

The Redeemer's Appeal to Consecrated Souls

(Cum Clamore Valido)

“with loud cries and tears”
(Heb 5:7)



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: These pages are a transcript of Our Lord's urgent appeal to consecrated souls, delivered to an anonymous French nun in 1936 as Europe teetered on the verge of WWII and incomparable calamity. The original French publication of this divine appeal appeared in 1943 and is being re-issued here in translation in the belief that Our Lord's words are no less directed to consecrated souls today, souls seeking to live consecrated lives in today's unsettling time of wars, threats of wars, and widespread natural disasters.



The original French publication of this work, under the title *Cum Clamore Valido*, bore the *Nihil Obstat* of Jos. du Bouchet, S.J., and the *Imprimatur* of A. LeClerc, Vicar General

Table of Contents

Chapter One: The Appeal (see translation [immediately below](#))

Chapter Two: The Holy Virgin: Mary Co-Redemptrix
(available in translation at:

http://www.logosinstitute.org/CumClamoreValido/cum_clamore_valido_chap2-v2.pdf

Chapter Three: Co-Redemptive Souls (available in translation at:
http://www.logosinstitute.org/CumClamoreValido/Co-Redemptive_souls_chapt3.pdf

Chapter Four: The Interior Life of Co-Redemptive Souls
(under development)

Chapter Five: The Apostolic Spirit of Co-Redemptive Souls

Chapter Six: The Virtues

Chapter Seven: Religious Life

Chapter Eight: With the Liturgy



This is a PDF File
and may be downloaded
free of charge

❖ Logos Institute Press ❖

2009

www.logosinstitute.org

THE REDEEMER'S APPEAL TO CONSECRATED SOULS

MY URGENT, PRESSING APPEAL FOR LOVE,
ADDRESSED TO
CONSECRATED SOULS

FOR THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD.

I NEED CONSECRATED SOULS

WHO ARE TRUE,

REDEMPTIVE SPOUSES OF MINE.

I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH OF THEM. THEY ARE WHAT I LACK.

GIVE ME THESE SOULS.

MY HEART AWAITS YOU.

MY HEART BEGS YOU.

BUT KNOW THIS WELL:

I ESPOUSE A CRUCIFIED SOUL BY CRUCIFYING.

A TRUE SPOUSE'S HEART IS THE VICTIM OF HER SPOUSE;

IT BEATS IN UNISON WITH THE HEART OF HER SPOUSE,

LOVING ALL THAT HE LOVES.

CONSECRATED SOULS THUS MUST LOSE THEMSELVES IN ME,
ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE TAKEN AND CONSUMED BY ME AND FOR ME.

LIKE ME, THEY MUST HAVE AN ARDENT THIRST

FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS AND FOR THE GLORY OF MY FATHER;

LOVE THE CROSS AND REDEMPTIVE SUFFERING, AS I DO.

DO YOU NOT WISH TO BE AMONG THEIR NUMBER?

CAN I SHOW MORE LOVE THAN BY ASKING THIS OF YOU?

FOR YOUR SAKE I HAVE BECOME SACRIFICIAL VICTIM (HOSTIE)

BE WHOLLY CONSECRATED VICTIMS (HOSTIES) FOR ME.

Editor's Note in the Original French Edition

This "appeal" was made by Our Lord on March 29, 1936 to one who was to perfectly understand and respond to it, with the charge and urgent request that she propagate it and make it known to all the consecrated souls (priests and religious) whom it especially concerns. Inclusive and practical, the "appeal" would be one of the means the Sacred Heart makes use of in the present times to save the world.

PREFACE

From these authorized testimonies, readers will become acquainted with the message that has been transmitted to them, the soul to whom it was confided, the end that this message lays out, and the path it traces for them. After these testimonies, is a preface really necessary? Certainly not. And yet, since I have had the honor of being asked for help, how can I refuse. The “appeal” has touched me greatly, as has the commentary. Many of the readers will be affected, more deeply than I, by these sentiments of humble gratitude and by this generous offering. In their names as well as in my own, I would like simply to express the stirrings that these pages have aroused in our hearts.

But first of all we must acknowledge our shortcomings. If we whom the Lord has called to his service and guarded by his graces would have responded completely to his call and made fruitful all his gifts, our apostolic work would have spread throughout the world and made it more Christian, and preserved it from the plagues that overwhelm it. The “appeal” makes this quite clear. “Religious souls, if you would have been more abandoned, more espoused, the world would not be as it is.”

The commentary emphasizes this. It denounces the egoism of those who see in the sacerdotal or religious life a shelter in which they take refuge rather than a spring whose waters they must spread, the egoism also of those who by their actions only seek to radiate their own thoughts and life, and not the thoughts and life of Christ.

In the face of these miseries and failings, we contemplate the unfathomable greatness of this love: “God so loved the world that He gave to it his only Son” (*Jn 3:16*). “The Son of God loved me and gave himself up for me” (*Gal. 2:30*).

God so loved this dishonored and condemned humanity that, to save it, He willed that his Son become man and die for us on the cross. But this gift of divine love will only bear fruit if human love understands it and responds to it.

God has chosen witnesses; He reveals his love to them, He wants them to witness to it. The gifts they are showered with are not for them alone, but for all their brothers.

This Divine Will honors us infinitely but it also engages us. “Christ’s love impels us; one died for all and as a consequence all have died; one died for all so that those who live no longer live for themselves but for the One who died for them and was raised up” (*II Cor 5:14-15*). The Apostle’s words here spell out for us the mystery that the message is calling us back to, a mystery whose unfathomable richness neither our contemplation nor our lives will ever exhaust.

This love that we marvel at we must also respond to; this love of Christ that we contemplate we must also reproduce in ourselves. We wish to spread his life; we can only do this by uniting ourselves with our Lord’s death and resurrection. “Unless the grain of wheat falls to the earth and dies, it remains alone” (*Jn 12:24*). How often have we not experienced this! If our actions have been sterile, if our voices have not given rise to an echo, if we have remained alone, is it not because we have not died? This is what these pages ceaselessly call us back to.

The victim (hostie) lives its life only as a perpetual act of giving, of immolation, or, in other words, of death. It is only consecrated as it is consumed over and over again through a sacrifice constantly renewed... (I, 2, p. 50). “The darker your being of nothingness and sin, the more triumphant my Being of purity and love. And each time I

triumph more profoundly over you by your annihilation, the more I advance my triumph in the immense family of souls that my love has entrusted you with" (I, 2, p. 50).

This transforming, life-giving death is never entirely consummated here below; to each effort of the soul Christ responds with a stronger light that reveals a misery in the soul it had not been aware of, and demands of love in Him that the soul had never suspected. This inexorable law of incessant improvement is recalled again and again by the Lord: "Once I start asking, I cannot stop, so avid am I to be able to give more" (1, 5, p. 60). "To give everything, one has always to give more" (III, 1, p. 86).

When egoism begins to get a presentiment of these demands, it becomes frightened; when it experiences them, love rejoices. "To live with great desire is to live by ascending into the realm of true love. . . How my Heart thirsts for these quickenings of love, that a blazing dike might hold back the furious waves of hatred. This is why, with all imploring tenderness, I beg for this tremendous desire that will only be satisfied by being made more and more acute, that finds its repose only in the ardor of its agony" (IV, 5, p. 129).

To understand better these insatiable demands, we can recall the first lessons that Jesus gave to his apostles: "Whoever loves his father or his mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; whoever does not take up his cross and follow Me is not worthy of Me; whoever wants to preserve his life will lose it; whoever loses it for my sake will find it" (*Mt 10:37-39*). The most cherished affections and life itself must be sacrificed to Christ. And even more than these demands, the goal that they propose to our efforts frightens us. The more the Lord reveals himself to us, the better we grasp the inaccessible nobility of this ideal: *to be worthy of Christ*. We would never be able to claim such a thing if He himself did not call us to it, and did not raise us to it by his example, by his death, by his Eucharistic presence, by the gift of the Holy Spirit, by the merciful assistance of Our Lady, his Mother and ours.

There are stages to this ascent to which we aspire, the highest of which are described in this message: in the course of the years which preceded the war (1936-1939), the Master related to his faithful servant the principal requirements of a perfect life: contempt for the world, the interior life, the gentleness, peace and delicacy of love. The soul rises up in total fidelity and confidence to the ends to which the Lord is drawing it. All of a sudden, one hears the crash of great catastrophes, the sounds of hateful cries. Now love has become more sorrowful and more urgent: to the fury of hatred one must now oppose the folly of love. Then, little by little, on the dark horizon there spreads a celestial light (1940-1941); the Lord does not relent his demands but he makes more vivid the savor of their fruit. In the appeal one senses less agony, more admiration and joy. The message is a promise: "Yes, the highest happiness, giving immediate access to beatitude, is to die in Me, after having generously spent one's life dying to self. . . . Blessed little deaths of your terrestrial life, each time bringing you further into my Heart and preparing you, at the moment of your last breath, to enter on the same footing as I into the bosom of my Father. Oh blessed death!

It is well to contemplate from afar these heights, in order afterwards to pursue the slow ascent with more energy.

