

I have been singing to the Holy Spirit and I have been praying part of the rosary; even when I was with my eyes open, an image came to me: it was a cross that had the color of a flame, with a red tone and a lighter tone; in front of that cross suddenly appeared black horses with small black riders who rode away from it towards the front. This vision has finished there.

After a while I have seen an angel. I was already with my eyes closed and in recollection. He was a very tall angel, very large, impressive and solemn in appearance; he carried a sword high.

After a while I saw a rope on the ground, it suddenly appeared, a very thick rope, dark brown in color and I saw the drawings that made the loose end that formed the rope. Then part of that rope was on a wooden trunk. The angel has lowered the sword relentlessly and has cut the rope in a single blow; I have seen how the sword cut that rope, how they undo those ends that formed it. After a while I have seen that at the end of the rope, in front of me, there were devils. When the rope was cut they fell to the abyss, but I do not know what was in the other side of the rope, I do not know and I did not know.

Then everything is over, the recollection and everything. I continued praying the rosary and continued to yearn for the Lord. In a moment I entered again in the recollection.

But suddenly, in that recollection I heard, "Come, daughter. "It was the Lord, although I did not see him clearly, He gave me His hand and then the recollection has been very deep, very large, it came in a different way.

Then I saw a mountain, it was not a normal mountain with grass, with stones, it was a place of light, it was a mountain but there were no stones, no grasses or any of that, there was nothing at all which is in a mountain,

had no colors, it was all a place of light: the top, which was flatland, the slopes, everything.

On top of that mountain I saw a niche, made up of smooth, whitish gray stones; one made the ceiling, two the sides and one as a base; the bottom was free. It was at the front end of the mountain and behind the niche there was nothing (similar to how the Tabernacle is in a church). In the hollow of the niche there was a Ciborium with Sacred Hosts, I have known that they were there, but I have not seen them; I can not even explain it, how beautiful it was; I have had an impressive, deep, deep recollection in the Lord. That Ciborium was not made of yellow gold, it was like white and gold, I can not explain it, I do not know how; it was beautiful. I was still with Jesus.

When I have seen that mountain, the Lord has uttered some words, it is very difficult to retain the exact words, but it has been thus:

“I want this place to be preserved; here the devil will not have power, so that in it dwell My Holy Body forever and ever”

Looking down I saw like a battle of all evil, there were black demons, horrible: everything that is going to come. All that was happening down below the mountain, but above was something else; it could not get any of this. It was not a mountain that was grounded on the earth, no; it was a mountain whose base I did not see begin on the earth. It was a mountain but it was not fixed on the ground, it was as it were above the ground. I saw everything horrible down below, without details, but it was all that bad and horrible that is going to happen, it was happening down below.

In that mountain there was nothing or nobody, only the niche that had in its interior the Ciborium with the Sacred Hosts. Suddenly, people dressed in bright white clothes began to arrive; with faces that are no longer of this

world, kneeling in worship. It was such an elevated worship.... They were such elevated faces ....

Then again I have heard a few words: “Record this place in your mind and in your heart, in it you will worship Me, with this group that I have chosen”, I understood, “for the salvation of the world”; that is what I have understood.

Suddenly an angel came down from heaven and join the group of people wearing white dresses and took the same posture: on his knees worshipping Jesus in the Sacrament, in those Sacred Hosts that were in the Ciborium.

I was still with Jesus, on one side; if we faced the niche, I was to the right, next to Jesus, seeing all this. Then I heard:

“Go and tell your spiritual director.”

“Wait in prayer”.

The vision and the recollection has ended.

Blessed be God. It is everything I have seen, heard and understood. One detail: the first two visions, that of the cross that was with the colors of the flames were like dark visions; also the one with the angel, although he was not so; were visions with a dark color, although the angel was wonderful. but the last vision of the mountain was of a clarity and impressive light.

Glory to God, Glory to God forever.