
Chapter 1

Sixteen Showings of Love

This is a revelation of love that Jesus Christ, our unending bliss, gave to me in sixteen showings.

The first showing revealed his crown of thorns. This showing described the Trinity in detail, as well as the Incarnation, and the essential unity between the human soul and the Divine. I received many beautiful revelations of love and teachings of boundless wisdom here. All the showings that followed are rooted and connected in this first one.

The second showing revealed the darkening of his lovely face, which symbolized his supreme passion.

The third showing revealed that our God—who is almighty and all-loving and the embodiment of wisdom—created all that exists and is the cause of everything that happens.

The fourth showing revealed the lashing of his tender body and the copious blood he shed.

The fifth showing revealed that the precious passion of Christ overcomes the spirit of evil.

The sixth showing revealed that our God rewards all his blessed servants with profound gratitude in the world to come.

The seventh showing revealed that both joy and suffering are bound up with the human experience. When we are illumined by grace and touched with well-being, we believe that our joy will never end. When the sadness and weariness of life descends on us, we are tempted to believe that this, too, is endless. But we take refuge in a deep inner knowing that just as God's love uplifts us in joy, it protects us in sorrow.

The eighth showing revealed the final sufferings of Christ and his cruel death.

The ninth showing revealed that the outcome of Christ's terrible passion and heartrending death is the pure delight that infuses the blessed Trinity. He wants us to take comfort in this and be happy with him, until the time comes when all things are made clear to us in heaven.

The tenth showing revealed that the heart of our Lord Jesus has been broken in two for love.

The eleventh showing was an exalted revelation of his blessed Mother.

The twelfth showing revealed that our Lord is the supreme source of all life.

The thirteenth showing revealed that our God wants us to deeply appreciate the magnificence of what he has done and truly cherish all that he has made, especially the excellence of human life—since he placed human beings in charge of all creation—and acknowledge the precious amends he made for our shortcomings. He transformed all our blame into everlasting honor. In this showing he said, "Behold! By the same power, wisdom, and goodness that I have done all this, I shall make well all that is not well. You will see this for yourself." He also revealed that he wants us to have faith in his holy community and not demand that he disclose all his secrets now, but trust that we will know whatever we need to know in this life.

The fourteenth showing revealed that God is the ground of all our seeking. Two great things are contained in this single truth: one is the perfection of prayer; the other is the importance of faith. In this way, our prayer becomes his joy, and the emptiness of our longing is filled with his goodness.

The fifteenth showing revealed that one day all our pain and sorrow will be lifted and his goodness will deliver us to a place where he will offer himself as our reward and we shall live with him in everlasting bliss.

The sixteenth showing revealed that the Creator, in the form of the blessed Trinity and contained within our redeemer, Christ Jesus, eternally dwells in our souls. From this place, he righteously rules over all things, rescuing and protecting us with his wisdom and power. For the sake of love, he prevents us from succumbing to the spirit of evil.

Chapter 2

Three Wishes

These showings were revealed on May 8, 1373, to a simple, unlearned creature, who had once asked for three gifts from God: one, participation in his passion; two, a life-threatening illness; and three, the grace of the triple-wound (contrition, compassion, and unbearable longing).

I already believed that my devotion had given me a real sense of Christ's passion, yet I aspired (by the grace of God) to know it more deeply. I had this intense desire to go back in time and live with Mary Magdalene and with all Christ's other lovers. But, since this was not possible, I prayed instead for a vision that would give me some experience of the suffering of our Savior and of the compassion of his blessed Mother and of all his true lovers who witnessed his pain. I wanted to be one of them, to suffer alongside them. All I hoped for was to have a deeper awareness of Christ after this vision. I did not ask to be shown anything else beyond this until the time came that my soul left my body (I had faith that God's mercy would one day reveal everything).

