

*The Kingdom of the  
Divine Fiat  
in the Midst of Creatures*



The Servant of God

**Luisa  
Piccarreta**

*Little Daughter of the  
Divine Will*

*Book of  
Heaven*

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**The Call of the Creature  
to Return to the Order,  
to the Place, and to the Purpose  
for Which It was Created by God**

**Volume 35**



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## Volume 35

*My Sweet Life, my supreme good, Jesus, come to my help. My littleness and misery is so much, that I feel the extreme need of feeling in myself Life throbbing, working and loving; otherwise I feel myself incapable of saying to you a little I love you. Therefore I beg you, I implore you to never leave me alone, because the assignment of writing on the Divine Will is all yours. I won't do other than to make myself bear the hand you give and pay attention to listen to your holy words. All the rest you will do; therefore take care of us oh Jesus. And then I call my Celestial Mama to my help, so that while I write she will hold me to her bosom (and) place me side by side to her Maternal Heart, in order to make me feel the sweet harmonies that it possesses of the Divine Fiat, so that I might be able to write that which Jesus wants that I write about his adorable Will.*

Fiat!!!

**August 9, 1937**

***Prodigies of love in the Divine Volition. How he duplicates his love in order to make himself loved with his own love. How the Queen will form the new hierarchy in her inheritance.***

My flight continues in the Divine Volition, and he waits for me with so much love that he takes me between his arms of light and says to me:

“My daughter, I love you, I love you; and you, tell me that you love me, in order to be able to lean/rest my great I love you on your little I love you, and I, throwing it into the immensity of my Fiat, (will) make you loved by everyone and by everything, and you (will) love me for everyone and for everything. I am the immensity and I like to give and to receive my immense love from creatures (and) I give and receive, the harmonies, the manifold notes, the sweetnesses, the enchanting sounds and raptures that there are in my love.

“When my Will loves, the sky, the sun, all the creation, the angels, the saints, everyone loves together with me, and they put themselves at attention to await the I love you from (whom to which) their I love you has been directed; and therefore on the wings of my Volition I send to everyone your I love you, so as to (re)pay them because everyone has loved you together with me. If one loves it is because one wants to be loved; not to be reciprocated in love is the hardest suffering, that puts one in delirium; it is the most transfixing nail, that only the medicine, the balm of reciprocated love can remove.”

Whence I thought to myself: “My God, who can ever exchange you for so much of your love? Ah, maybe the Queen of Heaven alone can give boast to this of having exchanged her Creator in love. And I? And I...?”

And I felt oppressed.

And my always amiable Jesus, making his brief little visit with me, all goodness said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, do not fear; (for) one who lives in him there is (the) highest accord in love. Possessing his life in the creature, he duplicates his love: when he wants to love, he loves in himself

and loves inside of the soul, because he possesses the life of her.

“In my Volition love is in highest accord; the joys, the felicity of pure love, are in full vigor.

“Our paternal goodness is so much for one who lives in our Volition, that we number the breaths, the heartbeats, the thoughts, the words, the movements, in order to exchange them with ours and to fill them all with love; and in our emphasis of love we say to them: ‘She loves us, and we must love her’; and while we love her we make such a show of gifts and graces as to make heaven and earth dumbfounded.

“We did this with our Queen, we showed off so much. But do you know what this means our showing off? We look at ourselves, and we want to give that which we are and that which we possess. Dissimilarity would put us in pain, and the creature, seeing itself dissimilar from us, (there) would not be with us that trust of a daughter and that command of when one possesses the same goods, the same gifts. This disparity would be an obstacle to forming only one life and to loving us with one love alone; while the living in our Divine Volition is just this, one Will alone, one love alone, common goods; and all that which could be missing from the creature we give of our own in order to supply everything for her and to be able to say: ‘That which we want, she wants; our love and hers is one alone, and as we love her she loves us.’

“My daughter, the force would be lacking to not elevate the creature to the level of our likeness and to make her possess our goods because she lives in our Will. So very true (is this), that my Celestial Mother, since she lived, she possessed the life of my Divine Fiat, we love each other with one love alone, we love souls with a twin love.

“And our love is so much for her that, as we hold the hierarchy of the angels in heaven, the diversity of the orders of the saints, with her being the Celestial Empress the heiress of the great inheritance of our Will, when this Kingdom will be formed on earth, the great Lady will call her children to possess her inheritance, and we will give the great glory to them to have them form the new hierarchy, similar to the nine choirs of the angels; so that it will have the choir of the seraphim, of the cherubim, and so on, as it will also form the order of the saints (that) lived in her inheritance; and after that (having) fully formed them on earth, she will transport them to heaven, surrounding herself with the new hierarchy, regenerated in the Divine Fiat, in her own love lived in her inheritance.

“This will be the conclusion of the work of creation, our *‘consumatum est’*, because we will have had the Kingdom of our Volition in creatures, in virtue of the Celestial Heiress, who wanted to give (her) life for each in order to make him reign. And oh, how we will remain glorified, felicitated, because the Sovereign Lady holds her hierarchy as we hold ours; much more so ours will be hers and hers ours, because all that which one does in our Volition is inseparable.

“If you might know how much this Celestial Queen loves souls!

“She, faithful copy of her Creator, looks in herself and finds his seas of love, of grace, of sanctity, of beauty, of light; she looks at creatures, and wants to give all herself with all her seas, so that they might possess the Mama with all her riches. To see the children poor, while the Mother is so rich, and only because they don’t live in the inheritance of the Mother, is a sorrow. She would like to see them in her seas of love, that they might love their Creator as she loves him, hidden in his sanctity,

adorned with his beauty, full of his grace; and not seeing them, if she had not been in the state of glory, where sufferings have no place, for pure sorrow she would have died for each creature that did not live in the Divine Volition.

“Therefore, she prays incessantly; she puts into prayer all her seas, in order to implore that the Divine Will be done as in heaven so on earth.

“Her love is so much that, in virtue of our Volition, she bilocates herself into each creature in order to prepare the interior of their souls, she places them side by side to her maternal Heart, she embraces them between her arms, in order to dispose them to receive the life of the Supreme Fiat, and oh, how she prays in each heart (to) our adorable majesty, saying to us: ‘Do it quickly: my love can no longer contain itself; I want to see my children living together with me in that same Divine Will that forms all my glory, my riches, my great inheritance. Entrust yourselves to me, and I will know how to defend so many children in as much as your own Will which is also mine.’

“The love of this Celestial Queen and Mother it is unsurpassable, and only in heaven will they know how much she loves creatures and what she has done for them; and her most exuberant, magnanimous and greatest act is wanting that they might possess the Kingdom of my Volition as she possessed it herself; and oh, what this Celestial Lady would do in order to obtain the intent! You also, unite yourself with her and pray for a purpose so holy.”

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**August 15, 1937**

***“Empire/Rule that the acts done in my Divine Will possess.” God, head of the acts of one who lives in him.***

My flight continues in the Divine Volition, but his surprises are always new, he invests one with such love that one remains rapt and with the mind overflowing with joys such that one would like to stay hidden in him, without going out of him anymore. Oh, Adorable Will, how I should like that everyone might know you, might love you and might let you reign, might let themselves be taken in your net of love!

But while I thought this, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“Little Daughter of my Volition, the surprises, the novelties, the secrets, the attractions that he possesses, are without number, and one who enters into him remains renewed, magnetized so much so, that one cannot nor wants to go out of him; one feels his divine empire that invests him, the celestial balm that, changes ones nature, makes one arise again to new life.

“Now you must know that my Divine Will gives such rule/empire to the creature that lives in him, that as she makes her littlest acts, she feels his rule, if she loves, she feels the rule of his love; if she speaks, she feels his creative force; if she works, she feels the empire, the virtue of his works that crowd themselves around, and ruling (in) it with his own rule they bring it to every heart in order to make him reign and dominate over each one. He feels his empire in the act of the creature and feels himself constrained to give into that which is wanted in that act; if she wants to love, with her act she makes

us love and makes us give love; if she wants that our Will reign, with her empire she makes us come to pray that they receive him.

“An act in our Volition is not stopped; it says to us: ‘I am your act; you must give me that which I want.’ It can say (that) it takes a hold (of) our power, duplicates it, multiplies it, and ruling doesn’t ask, but takes that which its act wants. Even more so in our Volition we ourselves don’t want that there are dissimilar acts from ours. Therefore we ourselves are the ones that make us reign and dominate.”

Jesus became silent, and I don’t even know (how) to say that which I felt. My mind was so magnetized by his words and invested with his empire that I would have liked to put up (my) life so that all might know of it. And my beloved Jesus, resuming his speech, said to me:

“My daughter, there is nothing to marvel at; that which I say to you is pure truth. My Will is all and can do all, and to not put into our conditions one who lives in him, is not of our Supreme Being. More so, one can see in us, nature, and for one who lives in him, grace, participation, venting of our love, our Will so wants that the creature be and therefore we want that it live in our Volition, in order to have her acts and ours (become) fused together and sound of one sound alone, of one value alone, of one love alone; and to resist an act of ours, we are neither able nor do we want (to do so).

“Rather you must know that the living in our Volition is unity. So much so, that if the creature loves, God is head of her love, so that the love of the one and of the other is one alone; if she thinks, God is head of her thought; if she speaks, God is (the) beginning of her word; if the creature works, God is the first actor and worker of her work; if she walks, he sets himself (as) head of her footsteps. Therefore the living in my Will is none other than the life of the creature in God, and that of God in her.

“To leave one who lives in our Volition apart from our love, from our power, from our acts, it proves impossible. If one is the Will, all the rest goes from itself: unity of love, of works and of everything. Behold therefore that the living in our Divine Fiat is the prodigy of the greatest prodigies, never seen nor heard (of), it is our exuberant love, that not can contain it, we wanted to do this prodigy, that only a God can do in the creature, but that ungrateful one didn’t accept. But we have not changed Will; in spite of our love having been opposed and repressed, that it makes us be racked with spasms of pain, we will use such excesses of love, such industries and stratagems, that we will arrive to the intent that our Will be one with the creature.”

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**August 23, 1937**

***How the Divine Will wants to grow in the creature and form his fullness. How one who lives in him stays enlightened by all the works of his Creator, which makes him possessor of all the divine works.***

I feel myself in the waves of the Divine Volition, that, investing me, wants to penetrate more into the depths of my soul, in order to make himself known and to make me feel his life, his celestial joys, the immense goods that he wants to give to one who wants to live together with him. And my beloved

Jesus, who seems that with anxiety, is waiting in order to resume his speech on the Divine Fiat, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, how contented I am of it when comes the disposed soul, that wants to listen to me and to receive the great gift of which my word is bearer! I never speak if the soul does not come disposed, because if she is not disposed, my word cannot consign the gift of which my word is generator.

“Now you must know that how much more the creature seeks my Will, wants to know him, love him, if she doesn't make him flee in all her acts, so much more grows his fullness. One attention more, one sigh, one desire of wanting his life is enough in order to make her grow, oh, how admirably she grows and he pushes her aloft so much, even to arrive on the heights of the divine spheres and to know the most high and intimate secrets!

“My Will is life, and as life doesn't want to stop itself, but always wants to grow, and in order to grow he awaits the smallest act, one loving invitation by the creature; more so he doesn't want to grow through force, but wants that even she should also want that my Will always grow and (that he) might form his fullness in her. Now, as his fullness grows in her, thus grows the divine strength in the soul, the sanctity, the beauty, the felicity, the knowledge, the fullness of the innumerable goods that my Divine Fiat possesses.

“You see, therefore, what it means one act more, one sigh, one wanting of him, one calling to him: she acquires more divine strength, embellishes herself more, but so much so, that we ourselves remain enraptured by her, we watch and consider her, and recognize in her our strength, our beauty, and oh, how we love her! We feel ourselves felicitated more, because she is for us the bearer of our joys, of our goods.

“Before this creature, our love inflates itself, it overflows from us, pours itself out so much into her (as) to fill all of her, even to forming around and inside of her our labyrinth of love, which gives anxieties to her, the ardent desires to make the fullness of our Will grow.

“My daughter there is a great difference between one who is all attention, all eyes, all heart, because she wants my Will, and between one who wants him, but without great attention. It seems that they have no eye in order to look at him in all things, heart in order to love him or voice in order to call him; perhaps these possess my Will in a small part, so his fullness is far from them.”

Jesus became silent, and I remained in the eternal waves of the Divine Volition, so much so that my poor mind didn't know (how) to go out of him and I felt myself saying:

“Jesus, enough for now; my mind cannot contain anymore (of) that which you want to say to me.”

And sweet Jesus put his hand to my forehead and resumed his speech:

“My daughter, listen still to me, where can the soul arrive that lives in our Will. She puts all of our works to daylight. Our Supreme Being always holds in continuous act all her works. For us the past

and the future don't exist, so that the Celestial Father generates continually his Son, and between the Father and the Son proceeds the Holy Spirit. This is life in us, and is as the heartbeat and the respiration, that forms our life: to generate and to proceed continually. We would be missing life if this were not so, as would be missing the life to the creature if she didn't have a heartbeat and a continuous breath.

“Now, in this continual generating and proceeding becomes formed immense joys, felicity and such contentments, that not being able to contain them inside of us, they overflow outside and form the joys and felicity of all heaven.

“From the immense goods that the continuous generation of the Word and the proceeding of the Holy Spirit produces, overflowed outside the sumptuousness and magnificence of the machine of all creation, the creation of man, the Conception of the Immaculate Virgin and the descent of the Word upon the earth; all this and (more) is always in act in our Divine Being, as it is always in act that the Father generates his Son and the Holy Spirit proceeds.