P.S. Since this book appeared, a document of supreme authority, the Encyclical *Mystici Corporis Christi*, sheds new light on the central theme developed in the course

of these pages. We eagerly reproduce from it here the most explicit passage, encouraging our readers to meditate attentively on the teaching that it offers:

“It is quite evident that the faithful absolutely need the help of the Divine Redeemer, since He himself said, “Without Me you can do nothing.” Still, it is necessary to state, astonishing as this may seem, our Lord needs the help of his members. This is not due though to any poverty or weakness on his part, but rather because he himself has disposed it thus for the greater honor of his Spotless Spouse. As he was dying on the Cross, he communicated to his Church, without any contribution on her part, the limitless treasure of Redemption but when it came to the distribution of this treasure, he not only shares with his Immaculate Spouse the work of sanctification of souls, he calls her into being in order thereby to tell of his work. A tremendous mystery indeed, about which we can never meditate enough: the salvation of great numbers of souls depends upon prayers and voluntary mortifications suffered for this purpose by the members of the Mystical Body of Christ and on the collaborative work that the pastors and the faithful, in particular the fathers and mothers of families, must bring to Our Lord.”
(p. 24, Édition de la Bonne Presse)

--Jules Lebreton, S.J.

INTRODUCTION

The privileged soul to whom God has communicated this “appeal” with the mission of spreading it has recently ceased to suffer by ceasing to live. A holy and very painful death has ended her saintly life. Her ardent wish, ratified by Our Lord, was that she remain completely unknown and we only know her by the name Jesus gave her: “The little victim of his Heart.”

“Your name will no longer be anything for my Heart but “my little victim” (16 March 1936).

The religious institute to which she belonged, out of obedience to the same concern for discretion, also wishes to remain unknown. It was they who entrusted to me the editing of these pages.

The priest who was her spiritual director would not have been able to sign these pages without lifting the veil at least in part. He too insisted that my name alone figure at the beginning of this book that he inspired and approved, for a signature was needed. When a message, so ardent, so insistent, so demanding and so anonymous is conveyed, those to whom it is addressed have the right of some particulars. They need to know they are not confronted with a pious fiction. They want there to be someone who can attest to the reality of the person and the facts, who can function as a witness, and, when the occasion offers, make his own the words of St. John’s, “The one who recounts these things saw them and we know that his testimony is true” (*Jn 19:35*).

I have been a humble passer-by in this life so rich in fidelity and grace, but in the course of those last years I saw the “little victim of the Sacred Heart” on many occasions. For three years she asked me herself to proceed with the publication that she knew Our Lord wanted. And when the “appeal” came out, after delays due to the legitimate hesitations of her superiors, she related Our Lord’s no less pressing request that the moving commentaries which follow it also be published.

It was difficult and delicate to do this during her lifetime. God removed the difficulty Himself, placing by her death the definitive seal of grace on this life. Henceforth, apart from her name, one can make know certain details that will suffice, I believe, to make her creditable to the readers.

Here are two documents, one of which comes directly from her, the other had been written by her superiors shortly after her death. They speak for themselves well enough; they clearly reveal a “graced soul” as was said of Blessed Columbière.

FIRST DOCUMENT

Two Statements made to her Director, the First on September, 1935

Six years ago, during a retreat, my soul was so overwhelmed by the purity and holiness of Infinite Love, and so pierced with horror at my own lack of worthiness that a powerful seizing took possession of my soul and has not left its since but has only strengthened.

At first this extraordinary seizure was more this painfully agonizing impression of being repelled by the very One who drew me. . . According to the direction I received at the time, a redoubling of humble but absolute confidence was the proper attitude for the soul. . . . An impression that lasted three years, with more or less violent ups and downs.

It took place at a time when the grip of love which was somehow investing me with purifying fire, freed me interiorly, little by little, more and more, from a taste for all created things. . . . Gradually freed from the human and increasingly held by the divine, all this most often in painful ways.

Fifteen days ago (the First Friday of September, 1935) at the close of my retreat, the Heart of Our Lord, during Holy Communion, had so penetrated my heart that, in a moment of inexpressible happiness, He substituted his own pain for mine, wanting only that in some way it be me who suffers the weight of his crucified love, but that it be Him in me who suffers, having become Himself this me, or at least seeking to become so entirely.

Now, after several years of purifying pain, I feel that He wants to purify this pain itself. It isn't that the pain is less real, quite to the contrary, but it feels more pure. It is no longer mine but his pain in me, pain of his pierced and crucified Heart, of his Love wounded by the thoughtlessness of souls that are nevertheless consecrated to Him.

This is no longer the pain coming from a love that has been rejected, crushed, cut off, but from a compenetrating love that wants to continue the redemptive work in other Itselfs, in my unworthy soul.

Also, since this communion, there has been a continual resonance of suffering for all the suffering that souls cause His Heart, a wound so open that nothing—I know this well—will ever close it.

State of the soul not only during these exercises of piety that were no longer just intimately painful contemplation and compenetration but that also secretly pursued me throughout the day and night. Most often this latter experience is almost entirely an agony of the soul that seems to experience all the suffering that lack of love caused Our Lord to experience, and in which by his mercy He wishes to have me share a little, in order to console him.

As He said to me, "Allow me to torment you that I may be relieved. The more you become my victim, the more you will be my joy."

And with all my soul I could only answer, "Yes, and thank you! No more, no less, nothing other than what you wish, desire, prefer."

Daily communion restores the courage that seems to fail after these long hours of resonating pain, and gives the strength needed to free myself as much as possible from this consuming grip at those times when duties of state called for activity and work; but this never without excruciating effort.

The repercussions on the deepest feelings of the soul quicken the need to humble myself, to obey, and with the help of grace to suffer still more, for the consolation of Him who, despite my unworthiness, pursues me with such love by his confounding and crucifying mercies.

SECOND STATEMENT, MARCH 1936

Since Christmas the all-merciful action of Our Lord has continued and become more pronounced both in its intimacy and sharpness, while the attacks of the demon have become more and more violent and frequent; a double influence which though opposing each other, nevertheless are both progressively leading to the same total, profound destruction of the human me that wants nothing more now than to disappear and give free and sovereign place to divine life.

The keenness and intimacy of this direct action by Our Lord manifests itself by an increasingly unbroken communion that participates in all the sufferings of the Passion, and this in a particularly painful way since Lent when the soul is no longer able to leave this abyss of bloody, crucified, outraged love that looks for relief and consolation in loving consent to keep Him company.

And this Heart so wounded has extended his incomprehensible Goodness to the point of wanting to drive a blade into me and open a burning wound into which He keeps penetrating further and further while at the same time He has me enter more deeply into his own.

Even mercifully painful participation in his Crown of Thorns, in the Chalice of his agony, in his crucifixion. Physical sufferings but even more, moral, with the sole intention of consoling his Heart which never ceases to beg me for “love, love. I thirst for love, above all the love of my spouses.... Consecrated priest and religious are not giving Me enough and thus they constrict my Heart that would overflow into them, and through them save the world.” And He wants to show me these souls in order to move me to make reparations, pointing them out to me at times, especially this one or that one, or several of them.

But the more pressing and penetrating this direct action of Our Lord becomes, the more frequent and violent also is it attacked by the assaults of the demon, entering me and furiously trying to destroy what Our Lord has done soon as He does it.

The most painful, agonizing humiliating times [are those] during which the true life of the soul seems paralyzed, enchained by a hateful force. And in this distress, prayer [is] no longer possible, the feeling of having been completely abandoned by heaven.

But [I am helped] by a single, assured turning to my superiors, whose repeated benedictions succeed in delivering me.

Our Lord more and more drove me to this humble, total, simple, confident dependence so costly to my nature, it being the most profound denial of my egoistic, independent, proud personality that I could give Him, a personality that never wanted to see itself as dependent.

By this humility of profound detachment that He asked of me, and helped me with, He made me see in a horrible vision the abyss of misery and inequity I was in, which filled me with confusion and indignation towards myself, and desolation for Him, while at the same time, and in due proportion, his Heart, in an excess of tender mercies, drew me more and more to boundless, unconditional confidence, abandoned to whatever action He wished at that moment to effect in my soul for his consolation.

On the Feast of the Holy Wounds (which fell that year on Friday, the 20th of March) this action was most especially profound, deep within me, participating all during communion in his suffering love, as consuming as it was consumed.

SECOND DOCUMENT STATEMENT OF HER SUPERIORS

“Your name will no longer be for my Heart anything but ‘little victim’” (16 March 1936). Little victim consumed in a holocaust of complete self annihilation in order to fulfill the mission laid out in August 1936: “Mission that is nothing less than a transmission, yes, transmission of my Heart’s supreme effort to appeal to consecrated souls, to obtain from them the consoling, compensating reparating love that it awaits in order to save the world so infernally shaken and inundated by acts of hatred and paroxysms of violence. Give yourself completely to the waves of suffering and humiliations that it pleases Me to sweep over you. This is the price if my revelations are to be efficacious.”

Faithful “transmitting echo,” this was her role.

