

YEARNINGS FOR SANCTITY

*By Luisa Piccarreta, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will
At the beginning of her mystical life*

Introductory Note: These “*Yearnings*”, ardent prayer filled with longing and trust, were dictated by Luisa to a soul by the name of Rosa, who would go Luisa’s home to learn the art of embroidery at the *tombolo*, and was a little *disciple* of Luisa. Each soul who yearns to live in the Divine Will, the Sanctity of sanctities, is a little *Rose*, who longs for *Living Water* – Sanctity in the Will of her Jesus.

My most sweet Jesus, my Delight and my Life, O please! by your Mercy, make me holy! I pray You, O Jesus, for the sake of each beat of your adorable Heart, make me holy. This is really about your Glory, the loving purpose of your Passion, of your most ardent yearning. If I am saved, will there perhaps not be in Heaven one more soul that sings your praises for eternity? Oh! make me holy then! O my Jesus, make me holy!

I am a member of that Spouse of Yours, the Church, whom You purchased with your Divine Blood. O please, do not suffer in Her a bad daughter like me, poor one; but for love of your Church, make me holy, O my God....

I come often to unite myself to You, ineffably, in that Divine Sacrament of Yours, which is called the Bread of Angels, and the Testament of your Love. O please, do not suffer in me any stain or tepidness, but for love of your Flesh and of your Divine Blood, make me holy, O my God.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

You demand of me to edify my family, my neighbor, my friends; You ask that I make virtue loved, that I draw souls to You. And how can I ever make it, poor as I am, so lacking in fervor, humility and patience? O please, for love of those souls, at least, who cost blood to your Heart, make me holy, O my God, make me holy.

But what need do I have to present to You so many reasons? Are You not infinite Goodness and Generosity? Could You, O beloved of my soul, allow that a daughter of yours, who opens her heart to You, entrusts to You her yearnings, asks You only that she may be holy, would remain prostrated before You without answering her? Would You not listen to her in the greatness of your Mercy?

And even when, because of my constant ingratitude, You would want to reject me, could You deny this grace to your Blessed Mother Mary and mine, who asks You for it on my behalf, presenting all of Her compassion for your sorrows? Could You deny it to my Guardian Angel, who continually offers You His celestial adorations in order to obtain it for me?

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O my Jesus, I confess myself unworthy of any favor, but when I ask You that I may be holy, what do I ask of You, after all, other than that the designs of your Redemption be fulfilled in me, and that your goodness may triumph in my malice, in my rejections and in my reluctance?

O my Love, You are Omnipotent - set me afire, burn me to ashes, consume me in your flames, let it be that I may never again offend You! That I may die to myself; that I may make of this little while of my life that is left one single act of expiation, of gratitude, of adoration and of apostolate – one single act of immolation and of most pure love. O Jesus, may I live all absorbed in You, drawn and genuflected with my spirit, always before your Sacramental Majesty. Even more, may I, O Jesus, truly live of your very Sacramental Eucharistic Life, which is all an affable mystery of hiddenness, of operosity and of love.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

I know... I must do violence to myself in many motions of my spirit, and conquer myself in a thousand ways, on a thousand occasions....

I will need to love prayer, silence, work, mortification.

I will need to operate always and in everything with a live spirit of Faith and of holy fear of God.

I will need to make space, empty of every creature, around me and inside of me.

I will need to keep my heart always up high, keeping it immaculate, adorning it with lilies, with roses, with violets and with hyacinths....

But what is ever impossible for love? O please! You Yourself, O Lord, make me comprehend how easily I can become holy, if only I embrace with love that daily cross which your love offers me; if only I do, as best I can, the daily actions which duty or charity require of me.

Oh, how sublime it is to become inebriated with pain out of love.... How perfect it turns out to be doing everything with a most pure intention, under the most holy gaze of my God, and in union with my Guardian Angel, as if I were to do that action alone; as if, after that one, I were to appear before the Divine Judgment - as if from it alone depended my eternal salvation.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

Instruct me, You Yourself, O my Jesus, like a patient Teacher. Make me - I pray You with St. Thomas - to be without reluctances in my humility, without dissipation in my joys, without disheartenments in my sadnesses, without inconstancy in my piety, without bitterness in my conversations, without laments in my sufferings, without hesitation in my obedience, without preferences in my charity, without artifice in my virtue.

Teach me – I will say to You with Saint Ignatius – to be generous unto heroism, to serve unto sacrifice, to give without measuring, to fight without being afraid of the wounds, to consume myself without lamenting.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O my Love, who will give me enough to repay You and to satisfy You if not Yourself? O please, reign, You alone, in this heart of mine, so meager. May I love You alone, O Jesus, and may I love You equally, when your love caresses me and when it scourges me. May my spirit rest in You alone, O Jesus. And when the whirlwind of my

passions or the breath of your tests put my soul in agitation, even then, let it be, O Jesus, that each beat of my heart be a praise, a thanksgiving, an adoration for your Divine Heart. Let it be that, any tie being broken, I may once and for all make a generous leap, and immerse myself inside your Crucified Heart, divine center of charity, of zeal, of purity, of annihilation and of most perfect abnegation....

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O Mary, Mother of sweet Hope and of beautiful Love, I hide myself in the pious shadow of your mantle.

Saint Joseph, my dear most perfect example of the highest sanctity, You be my singular protector, and my model in the interior life of holy sorrow and of holy love....

In the midst of your three Hearts, O Jesus, O Mary, O Joseph, I remain secure and will fear no more on my journey.

O Jesus, O Mary, O Joseph, make me holy, I implore You, O please, make me holy!

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

Fiat!