“Now, one who lives in our Will is spectator of these divine prodigies, and senses given back to herself from the Father(,) the Son that always generates, the Holy Spirit that always proceeds, and oh, the contentments, the love, the graces that she receives! And she gives us the glory, that we always generate in our Volition; she finds in act the creation, and we give her with legal claim all the goods of it, and she is the prime glorifier of so many things that we have created; she finds in act the conceived Virgin, her seas of love, all her life, and the Virgin makes her possessor of it, and she takes and glorifies us for the great good that we did in creating this celestial creature; she finds in act the descent of the Word, his birth, his tears, his life throbbing again, his sufferings, and we make her possessor of everything; and she takes everything, glorifies us, loves us for everyone and for everything. In our Volition the creature can say: ‘Everything is mine, even God himself, as is my Divine Will.’ Therefore she feels the duty to glorify us and to love us in each thing and for everyone.

“Not to give that which we have done and do to one who lives in our Volition proves impossible; our love would not tolerate it, it would put us in pain. More so that we lose nothing with giving, rather we feel more glorified, more felicitated that creatures live with us, are to light of our works and are possessors of them. One can say: ‘That which is ours is yours’, it is our greatest happiness; disunities don't ever bring good; the ‘yours’, and the ‘mine’, breaks love and produces unhappiness. In our Will there doesn't exist disunity, the ‘yours’, and the ‘mine’, but everything is ours and (of the) highest accord.”

\* \* \*

**August 29, 1937**

***How God wants to see his life in one who lives in his Will, (so much so) that he arrives to make himself her model. Gifts that God gives to his creature. The space of the human volition, divine room for the wonders of God.***

My flight in the Divine Volition continues. His attractions, his fascinating ways, make themselves more insistent; his volition living in the soul is so much, that now he's posed to pray, now to supplicate, now to promise, even to promising her new gifts more beautiful and unexpected, provided

that she lets him reign, and only one ungrateful can resist so many (of) his solicitations.

But while my mind was crowded by so many supplications and sighs of the Divine Fiat, my sweet Jesus, the dear of my life, repeating his brief little visit to me, all goodness, as if he might want to give vent to his love, said to me:

“Blessed daughter of my Will, if you might know in what a labyrinth of love one puts us who doesn’t live in our Volition! I can say that each act that she does, word, thought, heartbeat and breath, that we don’t see flow in her the life of our Volition, our love, becomes repressed; feels a sorrow, gives into sobs of weeping, groans and sighs, because it doesn’t find in the creature its life, its act, its heartbeat, its word, the sanctity of our Intelligence, and seeing itself put outside and as apart, from within and from all that which the creature does; it feels its love extinguished, tying its arms, it feels that it cannot develop/unfold its constant work in her. My daughter, what sorrow! To be able to give life and not to give it, to be able to speak in the human word and be reduced to silence, because the creature doesn’t give the place to it in her word, to be able to love with our love in her heart and not find the place where to put it, oh, how our love remains impeded and as without life, because she doesn’t live in our Will.

“Now, you must know that when the soul does an act in our Divine Will, God makes himself (the) model, and the act becomes matter in order to receive the divine model. So that our more than paternal goodness is all attention in order to see all that which she does who lives in our Volition; and as she is about to think, to speak, to work, thus he seals there the model of his wisdom, the model of his creative word and the sanctity of his work. So much is our love that we want to make ourselves life of her life, heartbeat of her heart, love of her love. And so much is our delirium of love, that we want to make our facsimiles, and only for the one who lives in ours Volition can we obtain the intent; neither would we lack the adaptable matter in order to receive our model.”

After this he added with an even stronger emphasis:

“My daughter, so much is our love that we don’t do anything else other than to give continuous gifts to the creature. The first gift was all creation. Then came the creation of man; how many gifts didn’t we give him? Gifts of intelligence, in which we put the model, the mirror of our Most Holy Trinity; the eye, the hearing, the word, they were all gifts that we made for them; and we not only gave the gifts to them, but we took our conservative and creative part in order to look after these gifts for him, in (the) act of always giving them. So much is our love in giving our gifts, that we do not detach ourselves from the gift that we give, but we remain in the gift that we have given, in order to hold the gift that we have given them more secure and looked after.

“Oh, how exuberant our love is, how it ties us to for everything! And while it makes us give, it doesn’t leave the gift in the power of the creature, because she would not hold the virtue of conserving them, and therefore we offer ourselves to look after them; and in order to love her more, we put ourselves in (the) act of giving them continually.

“What say you then, my daughter, of the great gift that we make for them in creating the human will in the creature? How first we created the space and then we created the sky, the stars, the sun, the

air, the wind, and so on, so that the space should serve in order to be able to create our other works. To create and not to have (a place) where to put them would not be a work worthy of our wisdom; so, with creating the human will, we created the space, the place, where to be able to put the great Gift that we made to man of our Most Holy Will. This space should serve our working Will; into which he should put skies more extensive, suns more radiant, and not one alone, but how many times he worked.

“Hence, the creation should serve man; this space of the human will should serve his God in order to form his delights, in order to be able to always work and to form his knoll, his throne, his divine room. I made this gift for them, I formed this space for them, in order to be able to hold the place to converse with him and to remain me with you for you in sweet company; I wanted to keep my Cabinet secret; my love wanted to tell them so many things, but I needed the apartment where to speak to him, and my love arrived to so much, even to give itself into the power of man and man into the power of God.

“Therefore I love so much that one who lives in my Will, because I want that which I created only for me; I demand my knoll, my throne, my divine room. Therefore, up to such that man doesn’t return into my Divine Will and give me my regal position in his, I cannot complete the creation. We have so many other beautiful things to do in our space of the human volition, so many other things to say; and we are not able to either do nor say, because missing our Will we find our space encumbered, hence we have nowhere to put our works, and if we want to speak he won’t understand us, neither will he have (the) hearing in order to listen to us. Therefore we will do prodigies never heard of in order to reacquire that which is ours, the space and our divine room.

“You pray and suffer, because you reacquire that which is mine, and never to deny me the space of your human volition, so that my love vents itself and my works return to continue the work of creation.”

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**September 6, 1937**

***Purpose of creation. Speaking and working life of God in the creature. Who is his word: the Divine Will. How one who does his own will loses the Divine one.***

I am between the arms of the Divine Volition, which loves me so much that one doesn’t want to descend from his more than paternal arms, in order to guard me and to raise me as he wants and pleases. And if he senses me saying that I love him, oh, how he celebrates, and forms around me seas of his love, that in every instant say to me: “I love you, I love you!”

And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul and finding me in the arms of his Volition, all content said to me:

“My blessed daughter: how I love to find you always all abandoned in these arms! Your fate is assured: you will live by own our food; we will have common goods.

“You must know that unique purpose why we created creation it was just this: creation should serve

as residence to man, and man should serve for our residence.

“We wanted to form so many (of) our lives for how many creatures we brought forth to the light of day. Each one of them should have possessed our life, but speaking and working life, we neither know how to be where we are without saying anything nor without working; if this were (so), it would form for us so many prisons, which would impose on us silence and inutility. Our Supreme Being speaks and works; the word calls the work; the work manifests who we are and forms for us such beatitudes and joys, to render us happy and all those who cohabit with us. So that every word of ours and work is a new joy and happiness that we create.

“Behold therefore we want to form in man our speaking and working life, because we had to form such wonders of our Divine Being, to create new and always more beautiful creations. We wanted to show off and to give the course to that which we are able and know how to do, and the course to new joys and happiness; and where is all this?

“In our residence of man.

“But do you want to know who is our word? Our Will. He is the operator of our works, the narrator of our Divine Being, the bearer and the conservator of our life in the creature. Without him, we don't move from our throne, nor do we form life in any residence.

“Do you see the great necessity that one possesses and live in our Divine Will? Because with him we can do everything, putting forth our most beautiful works, maintaining in vigor our purpose, forming of our Being how many lives we want. Without him everything is blocked, our love, our power remains blocked, it stops our works; one can say that we remain the mute God for creatures; what ingratitude! What crime, to reduce us to silence! And while we wanted to honor them with our life in them, as residences of our delights and wonders, they have rejected us, not giving us the liberty to form it; and in our place they have given residence to passions, to sin and the ugliest vices.

“Poor man without our Will, without divine purpose! It would be as if he might want to live without breath, without heartbeat, without circulation of the blood, they are the foundations of human life; what life would he ever have? Would it not be to kill oneself with a blow?

“Such would be our life in the creature: without breath, without heartbeat, without motion, without word; life would be an agonizing, oppression, that would end with dying. It is true that with our power and immensity we involve everyone, we find ourselves in everyone and throughout everything, but our Divine Volition missing in them, they never hear us speak, they understand nothing of our Supreme Being; they live in our immensity because no one can escape from us; so they do not feel themselves (to be) our children, but as estranged to us. What sorrow! To keep from saying so many things, and to keep quiet! To be able to work who knows how many wonders, and to not be able to do it, because our Will doesn't reign in them!

“And yet our love is so much that it is not stopped; we are all eyes in order to watch (for) one who wants to live in him, all ears in order to listen (for) one who calls to him to live in them, all love in order to rest our great love upon the little love of the creature; and no sooner (do) we see her

disposed, (then) we form our speaking life and we narrate the story of our Will to her, the long story of our eternal love, how much we love them, our sighs of wanting to be loved. Because you must know that when we love and we don't find one who loves us, our love doesn't have (a place) where to rest itself in order to be loved in return; then it goes wandering, delirious, restless, and if it doesn't find even a little I love you of the creature where to rest itself it withdraws itself into us, where we hold our center of love, but with such sorrow that it is incomprehensible to (the) created mind. The sufferings of love not loved in return are inexpressible; they surpass all other sufferings.

“We want to always give, we are in (the) continuous act of giving; but we need her will that wants to receive, one desire of hers, one sigh, that forms the place, the little knolls where we must rest our Will and that which we want to give and do. These desires and sighs are as ears that listen to us, eyes that look at us, hearts that love us, minds that understand us, and if we don't find these little knolls, we cannot give anything to her, and she remains blind, deaf, mute and without heart. Then our life becomes put in flight, sheltering itself in our celestial regions.”

Whence I continued to think of the Divine Will; I felt myself all invested and prayed my dear Jesus that he might help me and might hold me shut in his heart, so that I might live and might not know anything else other than his Divine Volition alone; and he, returning, resumed his speech:

“My daughter, all the good of the creature is tied up to my Divine Will; if from this she undoes herself, all her goods are finished. You must know that every time that one does the human volition, one loses the Divine one with all his goods, hence one loses all the beauty, all that which is holy and good, so that it is an incalculable loss; the poor creature becomes cast into the most squalid misery, she loses the rights to all the goods, becomes invested by such unhappiness that never gives her peace, and if it seems that she has some good, it is (only) apparent, that finishes her with torture. Instead, every time that with all firmness she decides to do my Divine Will, the human volition is lost, the miseries, the passions; she loses all the evils, the miserable rags, the dirty dresses that had formed the human will to her. What happy loss! Losing the evil, the miseries, is glory and victory, it is honor; but losing the goods is cowardice and dishonor.

“You see therefore, if the creature wants she can reorder the great loss that she had done to my Will from doing her own. Even more so she will have to her help our power, our love and our own Will. With acquiring the rights of all the goods anew, everyone will defend her in order to remake some of the lost game.”

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**September 12, 1937**

***How truths are the greatest gifts that God does for us. Divine birth. Yearnings and deliriums of wanting to see us possessors of his Gifts. Outlet of love, his word. The great good of an act done in his Divine Will.***

My poor mind is as besieged by the Divine Will; in wanting to say so much about the truths that belong to him, that I cannot contain them, because my capacity is too little, and I am constrained to say: “Enough, Jesus, for now; you want to say so much about him, and I am incapable of retaining it, neither will I know how to say them to everyone; much less write them as you want.”

And my sweet Jesus, pitying my littleness, all tenderness said to me:

“My little daughter of my Volition: do not fear; your littleness disperses itself in my Will, and it is not you who must manifest his truths but he himself will take the commitment of making himself narrator of that which he wants to make known. Therefore he will invest your mind, will make himself word upon your lips and will make known, who he is. Certainly by yourself you are not able (to do) it, but provided that we render your will in ours, we would repair everything and we will make known that which we want to say.

“You must know that when we want to do a good for creatures, to say a truth, that is the greatest good that we can give them because with saying it we make a gift of it, first we mature it in the bosom of our Divinity, and when we can contain it no longer, (we give it) because our love is so much that it wants to see creatures possessors (of) that gift, that it makes us give into yearnings, into deliriums, (and) arrives to make us languish because it wants to see that good transmitted to them. We find ourselves in the sorrowful conditions of a poor mother, that, having formed her birth, if she doesn't put it forth to the light, she feels herself die. We cannot die; but if the good that we want to give as our birth we don't put it forth to the light, our love gives into such excesses, that if creatures might see, they would understand how a God knows how to love and in what straits they put us when they don't receive the good that we want to give them.

“Therefore, when we find one who receives it, we confirm the gift, we make festive and feel ourselves victorious with the good that we have given them; and this because a single creature having received our birth brought forth with so much love, by itself it will make itself road, it will turn for all creatures and with its generative virtue it will regenerate so many other births, it will fill the whole world, and we will have the great glory of seeing our gift, our goods, fill heavens and earth and one who wants to receive it (the) possessor. We will feel as from everything the loving voices, the notes of our speaking love that reciprocates to us our repressed love, because we could not bring forth this birth of ours if we didn't find at least one creature that might want to receive it.