Day after day, she will have to give up her most intimate secrets, and this transparency of soul, this dependence, vowed without reservation and practiced to perfection, entailed a bearing of self most costly for a nature so delicate and reserved as this.

Her mission! At what price did its realization cost her? Nature would have had to shatter before long by the amount of suffering that accumulated over the span of six years, heroically

veiled beneath the communal life of a simple religious to the point where those around her, except for her superiors, had no idea of the divine communications that she was receiving or the terrible tortures and martyrdom that only a supernatural force could account for.

First, physical suffering, due to frequent, often acute headaches and to her fragile health. Later, sufferings of a supernatural order, participation in the pains of the Heart of Jesus, sharing body and soul in the sufferings of the Passion, the crown of thorns, the invisible marks of the nails, and above all the piercing of the heart, the interior wound forever open, always deepening, a suffering whose acuteness will keep growing until her final days.

And besides this, diabolical assaults in all its forms, alternating with divine attraction in transports of love, assaults whose violence grew in proportion to the divine favors. These favors completely ceased, when, in September 1937, the request to publish the “appeal” was rejected. Then this became a “rejection by the Father that would last until the Lord obtained satisfaction for what He wanted,” rejection all the more excruciating because the divine union had been so deep, and the action of the devil thereupon grew in frequency and violence. It took all forms, even the most perfidious, and I can add, the most disconcerting and repugnant.

Speaking of the tortures, she described them in part: “dreadful ordeals from hell, curses, damnations, abyss of sufferings of all kinds.” He seemed to her to be dragging souls with her into hell.

No respite, no rest, never any sleep over the years, frequent holy night vigils marked by a further outbreak of suffering. Only the benedictions of her Superior drove the demons off. This recourse, wanted by the Lord and always effective, was all the more painful to her for she was afraid of becoming a heavy burden.

In this tortuous, interior condition, she carried out to perfection all the work called for by the duties of her state. One saw in her only sweetness, patience, serenity, charity always ready to oblige. Truly humble, she considered herself the least loveable of all, seeing herself in God’s light.

On the 21st of November 1936, she bound herself to Our Lord by a vow most loving, ever more loving, which is to say ever more generous in accepting and in choosing of her own volition that she be wholly at his service.

The demon fought furiously against this vow; the Lord was adamant. “The success of your mission has this as its price,” The faithful keeping of this vow never cost here any loss of peace.

The publication of the “appeal” in June, 1939, only occasioned a brief respite; the success of its distribution and the profound effect it had on souls called for further sacrifices.

This diabolical action, which had become daily during the last year, only ended several weeks before her death. Then all she knew was a state of painful dryness borne with the most peaceful abandon.

After nine days of acute suffering, spoken of moreover by the Lord as “the final preparations for her coming,” she died the death of a saint.

The One who more than once offered her the choice either of seeing the Father right away, or a prolonged sharing in his suffering so that to live was further sacrifice, found the work accomplished.

He came like an abductor to carry off “his little victim.”



These two documents, so eloquent in their brevity, complement and confirm one another. They show us the worth and quality of the soul who received the message. She is certainly in the lineage of saints and belongs especially close to St. Margaret Mary as much for her mission as for her sufferings and the heroism with which they were borne.

I will add that the Lord confirmed his direct action on her by a double sign:

1. *Secrecy.* She herself never spoke of anything except to her superiors and two or three priests; and in her community God disposed of matters in such a way that everything happened without attracting attention. Her Superior has testified that during the sometimes quite protracted sessions during which she sought to disengage this religious from diabolic action in order to free her for communion, no other sister ever needed to come speak with the Superior.
2. *Supernatural endurance.* She was of precarious health needing considerable care and attention. She had an assignment that called for demanding physical and intellectual activity. Now, for five years, she only had rare moments of sleep; her nights being but a sequence of dreadful sufferings most of the time under demonic attack, without her duties of state ever being affected by it.

The “appeal” was communicated to her in 1936. Its purpose was the salvation of a world more compromised than ever; the forces of evil now seemed triumphant and threatened to destroy everything.

The hour is grave for all of mankind, but the Heart of Jesus is standing watch; He points to the danger and its causes; He tells us from whence help will come (*vide* the beginning of her Superior’s statement).

This “appeal” which seems personal, rather hurried¹, Our Lord wishes be made known to the consecrated souls (priests and religious) to whom it is really being addressed.

But how? For this it would have to be published and the superiors refuse to do so; they are able to attest to the great virtue of the messenger, they dare not do the same for the authenticity of the message. Happily the spiritual director is there to reassure and work through the many steps. Authorization is finally given and in July 1939, after a wait of three years and interior martyrdom of the “little victim of the Sacred Heart,” the little book that the document cited above tells us of appears in print.

And very quickly the blessing of the Sacred Heart accompanies it. The “appeal” appeared in December, 1939: the great events unfolding just then should have prevented any attention from being paid to it.

Just the opposite happens.

Without any advertising, the first edition is sold out in a few months, and two years later, more than thirty thousand copies are distributed in every direction, touching, enlightening and stimulating a good many souls.

Since then, Our Lord has also asked for the publication of the commentaries to the “appeal” that He often made to his “little victim.” They form 18 small notebooks, written on occasions immediately after and sometimes during the teaching of the divine lesson. In order to facilitate their publication at the time Our Lord considered opportune, something she knew her sufferings would achieve, she herself assembled them under special titles according to their principal ideas, grouping all the teachings of Our Lord on a given subject.

If one were ever to publish these commentaries as an independent work, it would no doubt be better to preserve their order by date, in accordance with the daily lessons, to see how they fit into the tragic moments that we are living through.

And it would perhaps come as a surprise for some to notice that Our Lord makes no predictions regarding events, that He is content with expressing and explaining over and over his love for France, whose protection, despite her faults, He wants very much to take over, adding that the test or the chastisement—they are one and the same—could have been spared our country

¹ 29 March 1936: Write down my “appeal” of love and the message that I charge you with for souls; hasten to deliver it. Why do you wait? My Heart cannot wait.”

if consecrated souls (priests and men and women religious) had all done their duty, and that it could be cut short if they did this with all their hearts.

This is more sound and more reassuring that all the prophecies and messages being transmitted so often these days by souls who, though no doubt of good will, for the most part are more or less deluded.

The 55 titles under which the “little victim of the Sacred Heart” has reproduced the commentaries still do not give us all of them. In all they made up a collection of approximately three or four hundred pages from which selections had to be made.

We will preserve her ordering of the material, taking care simply to date each fragment. One will easily be able to place it back into its historical setting, and the various dates, by highlighting the repetitions, will let us see the significance that Our Lord himself attaches to this or that teaching.

DOCTRINE OF THE APPEAL

This doctrine reveals to us the Heart of Christ the Redeemer, of Christ impassioned for the glory of his Father and the salvation of souls because the Father loves these souls with an infinite love. He created them in the image of his Well-Beloved Son for the glory of divine adoption. But by the sin of Adam this image had become deformed and sullied, the children of love became children of rage, demeaned and depraved, sitting forlornly in darkness in the shadow of death.

They are fully culpable and most unhappy and the Mercy of the Father is moved. With love He bent down over these miserable ingrates who had become his enemies. By the act of Incarnation He sent them his Son to enter into the corrupt human family, with the mission of recovering lost souls for Him and freeing them from the bondage that held them captive, of purifying them and by incorporating them into Himself bringing them into the divine Family, all at the price of his bloody Passion.

This redemptive work that was his mission, his duty of state, (*propertea veni in horam hanc*) and which gave the Father so much glory and joy, Jesus embraces with all his heart. He consecrates himself to it entirely and sacrifices everything for it. His mortal life was nothing more than a suffering that was going to increase until the horrific death on the Cross, but a death he wanted all his life, called for by his own desire. He hastened the steps that brought him to it because this death consummated the work of redemption. Everything he was supposed to do, and more, Jesus did. Henceforth an easy means of salvation is available to every one born into this world:

Available everywhere is the Blood that is to cleanse and expiate our faults; the treasure that is to pay off our debts and enrich us is piled up beside us; the charter of reconciliation between God and us is here, signed by God.

But for all that everything is still not finished.

This salvation that we obtain at so huge a price each of us must still appropriate to himself. For as St. Augustine said, "He who made us without us cannot save us without us." *Qui te fecit sine te non te justificat sine te.*

By a free adherence to Christ, one must become "one" with Him as He has made himself "one" with us in order to ransom us, taking upon himself our faults.

Through contrition and penance, we have to draw to ourselves the Blood of redemption.

We have to take out from the treasure that lies open before us, and place our signature next to God's signature on the charter.

And now, a sorrowful yet poignant observation! Nineteen centuries after the death of Jesus Christ, only a third of the world is Christian and among Christians themselves, how many fail to profit from this Redemption that was so sorrowfully made and so lovingly offered!

The Sacred Heart does not complain about it in this "appeal."

He points out the causes and the remedy.

The primary, principal, most hidden and also the most active cause is the furious efforts of the demon, in his obstinate hatred towards Jesus Christ, to block the blessed effects of Redemption.

He employs all his powers to snatch away souls from Christ who loves them, and drag them with him down into hell. How many times Our Lord alludes to this in the "commentaries!"

