

## Holy Saturday

### Limbo. The Expectation.

#### Lesson of our Desolate Queen and Mother Mary

*The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. – Day 28*

Dearest child, thank you for your company  
But if you want your company to be sweet and dear to Me, and bearer of relief to my pierced Heart, I want to find in you the Divine Will operating and dominating, and that you do not surrender even one breath of life to your will.

Then, yes, will I exchange you with my Son Jesus.  
Because, His Will being in you, in It I will feel Jesus in your heart.  
And – oh, how happy I will be to find in you the first fruit of His pains and of His death.  
In finding my beloved Jesus in my child,  
- my pains will change into joys, and my sorrows into conquests.

Now, *listen to Me, child of my sorrows:*  
as my dear Son breathed His last, He descended into Limbo,  
as triumpher and bearer of glory and happiness to that prison, in which were  
- all the Patriarchs and Prophets, the first father Adam, dear Saint Joseph,  
- my holy parents, and all those who had been saved  
by virtue of the foreseen merits of the future Redeemer.

*I was inseparable from my Son, and not even death could take Him away from Me.*

So, in the ardor of my sorrows I followed Him into Limbo.  
And I was spectator of the feast, of the thanksgivings,  
- which that whole great crowd of people gave to my Son,  
Who had suffered so much, and Whose first step had been toward them,  
- to beatify them and to bring them with Himself to celestial glory.

***So, as He died, conquests and glory began for Jesus  
and for all those who loved Him.***

This, dear child, is symbol of how,  
- as the creature makes her will die through union with the Divine Will,  
conquests of divine order, glory and joy begin, even in the midst of the greatest sorrows.

Even though the eyes of my soul followed my Son and I never lost sight of Him,  
at the same time, during those three days in which He was buried,  
I felt such yearnings to see Him risen, that in my ardor of love I kept repeating:

***“Rise, my Glory! Rise, my Life!”***

My desires were ardent, my sighs, of fire - to the point of feeling consumed.(...)