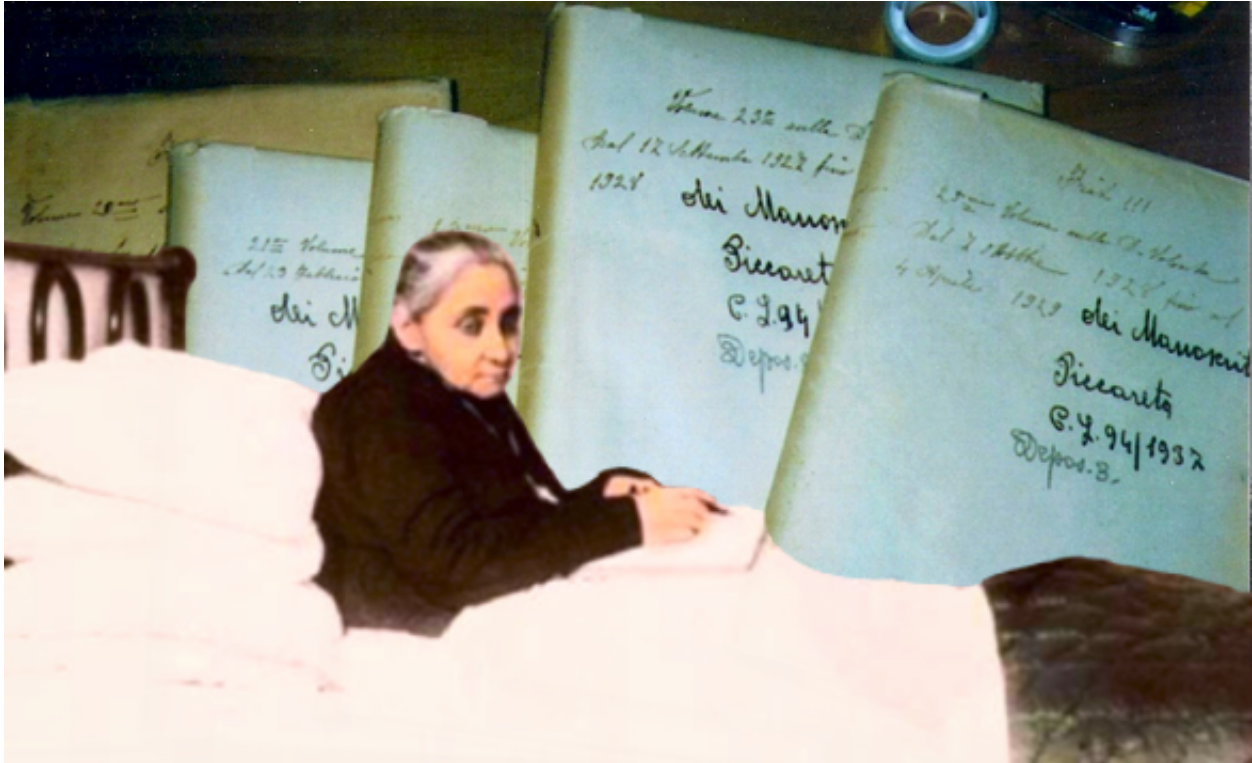


OBEDIENCE



120 years ago, Luisa Piccarreta received the obedience from her confessor, Fr. Genaro de Gennaro, to write everything that Jesus shared with her. From that day onward, and for the next 37 long years, Luisa wrote out of obedience and with great violence to herself, as she did not want to write a single word. Thanks to Our Lord, Jesus Christ, whose grace and the help of "Lady Obedience" kept her writing, we now hold in our hands the "Book of Heaven", the most divine book ever written, from Our Lord's heart to Luisa's hands. Praise be to God!

This book will change everything.

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OBEDIENCE

Vol 1 – 1899

Out of **holy obedience**, I begin to write.

You know, oh! Lord, the sacrifice it costs me, such that I would submit myself to a thousand deaths rather than write one single line of the things that have passed between me and You. Oh! my God, my nature trembles, it feels crushed and almost undone at the mere thought of it. O please! give me strength, oh! **Life of my life, that I may do the holy obedience!** You who have given inspiration to the confessor, give me the grace to be able to execute what is commanded of me.

Most Holy Virgin, lovable Mother, come to my aid, obtain for me from your sweet Jesus and mine, grace and strength in order to do this **obedience**.

Saint Joseph, my dear protector, assist me in this circumstance of mine.

Archangel Saint Michael, defend me from the infernal enemy, who puts so many obstacles in my mind to make me fail this **obedience**.

Vol 1 – February 28, 1899

But, oh holy **obedience**, what a powerful bond you are! You alone could conquer me, and overcoming all my repugnances, almost impassable mountains, **you bind me to the Will of God and of the confessor.**

April 9, 1899

Jesus told me: “Enough now – go, for **obedience** is calling you.” And it seemed that my soul would return to my body, and indeed the confessor was calling me to **obedience**.

June 12, 1899

But **lady obedience** does not want it, and when it is for her, one must close one’s eyes and surrender without saying anything else, otherwise – troubles everywhere.

OBEDIENCE

August 17, 1899

THE POWER AND OFFICE OF 'LADY OBEDIENCE'.

This morning, after receiving Communion, I was saying to my lovable Jesus:

'How is it that this virtue of **obedience** is so impertinent, and sometimes so strong as to reach the point of becoming capricious?'

And He: "Do you know why this noble **lady obedience** is as you say?