The second cause is the malice of the wicked, those who have allowed themselves to be perverted by the demon.

His power notwithstanding, Satan by himself could do little to us here if we did not allow ourselves to be seduced. He gets his strength from human wills that give themselves over to him or that give in to him to be held at his mercy.

He has here his creatures, those upon whom he can count, who belong to him. They constitute numerous powerful groups in various nations, French Masons, Bolsheviks and others, everywhere seeking to lay hold of the levers of power in order to have souls at their mercy and by all the means of seduction or violence to turn them from God. They have the gold, the strength, the power; they are ever more and ever better organized for the material conquest of the world. They have their false prophets, their false evangelists. They understand the art of domination and seduction. In order to have heaven and the divine law scorned and forgotten, they seek to bring heaven to earth by the intensification of material well-being. And the world is in great danger, because in addition to these two causes two others are joined to it:

--the negligence and indifference of ordinary Christians who like their well-being and comfort. Never dreaming of struggling against those who procure these things, they are even tempted to see the demands of the divine law as too hard. Carelessly, they give in to easy pleasures, thereby losing all combative strength. And there is no one to help their torpor, because:

--the last cause of evil and the most important: consecrated souls are also, themselves, negligent and lax. And more than anything the "appeal" holds them responsible.

The consecrated! Those whom the Sacred Heart has chosen to be his own, the priests, the men and women religious! Those whose mission and duty of state here below is to stir up the flame of divine love, those who are the Father's and his mediating advocates to intercede on behalf of sinners, to express to God the prayers and repentance of the guilty and to draw upon all the blessings and the pardons from on high and put them in efficacious contact with the Blood of Redemption. If these fail in their essential duty, if they fail to understand their obligations and only see in their sacerdotal or religious vocation a security shelter where they are safeguarded against damnation, contenting themselves with a small, sweet, tranquil life spoiled with well-being, then the world is lost!

But perhaps one will say, "Isn't God more powerful than men and demons all united together? Can't He, by himself with any human help, triumph over all these obstacles?"

No doubt He could, but his Providence has disposed it otherwise. Christ has ascended to heaven where He lives in his glory, just as Satan lives in his hell. It is true, mysteriously true, that He remains present and hidden in the Holy Eucharist and mysteriously in his living members who are Christians in a state of grace, but from there where he resides nevertheless with all his power, He only works through the instrumentality of humans who give themselves over to his action, just as Satan can only act through perverse humans who have turned their freedom over to him.

Thus the entire struggle between Christ and Satan is pursued here below in the inner life of souls. Of the two the one who will carry the day is the one who has the best and most devoted combatants; I do not say the most numerous.

A small number would suffice through whom the divine force would pass, provided this force can indeed pass through and be used!

This divine force can only act if these, the consecrated, are what they are supposed to be, so fully given over to supple cooperation with its action that they pose no obstacle to its work. If on the other hand there are personal interests, infidelities, refusal to cooperate in a practical way, then to the extent that these obstacles exist, Christ's hands are tied and his actions without effect.

Here then is the great cause of the evil that Christ laments in his "appeal": that the perverse apply themselves to their ruinous work with more ardor than do the good to Christ's work. They are more stimulated by the fear of Satan and his seductive lures and promises of worldly goods, goods that for the most part he doesn't even deliver, than are the consecrated by the love of Christ and the goods of eternity. This is a disgrace and affront to his dignity.

And Our Lord calls to mind what He did for the salvation of the world. He reminds us what the Co-Redeemer par excellence did, the Holy Virgin. He revisits the essential obligations of the consecrated and details them at great length.

They are his, chosen and preferred, “privileged among the privileged.” Loved by Him with a special love, they should return a special love to him, entire and exclusive.

This love creates between Our Lord and them an intimacy of communication back and forth of all that one is and all that one has to say.

And that is why love ends in conformity, in a deep-reaching resemblance, imprinting on hearts and souls the effigy of Christ’s Heart and Soul, identifying them with Him to the point of their becoming another Himself.

In virtue of this love and the conformity that it asks, all of Christ’s sentiments should be those of the consecrated. Jesus relives in them, manifests himself in them, acts by them.

Now, Christ the Redeemer to whom they are so closely tied burns with ardor for the salvation of souls, for their purification, their divinization, and because this great work by the Father’s designs is only achievable by the Passion of the Cross, Christ has longed all his mortal life for what He called *his time*, the time when his blood shall be shed, the time of liberation and salvation, the time of his sufferings.

This love of suffering and of the cross is necessary for consecrated souls as well, not because these are lovable in themselves, but because they alone can effect redemption and thus give glory to the Father in heaven. It should mark their lives. The road to Calvary being the only path to Redemption, consecrated souls have to pass resolutely by this same road, however difficult it may seem, generously accepting its rough patches.

They have to both victims and apostles, and victims under the double titles of apostles and consecrated souls; consecration calling for this identification, and the apostolate, which is to say the salvation of one’s neighbor, only being possible by the cross. Apostles pay a great price for souls, just as Christ paid a great price for them. And each consecrated soul is responsible for a certain number of souls who will not be saved without them and who will be saved because of them.

The Sacred Heart says that if all had fulfilled their office, the world would not be as it is. It isn’t because the number of consecrated souls is insufficient, but those who are presently in the world are not doing their duty, that if they did what they should the world would come back to life.

And in the commentaries to the “appeal”, the Heart of Jesus urges this of them in most moving terms.

There is nothing new in all of this, as Our Lord himself says. One has only to call to mind familiar but all too often forgotten truths. Certain of them however stand out most especially, such as Our Lord’s desire for suffering during his mortal life to consummate the work of redemption. Truly one discovers a Christ panting for suffering, a Christ that let no occasion for it to slip by, seeing in each an opportunity to be more helpful to us and to glorify his Father more.

Just as all Christians and all consecrated souls most especially are supposed to cooperate in the work of redemption. They can do this because they are mystical members of Christ and all of Christ therefore belongs to them. They are Christ. And that being the case they are indebted to him and are responsible for certain souls whose salvation depends upon their faithfulness.

One also sees the providential role of suffering by consecrated souls. In the measure that God wills, they are called to be apostles and victims, little hosts who must be changed into the one great redemptive Host and offered with Him in communal Sacrifice; a Sacrifice whose redemptive value will be that much greater the more perfectly that little hosts will have been transformed into the great Host. And acting only as one with it, through their free and total oblation, they will cause it to spread until it covers the world.

One knew all that, but to hear Our Lord repeat it Himself again and again touches us deeply and to see it practiced so perfectly by a soul like one of us places it more within reach of our weakness.

“The more I cause you to suffer, Our Lord had said to her, the more you should endeavor to smile, smile out of gratitude and love.

“The more I cause you to feel the rigors of love, the gentler ought your *Fiat* be.

“Smiles and gentleness are like delicate flowers and without them something is lacking in the gifts of my consecrated souls, gifts so costly given.

“The more I associate you with my suffering, the deeper I reach into the capacity of your soul. And the more you embrace this suffering with love, the more I fill this capacity to overflowing so that you spill me out upon those souls whom I confide to you.

“I am helping you; you help Me. Let us help one another to carry the Cross of Redemption.”

Thus is made the “little victim,” silently, heroically. Is it any wonder that, with such excellent and austere schooling, she arrived at sanctity so quickly?

For indeed, while recalling dogmatic truths, the “appeal” and its commentaries at the same time offer a complete lesson in lofty perfection. Here one sees practice of the highest virtues: humility, obedience, sacrifice, self-denial, virtue therefore in all its forms, virtues that are unailing and never on display.

We are given new insights of a most profound nature into religious poverty and obedience.

Here one sees the power of prayer and how by it things can be done which seem impossible.

Do not these words shed good and salutary light, “Ask of Me what I ask of you,” showing clearly that whatever Our Lord asks of us we can accomplish through prayer.

And as the job of the interior life, the necessity of prayer for discipleship is striking! How practical too are its means of atoning for infidelities in performing acts that cost us something. And how instructive is this lesson about charity towards our neighbor which is only real, true charity when it is made at our expense. Any act of charity that costs nothing is but simulacra. Sacrifice and self-immolation are the foundations of Christ’s charity and of his disciples’ as well.

Conformity to the gentle, humble heart of Jesus consists in the practice of these genuine, solid virtues. One feels oneself breathing air of truth and clarity, nothing vague or sentimental, everything here encouraging genuine, disinterested, efficacious love, neither lazy, bored, nor affected.



These pages should be read slowly, dwelling on one subject alone, and letting it penetrate the soul. Reading too much or too quickly risks leading to fatigue, over-stimulation, or nervous tension.

A final, important question poses itself. Do we have here a genuine, direct communication from Our Lord? Are these the very words he pronounced?

God speaks to the soul in multiple ways—*multifarie, multiuse modis*, as St. Paul says (Heb. 1:1).

At times Our Lord appears visibly in human form and his words are heard by both the interior and exterior senses. Such was probably the case when Our Lord showed His Heart exposed to Margaret Mary (Marguerite-Marie), saying to her: “Here is the Heart that has loved mankind so much.”

