

Servant of God Mother Mary Costanza Zauli

1886 - 1954

PARADISE

In the *Diary* of the Servant of God Mother Mary Costanza Zauli we find spiritual experiences of great value and intensity. She herself recounts them with much gratitude and recognition to God. We read about the apparition of the Mother's father telling her of his ascension to Heaven: "In January 1940, I had divine permission to find myself reduced to a state of almost absolute immobility, which was necessary (as the Lord made me understand) in order to accumulate grace, the kind that one can only get when they are no longer in the present time, for the Church, humankind, but also to multiply for my current and future daughters that reserve of grace from which they could draw when they would not have had anymore the support that He was giving to them at that present time.

I was not suffering alone at that time; other little victims were already signed by the mark of sacrifice and precisely in that period one of these was Sister Mary Clare of the Most Holy Eucharist, who overcame a dangerous crisis, that was just like the announcement of my father, that put me at the brink of my next painful event. Already for several years that blessed daughter, debilitated by a serious infirmity that was gradually paralyzing her in the prime of life, sustained heroically and serenely a true martyrdom.

On February 18, 1940 she rendered her soul to God... I felt as if something was torn from my life and I experienced a real life suffering of the Sorrowful Mother at the foot of the cross.

What a strong bond is the one of spiritual maternity! Stronger, I would say, then one of blood.

I was comforted by the words of Jesus:

"I caught my lily in the moment of its perfect bloom, attracted by its perfume. It is not with crying and sadness that I want my pure white brides to come to me!"

When her body was about to leave us, the spirit of Sister Mary Clare consoled me making me understand that her soul was in the light of the Eucharist and she had the task of reinforcing the song of love of the little Handmaid Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament. These were drops of balsam, but my suffering remained profound and the most I ever felt.

After just a month since the departure of the first dove of the Ark, another anguish: the death of my most beloved father. It was a very difficult trial for my heart. Grace sustained me and I managed to control my most sensitive nature, which had never experienced anything similar.

During the retelling of the event, I spoke about various edifying memories left to me by my very good father. At that time it was even more difficult for me



to hold back my crying, seeing the tears sparkle in the eyes of so many who were moved by my story.

However, I had the greatest consolation to see, after that, the spirit of my father as he was about to enter Paradise:

"I come to thank you and these generous souls for having hastened my attainment of eternal joy!"