Because she gives death to all vices and, naturally, one who has to inflict death upon someone else must be strong and courageous; and if he does not succeed with this, he will use impertinent and capricious ways.

If this is necessary in order to kill the body, which is so fragile, much more so in order to give death to vices and to one's own passions; in fact, it is so hard that sometimes, while they seem to be dead, they begin to live again. And so this diligent lady is always in motion, and spying continuously. If she sees that the soul raises the slightest difficulty at what is commanded of her, fearing that some vice may begin to live again in her heart, she wages such a war against her, and gives her no peace until the soul prostrates herself at her feet and does, in mute silence, whatever she wants. This is why she is so impertinent and almost capricious, as you say.

Ah, yes, **there is no true peace without obedience;** and if it seems that one may enjoy peace, it is a false peace, because it gets along with one's own passions, but never with virtues; and one ends up in ruin, **because by moving away from obedience, one moves away from Me, who was the King of this noble virtue.**

Moreover, **obedience kills one's own will and pours the Divine in torrents;** so much so, that one can say that **the obedient soul no longer lives of her will, but of the Divine.**

Can there ever be a life more beautiful, more holy, than to live of the Will of God Himself?

With the other virtues, even the most sublime, there can be love of self, but with **obedience** – never."

OBEDIENCE

August 31, 1899

The confessor gives her the **obedience** to reject Jesus and not speak with Him.

After the confessor gave me the **obedience** that, when Jesus would come, I was to say, 'I cannot speak, move away', I took it as a joke, not as a formal **obedience**.

So, when Jesus came, almost neglecting the order received, I dared to say to Him: 'My good Jesus, look a bit at what father wants to do.'

And He said to me: **"Daughter, self-denial"**.

And I: 'But, Lord, the thing is serious. This is about having to not want You - how can I do this?'

And He, for the second time: **"Self-denial"**.

And I: 'But, Lord, what are You saying? Do You perhaps know that I can be without You?'

And He, for the third time: **"But, my daughter, self-denial"**.

And He disappeared.

Who can say how I was left in seeing that Jesus wanted me to dispose myself to the **obedience**?

OBEDIENCE

September 1, 1899

The **obedience** continues.

When the confessor came, he asked me if I had done the **obedience**; and after I told him how things had gone, he renewed the **obedience** - that I absolutely should not converse with Jesus, my sole and only comfort, and that I should drive Him away if He came.

And so, having understood that what was given to me was true **obedience**, in my interior I said the 'Fiat Voluntas Tua', also in this. But - oh! how much it costs me - and what a cruel martyrdom! I feel like I have a nail stuck inside my heart, which pierces it through; and since the heart is used to asking and longing for Jesus continuously - so much so, that just as the breathing and the heartbeat are continuous, so does it seem to me that my desiring and wanting my only Good is continuous - so, wanting to prevent this would be like wanting to prevent someone else from breathing, or his heart from palpitating. How could one live? **Yet, one must let **obedience** prevail.** Oh! God, what pain, what atrocious torture! How to prevent the heart from asking for its very life? How to stop it? The will applied itself with all its strength in order to hold it back, but since great and continuous vigilance was needed, from time to time it would get tired and discouraged, and the heart would make its escape, asking for Jesus. In noticing this, the will would apply itself with greater strength in order to stop it, but - no, it would lose very often. Therefore it seemed to me that I was doing continuous acts of disobedience. Oh! what contrasts, what a bloody war, what mortal agonies my poor heart suffered! I found myself in such constraints and in such sufferings, that I thought that my life was going away. Yet, had I been able to die, it would have been a comfort for me. But - no; and what's more, I felt pains of death, without being able to die.

So, after shedding most bitter tears for the whole day, at nighttime, as I found myself in my usual state, my always benign Jesus came; and I, forced by **obedience**, said to Him: **'Lord, do not come, for **obedience** does not want it!'**

And He, compassionating me and wanting to strengthen me in the sufferings in which I found myself, with His creative hand marked my person with a large sign of the cross, and then He left me.

OBEDIENCE

But as I am saying this, the voice of my adorable Jesus is making itself heard to my ear, saying:

“**Obedience** was everything for Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. **Obedience** made Me be born, **obedience** made Me die. The wounds I have on my body are all wounds and marks that **obedience** did to Me. With reason you said that she is like a most powerful warrior, armed with all kinds of weapons, apt to wound. In fact, in Me, she left not even a drop of blood; she tore my flesh to pieces; she dislocated my bones, while my poor Heart, exhausted and bleeding, kept looking for a relief from one who would have compassion for Me. Acting with Me as more than a cruel tyrant, only then was **obedience** content, when she sacrificed Me on the Cross and saw Me breathe my last, as victim for love of her.

And why this? Because the office of this most powerful warrior is to sacrifice souls; therefore, she does nothing but wage a fierce war against those who do not sacrifice themselves completely for her.

So, she does not care whether the soul suffers or enjoys, whether she lives or dies; her eyes are intent on looking at whether she wins, for in the other things she does bother meddling.

So, the name of this warrior is “victory”, because she concedes all victories to the obedient soul; and when it seems that this soul dies, then does true life begin.

What greater thing did **obedience** not concede to Me? Through her I conquered death, I defeated hell, I released man from his chains, I opened Heaven; and like a victorious King, I took possession of my Kingdom – not only for Myself, but for all my children who would profit from my Redemption.

Ah! yes, it is true that she cost Me my life, but the name ‘**obedience**’ resounds sweetly to my hearing, and THIS IS WHY I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE FOR THOSE SOULS WHO ARE OBEDIENT.”