Or the Holy Virgin when she revealed herself to Bernadette and said, “I am the Immaculate Conception.”

But generally God speaks by means of interior lights. And sometimes, He infuses himself through a supernatural light that dazzles the soul, transporting it outside of itself into an unknown world that the soul, when it returns to itself, can neither speak of nor recover. Anything the soul says would seem a falsehood: “I blaspheme,” St. Angèle de Foligno wrote of himself when coming out of his ecstasies.

Sometimes, with the help of ideas or images conformed to our intelligence, but which He selects and which He himself infuses according to the need, Our Lord speaks to the interior of our soul, and the soul then has the distinct impression that God is speaking to it, even that he sometimes is dictating to it. Thus, as was often the case in the life of Margaret Mary, we are told of resolutions and consecrations as dictated by Our Lord.

Most often God conveys what he wants understood through illumination, and the soul then translates this into its own personal language. God having placed this illumination within its understanding, the soul knows, feels that it is translating exactly the divine thought. Often, the soul is not even aware that it is translating. It seems to the soul that it has but received the divine thought, that the soul itself has been purely passive.

Still—and here is a sign of the soul’s activity—if upon reflection a different formulation would seem to express better the intended understanding, the soul does not hesitate to adopt it so as to conform more exactly to what it has received.

In the present case it would seem that this third way is the one that applies.

God has spoken to this soul in all these ways, but the particular wording of the message, especially in the commentaries, belongs to the “little victim.”

In it one readily recognizes her style. A clear, precise, methodic mind, she delights in a word play that makes the distinct idea spring out. She likes repetitions that, by striking the intelligence, engrave things in the mind. This is how she very naturally translates the divine teaching without falsifying it in any way.

We must add moreover that every saint who receives a revelation acts in more or less the same way, always leaving his or her own mark such that it is always possible to distinguish between what is uniquely divine and what is human and personal.

Here the divine origin of the message is assured us by the heroism of a life far removed from human weakness, where virtue so simple and genuine is so clearly in view. Moreover, the message is guaranteed by its doctrinal unity and profundity, its theological exactitude, its supernatural robustness, its transparent purity.

To be sure, one can’t attribute equal authority to every little detail, but one can very legitimately believe that the message as a whole comes from God.

In any case, the message comes at just the right moment and if it is well received it can do much to bring about the climate of peace and charity on earth, which the Sovereign Pontiff and all the faithful with him so fervently desire. It can even be the world’s salvation, in which all Christians are invited to cooperate.

--H. Monier-Vinard, S. J.

I

THE APPEAL

I. Meaning of the Appeal

My “appeal” is intended to bring about a great stirring that will free the many souls still held bound to the earth--to what is purely human--by weights that press down on their egoistic “me,” and draw them into the great currents of redemption. For my need of you, O consecrated souls, is more urgent now than ever, if only you would understand and answer it.

18 November 1938

My “appeal” is a searing superabundance which in consecrated souls burns to overflow in graces of co-redemptive partnership. For, alas, satanic hatred abounds and superabounds at this moment in the world, robbing me of souls that it plunges into icy death. And my vast and merciful tenderness as Savior-Host cannot but come to beg for consolation, compensation, partnership with my faithful, consecrated ones in order to arouse their love to overflow and superabound in “co-redeeming spirit!”

For, alas, in too many hearts this love is still asleep, mixed as it is with “egoistic apathy!”

The purpose of my “appeal”, through the superabundance of graces that it contains, is to draw these souls out of their slumber, to seize their benumbed and lukewarm hearts, to awaken love in them and have them burn because of it!

17 March 1937

The great drama of my redemptive Passion is perpetually being renewed in the world, and with what intensity at this particular moment!... Learn to recognize in this the sublime workings of infinite love, abyss of marvelous mysteries, of justice and pity, of mercy and holiness.

In this working, in this drama where all of you are like reclaimed sinners, never be unmindful of it so that your contrition and humble, faith-filled gratitude may always be aroused. But listen to my supplication as well!

Enter into it, all of you, as co-redemptive spouses and with your generosity give yourself, lose yourself so that you may be seized by love as “victims!” This is the great wish of my “appeal.”

Hear the Heart of your Savior searching for, appealing for reinforcements for the camp of love, multiplying his calls for help from his faithful spouses, from his friends, his priests, asking them for help in the great work of redemptive conquest. Oh, yes, for help, for love’s help, souls so very much loved by my Heart! For by my Father’s wise plan of mercy, I am not able—I, all powerful Lord—I am not able to save the world alone by myself. I need partners, collaborators. “I need help!”

Meditate deeply in the depths of your hearts on this need for love, this need for love!... And search with fervent industry for all the little helps you can give Me, multiply for me, without excepting here your life’s breath.

Help me to pour myself out in you and through you.

The hour is grave at this moment. I say it again to you. And on whom should I count if not my consecrated ones, on the faithful generosity of each to ascend his or her co-redemptive way of the Cross. For they are Savior with Me, charged with the world, charged with all of it.

When, as at present, hatred speeds up its ravaging movements, must not love also accelerate its movements to conquer it? In order to seize the “initiative” everywhere and maintain it at all costs. The hour has arrived where not to press forward is to lose ground and let

oneself be overcome. It is the hour for endless speeding up, the hour where every heart a real heart has to battle in ever rising tempo under the impulse of its love, of my ever more supplicating love.

In the mercy-laden thoughts of my Heart, my “appeal” is a powerful “stimulus” to this speed-up of love in your hearts. But for that to happen, isn’t it necessary that it be revealed, known, and meditated upon by as great a number as possible?

In the light of this “appeal” you will understand that, for you to “quicken your step” is to “adopt my step.” It is to follow my race of love in the redemptive ascent to Calvary where I was led by my Father’s will. For this will is what gives the measure. By its daily more crucifying and thus more animated petitions, it takes command of this accelerated movement to love on the part of every generous heart ready with unreserved *fiat* to answer the incessant calls of this adorable will!

“This is what it means to be in the footsteps of Love.”

Not always carried away, but like the *Magnificat*, more inspired if one gives one’s fiat promptly, responding with all one’s heart and being.—My cause will not triumph without these accelerations of love.

15 March 1940

Yes, it is true, my “appeal” constitutes a “complaint,” but a complaint of love. The complaint of great “desire” let down and unfulfilled...yet unflaggingly passionate and supplicating.

Indeed, if I complain, it is because I do not have you. I want you and if I want you doesn’t that mean that I love you? Then recognize in this “appeal” further evidence of my love for you, this immense love I have for my consecrated ones, as tender as it is strong. And come to see in it also a precious sign of trust. For how would it serve me to beg of you this way if, knowing your hearts, I was not sure to find response? All-merciful trust that itself is touching proof of love.

And then always remember that “every sign of trust” should be for your souls a “grounds for trust.”

Each time my love says to you by its requests, “I am counting on you,” understand that it is at the same time telling you, “Count on Me.”

Indeed, could I who know your poverty trust to ask something of you if I Myself did not have the willingness and the ability to give it to you? Never forget then that the more I ask of you the more I crave to give you.

My Heart is a begging love because it is an overflowing love. Is there a truth more able to melt all the dreadings of your heart into one immense and courageous trust?

Learn to make use of my grace so that you may serve my glory! Know that my “appeal”—despite its grave tone—is not meant to dishearten or frighten you, but much to the contrary, to encourage you and stimulate you.

Yes, my wounds, particular those of my heart, are springs endlessly pouring out no less they are an ever-imploring thirst. And it is by drawing from them that you water them. Come then and with generous trust, draw out this spirit of holocaust that you must have if you are to respond to my imploring wish. That you may all be:

- wholly consecrated hosts
- totally consumed victims
- crucified spouses
- auxiliaries of my Redemption
- little, co-redemptive continuators (survies)

For if the life of every Christian is to be marked by the stamp of “sacrifice,” the life of every consecrated soul is to be marked by the stamp of “holocaust.” Do you understand the difference?

Sacrifice can have degrees in both the matter and form of the gift.---For the holocaust, there is only one measure which is the measureless *usque ad finem* (*Jn 13:1*). There is only one degree which is totality in a crescendo of love and self oblation.

Now, without this holocaust spirit, there are no true religious virtues, that spirit which distinguishes between holy priests and religious and those, alas, who are but ordinary priests and religious.

12 January 1940

Charged with responsibility for the salvation of the world, for the eternal fate of souls, for the application of my Blood, for the expansion of my redemptive Host! Here, consecrated souls of my priests and men and women religious, is what confers upon you your title of spouse, if you truly take it seriously in the way my appeal asks it of you.

But understand well the meaning of this charge and this responsibility: this responsibility of love, if it be so, entails:

--privileged charge of my "grace," no less than

--privileged charge of my "Cross!"

The fervor and zeal of love's responsibility is such that it is able to be a fly in the ointment without being disquieting, having to be stimulating without being overbearing.

For if my redemptive Cross, that I beg you to love as I do, which is to say, to carry as I do, if that Cross is a painfully pressing weight, a frightening burden of all of men's crimes, ingratitude, and egoistic mediocrities, then my Grace, which always accompanies this Cross, is a "weight-lifter" whose all-powerful efficaciousness is measured by the confidence and vitality of your prayer.