“For us, the doing of the good is passion, the giving is the continuous delirium of our love, and (in) finding one who receives it we feel in the gift our life and our rest. Hence, we so love one who lends herself the first to receive our birth, that we trust her, making her our secretary, and she, in seeing herself so loved by us, takes the commitment of loving us for everyone, and oh, the competition that she forms between herself and us!

“You must know that each word of ours is an outlet of love that we do with the creature, so that each word said on our Divine Will is an outlet of love that we have done, and receiving refreshment from this outlet, we have continued to speak, in order to form the chain of our outlets of love, because it was a repressed love that we held within us; and if you might know what it signifies this our outlet of love the goods that it does...! This our outlet of love fills heavens and earth, invests everyone, embalms the sufferings, makes itself day in the night of sin, converts sinners, straightens one who limps in good, reconfirms the good ones; in short, there is no good that one of our words that contains one of our outlets of love cannot do. So that us speaking is the greatest good that can be done to creatures, it is our love reciprocated, it is giving the Divine life to creatures, it is the greatest glory that we can receive.

“What cannot one of our words do? Everything; and whoever is disposed to listen to it one can say that they give life to our word, because we never speak if we don’t find one who wants to listen to us. Therefore, one who listens to us loves us so much, that we feel as if she might want to give us life in the midst of creatures, and we give her our life at her disposition. So be attentive to listen to us; to let us give vent in love, as many times as when we don’t have one with whom to do these outlets of love, these outlets justly convert into justice.”

Jesus became silent, but who can say what remained in my mind? I don’t have the words in order to repeat it. Therefore I end and abandon myself into the arms of Jesus in order to rest together with him, he who loves me so much and wants to be loved in return; he who gives me all of himself, in order to be loved in return as he loves me.

Whence I followed my round in creation, in order to trace the acts done by the Divine Volition, to make them mine, in order to be able to love him in return as he has loved me. And (as) I turned in the blue vault; I thought to myself: “This sky serves as vault to the inhabitants of the earth, as pavement to the celestial inhabitants; hence, since it serves everyone, everyone is obliged to adore him who with so much love has created for us this celestial vault in order to give it to us.” Hence I called all the angels, the saints and all the inhabitants of the earth together with me, because all united we might reciprocate in love, in adoration, glory and thanksgivings (to) our creator, because he has loved us so much that he has given us this sky. In the Divine Volition I called, I embraced everyone, and as if they were one alone they loved together with me. Sweet Jesus remained to love in return and wounded by so many voices, and with inexpressible love he said to me:

“My daughter, one act in my Volition is so much that its power gives of the incredible. As you called everyone, I felt myself loved in return by everyone, and you having a free and meritorious will, as you emitted your act, my Will sent forth from itself a love, a glory, a great happiness, by which everyone felt themselves invested, and the angels and saints feel a glory and great happiness and they feel themselves re-loved more by God, and (those of) the earth received more helps, more graces, according to their dispositions.

“All the acts done in my Volition receive this great good, because my Will is for everyone and everyone has the right to that act; since it is (an) act of (a) traveler, that races the merit to all that which does of good, the merit becomes common merit, hence joy, love and common glory; and if you might know what it signifies to be re-loved more by God, (and the) joy and glory that it gives a God, oh, how more attentive you would be! The angels, the saints, how they know it, they sigh (for) your call, in order to have this great good; and when you do not call them, solicitous they say: ‘You don’t call us today?’ So you are on earth and your merit races in heaven, in order to give new love and new happiness to the celestial inhabitants.

“Oh, how I would like that everyone might know what it signifies to work in my Will, because knowledge is like the appetite that makes one desire and taste the food that one eats; on the contrary, without the appetite, one feels aversion to the same food and doesn’t taste. Such is knowledge: it is the little door to my gifts, of the good that I want for creatures; it is the confirmation of the possession. Then knowledge generates respect, the appreciation of my truths and I then speak, when I know that my words are loved, listened to and appreciated; rather, when I see the respect, the love,

I feel myself drawn by my own love to manifest other truths. If I don't see this I keep silent, and I feel the sorrow of my repressed love. You will not do this to me, is this not true?"

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**September 20, 1937**

***How the Divine Will is never stopped and seals with his eternal love all the works of the creature. Exchange of imitation and of life between the Creator and the creature.***

My flight continues in the Divine Fiat, and oh, how he shows himself contented in holding his creature in his womb, being always together and working together with her! The company of her renders him very happy about that which is, because he finds one who watches him, one who loves him, one who would like to render him tit for tat by being all his, as the Divine Volition is that for the creature. If he loves, he finds one who loves him; if he works, he finds one who receives them; if he is offended, he finds one who defends him, and many times he changes justice into graces. Therefore, all the stratagems of love he does them with her.

But while my mind was lost in the Divine Volition, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all love said to me:

“My blessed daughter, the love of my volition is never stopped; he goes finding always new contrivances, new inventions of love, rather he arrives to enclose one who lives in him into the intimate hideaways of his loving secrets, and makes her see his intimate creations of always new and growing love, with which he maintains comprehenders and wayfarers as within a single breath of love, the new arcane celestial discoveries of our Divinity, gives her new notice where his loving power can arrive, his prodigies for one who lives in him, provided that he might find her in his Will; it takes gusto to always tell her new things, and to give her new surprises of love.

“Rather you feel what he does, he becomes small in her while he remains immense, and loves to say: ‘Ah, the creature loves me as I know how to love her.’ And since nothing enters into us that is not love, this my Will, as made small in her, all that which she does he converts into love. If she prays, if she adores, if she works, he dissolves all into love, and with a power all divine my own Will conducts these acts of the creature into the bosom of our Divinity and they take position in our love; and we watch these acts like they are our acts, and we feel in them the eternal prayer of our love, our adoration all of love, our eternal works of love; and oh, how we remain glorified and felicitated, because the creature can say to us: ‘My prayer, my adoration, my acts are eternal, invested by your eternal love; such has your Divine Will made them for me. Hence I love you as you love me.’ And it is proper this our folly, our delirium of love: what we want in the creature, that we do, we love, as we do and love in ourselves.

“But only our Will ruling and operating in her can arrive to so much, because we, if we abase ourselves, it is not in order to lose our Divine Being in the end, but in order to raise the creature into the infinite and to give her of ours, and to seal her littlest acts, even her breath, her motion, with our eternal love, so that we feel in her our breath of eternal love, our motion in hers, that is not moved if she does not emit love.

“Therefore all the creation was none other than an outlet of love. We wanted to unite ourselves with our works, with the creatures that we put forth to the light, in order to love us with one love alone.

“My daughter, what sorrow in not being understood by creatures, and hence we cannot have the good of saying to them who we are, of making ourselves known, as we are none other than love and we want to give love in order to receive love. As I would like that everyone might know it!”

Whence Jesus became silent, as drowned in his flames of love. Then, as if he might have need of giving vent still, he resumed sighing, as if he wanted to ignite all the world with his love:

“You sense, my daughter, another greater surprise of our intense love, and where our deliriums of love arrive.

“Our Supreme Being loves the creature so much, that we arrive to the excess of imitating her. We make ourselves small, we enclose ourselves in her, and we want to walk with her feet, work with her hands, speak with her mouth, look with her eyes, think with her intelligence, palpitate and love in her heart. So that in order to do all, that which she does and how the creature does it, we want to have feet, hands, mouth, eyes and heart as the creature has them, and this we ask it of her, as if we were not the absolute masters. We say to her: ‘Let us love each other; we give you of ours, and you give us of yours.’

“Because our Supreme Being, being purest Spirit, is step without feet, without walking it finds itself everywhere; does everything, works everything without need of hands; is word without mouth; is light (and) sees everything without eyes.

“Since we love her greatly, we like to imitate her; but this is an immense contrivance of our love, that only a God can do; in order to be able to say to the creature: ‘You must imitate us; you must do as we do’, we say to her: ‘We want to imitate you and do as you do.’

“After all it is our creature, work of our creative hands, brought forth by us, from within the power of our creative love. Hence, it is no wonder if we want to descend in her in order to imitate her and to do that which she does and how she does it; it is none other than to honor ourselves and to give great importance to our works.

“But this we can do in the creature where our Will reigns; we can do everything; show off in love, imitate ourselves mutually, because (in) everything she lends herself to do that which we want. Instead, where he doesn’t reign we can say (that) we cannot do anything.

“Now you sense another surprise of love that gives of the incredible.

“When the creature has given us the liberty of imitating her, she has given us life in her, she has given us feet, hands, mouth, we call her to our imitation, and making her enter into our Divine Being, the power of our Fiat gives her step without feet and makes her found as in everything, in the angels, in the saints, in the Celestial Queen, even in our divine bosom, and oh, how contented we are (in seeing her) no more encircled by human nature, but free together with us, that work without hands, speech

without mouth, and oh, how many words. With our word she tells us the long story of our love and operating Fiat; she feels in herself flow our eternal wisdom, and oh, how many things she says to us of our Divine Being. She speaks, she speaks always, and oh, how we enjoy sensing ourselves narrate through the creature that which we are; so much so that, taken by our own flames of love, she feels the need of loving us without heart, because the heart has its limits, while our love without heart has no limits, it is immense, and the creature gets rid of the heart and loves in our infinite love.

“Do you see, my daughter? Is it possible to give surprises of love more beautiful (than) these? To feel the pleasure, the gusto of imitating her; doing that which she does, as pretense of love, in order to call her to imitate us and to make her do that which we do! The abysses of our love are so many and what (is) more, it goes re-finding always new contrivances of love.”

I don't know to say what I felt in my mind. Immensity of light, that converting itself into words, said so many inventions of love of my Creator. And my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, listen still to me. Our love is so much that it seems that it does not give us peace if we do not make new inventions of love, in order to love and make ourselves loved. If we did not do this, we would condemn ourselves to idleness, which cannot be in our Supreme Being, because we are a continued act of love that always burns, with works that never have terminus. Our wisdom is so much, that it always does new things.

“Now, where our Will reigns we enclose ourselves in her, and we give wide outlet to our love; we centralize all that which we have done and do and will do; we repeat in the soul our most beautiful works, our outlets of love, the new inventions of our wisdom, which knows how to do so much in her, which to the creature it is not given her (the ability) to number them all. And oh, how many moving scenes we do! She becomes our theater of love, the deposit of our works that never cease to work, the refuge of our delights, joys and happiness, the hideaway of our secrets and celestial arcanum, the exposition of our varied beauties, but do you know why? In order to enjoy ourselves together (with) her, because where our Will reigns nothing should be missing of our works.

“She encircles us in the soul and makes us do that which we do in ourselves; and this because we want that she know who we are, what we know how to do, how we love. And in order to give her a more certain proof, we give her our love, we make her love as we ourselves love, so that she might touch with her own hands how one loves and knows how to love a God; and in order to enjoy ourselves together (with) her, we make her do together that which we ourselves do. Neither should you marvel, this is the nature of our Will and of true love, to unify the creature with ourselves, to love her and make her love us as we love her. Disparities must not exist, otherwise it would sadden the creature, seeing that we love her so much and she (does) not, that we know (how) to do so many things and she knows (how) to do nothing. Poor daughter; she would be in our Divine Being under the weight of a profound humiliation, as extraneous, without trust like a poor one before a rich one; these things we know them to happen. If she is with us, that which is ours must be hers. The living in our Fiat is unity, work and common joys; and it is this that renders us more happy and gives wide field to us to the out-letting of our love.”

**September 26, 1937**

***How God always gives to the creature without ever ceasing. Gifts that he makes to one who lives in his Volition. The palpitating life of God. The little victor.***

My flight in the Divine Volition continues, and I remain dumbfounded in seeing him who always wants to give to me; and since I am little, it isn't given me to contain within me his immensity, with a patience and unconquered love he waits that I contain within me the truths that he has said to me, equipped with his graces, in order to make me take possession; and as he sees me possessor, he immediately puts himself in (the) frame of mind of wanting to give to me and to say more surprising things. 'Will of God, how much you love me! How can I ever repay you?' And my amiable Jesus, making his usual little visit to me, all goodness said to me:

"Blessed daughter, it is our Divinity that possesses in nature the volition to give always, as you possess the breath, that always wants to breathe although you might not want it. Thus we, possess the continuous act of always giving; and if, ungrateful, the creature doesn't take that which we give (and) it remains around us in order to praise the perfection, the goodness, the sanctity, the generosity of our Supreme Being, as triumph of our love and of how much we love the creature, we wait with a patience that only we can have to have other creatures take that which the others have rejected from us. And so much is our love that we adapt ourselves to them in giving little by little, because being little it cannot take all together that which we want to give them; but our giving must be continuous. We would feel ourselves as lacking, suffocating the breath if we didn't give.

"Now, our Divine Will wants to be life of the creature; the greatest act, the most exuberant love, that only a God is able and knows how to do. Now, in order to make one possess, he makes her a gift of his pregnant virtue and puts himself as head in order to confirm the gift, and makes all created things pray; he imposes himself upon our love, power, goodness, and makes our love, our power and goodness pray; and all our attributes pray; even justice, mercy, our fortitude, change themselves into prayer; no one can be missing. When our Will wants that we do an act and that he makes himself a gift, everyone and everything prays (on their) knees in order to do that which he wants.

"When all have prayed, even our Divine attributes, we confirm the gift.

"The prayer of this (creature) becomes universal, and each time she prays it has such power that all our things pray, even our attributes, because in the gift has been given her the right over everything. What thing can one not obtain with this gift of prayer? One can say that the heavens are moved, our own Being feels itself bound and tied, and concedes.