The second gift came to my mind effortlessly: I freely wished for the grace of a serious illness. I wanted the disease to be so severe that I would believe I was dying and all the creatures who

witnessed my suffering would think so too and would arrange for me to receive all the holy rites of the religious community. I had no desire for the comforts of earthly life. Rather, I yearned to fully experience all the discomfort of dying—physical and mental—with the accompanying terror and temptations of the spirits of evil. I wished to go to the brink of death, but not pass over. What I wanted was for this sickness to purify me, so that, by the grace of God, I would live more fully for his sake alone. Also, I was hoping it would prepare me for my real death, which I anticipated would soon be coming. I was ready to return to my God and Maker.

I suspected that these two desires—to share in Christ’s passion and to endure a serious illness—were not exactly customary prayers, so I tempered my petitions like this: *Lord, you know what I want. If it be thy will, please give it to me. If it be not thy will, Good Lord, please do not be displeased with me, for I want nothing except that thy will be done.*

Unlike the first two prayers, my third wish was unconditional: to receive the triple-wound of a humble heart, kind compassion, and all-consuming longing for God. This third desire was so powerful that I left out the “if it be thy will” part. The first two prayers soon passed from my mind, while the third prayer perpetually burned in my heart.

Chapter 3

As I Lay Dying

When I was thirty and a half years old, God sent me that illness I had asked for in my youth. For three days and three nights I lay in my bed, and on the fourth night I was given the last rites of Holy Church. No one expected me to live through the night, yet I lingered for another two days. I kept thinking I was about to die, and everyone who sat with me thought so also.

I was still young enough to be sad about dying. It's not that anything here on earth pleased me (it did not), or that I was afraid of pain (I trusted in his mercy). Rather, I would have liked to live longer simply so that I could have learned to love God better. I thought that if I had more time to practice loving God, I could take this knowledge with me into the bliss of the world to come. It suddenly seemed to me that my time here on earth had been so short in comparison to life everlasting that it hardly counted at all.

This made me think, *Good Lord, could it be that my living is no longer to your glory?*

The pain in my body, combined with my own common sense, led me to conclude that yes, my life was over. And so I assented with all the will of my heart to be completely aligned with God's

will. I remained in this state until daybreak. By then my body was dead from the waist down. I couldn't feel a thing. The people who were with me propped my body up in bed, so that I could align my heart to God's will, and so that I could more easily think of him as my life ebbed away. Someone sent for the parish priest to be with me when I died. By the time he arrived, my eyes had rolled back in my head and I could no longer speak.

Sharing His Suffering

The priest placed a crucifix in front of my face and said, "I have brought the image of your savior. Gaze upon it and draw comfort from it."

I thought I was all right just the way I was—with my eyes turned upward toward heaven where I trusted I was heading—but I consented to force my eyes to rest on the crucifix and discovered that it was actually easier to endure looking straight ahead than up. That's when my sight began to fail. Everything grew dim, until the whole room was as dark as night. The only thing I could see was the cross, which was bathed in a rather ordinary light. I couldn't figure out how it was possible that only this single object was illuminated. Everything except the cross looked ugly to me, as if it were all tainted by demons.

After this, the upper part of my body began to die. Soon I had almost no feeling left. The worst part was my shortness of breath and the sense that my life was rapidly waning. By this time I was convinced that I was passing away. Suddenly all my pain vanished, and I was whole again. In fact, I felt better than I ever had before—especially in the center part of my body. This abrupt transformation astonished me. It seemed to me that it was the work of the Divine and not something natural. But, in spite of the all-pervading comfort I was feeling, I had no confidence that

I would survive. I was not fully at ease, because my heart was set on being set free from this world.

All at once it came into my mind that this would be a good time to ask God for the second wound: that my body become a vessel for Christ's blessed passion. Remember? I had once wished that his pains could be my pains and that my heart would fill with compassion and then burn with longing for God. I thought that I was finally ready to receive the grace of the triple-wound I had asked for.

I did not desire any kind of physical vision or revelation from God. All I wanted was the kind of compassion that naturally flows into the soul in response to the suffering of our Lord, who for the sake of love agreed to incarnate as a mortal man. I wished to suffer along with him, inside my own human body, if God would only give me the grace to do so.