

My journal entry for September 22, 2026.

Maria's notebook entry that I read recently is very profound, even scary. Why is that? What don't I, and we as men and women, understand? Let me break this down.

On the visceral surface, this sentence detonates on multiple levels simultaneously. Jesus said, *"Now it is I who act. And I am doing everything. I am taking everything. I want everything.* I don't leave you a blade of your wealth in life, health, strength, repose, and freedom. I mean human life, health, strength, repose, and freedom. *I cancel out everything. I suppress everything.* To you as a woman, nothing. To you as a soul, I give Myself: Everything."

Further He says that God does not merely permit suffering; He cancels and suppresses—active verbs of annihilation directed at the full spectrum of human flourishing. The specificity is brutal: life, health, strength, repose, freedom—each one named so the listener cannot hide behind abstraction. And then the gendered knife-twist: To you as a woman, nothing. In a text addressed to a dying woman, this is not incidental phrasing. It is a theological verdict that the embodied, sexed, historical self is the residue to be burned away before the transaction of divine self-giving can occur. The provocation lies in how tenderly this erasure is delivered—inside an embrace, as a mother holds a sick child—making the violence of the negation feel like intimacy.

The profundity is real and should not be dismissed. The passage inverts a merit-based spirituality: the woman who could no longer teach, pray, and work is told her passive suffering now exceeds all her active service. Suffering becomes not a punishment to be endured but the very channel through which God acts and gives Himself. The paradox of nothing-everything captures a genuine mystical insight—that identity must be emptied for grace to fill it, that the self that clings to its achievements is the self that cannot receive. There is something genuinely liberating in being told your worth is not contingent on your productivity, your health, or your freedom.

Yet this critique must press where the provocation becomes dangerous. "To you as a woman, nothing..." risks collapsing into

a theology that treats embodiment—particularly female embodiment—as an obstacle to be transcended rather than a site of grace. The text elsewhere speaks of Mary's immaculate heart and the body of Christ as vessels of love; here, the woman's body is simply nothing, a category to be subtracted before the soul can be addressed. This creates an internal tension: if the Incarnation means God entered flesh and made it sacred, then as a woman, nothing contradicts the very logic of the text's Christology. The statement is most powerful when read as a dying woman's desperate prayer for her suffering to mean something—and most troubling when read as a divine permission slip for the systematic devaluation of embodied, particular, gendered human experience in the name of an abstract soul.

Well, think about that for a while. Now, since I've read this and the complete body of Maria's work at least five times over, let me try and simplify it. Elsewhere, Jesus, Mary, and the whole host of saints and sinners talk about love. In Maria's writings, especially in The Gospel As Revealed To Me, we see what that love looks like in action. If we really love, wouldn't we suffer anything to have what we love? A dying wife returned to us? A dying child returned to us? Now consider that the very thing Jesus is teaching Maria to do is the very thing He did by His sacrifice on Golgotha. He says, "Father, into your hands and commend my Spirit." Not the body.

Jesus below says apparently shocking things. But we are to be shocked by the Truth. We've lied to ourselves for centuries.

I am *Anonymous*

The Notebooks 1944

May 29

Jesus says:

"Come, little John. I have so many things to tell you to calm your suffering.

"First of all, come and drink. You are more fortunate than John. He rested his head on my chest when not yet wounded. As for you -- come, clinging to my lacerated chest, and you can drink the love flowing from my wounded heart. Be good. Be still. As a

mother holds a sick child in her arms to console him in his suffering, so I am holding you.

"Oh, you don't know *how much* you have done, *how much* you are doing with this affliction of yours. You think you are doing nothing because you are no longer able to do anything but suffer. You are doing *much, much* more than when you taught, prayed, and worked for Me. Then it was you that acted and gave Me what you did, what you wanted to do. I accepted it, for I am good. I accepted it because I do not disdain anything. I accepted it because I made your poor deeds rich with my merits.

*"Now it is I who act. And I am doing everything. I am taking everything. I want everything. I don't leave you a blade of your wealth in life, health, strength, repose, and freedom. I mean human life, health, strength, repose, and freedom. I cancel out everything. I suppress everything. To you as a woman, nothing. To you as a soul, I give Myself: Everything.*

"Listen to your Master. Before telling you a couple of things you wish to know, I want to give you the program of suffering for the days of your week.

"And let us look at the major groups for which suffering is needed. The ones for which I, too, suffered in the Passion. The priesthood, the despairing, sinners, idolaters, and the souls waiting to return to God -- that is, for you, the souls being purged; for Me, at that time, the just in Limbo.