Yes, this grace must be begged for most ardently by a fervent *fiat* of appealing, for without it the *fiat* by which support is received is not truly plenary. In effect, without my grace being invoked, the cross, with all its sufferings can only be dragged, not carried, and then it does not carry Me. Without the Crucified One, it is but naked wood. It is not the Crucifix and therefore cannot be a co-redemptive cross.

Understand also, as your part, the ardent prayerful confidence that my "supplication" asks of you in correspondence, the two-fold *Fiat* contained in the *Fiat* that effects the consecrating action of the Host: Reception of love given, Appeal for love in return!

Transform into supplicating invocations all my supplication requests. Repeat to me often:

"Jesus Redeemer, make of us true co-redemptive souls;"

"Jesus-Hostia, make of us all wholly consecrated hosts."

Love to say to me: "You charge me with this, now I charge you."

I love this confidence, because, in charging me thus with what I charge you, you unburden my Heart, you relieve its weight of treasures and graces that I long to pour out, and it is with immense joy that my Heart responds.

II. The Requirements of the "Appeal" Co-Redemptive Suffering

1938

To be co-redeemers is to continue my excesses of love; excesses that led me to Calvary. It means to perpetuate in some way these excesses on earth, by a life crucified like mine, so that love may never fail to exceed hatred.

Now is the hour of excesses, the hour to oppose the relentless, predatory excesses of hatred in order to surpass them, excesses of love without measure or end.

In the light of my Heart, in the light of my Mother, let each search for those excesses that ought to be present in the life of his or her consecrated soul:

- Sacrifice (holocaust) in giving;
- Praise in sacrifice (holocaust);
- Magnificat* in the *Fiat*.

For I Myself look after these souls of Mine, to make the cross more crucifying, more sacrificial, victim (hostie) of my Good Pleasure.

Thank me when I cause you to feel more the weight of your cross. "I am the great hungerer after love." May each hear me tell him in the depths of his heart:

"I so hunger for you, little victim of my Mercy, that I come, I want to enter you to the point of taking your place so that my Father and my brothers see only Me in you. So that you take my place, continuing me, prolonging me close to them.

Coming and exchanging places means to give up one's place in order to take one's place. And in order to make place for me, must I not banish and drive away all the rest, substituting my thoughts, my heart, my volition for yours, so that there is no longer anything left of yourself, only of Me.

You who are replaced by Me, take My place, continue Me, perpetuate Me.

- Take My place on the Cross of Redemption,
- Continue Me in the Host,
- Perpetuate Me in my redeeming excesses.

Now if I can no longer suffer, I need the sufferings of other Myselves all the more, in order to make my redemptive sufferings fruitful. And who can these be if not consecrated souls?

This mutual exchange of places in love, is it not the ideal of union, of "being only One," the ideal from a perspective that has no limit. For as total as this unifying substitution is at any one instant, in that very instant it can and must grow greater.

Isn't this the policy of my holy will, the policy of love in its entirety? To take my place more and more completely in the soul by hollowing out, by my divine means, a deep and ever increasing capacity in it for various kinds of suffering. If my consecrated ones only knew the ascents that I arrange in their hearts, the extent of growth that I dream of attaining in each of them for the satisfaction of my Father, with what affectionate and grateful eagerness would they respond to the slightest sign and nuance of my divine preferences, even if they be crucifying.

Crucified spouse, I epouse you in crucifying.

That is the entire meaning of co-redemptive suffering. Believe in the cross, in my Cross, in its absolute necessity, in the supreme efficacy of suffering for the triumph of my redemptive work.

In my divine thoughts of love, the mission and purpose of all suffering is that of annunciation, to be a prelude to Incarnation and Redemption. Indeed, suffering is always (because I never fail) an announcement proposed to the soul, an appeal inviting it to be open to my redemptive coming. For ever since Calvary the cross has never been naked, the Crucified One remains fixed upon it. Every cross is a Crucifix. But this announcement only becomes a true Annunciation, which is to say the realization of this redemptive coming, when, following the example of Mary, the soul pronounces its *Fiat* of consent and acceptance.

Each truly accepting acceptance of each cross, making for a deeper coming of the Crucified Savior, therefore effects a precious advance of my redemptive work. This is what truly constitutes the work of co-redemption.

1937

Write this in order that my true spouses, desirous to be my co-redeemers, meditate on it, understand it, and live by it more and more.

Does the espousing of my cross mean to contemplate, admire, and bless my sufferings? Oh no! That is already something too little on your part, far too little to provide me any consolation. Contemplation may be necessary to allow for sympathy but it is not enough for love. Then would the suffering of my sufferings through a sincere, heart-felt, affectionate compassion? That is already something more and much better that touches my heart and begins to console it. But even this is too little. To fully espouse my heart, there has to be a participation that is deeper still, more complete, still more intimate. One has to suffer from my sufferings with a compassion that is crucifying in its effect. Here is the penetrating transfixion of the heart, of the soul, of one's entire being.

Between these two compassions, alone worthy of consecrated souls, there is an entire world of love, of intimacy, and of union. Do you understand this, consecrated souls, all of whom I would want in this second category? But alas, there are still too few of you in this number.

To suffer from my sufferings by feeling its repercussions, yes, there are many of you who do that and I thank you, even with a degree of purity and intensity! But to suffer my sufferings themselves, to experience them truly and completely, how many are there of you?

See the small minority of these victim (hostie) souls made crimson by my blood, these are the ones wholly consecrated, wholly consoling, wholly glorifying, the true co-redeemers whose number my appeal seeks to augment.

Beg my heart, so desirous of satisfying you, to grant you understanding of this two-fold aspect of love—of resembling each other, of coming together, of being in contact on the one hand, and on the other of penetrating union, identification, of being made one. Is there not a profound abyss of intimacy separating the two? Only the second responds fully to my “supplication.”

2 February 1939

Celebration, mystery of revelation: *lumen ad revelationem gentium* (Luke 2:32),
revelation of the true redemptive meaning of Love Incarnate.

The sacrificial victim (“hostie”) meaning of my mission as Savior is explicitly revealed for the first time in the forecast of suffering that accompanied my presentation to the Father: *This child shall be subject to contradiction* (Luke 2:34). Was not the cross already rearing up then? And with how much love was the *Fiat* in my heart at the *Ecce* of this offering!

And also the first revelation of the co-redemptive suffering of my Mother: *a sword shall pierce your soul...* (Luke 2:35). And, by that, the revelation of the merciful need of my redemptive love for collaborators, helpers, companions in accomplishing the work of my Father.

How much was I thinking then of my “supplication” when from the depths of my Heart I pronounced these words: “To save the world I need true spouses, spouses who are co-redeemers.”

1939

“My joy is to help you help me.” I do this in the measure that you ask it of me. And your prayer is all the more helpful to me the more it is penetrated with a spirit of sacrifice in order that the widest portals in the world of souls may open to me.

Recognize therefore in the sufferings that I multiply for you the most precious help that I can possibly give in order that, by your *Fiat* in fully welcoming love, you yourselves are able to give me a little more helpful aid.

I am going to teach you a way of the Cross, beseeching those who would be most pleasing to my Heart.

Say at each station:

Holy Redeemer Spouse, You whom I adore and whom I love from the most intimate depths of my soul, in your infinite, redemptive Goodness, by the virtues of your Blood which the sorrows endured especially at this station caused you to shed, make of us true co-redemptive spouses, in accordance with your merciful, supplicating desire, fully consecrated as sacrificial victims (hosties) in communion with you, working for the salvation of the world and the triumph of your Holy Church.

I ask this of you, humbly, confidently, ardently supplicating, giving myself to you totally, through the mediation of the Co-Redemptive Virgin, Mother of Sorrows, that the Goodness and Infinite Sovereignty of the Father of Mercies may be glorified.

Behold / Fiat / Magnificat

It was not at a low price, nor at the price of gold, but at the price of blood, at the price of all my blood who am the Incarnate Word, that I brought forth my Church, that I bought and redeemed the souls of these children. Would you associate yourself with my work at a lesser price? Would you have the heart for it? For if the Spouse for his part has already been superabundant (giving to the last drop), nevertheless, to gain the Father's cause completely he still needs the free and generous contribution of love and blood from his consecrated ones. The time has come and is pressing now for the ample payment of this contribution.

True service cannot be without sacrifice for love in the course of proving itself. Here is the full meaning of your vocation in its truest sense.

Let us attend together, as one heart and soul, the great, redemptive vigil of prayer and blood of Infinite Charity, a vigil that is to be prolonged in and by the Sacrificial Victim (Hostie) until the end of time, thanks to the association of living victims (hosties) formed by the souls of those consecrated to me. But they must not forget that to live as sacrificial victim (hostie), they can only do so by an unceasing and ever increasing series of exceedingly pure sacrificial acts (actes d'hostie). Now, the sacrificial victim (hostie) only remains "alive" by perpetual acts of self-giving, of immolation, which is to say by one's death. One remains "consecrated" only by being unceasingly consumed by constantly renewed sacrifices.