"With the pregnant gift, he passes on to make her the gift of love, and in order to confirm her in love she loves with new love in the sun, in the sky, in the stars, in the wind, even in our Divine Being, in a way that acquires the right of loving everyone and being loved by everyone with a new continuous love; and if you might know what it means to be loved by a love always growing and new by everyone, and to hold the power of loving everyone with a growing and new love! To be able to say to your Creator: 'Growing and always new is your love for me; growing and always new is my love for you!'

“This love surpasses the heavens, fills the celestial fatherland, and its waves go to flow in our divine bosom, and oh, the wonders that happen! Everyone remains dumbfounded and they glorify my Divine Volition of a gift so great that he gives to the creature.

“Now, as we make her the gift, thus we enlarge her capacity in a way that she understands the gift that she has received and makes use of the gift.

“We pass on to make her (the) gift of the inseparability of union with God, that she arrives to feel more our life than her own. God becomes for her actor and spectator, and she remains with her Creator, living with his own life, with his love and power.

“With this gift everything is hers, she holds right over everything, and we, when we see her possessor, we add on the gift of rendering her victor (over) everything, victor (over) her own self, victor (over) God. Everything is triumph in her; triumph of grace, of sanctity, of love, and we call her ‘our victor’. We make her win (over) everything, because it is (a) gift that we have given her, and when we give we want to see the fruits that our gift contains.

“So that each act that she does in our Volition, each word, work and step, form between her and us so many distinct harmonies, one more beautiful than the other; she keeps us always occupied, and so much is our love that we surround her exteriorly with all our works, in the interior we invest her, we repeat all our acts that have been bearers of life, hence the life of the Queen, the life of the Word upon the earth, that was an excess of continuous love, that gave new life to everyone. Therefore we always give, we never become exhausted. One who lives in our Volition is the full day of our continuous works and our life, that palpitates and repeats ours acts that are always in act without ever ceasing. Hence, it is our delirium of love that we want to be overcome by the creature. When she wins, our love is relieved and our yearnings and deliriums find life in the creature and they rest.”

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**October 3, 1937**

***Prodigies of creation. Dose of power, of sanctity, et cetera, that God put forth for love of man. The acts done in the Fiat will be always new, and one more distinct and beautiful than the other. They will contain everything, and will form the seas, the works, the speaking steps of their Creator.***

I was doing my round in creation, in order to trace all the acts of the Divine Volition, in order to make them mine, to embrace them, adore them and put there my little ‘I love you’, for thankfulness of how much he has loved me and worked for me and for everyone. And oh, how many surprises, how many new things one understands, how many divine secrets contain the things created by their Creator!

And my always amiable Jesus, visiting my little soul, seeing me surprised, said to me:

“My daughter, our works are always new and harmonize with their Creator. (There) passes such harmony between them and us, that they always know how to say new things of he who created them, more so that being inseparable from us, they receive new contact from our Divine Being. Therefore you, always find new surprises in following the acts of my Divine Volition and you understand new

things, that our works possess.

“Now, you must know that when we brought forth the creation from within the bosom of our Divinity, [because *ab eterno* it was already inside of us], in bringing it forth in our Fiat, within a sea of love we put forth all that which the creature had to do. So that everything went forth from us. We made ourselves (providers)/[*porgitori*] of all that which he had to do. Therefore the whole creation is crammed with all the works which they must do, even to the last of men; and although invisible to human eyes, but visible and palpitating for us, in our Will, which forms a creation more beautiful than the creation itself, for which our love is so much that, while it occupies all the atmosphere, we carry it in our divine womb; and as we bring forth creatures to the light of day, thus we commence to offer them with our creative hands that which they must do; at (the) beginning of each act that they must do, we put as foundation the life of our Fiat, and as food for the act our love, because we do not do anything, nor do we give anything, if it doesn't hold as beginning our Volition and as food and trousseau our love. They would not be worthy works of our Supreme Highness, to offer works that do not give of our life and that do not possess our food which is love.

“All creation was one birth, with all the acts that the human generation had to do, which *ab eterno* we held in our divine bosom, that not being able to contain it anymore because our love felt the need of putting it forth, it wanted to relieve itself; and since when we do an act we do (a) complete act, hence bringing forth creation, we brought forth together all that which the creature had to do.

“Our Divine Fiat, containing all within itself, creation and human acts, put itself to the expectation of bringing forth the creature to the light of day, in order to administer to her the acts that belonged to her. Is this not an exuberant love, that only a God could have: to order, to form the acts, and then to bring forth to the light she to whom these acts should serve as formation of sanctity, of love, of glory, for herself and (for) he who had created her?

“But this is not everything. Our love is never stopped. As this our birth went forth, we put forth from ourselves a dose of our power, in order to sustain her and her acts, arming them and outfitting them with divine power; so that she holds our power that sustains her. We put forth the dose of our wisdom, that had to animate her intelligence and all her acts; hence, if in the creature one sees new sciences, new inventions, discoveries that give of the incredible, it is our wisdom that invests them. As well we put forth a dose of love, of sanctity, of goodness and of all our attributes, in order to administer to her love, sanctity, goodness, and so on.

“The creature did not exist yet, and we were occupied with him, (man); we contemplated with pleasure our power, wisdom, love, sanctity and our goodness in him; we put ourselves at his disposition in order to make him as much more beautiful (as) we could and to say to him: ‘You resemble us in everything; more beautiful we could not make you.’

“This our putting forth our divine qualities and all his acts that he had to do, before man came to the light of time, was for us a love so very intense that it gives of the incredible. We went on saying in our delirium of love: ‘Oh man, how much I love you! I love you in my power, I love you in my wisdom, in my love, in my sanctity; I love you in my goodness, in your own acts that you will do; I love you so much, that I put them all in expectation of you. My Divine Volition, to which we

entrusted everything, our divine dowries and your own acts that will be already yours, are in act to offer them as (an) outlet of his love for you.’

“But this was not enough for our love; if he could be [that which he cannot be], it would render us unhappy.

“Now, you must know that our Supreme Being possesses as in nature his act always new. Therefore these established acts for each creature will be new and distinct the one from the other, distinct in sanctity, always new in beauty, one more beautiful than the other, new in love, in power, new in goodness; they are acts formed and fed by us, hence they possess all our characteristics; all beauties, varied in sanctity, in love, in beauty but one not like the other; they will be our order, the type of our varied beauties, the fecundity of our love, the harmony of our wisdom, as one sees all our works in the creation, all are beautiful, but the sky is not sun, the wind is not sea, the flowers are not fruits; but however, for how much they are distinct between themselves, they are all beautiful, rather they form the harmony of the various beauties, true image of our acts and of creatures themselves.

“You must know that these acts in my Divine Will form an army of new beauties, of new love and sanctity, that we, (from) only watching them, we feel ourselves enraptured, and we wait with anxiousness that creatures come that, possessing our Volition, will be outfitted and possessors. You see how certain it is that his Kingdom must come upon earth, because there are already the acts? And then they will emit from within him, as (a) noble host, they will make themselves possessed by creatures.

“My daughter, from within my Fiat went forth creation and everyone and everything; in my Volition it must return to me, as (a) work worthy of our power. Then we will remain fully glorified, when we will recognize ourselves in the creature and in her acts. We can give all, and she can receive all, provided that our Divine Volition reigns; instead, if he does not reign, it forms an abyss of distance between her and us, and we can give her nothing.

“But it is not yet everything, my daughter. Since it is (a) firm decision of giving the Kingdom of our Volition to creatures, we want that they know the goods that there are in him and where their acts can arrive, done in our Divine Volition, because if they do not know his goods we will have so many children blind, deaf, mute, that do not know (how) to speak to their Creator; and not knowing them, neither will they love or appreciate (those) same goods that they possess.

“In our Volition they all have clear sight, keen hearing and animated word through the creative strength; hence they will hold a manner of speech, that they will always hold as to say, [in a way] that everyone will remain dumbfounded, and the heavens themselves for delight will lower themselves to listen to them. The children of my Will will be the joy of everyone and the true narrators of their Creator. Only then we will find one who knows how to speak of us, because they won’t speak, but our own Will which will speak in them, the which is the unique and only one that can and knows how to speak of our Supreme Being.

“Therefore continue to listen to me. As the creature will possess our Volition, all her acts, little and great, human and spiritual, will be animated by my Will; animated by him they will elevate themselves

between heaven and earth, they will invest and they will weave together the sky, the sun, the stars, all the creation; they will elevate themselves above more and they will invest all the acts of the Queen of the Heaven, uniting her with them; they will have the power of investing the acts of our Divinity, our joys and beatitudes, those of all the saints; when they will have enclosed everything in their acts, without anything remaining outside of them, as victorious they will present themselves before our Divine Majesty and there they will offer them as complete acts that lack nothing; and oh, what will be our joy, our glory, in finding in these acts the sky, the sun, all the acts of the Queen of Heaven, the love with which I love there, our acts, our joys, our love that never ceases!

“These acts, done in our Divine Volition, duplicate for us the glory of creation, they duplicate the glory, the love that the Sovereign Queen gave us, they duplicate our glory and that of all the saints. It is enough to say that our Will has entered within, in order to say everything and that he contains everything. Where he enters, he knows how to make (a) a fury of love, of glory and of centralization of everything. After all, everything is his; therefore he holds right over everything.

“Now, the wonders that these acts done in our Volition form in the soul are inexpressible. Our Divine Fiat makes use of them to form by means of them seas of love; but not seas that murmur, but seas that speak, and they speak with such eloquence of our love, that it pleases us so much that we always want to listen to them. Their voices are wounds that it sends us; their words are darts; always keeping to speak about the story of our love; and since it pleases us so much, we are always at attention to listen to it, because it is beautiful to hear that the creature holds our sea of speaking love, that she always speaks of our love!

“So that my Will, being possessor of one who lives in my Will, makes of her all the colors; he forms the works that speak of our works, the steps that speak of our ways; in short, since our Will is word, where he reigns he gives the word to all that which the creature does and forms of her a divine prodigy.

“Therefore there is no thing greater, holier, more beautiful or that glorifies us more than the living in our Will, neither is there (a) greater good than this that we can give to the creature. Hence be attentive and follow me, if you do not want to stop my speaking.”

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**October 12, 1937**

***For one who lives in the Divine Volition, her prayers are commands and her acts are messengers between heaven and earth. One who lives in Divine Volition, all things become for her Divine Will.***

I am in the authority of the Divine Will; I feel his anxieties, his yearnings of love, that he wants to make himself known, not in order to make himself feared but in order to make himself loved, to possess, to identify himself, in order to say to the creature: “We have life together, in (a) way that that which I do you will do. I feel that my love gives me the need of living heart to heart, rather, with one heart alone with you. Oh, do not deny me your company! I know that you are lacking many things in order to live together with me, but do not fear, I will think to everything; I will dress you with my regal robes of light, I will arm you with my power, I will make (for) you (a) show of my love,

making flow in you in your most intimate fibers the life, the love of my Will. Only that you want it, everything is done.”

I remained surprised, and I prayed that he might give me the grace of living in the Divine Will, because I greatly feared myself. And my sweet Jesus, making his brief little visit with me, all goodness said to me:

“My little Daughter of my Volition, why do you fear? In my Will there are no fears, but highest love, courage and firmness, and decision one time (that) is not moved anymore; so much so that one who lives in him does not pray, but commands, and she herself (as) mistress can take that which she wants. We put everything to her disposition, and this because everything is sacred, everything is holy in her; much more (so that), living in our Volition, she will not want nor will she take nor will she command us if (it is) not that which we want. Therefore her commands please us, they make us rejoice, and we ourselves say to her: ‘Take, say, what else do you want? Rather, how much more you take, (so much) more you will render us happy.’

“Rather, when the creature wants our Will, all her acts are like so many messengers between heaven and earth; they descend and climb continually, making themselves now messengers of peace, now of love, now of glory, and some times they arrive to command divine justice to halt itself, taking upon themselves its just fury. How much good these messengers do! When we see them come before our throne, we recognize ourselves in these acts, that disguised by the human veils of the acts of creatures, they hide our Will, but it is always him; and being delighted in ourselves we say: ‘How much artistry of love he holds! He hides himself in the acts of the creature in order to not make himself known; but we know him (just) the same(’), and loving ourselves again, we let him do that which he wants.

“Therefore, these acts, we call them our acts, and as such we recognize them; only that the creature has concourse with us, and with her acts has given (them) as attire in order to cover herself. Therefore she is the knoll where my Divine Will (can) rest himself, and he is delighted to unfold his life, making unheard of prodigies, hiding himself in the creature, as covering himself with her cast offs; even more than the creation, all creatures had origin from his Fiat, they live, they grow and are conserved in him. He is actor and spectator of all their acts; she will complete her life in his Fiat, and it will fly in heaven in one act wanted by his Volition.

“Hence, everything is his, all rights are his, no one can escape (him).

The only difference (is) that one who lives in him has life together, knows him, is to light of that which he does, rejoices him with her company, forms her/his joy and the confirmation that she wants my Will done in her, instead one who doesn’t live in him doesn’t know him, remains isolated and forms her/his continuous sorrow.”

After this he added, with tenderness of inexpressible love:

“My blessed daughter, how beautiful it is to live in my Volition! This creature keeps us always in festival; she know nothing other than our Will alone, and everything becomes for her Will of God: the sorrow, Divine Will; the joy, her heartbeat, breath, movement, become Divine Will; her steps, her works, they feel the steps of my Volition and the sanctity of the works of my Fiat; the food that she

takes, the sleep, the most natural things, become for her Will of God; that which she sees, feels and touches, she sees, feels and touches the palpitating life of my Volition. My Will holds her so occupied and invested by him that jealous he doesn't permit that even the air is not Divine Will.