"There are seven days in the week. For the need of three groups there should have been seven times seven. But there are seven. And you will thus suffer in this way.

"On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, for the Priesthood. In the Priesthood I include all the consecrated of every kind and category. Why three days for them alone? Because, on account of their need, all seven would not suffice.

"What is the Priesthood for the mass of the faithful? What shall we compare it to? To the vital elements. Could the earth have received and conserved life without light, heat, water, and air? No. It could not have.

"Well then, take the Bible and read its first chapter. What does it say? 'In the beginning God created heaven and earth... On

the first day He made the light,' for the earth was covered with darkness, and life cannot exist where there is perpetual darkness. 'On the second day He said, "Let the firmament exist and separate the waters from the waters," for water was needed for earthly life. Yet not all of it was to be on the globe or in heaven, but, rather, it was to descend when fitting, remain gathered together when fitting, and go back up, as appropriate. The earth would otherwise have become dust or a swamp. 'On the third day He created the sea by gathering together the waters.' The sea -- the enormous basin for the discharging of all the terrestrial waters and for the nourishment of all the heavenly waters which the clouds when then scatter again over the earth.

"Three days to prepare the earth to be inhabited, and on the third day He robed it in grass and plants because it could now receive seed and turn it into useful flora. Then upon the earth, where there was already light, water, and air, He now ignited the source of heat and with the sun perfected the light and with the stars and moon regulated the tides and the waves of the winds and the heavenly waters. The earth was thus ready to receive the animals, and, finally, on the earth completed with every good, man, the king.

"If the week had more days, I would have imposed on you four devoted to penance for the Priesthood. For it is necessary for the *life of the spirit*, like the four vital elements for the earth: light, water, air, and fire. But how can it be light if it is extinguished or darkened? But how can it be water if it is arid? But how can it be breath if it is itself asphyxiated? But how can it be fire if it is ice?

"O poor souls of mine! Mine, because I conquered you with my death! Poor, poor souls of mine, who are becoming weaker and weaker, like stems that come to lack air, light, heat, and water. How sorry I am for you! And how much, how very much disdain and repugnance I feel over those who are unable and unwilling, always unwilling, to absorb the four vital elements to give them to you!

"What are they for, then? What mission do they perform? The one I entrusted to the Priesthood? No. The mission of their gain and of dispersing what I have gathered together. Oh, just a wisp keeps Me from striking them...!

"Maria, look and tremble on seeing my face. With this face I will ask them, 'What have you done to my children, my lambs? Where are these flocks of mine? Why have they turned into wild billy goats? Why did they lie, torn to pieces by the four enemies of man: the flesh, knowledge, power, and the devil? Why, blinded, wounded, dispersed, hungry, thirsty, naked, spiritually illiterate, persecuted, and abandoned, were they forced to cry out, "God does not exist, for we do not see Him, do not hear Him, and do not know Him through the work and the word of those who call themselves priests of God"? Because the best ones -- the ones who were wrong, in your eyes, unforgivably wrong in being better than you in faith, hope, and charity, sacrifice, chastity, and detachment from all that was not Me, and Me crucified, the ones I filled with pure waters and select wheat for the hungry and those dying of spiritual thirst, to replace the cisterns which had dried up and the granaries in which too many moths had made their dwelling, the ones I made light and heat for those seeking to be guided to God in the darkness and a fire in the cold so as not to die -- why have you struck and crucified these on one of 'your' crosses? They were already on mine and remained there willingly, for your sake as well. And that sufficed for their suffering, O presumptuous and slothful servants who have never wanted to suffer anything, not even physical weariness, not even the salutary humiliation of seeing yourselves surpassed in heroism by these faithful servants of mine, whom I clasp to my heart because through them the Light and the Word have been conserved on earth, stars shining over the centuries during their parabola, so that Heaven will always shine on men and they can find it and say, 'God is there. The Word of God is really pulsating in that ray, and I can still hear it, just enough for me to believe, hope, and love, to be saved.' That was enough for their suffering. And you have become sons of Satan to torture them. But, do you see? They have been healed of your tortures with the balm emerging from my heart. They have drunk the comfort, holy elation, peace, and love of a God, remaining that way, as I hold them, clasped against my heart.'

"This is what I shall say to them. But you -- give Me three days of pain for them. It is painful for Me, the eternal Pontiff, to

see that my priestly army is full of sluggards and deserters.

"You shall give Wednesday to your Lord for 'your poor brothers and sisters in despair,' as you call them.