Believe Me and write this for all my consecrated ones: the Fiat of a single moment wherein one becomes a sacrificial victim has more value for the consolation of my heart and the furthering of my redemptive work than long hours of sweet and peaceful prayer spent before the Host.

The darker the nothingness and sinfulness of your being and the viler (to me) your humanity, the greater the triumph of my Being of purity and love, my sublime, divine "Me." And every time, by your destruction, I thus triumph more profoundly in you, I further at the same time my triumph in the immense family of souls my love has conferred to you (oh how marvelous is this redemptive solidarity!). For each of my spouses is to be seen as charged with a family, with the family of their Spouse, as Mother of the family of my Father's children—and this represents all his creatures that He would want as children. Satanic hatred rages against this family, and what great need I have for compensatory love, for sacrifice even unto death (holocaust).

Suffering, true co-redemptive suffering is not some vague, sentimental notion but an action that is truly sacrificial, a profoundly distressing sorrow. One cannot suffer without suffering.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN SUFFERS VIOLENCE

*The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence.
It is the violent who bear it away. (Matt 11:12)*

When but at the present time are these words most being realized? The Kingdom of my Father in the world is being unjustly attacked by this furious, persecuting violence that hates with a vengeance the all-powerful valor (vertu) of my redemptive Blood persevering in the Host (Hostie).

Can this Kingdom be defended in any other way than by the restorative violence of love, by a burning eagerness to make amends that atone and glorify? *It is the violent, the most violent who carry it off.*³

Oh, all you consecrated souls, the hour has come, the time is pressing to do me violence, to place powerful pressure on my heart in order that it may finally realize its grand, salvific desire which is to make of you a generous present, to generously gift the world through you with the fruits of my redemptive Blood.

To do me the violence of love, first of all, is to render me a humble, faithful and contrite confession of your cowardice and failures in loving. . . To see yourself sincerely as guilty of egoism and therefore as responsible for the trials presently afflicting the world. For do not forget, if you would have been better spouses, things would not be as they are.

To do me the violence of love is also to place your complete and absolute trust in me throughout all the mysteries of the present course and the course to come, having invincible faith in the paternal Goodness of my Providence which watches with an infinite tenderness over each of its children, even those that It chastises. *My Father works without ceasing (Jn 5:17)* and He always acts as a Father. And even now, everywhere and at every moment, his Goodness is pouring forth.

Believe with assured faith in this incessant action of the Father's Goodness, bless It with a confidence redoubled in times of great suffering--this is the filial homage most fitting to glorify his Holiness, appease his Justice, and above all to touch his merciful Compassion. Multiply unceasingly therefore these benedictions to my Goodness, multiply them as co-redeemers and thus as "mediators," hearts stretched to feel as your divine Lord feels. And offer them to me on behalf of all hearts--on behalf of all those who know but too often forget to do it or who do it poorly, and on behalf of those who do not know and whom Satan makes use of in his work of hatred.

My heart acts ceaselessly in a superabundant outpouring of Charity, always acting and loving as "Savior," for can this Heart do otherwise than love? My Redemptive Blood therefore is pouring itself out every moment everywhere. Would that you too might ceaselessly assist it with outpourings, with an invincible faith in the final triumph of this redemptive Love.

To do me the violence of love is to make total oblation of one's self, to the complete sacrifice of every fiber of one's being and every drop of blood, in this spirit of co-redemption which is at the heart of my "supplication:"

³ In their literal sense these words indicate the violence that one must do to oneself in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They are being used here in an adapted sense.

“Crucified spouse, I espouse by crucifying.”

Let yourself become sacrificial victims, therefore, little hosts, for the Host (Hostie) alone has the divine ability as well as the profound desire to transform into little hosts souls that are wholly given over to him.

For do not forget, *I am the Lamb of God (Jn 1:29)*, the Spotless Lamb of the Father’s merciful Justice! Calvary’s bloodied Lamb who remains immolated (*2 Cor 5:7*) in the Sacred Host for the salvation of the world and who in bearing all of man’s sins erases them (*Jn 1:29*), bearing them by the humiliation of my “Victim” state wherein the abysmal humiliation of my Passion is carried on.

Oh, my consecrated ones, in this time of great turmoil, listen to the voice of my supplication: “Help me to bear the sins of the world. Help me “wash away” these sins by the application of my redemptive Blood, and for this allow me to associate you ever more closely with all the pain and all the humiliations of my Cross and of my Host.

To do me the violence of love finally is to beg me unceasingly, believing on behalf of souls, praying to the Father of Mercies in union with Me, offering Me to Him in a perpetual Mass: *Suscipe sancte Pater...hanc Immaculatam Hostiam*⁴ (*from the canon of the Holy Mass: “Receive Holy Father...this spotless Host”*).

Plead also by praying to Me in union with Mary, offering me the Immaculate Heart of this virgin victim (hostie). And pray this along with all others.

You need to know what it means “to be served by Me in order to serve the cause of my Father,” “to be served by my Mother in order to serve my redemptive Cause.”

To do me the violence of love that longs for my tender sovereignty is to do all these things together: “confession,” “confidence,” “sacrifice,” “pleadings,” doing all with a heart that is ever more loving, on behalf of all hearts.

SERVE ME AS A RAMPART

1936

Oh, yes, consecrated souls, conceal yourself in total security within my Heart, but at the same time, “Serve Me as a rampart!”, as a rampart burning with love raised against the hatred that furiously assails me, and the egoism that like a coward avoids me and leaves me chilled to the bone.

For it would be a terribly perfidious, egoistic illusion, unworthy of souls capable of even a modicum of love and generosity, to claim in times of such great turmoil to find shelter, refuge and rest in my Heart if I myself am unable to find shelter, refuge and rest in your hearts, my consecrated souls!

Remember that love in its essence is reciprocal. If, in order to defend you and give you asylum, my Heart had been wounded and pierced, consumed to its last fiber, emptied out of its last drop, then, to defend Me and give Me asylum, what should your heart be like and what should it do? I will let you draw the conclusion...

If my Cross is the invulnerable “rampart” of fire drawn up against hell in order to save and protect you, what protective rampart have I not the right to expect from my consecrated ones?

May your hearts, your lives hasten to respond to Me with a generous *Fiat*, in fervent echo of the *Fiat* spoken by my sorrowful Mother, itself an echo of my own.

⁴ *From the canon of the Holy Mass: “Receive Holy Father...this spotless Host.”*

With all my Heart I beg this of you: Raise up again and again without ever ceasing this rampart of love, burning ever more brightly, sustained by the utter holocaust of your sacerdotal or religious consecration lived out in truth and fullness.

Yes, this is the hour when all is to be thrown into the fire, when you yourselves are to be thrown into the great furnace of love, to enkindle your ardor so that you may come to master and vanquish hatred's fury... For you know, do you not, that when it comes to love, "it is only in giving more that one can give back."

"Just enough" does not satisfy love! It needs superabundance, surplus, excesses. It needs luxury, the luxury of gifts, the luxury of suffering.

Look upon your crucified Savior. Remember reciprocity!

Oh, I implore this of you, seek, beg this luxury of love for me. I need it! I need it to put an end to the infernal fury. And who but my spouses will give me this?

May each of you search within his or her heart for those little excesses of love that could be added to one's daily life in order that the great excesses of my love may find response.

There are times, and now is one of them, when "giving everything" is not enough, is already too little, and when instead one has to give "more, always more." Love is only alive when it goes beyond itself, each day anew, in fresh demonstrations, fresh gifts.

Don't forget that these little "surpluses" that I ask of you have more to do with the "manner" than with the "matter" of the gift. How many nuances and shades can be found in the way one gives me "everything," nuances and delicacies that make up the "more," the "better," an increase defined only by "always more," "always better"!

If "giving everything that is required" satisfies justice, "giving more than is strictly required" alone satisfies love. Particularly when it is an avenging love.

Understand well that giving one's "more" is the most certain means of giving one's "everything," but at the same time don't forget that in order to give one's "more," one starts by giving "everything."

Without perfect, scrupulous fidelity, there can be none of the genuine generosity I beg for in order to raise the ramparts of love.

Would that the life of my consecrated ones be nothing but a great clamor of love, ever more vibrant, burning, rising, so as to drown out, to subdue the roaring hubbub of hatred. Here is the rampart of fire I await. Clamor of love through the great sacerdotal prayer gushing forth from a victim soul (âme-hostie) in perpetual celebration of the Holy Mass. From love that makes reparation, from love that compensates. Oh, consecrated souls, give me all this!

1939

See the terrible ravages occurring in this moment of hatred in the world. But always bear this in mind: it would not have been thus if you had not, by your ego-centric reservations, made "breaches" in the rampart of love, in this rampart where I had given you the care of a privileged post, care for raising the rampart high, for making it strong, for ceaselessly moving it forward by your offering which held nothing back.

Yes, each ego-centric glance, desire, wish on the part of souls dedicated to a vocation of love forms a fissure in this rampart, at least if no wholehearted reparation attends it, and these fissures multiplied produce real breaches that open passage for the assaults of hatred. Move quickly to repair these breaches!