“And as everything for her is our Will, so for us. We feel her in all our Divine Being, in the heartbeat, in the movement; neither do we know (how) to do anything nor do we want to do anything without the one who lives in our Volition. Our love is so much that we make her flow in all our works, and together with us she maintains and participates in our creative and conservative act. So that she stays together with us to do that which we ourselves do and to want that which he wants from us; neither can we put her aside, being one the Will that we possess, one the love, one the act that we do. And it is proper this living in our Volition, to live together always, to do only one thing. It was this need that our love felt, to keep company with the creature, together to gladden ourselves, to hold her in our womb in order to felicitate ourselves together; and since the creature is little, we want to give her our Will, in order to have occasion, in her every act, of giving her our life, our act, our ways, us through nature and her through grace; and this is our joy, the greatest glory for us. Does it seem little to you to give our being, that the creature, not being able to contain because little, she gives it back to us again together with (herself), and we again return to give ourselves? It is one continuous giving of ourselves to each other, and this makes rise such love and glory, that we feel as repaid by her for having given her life.

“Therefore, in each thing that she does, and it does not enter our Will, it is a rent that we feel, a right that we feel taken away, a glory, a joy that we lose. Hence, be attentive, and make that everything becomes for you Divine Will.

“Beyond this, to each act that the creature does in our Divine Volition we duplicate our love toward her. This our love, as it invests her, carries with itself our sanctity, goodness, our wisdom; so that she remains duplicated in sanctity, in goodness, in the knowledge of her Creator; and as we love her with duplicated love, thus she loves us with double love, with sanctity and duplicated goodness. Our love is operative, and as it departs from our Supreme Being, in order to love the creature with double love, thus it gives her grace to make (her) love us with love always growing. Not to give anything (less) to an act so great done in our Will, proves to us impossible. These acts, we can say, are the enrapturers of our love, they enrapture our sanctity, and the ways are formed in order to know who we are and how much we love her.”

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**October 19, 1937**

***How living in the Divine Will, forms the Divine Trinity in the creature. Wonders of her acts. How true love commences from oneself. The Divine Will, fecundator and sower of divine life in souls.***

The Divine Volition continues to invest me; I feel his motion in me, that as he moves he speaks, but with such eloquence, that if he didn't make a prodigy in order to make himself understood, I could not repeat what he says. Rather he adapts himself to my capacity, because if he speaks, being his creative word, he wants to create the good that his word possesses, and if I did not understand it I could not make that good mine, nor offer it to the others as property of the Supreme Fiat.

Whence I remained worried: “How can it be that his motion is word?”

And my sweet Jesus, visiting my poor soul, all love said to me:

“Blessed daughter of the Divine Volition, you must know that where my Will reigns, with his creative power, his motion and word, he speaks in the works, in the steps; he speaks in the mind, in the breath. As he wants to distend his Kingdom, thus he speaks, in order to create his divine life in every act of the creature. Therefore there is needed supreme attention, in order to sense where he wants to initiate his teachings. With the power of his word he invests the human act, the breath, the heartbeat, the thought, the human word, and there he forms his divine work, breath, heartbeat, thought, divine word. These acts elevate themselves to heaven, present themselves before the Most Holy Trinity; our divinity looks at these acts, and what does it find? It finds itself reproduced in these acts, its life; the Most Holy Trinity itself, it watches the prodigy of our Will, that with his power has overwhelmed the creature, making the repetition of our life, and oh, how we remain contented, enraptured, because we find in her the sanctity that resembles us, our love that loves us, the intelligence that understands us, our power and goodness that transports us with ties of our sweetness to love the human generation. We recognize in her and find the work of creation which we want in her.

“A single one of these acts contains such marvels, that they cannot find the place where they can put themselves; so much is their greatness. Only in our immensity do they find the place where they can remain; they remain fused with our acts, what glory won’t be ours, and also for the creature, because her acts, in virtue of our Fiat, hold their place in the acts of her Creator?”

“Oh, if everyone might know what it means to live in the Divine Volition, to let him reign, they would compete to make themselves invested, in order to have him make divine life.”

Beloved Jesus became silent, and I remained immersed in the sea of the Divine Volition, and as stupefied I said: “My God, where can one arrive who lives in your Volition!” And a crowd of thoughts, as so many voices spoke, they spoke. But I don’t know how to repeat them. Perhaps I will know how to repeat them when I will be in the celestial fatherland, because I will possess the same language up there.

Whence as being worried, my highest good, Jesus, resumed his saying:

“My daughter, do not marvel; everything is possible in my Will. True love, when it is perfect, commences from oneself. The true model is the Most Holy Trinity. My Celestial Father loved himself and in his love generated his Son, hence he loved himself in the Son. I, his Son, loved myself in the Father, and from this love proceeded the Holy Spirit. (In) this loving oneself the Celestial Father generated only one love, only one power and sanctity, and so on; it bound the inseparable union of the three Divine Persons.

“And when we created the creation we loved ourselves. So that we loved ourselves in stretching out the sky, in creating the sun; it was the love of ourselves that pushed us to create so many beautiful things worthy of us and inseparable from us. And when we created man, the love of ourselves made itself more intense, and loving ourselves in him, our love reproduced our life and likeness in the depth

of his soul.

“One cannot give if not that which one holds; and since our love was perfect, loving ourselves we could separate ourselves from that which went forth from us.

“Now, our Will, with wanting the creature to live in him in order to form his Kingdom, loving himself he wants to give that which he possesses; and then he is content, when he forms the repetition of our life, when he works in the acts of the creature, and triumphant and victorious, with our highest glory and honor, he carries them into our divine bosom, in order to have us recognize our life in his work of one who lives in his Volition.

“It is proper this what it means to love oneself in that which one wants to do and to produce; giving himself, in order to be able to form another being similar to himself.

“Our Will is the fecundator and sower of our life, and where he finds souls disposed he loves himself, with his love he fecundates them and there he sows his divine acts, which, united together, forms the great prodigy of the divine life in the creature.

“Therefore leave yourself in the authority of my Will, and allow that he may do with you that which he wants to do, and you and we will be happy.”

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**October 25, 1937**

***The Sovereign Queen heiress of the Divine Will, hence heiress of divine life. How she formed in the creative hands a precious pledge of herself. “The great good that an act in my Fiat contains.”***

I was making my round in the acts of the Divine Will, and arrived to the conception of the Most Holy Virgin I stopped myself in order to offer the Divinity their power, (and) love that they had in having conceived this Celestial Lady, in order to obtain that his Kingdom come upon the earth. And my sweet Jesus, surprising me, said to me:

“My daughter, as this Holy Virgin was conceived, thus she restarted our festival with mankind, because even from the first instant of her conception she inherited our Divine Will, which immediately began his intense divine work in her beautiful soul; and in every heartbeat, thought, breath of hers, with his creative power he formed enchanting prodigies of sanctity, of beauty, of grace, that we ourselves, were actors and spectators together with our Divine Volition, we remained enraptured, and in our emphasis of love we said: ‘How beautiful is the creature together with our Volition! She gives ease to us by forming our most beautiful works, and she gives us life through our life in her!’

“Our love rejoiced, it celebrated, because our divine heiress was brought forth to the light of time, the heiress of our Will and of our own life. And since in virtue of our Will working in her she was all ours, exclusively ours, watching her we felt our breath, our heartbeat, our love that always burns and loves, our motions in hers; our beauty gleamed in the movement of her pupils, in the gestures of her hands, in the sweet enchantment of her enrapturing voice. She held us so very occupied and in festival, that not even (for) an instant could we dissuade our glances from her. So that she was ours,

all ours, (and our Will) by right was already hers, and we recognized in this holy creature our divine heiress. Already with possessing our Will she had taken possession of it.

“Now, this Holy Virgin held her humanity, in which bound the whole human family, almost as members to the body; and we, for her love, watching in her the whole of mankind, as she was conceived we gave the first kiss of peace to all humanity and we constituted her heir of our divine heiress, despite some ungrateful one (that) might not want to receive her.

“Now you see, therefore, how it is certain that the Kingdom of our Will must come upon the earth, now that one exists who inherited him, and having a creature (who) inherited him who belongs to the human race, all creatures acquired the right to be able to possess him.

“This Celestial Sovereign (Lady), taken by love, formed a pledge of herself in our creative hands, in order to have that everyone might receive this Kingdom, and since this pledge possessed the life of my Will, it contained an infinite value, that for everyone she could pledge herself. What (a) sweet and dear pledge was this holy creature in our hands! She, by making her life, her acts flow in our Divine Volition, formed divine coins in order to be able to pay us for those that should inherit our Divine Fiat. Then my humanity came, united to the Eternal Word, that with my life, sufferings, and death I disbursed the sufficient price in order to repurchase this our Divine Will, and give him to creatures as (an) inheritance that belonged to them.

“One act, one breath, one motion in my Will contains such value, that it can buy heaven and earth, and all that which one wants. Hence, let him alone be your life and your everything.”

Whence he continued to absorb me in the Divine Volition. What enrapturing force he possesses! And such sweetness, the attractions of his enchantment (so) that one would not want to lose even a breath. And my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, the prodigies of my Will are unheard of. So much is his power that, as the creature works in my Volition, he calls into act that which he has first done, he unites it together and regives the merit, the good, his power to each act, as if again he himself (was) doing it, enriching it with so much grace and beauty (as) to form the enchantment of all heaven. Then, as celestial dew he invests all the saints, and gives (them) new glory and felicity that the work of the creature contains in my Will; (he makes) this dew rain on all wayfarers, so that they feel the power, the grace of it in their acts. How many souls burnt by passions, by sin, by brutal pleasures, feel the freshness of this divine dew and transmute themselves in the good.

“One act in my Will overwhelms heaven and earth and if it doesn't find souls disposed that want to receive such a good, it puts itself on the look-out, spying the circumstances, the occasions, the disillusionments of life, in order to invest them, to embalm them and give them the good that they possess. The acts in my Will are not ever idle; they are impregnated with light, with love, with sanctity, with divine sweetness, and they feel the need of giving light to one who lives in the darkness, of giving love to one who is cold, of giving sanctity to one who lives in sin, of giving divine sweetness to one who finds himself embittered. These acts, true children of my Divine Fiat, are never stopped, they always turn, and if it needs (be) even centuries, in order to give the good that they possess; and

since they are animated and armed by his power, they can say: ‘We can do everything, because a Divine Volition that enables everything has given us life.’”

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**October 31, 1937**

***How an act of the Divine Will contains such power, (and) love, that if God did not make a prodigy, the creature could not contain this infinite act. The passport.***

My poor mind continues to cross the sea of the Divine Volition. It seems to me that he wants to always say new things of that which he wants and can do in the creature where he reigns. And since sweet Jesus takes much delight in speaking about his Will, as he sees the creature disposed, that she wants to hear his story, he takes the first part of narrator in order to make her know and love. Therefore, repeating his little visit, he said to me:

“My daughter, if you yourself might want to always speak of my Fiat, I would always hold new things to say to you, because being eternal his story never finishes, neither that which he is in himself, nor that which he can do in the creature.

“Now, you must know that an act of my Will in the creature contains such power, grace, love, sanctity, that if my Volition did not work a prodigy, (the creature) could not contain it, because it is an infinite act, and to the finite it is not given to be able to embrace all of it.

“You feel where his love arrives; as the creature lends herself, (and) calls him in her act, my Divine Will works; into the work he calls his infinity, his eternal life, his power that imposes itself over all, his immensity that calls and embraces everyone and everything: no one can put themselves apart from his work. When he has enclosed everything, my Will forms his work. You see therefore what thing an act of his is; an infinite act, eternal, armed with divine power, immense, in which no one can say: ‘I was not there in that act.’

“Now, these acts cannot remain without producing a great divine glory to our Supreme Majesty and an immense good to creatures. Since they are acts done together with the creature, they work from God, and they bind God and the creature; God in order to give, and the creature in order to receive. They are like opportunities to our love, which says to us: ‘The creature has given us the place in her act, she has given us the liberty to let us do that which we want.’ Hence, our love imposes itself upon us in order to make us give that which we are, also in order to honor ourselves and for (the) honor of our operating Will.

“Our love arrives to such pretences and mania of love, that it never wants to let us finish giving, putting ourselves before our immensity that does not finish, our power that can give all, our wisdom that can dispose all.

“These acts are divine acts, and can form the passport for the other creatures, in order to have them enter into the Kingdom of our Volition. They will give a child into our Kingdom; so that how many more acts will be done in him, so many more will be populated, and all the good will redound to those people that have been the first ones to give life to my Will in their acts.

“Now, you must know that the first passports were formed by me and by my Celestial Mother to the first children of my Volition, which contain my signature, written with my blood and with the sorrows of the Most Holy Virgin. To all the other passports my signature is needed, otherwise they would not be recognized.

“Therefore, one who lives in my Volition holds for principle my life, for heartbeat my love, for dowry my works and footsteps, for word my own Will; I sense myself in her, and oh, how I love her, and feel myself loved in return with my own love! And the soul feels such joy and contentment, because she loves me no more with her little love, but with my eternal love, she embraces me with my works, races to approach me with my footsteps; feels there (in) her life am I; she finds everything in me, and I everything in her. Therefore be attentive daughter, if you want to make yourself and make me happy.”