"They are brothers and sisters. No one should be so much of a brother or sister for you as someone who is poor, alone, and sick. And those despairing are poor, with the greatest poverty. They have lost *everything* in losing hope in God. They are alone. There is no solitude more real than this. It is the only real solitude. They are without God. They are sick. An illness which produces death. *Real* death. It is necessary to heal them, restore them to God, and make them rich with God.

"But your fraternity involves love, not nature. You are not 'despairing.' You think, you thought you were in hell, and you were... you were in Paradise because you were serving Me. You serve Me. You are there. You are in Gethsemane and move from it to the Cross and from the Cross to it. But with each elevation you rest on my heart. It is I who elevate you. With every deposition you rest on Mary's heart. You then go back to your Gethsemane and your cross. But you go there with the savor of my love and the fragrance of the immaculate heart of the Mother.

"On Thursday you shall suffer for the large group of the idolaters.

"Idolatry is not just to worship an idol. For Me idolatry is the worship of anything which is not the true God. Idolaters include savages -- indeed, they are such less than many of the civilized who, while knowing that there is one Triune God, worship a thousand idols ranging from their self to the self of one of their peers and along this way have many altars and false gods named 'money,' 'power,' 'sensuality,' 'rationalistic knowledge,' and so on. For Me, then, both the savage and the civilized are idolaters when they have national or individual forms of worship which are not true.

"I thus include in the intentions for Thursday all those who must know the Most Holy Name of God and my own, those to whom the Cross as an arrow pointing to Heaven is not yet known, those who follow a revealed religion which is not, however, Religion, and those who are 'Christians,' but not Catholics. The Church

is one: the Church of Rome. Offer and suffer for those whom an erroneous science turns into idolaters of the mind and those whom a passion turns into idolaters of the heart. Have them return to Me. I am the true God, and there is no other above or apart from Me. To Me there must be given the love and worship of the creatures created by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and loved by the Spirit. Thursday will be the day of pain for *all* of them.

"On a distant Thursday evening, with the wound of betrayal in my heart, with the echo of my Mother's good-bye in my heart, with foreknowledge of the approaching complex martyrdom in my heart, the Son of Man, the Son of God, I prayed *for all*: for those who were 'mine' or who would become 'mine' through the Word I had spoken and entrusted to my friends and disciples; I prayed for those who, through the heresy of a wretch, would separate from the living trunk of the Roman Church, that they might once again be one with it and thus with Me and with the Father; finally, I prayed for all men because I was dying for them all.

"God, my Father, had entrusted to Me the *whole* human race. I became Man to redeem and save the children of Adam. And Adam was *one*. There were not as many Adams as the races of the earth. But *one single* Adam. And I came to save his descendants, of whatever color, point of latitude or longitude, or degree of civilization. And I want *all* men to be where I am -- that is, in the Father's breast. This would be my joy, as it is my aspiration.

"Pray, then, for these, who are not in Me or who have gone out through the errors of their forebears or through the error of their minds, made proud by the semblance of knowledge they possess.

"Let Friday be for those undergoing their spiritual crucifixion in Purgatory, seeking God and still unable to have Him.

"You know, as I do, what it means to feel separated from God. I know -- you do not -- the rejoicing which carried off the just in a whirlwind of love when I appeared on a far-off Friday and said, 'The wait is over. Come and possess God.'

"So that every Friday my angels can say these words to many spirits in purgation, suffer and offer every Friday. The blessed are the gems born of the Blood which I shed to the last

drop on Good Friday To open the Kingdom for a soul and introduce it into blessedness is to give Me back what is mine. Justice, then, and love for Me.

"Saturday is the day of the Mother, and She has already asked you to suffer for sinners. Let every Saturday of yours, then, be a band of thorns surrounding your heart so that it will be covered with roses to offer Mary. Every sinner who returns to God is a rose you place at the Mother's feet, a rose with which She wipes away the tears flowing from her eyes since I made Her the Mother of the human race, so hostile to Me.

"And for you? The week is over, and little John has not had an hour of freedom to think of himself.

"I'll take care of you. The Mother and I. And while you do what you can, as you can, with difficulty, in spite of your good will, the Mother and I act for your sake, as We are able to. If you ruined your sight, lips, knees, and heart in praying and working for yourself, you would make yourself only a rag as a robe, compared to the regal one Mary is weaving for you and your Jesus reddens in his blood, for We love you and see that you love us.

"You are now tired. Rest. Before the Pentecostal period is over, I shall tell you what you wish to know. My peace be with You."