For I still want to save this poor world, I always want to. Is that not the reason why my Father sent me to the Cross, and why each day He sends me back into the Host?

But I need helpers!

And I call each and every one of my consecrated ones to this select post for the defense of my rampart, the “Royal rampart of my Father.” May each of you, at every moment, by courageous fidelity and loving generosity work ceaselessly to erect it, to widen the surrounding wall and repair the breaches! Each breach closed to the devastating assaults of hatred is an opening for the saving torrents of love.

“Give me a drink!”

1936

Ah, if you only knew... consecrated souls, if you only knew who it is that says to you, “Give me a drink” (*Jn 4:8*). If only you grasped God’s gift to you, the gift of predilection which is my desire that you would serve me as co-redemptive helpers...the gift of my “appeal.”

Yes, when wearied of my apostolic travel I uttered these Gospel words, my heart was thinking of you, seeing you in a special way, thinking of my “appeal.”

Meditate on this, pray for the light to understand this scene, these words, then perhaps you will understand all this a little better so that the copious blessings of tender love eternally gushing forth will wash over you. *It will become a fountain of living water, welling up to eternal life (Jn 4:14).*

Hear some of my thirsting cries, all variations of the same, immense love.

“When then will the love of Love prevail over the hatred of Love?”

“When will the burning ardors of charity overcome icy half-heartedness and the frigidity of hatred and egoism?”

“When, oh my consecrated ones, will you love me as spouses, passionate in love with my Glory, with my interests alone?”

“When then will you demonstrate this to me by a life wholly bent on reciprocating the gift, even to the point of martyrdom, the shedding of blood both of heart and will. When, then? When?”

“My heart is waiting for you.”

When hatred stirs up violence, as at present, must not Love stir up its own excesses, and from whom have I the right to be loved to the point of folly if not my consecrated ones that I Myself love to excess? You know that to love to the point of folly is to love by sacrificing everything. Few actually understand this. And know that:

“The folly of the Cross is the supreme wisdom of the heart.”

1938

In my Father’s bosom, my celestial home, I am always in a state of blessed contentment. In my Host (Hostie), my earthly home, I live in a state both of pain and hunger, the pain of unsatisfiable hunger, hunger to devour and be devoured.

As long as my Love is unsatisfied, it will never be able to cease begging for bread. What is this bread? You know the answer. I hunger for the bread of little hosts (pain de hostie).

May your faith enlivened by the loving supplication of my “appeal” ever call you back to the full paternal plan of my Father.

In each tiny fragment of my great redemptive Host, a “little co-redemptive host” must be incorporated so that the saving fruits of my Blood can be applied to souls. And these little hosts (petites hosties) are formed, particle by particle, by the “sacrificial acts” (“acts d’hosties”) that are to make up the lives of my consecrated ones.

Suffering is the crucible wherein I form my hosts. The most perfect sacrificial act (acte d’hostie) therefore is the *fiat* filled with love to my crucifying, divinely transforming action in whatever form it may take, and shortly will take.

Do not forget that “without end” is the name of Love. No, it never has enough of loving and therefore of begging, insatiably, of tirelessly pouring itself out. For to love is to communicate, to communicate oneself in order to commune with others in a mutual, perpetual effusion of life. And you know that Love’s surest and most direct channels of communication are these two: the Host, and Mary.

I love you too much to be able to hold myself in, to keep from pursuing this drive of mine to save, or to back off in the face of even the strongest reasons for doing so. Love has no familiarity with perfidy like that!

I love you too much, my consecrated ones, to quiet down the supplicating cries of my appeal, pleading for you as co-redemptive partners. Do not be put off by my wanting you so ardently. My divine demands conceal so much tenderness and mercy.

I love you so very much, poor little unworthy one that you are (and I speak to all my spouses through you), I love you too much to stop even for an instant the crucifying operations by which I, the Crucified Spouse, prepare for the triumph of my Savior’s Blood.

And you, would you not have enough love in your heart to acknowledge and recognize in this ceaseless redoubling of suffering a major reason for the redoubling of hope? Have I not already said that once I began asking I could no longer hold myself back, so eager am I to “give still more.” -- And you, are you able to hold yourself back from giving to me and asking of me? Look, hear all the plots that are being hatched in this time of diabolic hatred, deadly plots against Me, in souls, in my Church.

And in the face of all this, what does love do? Is it also vehement, ardent to hatch plots of life, of triumph for my Heart? How many take counsel to seize all the means for vanquishing my enemies and giving me total victory?

You, my consecrated ones, do you do this as much as you are able? Don’t you want this to be the way things are in the future? Do you not sense that the time has come to “give one’s all, one’s *maximum*, one’s *crescendo* for the cause of Love?

1939

I have had been wounded in the house of my friends (Zach 13:6).

May these words from my Scripture carry light into your hearts, my consecrated souls, to stir up every fiber in them, to wound them with a love that destroys and expels egoism, and so causes to spurt back to my Heart the blood of a most pure and fervent “co-redemptive charity.”

Only a wound of love can allay and heal the wound of hatred.

If, of all the bitterness that I suffered in the chalice of my Passion, the cowardly egoism of my “supposed” spouses was the most bitter—oh, what pain for my heart!—the sweetest of the consoling “reparations” that I experienced came from, and can only come from, the fervent charity of my true spouses, which is to say from those who have understood their vocation as co-redeemers, those who, as called for by my “appeal,” espouse all that is dear to my heart.

Each battle of their hearts has been a drop of sweetness falling into the “chalice of comfort” borne by my Angel in the terrible hour of my Agony in Gethsemane.

Ought not this assurance be for you the sweetest of consolations, the strongest of stimulants to respond to my supplicating appeal: *Give me a drink.*

I NEED OUTLETS

1938

In order that my “redemptive graces” be able to spread in torrents across this poor world so terribly shaken by satanic fury, “I need outlets.”

I need more outlets, that is, more pierced hearts that allow free passage to the outflow of my saving Blood, mixing theirs with it and thereby permitting it to run back to the Father. Hearts

letting themselves be pierced as the Heart of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, was pierced, by the sword of co-redemptive love, freely accepted by a *Fiat* that offers up everything and consents to everything in an overflowing *Magnificat* of love.

These pierced hearts, hearts which are more than merely wounded (which can have a personal basis, some hidden egotism unthinkable in the former), where will I find them, of whom shall I ask these things if not my consecrated ones? Is not the entire supplicating request of my costly "appeal" to find its response here?

You understand, do you not, how this "transfixion" is the pre-condition to redemptive "transmission" as well as the "transfusion" that makes us one.

More and more wearied as sorrowfully it waits for souls and yet tireless in desire and confidence, my heart comes to you seeking a little "rest for love." To give me rest is to permit me to pour myself out, empty myself into hearts that are completely open, fully alive, so that I may spread myself out among you and by an immense effusion of loving graces, increase your contentment.

Oh, happy lot of my consecrated ones to be called to serve in this outpouring of love! And this:

--By participating in the cost of the Cross, by a generous spirit of co-redemptive crucifixion, allowing themselves to be crucified by their crucified Spouse.

--By relieving the cost of these graces, fruit of the Cross; by the wholly free receptivity of a soul who through its heartfelt *Fiat of acceptance* has become opened to my divine wishes.

--And by the perpetual state of transmissibility of a soul pierced right through, for it is wholly given over to the interests of redemption, serving as an outlet, as a living passageway for the outflowing of my graces onto and into souls.

Such is the desire of my "supplication of love."

Pentecost 1939

Like a great cry of thirsting desire, my "supplication" is a torrent of blazing flames shooting forth from its supreme origin, divine Outlet who is my Spirit of fire, Spirit of Truth and Love. "Heart of my Heart."

Contemplate this divine source:

Only a divine end is appropriate to it.

This torrent only spurts out to spurt back.

Gushing forth waves of grace so that waves of praise gush back to the glory of Love.

This here is the sublime end of my "supplication."

But by what means?

To be able to gush back, the torrent needs to gain entry into living soil that it can inundate and fecundate. My supplication needs to gain access to loving hearts to embrace them, fecundate, and divinely transform them into co-redemptive hosts, to open in them a vast outlet of love.

On to Love, on Love's behalf...

Then, every benediction of praise will rise to the Source from whom this merciful benediction has come. And all this transpires by means of souls. The continual back and forth flow of love. Isn't this the life secret of apostolic union?

Oh, do not close the outlets to this torrent. Open wide the floodgates, and to that end, let my supplication be known--respond to it.

8 December

So full of the Love that consumes it, my Heart burns to pour itself into souls in torrents and there to overflow and gush back to my Father in glowing praise. Filled Myself to

overflowing, I want you too to be filled to overflowing with “my great redemptive Charity,” so that in ever more intimate communion with Me, the diffusion might be wider and more radiant, and that the wound of your hearts might serve as outlets.

Contemplate with eyes of love then this overflowing superabundant, from the mystery of the Trinity to the mystery of the Host, emanating through the mysteries of the Crèche and the Cross.

Carry out this contemplation yourselves, and take from it into your hearts all its loving, practical implications.

“Serve me as outlets, no less than as ramparts!”