After this I felt a little more suffering, and I coughed strongly. To every blow of cough I asked the Divine Will, that he might come to reign upon the earth; and my dear Jesus, all tenderness, squeezed me between his arms, saying to me:

“My daughter, I knew that you would have asked my Will of me to every blow of your cough, and I felt my Heart wounded and bursting with love, and I felt myself re-give in your cough my immensity, that involved me and asked my Will of me; my power and infinity, that made me ask of everyone my reigning Will, so much so that I myself was constrained to say: ‘My will, come to reign, delay no more!’ I feel such violence, that I do not do anything else other than to do and say that which the creature does and says.

“Therefore I want that you ask my Will of me in your sufferings, in the food that you take, in the water that you drink, in the work that you do, in sleep; I want that you pledge your breath and heartbeat to ask me that my Will come to reign. So that everything will be occasions for you to ask my Will of me, even in the sun that fills your eye with light, in the wind that blows (upon) you, in the sky that you see stretch over your head. Everything must be occasions for you to ask me for my Will to rule in the midst of creatures. With this you will put so many pledges in my hands; and the first pledge will be all your being, because you won’t move if you won’t ask of me that my Will be known and longed for by everyone.”

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**November 7, 1937**

***How all the truths written about the Divine Will will form the day to whom must live in him. The Queen of Heaven suffers agonies of love because she wants to endow her children.***

I felt my poor mind as crowded by so many truths that my sweet Jesus made me write about the Divine Will; and I thought to myself: “Who knows when these truths written about the Divine Fiat will go forth to the light, and what will be the good that they will do?” And my beloved Jesus, surprising me with his little visit, all goodness and tenderness, said to me:

“My daughter, I also feel the need of love to have you sense the order that these truths will hold and the good that they will do.

“These truths about my Divine Will will form the day of my Fiat in the midst of creatures; according to what they will know, so will it go forming the day. So that, as they will begin to know the first truths that I have manifested to you, provided that they have (the) good will and disposition of making (a) proper life of it, so will it form a most splendid dawn; however, these truths will have the virtue even to dispose them and to give light to so many blind ones that don’t know and love him.

“Whence, the dawn risen, they will feel themselves invested by a celestial peace, more reconfirmed to good, and hence they themselves will long to know other truths, which will form the beginning of the day of my Divine Volition. This beginning of the day will augment the light, the love; all things will convert into good for them; the passions will lose the force of making them fall into sin. One can say (that) it is the first order of the divine good which they will feel; this order will facilitate their actions; they will feel a strength (with which) they can do everything, because it is really this his primitive virtue: which cast in the soul transmutes her nature into good.

“Then, sensing the great good of the beginning of the day of my Volition, they will long that the day advances itself; they will come to know other truths, which will form the full day.

“In this full day they will sense the life of my Will living in them, his joy and happiness, his operative and creative virtue in them; they will sense themselves in possession of my own life, that they are the carriers of my Divine Will. The full day will give them such anxieties to know the other truths, and known they will form the full day.

“In this she will not feel alone anymore; between her and my Volition there will not be separation anymore. That which he will do she will do; working together. Everything, by right, will be hers: heaven and earth, and even God himself.

“You see, therefore, to what a noble, divine and precious purpose, these truths will serve, that I have had you write about my Divine Will, in order to form his day? To some they will form the dawn, to some the beginning of the day, to some the full day, and lastly the full noon. These truths, according to what they know of them, will form the different categories of the souls who will live in my Volition. One knowledge more or less will make them climb or remain in the different categories. The knowledge will be the hand in order to let them climb to the superior categories; it will be the life itself of the fullness of my Will in them.

“Therefore I can say that with these truths I have formed the day to whom wants to live in my Divine Volition. Day of heaven, more than of creation itself, not of sun and stars, because each truth holds (the) virtue of creating our life in the creature, and oh, how it surpasses all creation!

“Therefore our love has overcome everything in manifesting so many truths about my Divine Will; our glory will be full on the part of creatures, because they will have our life in them in order to be able to glorify us and love us.

“In respect to it going forth, as I have held power and love to whom had to manifest them, so I will hold power and love to invest and transmute them in the truth itself, that feeling in themselves the life, they will feel such need as to put to light that which they feel in themselves. Hence, give no thought

to it; I, who can do everything, will do and will think to everything.”

After this I was following the acts of the Divine Will, in which there were all the works, the love, the prayers, the sorrows, the palpitating life, the breaths, and all that which the Queen of Heaven had done, as if then she herself were doing them. I embraced them, kissed them, adored them and offered them, in order to obtain the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon the earth. And my dear Jesus, resuming his speech, added:

“My blessed daughter, one who lives in my Will can enter everywhere and can give me everything, (even) my Celestial Mama as if she were hers, and how (she) loved me, and all that which I did. She can arrive to duplicate my life and to give it to me in order to love me as if it were hers.

“Now you must know that, as I have formed his day for the creature with manifesting to you so many truths about my Divine Volition, (so did) the Sovereign (Lady) of Heaven, with her love, with her sorrows, with her prayers and acts that she did [that since they were all done in my Divine Will they will fill heaven and earth (and) form the sufficient dowry for those that must live in him], with what anxiety she waits and longs to be able to endow her children! She sees herself immersed in so many riches of grace, of love, of sanctity, and she doesn't find her children in order to endow them, because they do not live in that Volition in which she lived. She watches, my daughter, as in all that which she did and suffered it is written: 'For my children'; therefore, if she loves, she calls her children to receive the dowry of her love, in order to make them known as her children and our children, and to love them as we love her; if she prays, she wants to give the dowry of her prayer; in short she wants to endow them with her sanctity, with her sufferings and with the life itself of her Son.

“How touching it is to hear her, watch her, because in her maternal Heart she holds, as within a sanctuary, her children; and in all her acts and breaths she calls her children, and says to our Supreme Being: 'All that which I am and possess, is all for my children. Oh, listen to me! I feel my Heart bursting for love! Have pity on a Mother that loves and that wants to endow her children in order to make them happy! My happiness is not full; it feels halfway to me, because I do not have my children to enjoy together with me. Therefore do it soon, that the Divine Volition be known, so that they also know the pangs of their Mother, (and) how I want to endow them and to render them happy and holy!'

“Do you believe that we remain indifferent before this moving spectacle, that (with) so many longings of love, that with her maternal tenderness and with the rights of Mother she begs us, implores us? Oh, no! How many times, after these solitudes of hers I manifest other surprising truths about my Fiat, in order to give vent to them by making her endowed with (a) more extensive dowry for the children, because it will be given to them (to do it) according to what they will know.

“Therefore, you also enter into my Divine Volition, and together with this Celestial Mother pray and supplicate that our Will be known and reign in all creatures.”

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**November 12, 1938**

*An act done in the Divine Will loves God for each one and gives him that which the creature is*

*obliged toward God. One who lives in my Fiat gives us the occasion of repeating our works in act. How he wants to work one on one/[to you for you]. The 'I love you', jewel of God.*

The Divine Volition continues to inundate me with his light, which emits such power by forming such prodigies in the acts of the creature, that one remains as enraptured; one sees the creative power that contains all and does all in the little human act. O power and love of the Divine Will, how insuperable you are! Your power conquers all; your love gives of the incredible!

And my amiable Jesus, who wants to make understood the unheard of prodigies that his Divine Fiat can do in the creature, visiting my little soul, said to me:

“Daughter of my Volition, the flames of my love are so much that I feel myself suffocate, and in order to give some outlet to my love that burns me (and) gives me mania, I return to say that which my Will can do in the creature. In order to reign one must know who he is, where his love arrives, what is his power and what he can do.

“Now listen to me. As the creature gives liberty to him to let him work, he calls his immensity and power, he encloses everything and everyone in that act, and our Most Holy Divinity receives in that act the love of every creature; we feel in that act the voices, the heartbeats of all hearts, that say to us: ‘We love you, we love you!’ He gives us the adoration of each one and that which they are obliged toward their Creator. He animates everything, and we feel in that act that even the sun, the sky, the stars and all creation say to us: ‘We love you, we adore you, we glorify you!’

“So that on the part of our operative Will in the creature we receive everything, and for each one our love remains repaid, our glory completed.

“He can give us everything, although if he uses some act of the creature; and taken with love toward one who has let him work in her act he says: ‘I surrender all to you, my daughter; before our Supreme Majesty I find that you have loved for everyone and for each one, you have given us the glory, the adoration of everyone, you have made us loved even by the sun, by the sky. All creation harmonized, and said between themselves: “Love, love to our Creator.” Therefore I surrender the merit of everything to you: everything is yours.’

“My Will does neither know nor want to work if he does not enclose everything and does not do everything.”

Whence, I remained surprised and said to myself “Possible? Possible all this?” And my dear Jesus added:

“My daughter, do not marvel. One act alone by my Will is greater than heaven and earth; its immensity has no confines, its power (has) no limits, it holds in its own fist everything and everyone; therefore, in its work it has an act of infinite love, that can say for everyone love; and after having loved for everyone, oh how much it advances! And then, our love is perfect: first we love ourselves, we put into security our interests, our glory, our love (and) we glorify ourselves with our work. Who is there that does not think first to himself? Hence our Will, as much as he works in us, as much in

creatures, first she must give us, by right, that which is due and necessary to us, for everyone and each one, and then creatures will have according to their dispositions.”

Afterwards, I continued to be inundated by the waves of the Divine Volition, but waves of light, crammed with truths, with love, that wants to make known his prodigies, his power and what he wants to give to the creature. So I followed his acts that he did in the creation in order to make them mine, in order to be able to say: “That which is Jesus’ is mine.” And my always amiable Jesus, returning, resumed his speech and said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, as the creature returns into our works in order to contemplate them with pleasure, love them and make them hers, thus our love makes us race in order to go meet them, in order to admit her together with us and to renew them for her alone, as if in act we repeated our works only for her. Hence, we centralize all our love in her, our power, our joys, the stratagems, the follies of love that we had in creating and putting forth all creation. And in our emphasis of love we watch her and we find the sky in her, and (we find) the love that we had in distending its blue vault; we return to watch her, and we find the multiplicity of the stars, that gives her voice to each in order to have said to us ‘I love you, I love you, I love you’; and these voices of ‘I love you’, form the most beautiful celestial music, and so much is their harmony the sweet sound that it forms (for) us, as to (make) us feel inebriated; and in our drunkenness we say to her: ‘Daughter, how very beautiful you are! You are (the) bearer of infinite joys to us; not even when everything was created did we receive these musics and joys, because it lacked a creature united to our Will that might say to us through our works: “I love you, I love you, I love you!””

“To such spectacle of love we renew the creation of the sun, of the wind, of the sea, of the air, and we centralize in her all the love, our divine harmony that we had in creating all these elements; and oh, our joy, the exchange of love that she gives us, in watching her and finding in her (the) sun that burns for us with love, wind that blows and groans for us with love, that forming arcane voices of love she would like to surround us with her love in order to say to us: ‘You have loved me, and I love you; love you have given me, and love I give you.’ And with her sea she forms impetuous waves for us; even to arrive to give us air of love for each breath of the creature. We feel ourselves continually wounded and become taken by her love.

“A soul that lives in our Will is all for us, she holds us always occupied, she always loves us, but with our love; and every time that she does her acts in our Fiat, we renew the works of the creation, and in order to amuse ourselves (and) love her and make us loved, in every act that she does we make use of it as material in order to renew our various created works; rather, our love is not content; it wants to add on more, and it creates new prodigies of grace, even to create our own life in the beloved creature.

“The one on one/[to you for you] work pleases us much, as if for her alone we did everything. This makes arise more love toward us, more respect, more appreciation toward us, that we love her so much.

“Whence, according to how one unites oneself into the works of creation, we renew our works of creation; if one unites oneself to our works on the redemption, we renew, and I repeat my birth in act,

and watching her find in her my birth, the love for which I was born, and she loves me with that same love with which I was born upon the earth; and does it seem little to you that I find my love, that made me born, cry, suffer, walk, work? And together with her one on one/[to you for you], I repeat my life down here, and my Divine Volition makes me loved by her with that same love as I loved, when being upon the earth I unfolded my redeeming life. Therefore living in my Divine Volition is everything for the creature and everything for us.”

Whence I followed the acts of the Divine Will in his works and I thought to myself: “What will be of more glory to God: to follow the acts of the creation or the redemption?” And Jesus, returning, added:

“My daughter, the one and the other are supremely pleasant to me; however with this difference: in the works of the creation, the creature finds our majesty in festival, that if she creates so many works, our primary purpose was that everything should serve our reigning Will in her, and all created things should serve as deposit of her exchange of love, adoration, (and) glory toward of us. All created things tell (of) our love toward creatures and she, through means of them, should love her Creator.

“You must know that your every ‘I love you’ which you hide in the sun, in the sky and in other created things are our jewels, and we love them, we kiss them, we embrace them and we felicitate ourselves with them; we feel glorified and repaid for all that which we have done. Do you believe that to your so many ‘I love you’s, (by which) you have invested creation, we are indifferent? Quite! We watch them one by one, and as our jewels they give us the joy that we had in the creation. Therefore continue our festival; and if these ‘I love you’s’ do not come/(show) forth if not for us alone, it is because our Will being immense even in the creation, his light eclipses your ‘I love you’, and jealous he holds them hidden in his bosom. It happens as with the sun, that its light being greater and its heat more intense, all the preciousness of the effects that it contains do not come/(show) forth, but it is certain that it possesses them; so much is it true, that if its light touches the flower, it gives (it) the color and paints it as if it were painting the range of beauties of colors, by forming the sweetest enchantment for human generations; if it touches plants and fruits, it gives the multiplicity of varied sweetnesses and tastes; this says that it is not only light and heat, but (that) other goods hide in its bosom of light.

