Passion, and all for the glory of Our Lord. I am also including another sheet containing the benefits, merits, and promises of Jesus to all who meditate on the Hours of the Passion. I believe that anyone could reap much benefit from this meditation: the sinner would turn to God; the imperfect would become perfect; the saint would become holier; those who are tempted would find victory; those who are ill would find strength, medicine and comfort; and those who have feeble souls would find spiritual food, as well as a mirror reflecting glimpses of beauty and perfection, on which to model their lives in light of the ideal presented by Jesus.

"The delight that blessed Jesus would receive if people meditated on these HOURS would be so great, that He is hoping there might be at least one copy of this work in each city or town. If this were to happen, it would be as if Jesus, during the reparations, were repeating his own words and prayers that He offered to the Father during the 24 hours of his sorrowful Passion. Also—according to what Jesus seemed to imply—if this will be done at least by one soul in each town or city, the Divine Justice would be partly placated, and the scourges would be eliminated or less severe in these sad times of torments and bloodshed. I am asking you, Reverend Father, to spread the news to everyone. In so doing, you will help me accomplish this work that my beloved Jesus entrusted to me.

"I'm also telling you that the aim of these HOURS OF THE PASSION is not a narration of the story of the Passion, because there are many books that treat this pious topic, and it would not be necessary to write another one; rather, the aim of this work is REPARATION, which is accomplished by placing side by side (very important to note) the different steps of the Passion of Our Lord with the different kinds of sins. In so doing, we make worthy reparations in unison with Jesus, returning to God almost everything that creatures owe to the Divine Justice.

"This explains the different ways of reparation presented in these Hours: in some sections we bless, in others we show compassion, in others we praise, in others we comfort the suffering Jesus, in others we make amends, and in still others we plead, pray and ask. Therefore, I leave it to you, Reverend Father, to present this complete work to the public through a preface to a printed edition." The "sheet," mentioned above by the author, contains what the Lord told her...

## FROM THE SEVERAL VOLUMES OF LUISA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL DIARY

Finding myself in my usual state, I was meditating on the Passion of Our Lord; and while I was doing this, He came and told me:

"My daughter, I feel great comfort when someone meditates on my Passion with sorrow and compassion for Me. I feel also recompensed for all that I suffered during my Passion. By always meditating on it, the soul keeps preparing divine food. This food contains many different spices, each of them enriching her dishes with distinctive flavors and benefits.

So, if in the course of my Passion my enemies tied Me with ropes and chains, the compassionate soul releases Me and gives Me freedom. If my enemies despised, dishonored, and spat on Me, this soul cleans Me of that spittle, and honors Me. If they stripped Me of my clothes and scourged Me, she clothes and cures Me. If they crowned Me with thorns, mocking Me as king, embittering my mouth with gall, and crucifying Me, she crowns Me with glory, and honors Me as King, filling my mouth with sweet and delicious food—the remembrance of my own works. Also, by meditating on all my pains, this soul un-nails Me from the Cross, and makes Me rise again in her heart.

And every time she does so, I shall give her a new life of grace as recompense—she shall become my food and I shall become her food. A continual meditation on my Passion is indeed the thing that pleases Me the most." (Vol. 7: November 9, 1906) - Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta