

The Servant of God Edvige Carboni

1880-1952

She was born in Sardinia at Pozzomaggiore in 1880 and died in Rome in 1952 with a reputation for holiness. She always remained lay and lived with her sister Pauline for many years.

In the midst of the misfortunes of two world wars, from Sardinia to Rome, her life *was all simplicity and silence; she was ordinary and normal in every way*, as her biographer, Ernesto Madau, narrates. She received the gift of the stigmata and numerous mystical graces, including that of seeing and talking with the Lord, Our Lady, and with the Angels and Saints. She always nourished a very deep devotion to the Eucharist, to Our Lady and the poor souls in Purgatory, who often came to visit her to ask for her prayers.

A great mystic, she read hearts, foretold future events, was raised in ecstasy from the chair on which she was kneeling, and often sweat blood from her brow. The wheat she gave away for making bread doubled. Often she would obtain the grace of rain. With her prayer she brought back to life a boy who had been killed by a kick from his horse.

In her *Diary* we find these notes that go back to 1938 in which we read that the Angels helped her continually: "I was praying to the good Jesus, when all at once an Angel presented himself to me and wounded my heart. To this day I still feel the wound; it is a wound that makes me burn with love for Jesus... One evening, while I was praying, an Angel took my heart. Feeling a great pain, I said: 'Jesus, I love you, even though I am repulsive to you. Chase me away as much as you wish, but I will always follow you.'"

Edvige had continual contact also with her Guardian Angel who, according to her spiritual director, helped her even in carrying out her domestic duties, like making the bed for her sister Pauline, who was sick.

On May 25, 1941, she wrote in her *Diary*: "While praying before the Most Blessed Sacrament, I was suddenly snatched from my senses: I saw Jesus on the cross,

dripping with blood from every wound. The blood was falling in streams that were wetting the floor. I saw some Angels, with golden chalices in their hands, putting the chalice near the wounds; in a moment the chalice was full. One would leave and another one would come, with a new chalice. Some of the blood was getting lost. Jesus was crying. 'Why are you crying', I asked. 'Daughter, I am crying because I see that much of my blood, which I shed during my



painful Passion, is getting lost without any benefit.'... One night, while I was praying, an Angel appeared with a crown of thorns in his hands. He put it on my head and I felt a great pain, because it was piercing my head, so much so that for several days, I could no longer open one eye, because it had gotten red, and it seemed that inside the eye there was a thorn."