“Such is the creature that lives in our Will. As she loves, adores, thus he forms the beauty of the rainbow of love of her in his works, the range of joys and sweetnesses of his good acts, that jealous he hides in his bosom. My Will is the hideaway of love and (of) all that which the creature does in him, and she forms the most beautiful ornament to our divine works and the sweet enchantment to our pupils, and she is so much our satisfaction that we show her to all the Celestial Court, in order to make her feel happy together with us. Hence, you cannot give us greater glory, (than) by following our acts in creation, because it is united to our own purpose, it is woven with our love, we feel that it kisses our love, and we kiss hers and we make of it one alone. What joy, what happiness, to have the creature together with us to love us and do that which we ourselves want to do!

“Now, in the redemption the purpose changes, it is guilty man, of whom we go in search of, in the creation everything was festival; our works smiled at us with joy, with love, with glory; instead in the redemption, sufferings, bitternesses, tears, remedies, medicines in order to restore man to health. And

the creature, entering into our Volition, can invest my sufferings, bitternesses and tears with her tender and compassionate 'I love you', and hide her jewels of the 'I love you' in them; and I, kissing these jewels, will not feel alone, but comforted, sustained, accompanied by one who lives in my Volition. In the jewels of her 'I love you' I will find one who dries my tears, one who divides my sufferings with me, one who defends me. Therefore, I want you always in my Will; thus, either in festival or in suffering, I will always hold you with me."

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**November 20, 1937**

*Follows the same argument. How the Divine Will makes love arise, in a way that anywhere and everywhere one feels loved by the creature. Where there is our Will we find the adaptable material in order to carry out, be born and grow our life.*

My poor mind continues to swim in the sea of the Divine Volition, and the surprises (and) his anxieties are such and so many because he wants to have life in the creature, and so much is his speech to such regard, that it proves to me impossible to be able to say everything. And my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, with inexpressible love said to me:

"My blessed daughter, speaking of my Will is for me the greatest festival, and heaven unites itself with me to celebrate; and as it arrives for me to speak of my Volition, they all put themselves at attention to listen to me. There is no festival more beautiful that I can give to the whole Celestial Court, than to speak of my Divine Will. He makes arise the operative love in souls on earth and the blessed in heaven. Where there is no love I do not move, nor do I go, nor do I know what to do with the creature. And then, the love that makes my Will arise is immense, and there is no point where one does not find one who lives in him, all invested and as encumbered by my love.

"She has suffered our own fate, because we love anywhere and everywhere, we love everyone and always; so that we feel that she loves us in the hearts of everyone; her love races everywhere and she loves us in the sun, in the sky, in the twinkling of the stars, in the groans of the wind, in the murmur of the sea, in the wriggle of the fishes, in the song of the little bird; we feel that she also loves us in the hearts of the angels and saints, even in our divine breast. Everyone says to her: 'Be welcome! Oh, how we have waited for you! Come to take your place of honor! Come to love our Creator in us!'

"My Will, jealous, holds her tight to himself, and inundating her always anew (with) love makes songs of love, dirges of love, sweet enchantments of love, wounding with love. It seems that he says: 'I have found one who loves me, and I want to enjoy myself with her'; I would not feel happy if she does not always and everywhere say to me, 'I love you, I love you.' So that the soul that lives in our Will will be our triumph, our victory, the depositary of our love, our continuous glory.

"My love feels the need of the company of this creature, in order to vent mine and to have hers. Therefore I want to breathe together with her, to palpitate and work together. The union knows (how) to produce joys more beautiful, contentments ineffable, works more great, love more intense.

"Now, my Will will give so much love to this creature that lives in him, as to be able to inundate all

creation; he will extend a new sky of love over all human generations, in a way that one will feel themselves embraced, loved by the love of this one, given by herself, anywhere, in each one and everywhere; and while she embraces and loves him, she will say to him: 'Come, oh Supreme Volition, to reign upon the earth! Invest all generations! Overcome and conquer everyone!'

"Do you not see how beautiful the living in him is? To have your love in his power, that contains such power and virtue that no one can resist?"

"Then, when this love will have arrived to invest everything and everyone, since it is (the) love of a creature that has lived in our Fiat, that offered with herself the bond of the human family, we will win, we will demolish all the obstacles and we will have our Kingdom upon the face of the earth. Therefore pray and use all things in order to ask me that he come to reign as in heaven so on earth."

Whence I continued to be inundated by the Divine Fiat, that rained upon me light, (and) love; light in order to make himself more known, love in order to make himself loved. And my sweet Jesus, returning, added:

"My daughter, how beautiful is living in my Volition! We do not know how to be without her (the creature); we do not do other than think (of) what surprise we should do for her, what anew to give her, what to say to her so that she knows our Fiat more, and according to what she knows of it, thus we are more able to magnify the sea of our love in her. The knowledge is the bell that while it sounds it calls, with sounds so sweet, our power, sanctity, goodness, and love to enclose itself in the creature that lives in him, in order to make us work our unheard of prodigies.

"Now, you must know that when we find our Will in her we feel beatified, and we take so much pleasure in looking at her that, in order to enjoy ourselves more in her, we look at her in the mind, and we make conceived, be born and grow our intelligence; we look at her in the mouth, and we make conceived, be born and grow our word, in a way that she will speak of our Supreme Being with such eloquence and grace, as to make us loved by one who has the good (fortune) to listen to her; we look at her in the Will, and we make be reborn and grow to new life ours; we look at her in the heart, and we make conceived our love in her, its harmonies, its stratagems in order to make us conquer to make her be reborn always in our love; we look at her in the hands and feet, and we make conceived, be born and grow our works and our steps. We could do everything together, but we do not do it, in order to take more time for us to be with her and to enjoy ourselves more with her.

"So much is our love, that we want to form with our own creative hands our own life in the creature. That which we are we want to give her. Our love does not remain content if we do not repeat our life in her; and then we find the adaptable material, when we find our Will that has formed for us the ground, (has) purified and adorned (it). While we form our life we sing victory and glory to our Divine Being.

"And she, what does she do? She gives us food in order to feed us and make us grow in her, she gives us water in order to quench our thirst, her being in order to dress us, her soul for room, her heart for bed of repose and all her acts in order to keep us amused and surrounded by our own celestial joys.

“But who can say, my daughter, what we can do and give to one who lives in our Volition? We give all and we do all, and she gives all to us.”

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**November 29, 1937**

***Sufferings united with the sufferings of Jesus form his life in us. There is no good that does not arise from them. How not loving martyrs divine love.***

My poor mind swims in the sea of the Divine Volition, rather I feel him to me as breathing, palpitating in me, and (as) more than blood circulating in the veins of my soul and he says to me: “I am here, inside and outside of you, more than your life; I race in each act of yours, and with my love I facilitate all for you and I felicitate/rejoice together (with) you.”

And in this while he made me see all the sufferings, suffered by me, invested with light, that he held them pressed to his bosom as conquests of his Volition. I remained worried, and my always amiable Jesus, visiting me, said to me:

“My little daughter of my Divine Volition, you must know that all my sufferings suffered by my most holy humanity on earth, each tear that I spilled, each drop of my blood, each step and motion, and even my breath, were and are invested by a single voice (with which) they speak and cry out continually: ‘We want the Kingdom of the Divine Volition reigning and dominant in the midst of creatures; we want our divine rights placed in vigor’; they pray, they speak, they groan around our supreme throne without ever ceasing, that one be the Will of heaven and earth.

“Now, one who unites themselves with my sufferings, with my heartbeats, breaths, steps and works, prays, speaks and groans together with all that which I did and suffered upon the earth. There is no good that does not arise from my sufferings, and unites mine with those of the creature, mine form the deposit, (and are) the innkeepers in order to receive the sufferings of her, together forming one prayer alone, one voice alone, one Will alone; rather my sufferings transport the sufferings of the creature and all that which she does before our majesty, in order to make them want and do that which I did; those of the creature enrapture mine on earth, in order to involve them all in my sufferings and hers, in order to dispose them to receive the life of my Divine Will. Union with me, her sufferings with mine, form the great prodigy of my life in the creature, which works, speaks and suffers as if a new self upon the earth; and I animate all her being with the power of my acts; even in her little trifles my life flows, in order to make everything mine, animated by my creative power, and (that) she might give me the love, the glory of my own life.

“Do you believe that all that which you have suffered, my Will holds no account of it? Quite. He conserves in his bosom of light all your sufferings, little and great, your agonizing and sorrowful sighs, your privations; rather he uses it as material in order to conceive, be born and grow his life. In each suffering was growth that I did, which fed her with his sanctity, filled her with the heat of his love, adorned her with his unparalleled beauty.

“My daughter, how you should thank me for all that which I have disposed for you and for all that which I have made you suffer, because everything has served to form my life in you and to the

triumph of my Will. What fortune for the creature, to see that her sufferings have served my life so holy, that she will have for completion my Divine Will palpitating in her! Does it seem little to you that the Creator makes seen that he has need of the creature, he who can (do) all and gives life to all? Is this not the greatest excess of our love?"

Jesus became silent, and I remained to think of that which Jesus had said to me, and I saw in me lined up all the sufferings, suffered, that spread rays of light, that transformed in the sufferings of Jesus formed the divine support, the defense of creatures, that formed voices, continuous groans, that asked that the Divine Will might come to reign. Whence he resumed his speech:

"My good daughter, our love is so much, that anywhere and everywhere, even on the little blade of grass, in the air that she breathes, in the water that she drinks, even beneath her steps while she stamps (upon) the earth, we make our voices arrive, our wooing cry of love: 'I love you, I love you, I love you!' But our love does not give us peace if it is not sensed (to be) listened to by the creature and she is not heard to repeat, 'I love you, I love you', and in our delirium of love and sorrow saying: 'Aye, does no one listen to us? Aye! Does no one repeat to us "I love you, I love you?" To what advantage (is it) to say "I love you, I love you." If no one reciprocates it to us? To whom do we say "I love you": to the air, to the wind, to the void? Our 'I love you' does not find one to whom to direct itself, where to rest itself, if it does not find the 'I love you' of the creature that receives it in order to reciprocate it with hers, so that her love finds refuge in our immense love in order to rest itself and to magnify itself always more.

"When the creature listens to our 'I love you' and reciprocates it, in our emphasis of love, and as reconciled by her love, we say: 'So we have been listened to; our love has found one to whom to direct itself, where to shelter itself; we have been recognized, because we have found one who says to us "I love you."' Then our love makes festive. Instead, when we do not find one who says to us, 'I love you', we do not find one who recognizes us, nor one who listens to us, nor one who loves us.

"How hard it is to love and not be loved! How I would like everyone might know it, that with my love I sustain them, embrace them, love them and make them breathe, I love them and give heartbeat to them, I love them and give word to them, I love them and give step to them, I love them and give motion to them, thought, food, water; all that which they are and receive is (an) effect of my love that races. Hence, is it not a horrendous ingratitude not to love me? It renders our love martyred, because we love and we are not loved in return."

After this I thought to myself: "But how can the creature know when Our Lord says to her his repeated and uninterrupted 'I love you', in order to reciprocate them with hers?" And my sweet Jesus added:

"My daughter, and yet it is easy to know it, if the creature possesses as her own life my Divine Will, because he gives his divine hearing to her and makes her listen to when her Creator says 'I love you' to her; and not only the hearing, but also his divine word, in a way that the hearing hears and the word says 'I love you', rather, before he says to her 'I love you' he already warns that she must receive the 'I love you' of her God, and she has met his 'I love you' with the divine 'I love you', almost as putting herself to compete with her Creator.

“My Will wants to give everything to one who lives in him; (he) gives his arms in order to embrace her and his steps in order to race after him. How we feel our divine nature all love and the need to love, so much so that if one could prevent us from loving, it would suffocate us, as removing from us the breath from our divine life, because in us, our breath, our motion, our own Volition is love, (and) not loving for us is impossible, thus, one who possesses our Will feels the need of loving us and of always loving us. Therefore only she knows how to put order between the Creator and the creature, and she is to light of our love, of our sanctity, and it puts her in communication (with) our Supreme Being.”

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**December 6, 1937**

*As one works in the Divine Volition, Jesus sounds his bell in order to call the inhabitants of heaven and those of earth. How the company of the creature is urgent to divine love.*

I feel his life in me, overflowing with love, that as he moves, so seas of love are emitted, that, investing everyone, says to every heart: “Ah, look at me, know me, receive me in your hearts! Give me the dominion! I come loaded with all my goods, in order to have life together with you. But alas, I am not recognized, rather they reject me; and not being known, my supreme laws of love do not have vigor in them; my goods remain with me, without being able to give them to my children.”

Whence I followed the acts of the Divine Will, and arrived in the blue vault bombarded with stars, I called together with me the inhabitants of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, so that all together we might reciprocate with our little love the infinite love of God, that, with so much love, he had created the expanse of the sky, as in order to cover us and hide us in his love; hence, everyone, without excluding anyone, holds the duty of loving him who has loved us so much. Now, while I did this, my highest good, Jesus, visiting my little soul, all love said to me:

“My blessed daughter, if you might know with what love I awaited you, that you might make your call to everyone, in order to feel in your act the exchange of love of everyone! No sooner than you commence to call, (then) I sound the bell to the celestial inhabitants and to those of the earth; and then I cease sounding, when I see that everyone has raced into your act.

“The first ones are the celestial inhabitants, that living in my Volition, neither can nor want to put themselves apart; they feel the unifying Divine Will, that unites them in that act; rather, they wait with anxiety one who calls them, in order to be able to reciprocate me in love, and since who calls them is a creature of the earth that possesses her free will, in her they feel that they can give me new love, and oh, how they rejoice to the sound of my bell, and they fly in order to put themselves into that act of the creature that wants to love me!

“For the inhabitants of the earth, not living all in my Volition, they feel very little (of) the vibrating sound of my bell.

“When I see everyone together in that act, our Divinity puts itself at attention in amorous expectation, and oh, how beautiful it is to feel in that act innumerable voices that say to us: ‘We love you, we love you, we acknowledge you in your works! How much you have loved us, and for everything we

reciprocate you in love!’

“Our Supreme Being, wounded by so many voices, emits other seas of love, and covers and invests everyone with such joys and happiness that everyone remains enraptured, enjoying through means of that creature a greater paradise.

“One who lives in our Volition gives us the field for new works, makes our love overflow (with) more force, which not being able to contain it, he emits new seas of love in order to love the creature and in order to make us love, and oh, how much we love her!

“You must know that the thing that is most urgent to our Supreme Being is the company of the creature. We do not want to be the isolated God, nor to hold her far from us; isolation has never been the bearer of great works or of happiness; company matures the birth of good and makes arise the most beautiful works to the light. Behold therefore we created so many things, in order to have (the) occasions to have her company so many times for how many things we created, and since that which we did one time we are always in the act of doing it, one who lives in our Volition is always in company with us; she undergoes our creative act and we receive the glory, the exchange of the created love.

“Therefore we hold her company in the celestial spheres, in the radiant sun, in the auras of the wind, in the air that everyone breathes, in the murmur of the sea; anywhere and everywhere she follows us, defends us and reciprocates us in love. She does not know how to live without us or without loving us, and we cannot be without her, and jealous we hold her pressed to our divine bosom.”

Then he added: “The company of the creature is so very dear to us, that we form our recreation with her, we make the greatest decisions for our glory and for the good of human generations we complete our designs while we are in company. Our love rises to new life, and goes inventing new contrivances of love and new surprises in order to chain creatures to always love us and more.

“If not for company, with whom should we vent ourselves? Upon whom to form our designs? Where to rest our love that always rises? Hence, our goods, without company, would be depressed, without being able to give life to that which we want to do for love of creatures. Do you see therefore how much her company is necessary to our love, to our works and to the completion of our Volition?”

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**December 8, 1937**

***On the Conception of the Queen. Her race of love. Where she found her Creator she found herself in order to love him. How she remained conceived in each created thing, and became constituted Queen of Heaven, of the sun and of everything.***

Today my poor mind, swimming in the Divine Volition, found in act the conception of the Queen of Heaven, and oh, the marvels, the surprises, are indescribable! And I thought to myself: “But what else can one say about the Immaculate Conception, after having said so much?” And my amiable Jesus, surprising me, all festive, as if he might want to celebrate the conception of the Celestial Queen, said

to me:

“My blessed daughter, oh how many other things I hold to say about the conception of this celestial creature! She was a life that we created, not a work; from a work to a life there is (a) great difference; and then divine and human life, in which there had to be the highest accord of sanctity, of love, of power, that the one had to be able to balance with the other.

“Such were (the) prodigies that we did in creating this life, that we had to make the greatest prodigy, and a chain of miracles, in order that this life might be able to contain the goods that we deposited in her.

“This holy creature, conceived without original sin, felt the life of her Creator, his operative Will, which did not do other than make arise new seas of love, and oh, how she loved us! She felt us inside of herself and outside of herself, and oh, how she raced, in order to be able to find herself everywhere and throughout everything, where there was the life of her Creator! For her it would have been the hardest and cruelest martyrdom, if she could not find herself throughout everything in order to love us. Our Will put her in flight, and our life, while it was in her, made her find herself throughout everything in order to have her love and in order to enjoy she who so loved (and by whom) she was loved in return.

“Now hear another surprise; as she was conceived she commenced her race, and we loving her with infinite love [not loving her would also be the cruelest martyrdom for us], hence, as she raced in order to trace out our life that she possessed within [because a good is not ever completed if one does not possess it within and without], hence, as she raced, so she remained conceived in the sky, in the celestial spheres, of which the stars made chorus and hymned and declaimed her as their Queen, and she acquired the rights of Queen over all the celestial spheres. Our immensity awaited her in the sun, and she raced and remained conceived in the sun, which, making itself diadem for her adorable head, invested her with light and praised her Queen of the light. Our immensity and power awaited her in the wind, in the air, in the sea, and she raced, raced, not ever pausing her race, and she remained conceived in the wind, in the air, in the sea, and she acquired the rights of Queen over all.

“So that the Sovereign Lady made flow her power, her love, her maternity in the sky, in the sun, in the wind, in the sea, even in the air that everyone breathes.

“So that anywhere and everywhere and in everyone she remained conceived; where there was our power and immensity she erected her throne in order to love us and to love everyone. This was the greatest miracle that our powerful love did, bilocating her, multiplying her in all things and created beings, so that we might find her in everyone and everywhere.

“The Celestial Queen does as (the) sun does, that if someone does not want its light, the light imposes itself and says: ‘Whether you want me or you do not want me, I must make my race, I must give you light.’ However someone can hide from the light of the sun, but from the Sovereign Lady no one can hide. If this were not so, one could not say with facts Universal Queen and Mother of everyone and everything; and we do not know how to say words if we do not make them facts.

“You see therefore where our power, our love arrived, in the conception of this holy creature? Even to elevate her to such heights and glory as to be able to say: ‘Where there is my Creator there am I in order to love him. He has invested me with such power and glory, that I am Sovereign of all. All depends on me; my dominion extends itself everywhere, so much so that, while I am conceived in all things, I hold conceived in me the sky, the sun, the wind, the sea and everything, everything I possess within me, even my Creator, and I am Sovereign and Mistress of him, of everyone. This is all my unparalleled heights, my glory that no one can arrive to me, my great honor, that with my love I embrace everyone, love everyone and am for everyone, even the Mother of my Creator.’”

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**December 14, 1937**

***How the human nature holds its day. (For) one who lives in the Divine Volition, he forms his day in the depths of the soul. Prodigies that happen in him.***

I felt as immersed in the Divine Volition; rather it seemed to me that his waves of light, as I went doing my acts in the Fiat, his light widened itself and centralized itself more in me, and the need grew to love him, to breathe him more than my life; so that without him I felt without breath, without heat, without heartbeat; and as I returned to do my acts in the Divine Volition, so I felt return the breath, the heat, the divine heartbeat, to cheer my poor existence. Hence, for me it is a need and need of life, living in the Divine Volition.

And my sweet Jesus, returning to visit my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, as nature holds its day for human life, in which all the actions of life become unfolded, so my Divine Will forms his day in the depths of the creature that lives in my Will.

“As he gives beginning to form his acts in her, calling her as his life, thus he gives beginning to his day, forming a most splendid aurora in the depths of the soul. This aurora gathers its power and renews in her the power of the Father, the wisdom of the Son, the virtue of the Holy Spirit; so that her day commences together with the Most Holy Trinity, which descends into the littlest acts and hideaways of the creature, in order to have life together with her and do that which she does.

“This aurora puts in flight all the darkness of the soul, in a way that all is light for her, and he puts himself at attention as a vigilant sentinel, so that all her acts can receive the light of the Divine Will.

“This aurora is the first repose of God in the room of the soul; it is the beginning of the eternal day, in which commences the life of the Supreme Being together with the creature.

“My Will does not move himself nor is he able to nor does he know how to do without the adorable Trinity; at most he goes forward, he does as (an) actor, but he drags them along with an irresistible way and there forms the divine Cabinet where as to enjoy their creature, so very beloved by them. Where he reigns, my Will holds (the) power to centralize everything, even our divine life.

“How beautiful is the beginning of the day for one who lives in our Fiat! It is the enchantment of all heaven; and if all the Celestial Court were subject to envy, they would envy she who is so fortunate

as to possess in her soul, while she still lives in time, the beginning of the eternal day, precious day in which God gives the beginning to unfold his life together with the creature.

“Now, as she passes on to do the second acts in the Divine Volition, thus arises the sun of my eternal Volition. So much is his fullness of light, that it invests all the earth, visits all hearts and carries the ‘good morning’ of light, of new joys to all the Celestial Court. This light is crammed with love, with adoration, with thanksgiving, with gratefulness, with glory, with benediction; but of whom are they? Of the creature, who with her act in my Volition has made arise the sun that shines on everyone, in a way that everyone finds one who has loved God for them, one who has adored him, thanked, blessed, glorified; each one finds what they were obliged to do toward God; everyone is supplied for.

“An act in my Will must enclose all, hold power, capacity to supply for everyone and to do good for everyone, otherwise it could not be called an act done in my Will. These acts are crammed with unheard of prodigies, worthy of our creative work.

“Now, as she returns to her third act in our Volition, he forms the full noon of our eternal sun in the creature; and do you know what she gives us in this full noon? She prepares the table for us; and do you know what she gives us for food? The love that we have given her, our divine qualities. Everything has the imprint of our beauty, of our chaste and pure perfumes, she is so pleasing to us that we get satisfaction from her; much more than, if there (was) missing something for our decency, being in our Will she is mistress of all our goods, therefore she takes that which she wants from us from our treasures, and prepares for us the most beautiful table, worthy of our Supreme Majesty; and we invite all the angels and saints to take a seat at this celestial table, so that they might receive, to feed themselves with us on that love which the creature has given to us that lives in our Volition.

“Now, after we have banqueted together, the other acts that she does in our Volition serve, some to form for us celestial music, some loving songs, some the most beautiful scenes, some to repeat our works, that are always in act. In short, she holds us always occupied. And when she has given the course to all her actions in our Volition, we give her rest and we rest there together. And after the rest we give field to work of giving beginning to another day, and so on.

“And many times this faithful daughter of ours [because true fidelity is in the living in the Divine Will], if she sees that her brothers and our children are to be struck by deserved scourges for their sins, she doesn’t close her day, but prays and suffers in order to implore rescripts of graces, as much for the soul as for the bodies. Therefore the life of one who lives in my Divine Volition is the new joy and glory of heaven, the help and (the) thanks of the earth.”

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**December 18, 1937**

***All that which one does in the Divine Will acquires life, and these lives swim and float in the seas of love in the Divine Volition.***

I am prey/(in the power) of the Divine Volition, which does not do other than spring forth from himself seas of light and of love; but it seems that he is not content if he does not see the life of the light of his Will and the little love of the creature that, springing forth from her, they meet together,

kiss each other, love each other with one love alone, and oh, how he makes festive! And in his emphasis of love he says: “The life of my Will is inside and outside of the creature, so that I possess her, she is all mine.”

So I thought: “The little love of the creature does not disappear in the immense sea of the Divine love?”

And my always amiable Jesus, returning to visit my little soul, as inundated in his flames of love, said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, all that which the creature does that holds my Will for beginning and for life, even though they might be little (things), each one contains a divine life. So that in the interminable sea of my Volition and of my love so many little lives of love, of light, come to swim, to float, that have taken position in our sea; and oh, how we feel ourselves reciprocated, because it is life of love that she has given us in her little love and life of light that she has given us in doing her acts, because they have been formed in the center of the life of our Fiat, that possessing true life, all that which goes forth from him are lives that first he creates them, forms them in (himself), and then he puts them forth, as giving birth to them from his Divine Bosom/Womb.

“Hence, each ‘I love you’ possesses the life of love; each adoration possesses the life of divine adoration; each virtue that (she) managed to possess, some the life of divine goodness, some wisdom, some fortitude, some power, some sanctity, and since they are little lives that have received life from our life, they don’t know how to be and they come to continue their little lives in our interminable seas, and oh, how they love us! They will be little, but we know what little the creature can give us, because great things, immensities, are ours. The creature does not even have (a place) where to put them, if we want to give them; therefore it is necessary that she (take) refuge in us and we, seeing her in our seas, feel reciprocated with that love that we want from the creature.”

I remained in thought of that which Jesus said, and he added:

“You want to see it, so that it convinces you of that which I say to you?”

Now, in this while, my dear Jesus made me see his interminable seas, which invested heavens and earth; and the little love of the creature and all the rest, done in his Divine Volition, as so many little, but beautiful lives, they swam in these seas; some remained at the surface, in order to look steadily at their Creator, some raced into (his) arms; one embraced him, another kissed him, another penetrated into the sea; in short they made for him thousands of mannerisms and stratagems to the one (from whom) they had received life. The Supreme Being looked at them, but with such love, that called all the Celestial Court to celebrate together with him, and he said to everyone:

“Look at them, how beautiful they are! These lives, formed by the acts of the creature, from my Will, are my glory, my triumph, my smile, the echo of my love, of our harmony, of our felicity!”

Now, these lives were seen in the Sun, in the stars, in the air, in the wind, in the sea; each ‘I love you’ was a life of love, which raced to take the place of honor in the divine seas. What enchantment!

What beauties! How many inexpressible surprises! I remained mute, and didn't know what to say.

And Jesus: "Has my daughter seen? How many rare beauties of life my Will knows how to do! His love, his jealousy is so much, that he guards them in his own sea.

"But (this) is not yet everything, my daughter; I want to tell you another surprise. If the creature lives in my Volition, one 'I love you' does not wait for the other, with the little life of love that it contains within the prodigious 'I love you', some race ahead, some escape behind, some fly in order to take (a) place in our interminable seas; they compete amongst themselves, some race faster, some want to put themselves ahead more, some want to be the first to throw themselves into our arms, and some make the leap even to shut themselves in our divine bosom... Life cannot remain still. These little lives, although little, have a breath, a heartbeat, a step, a voice; they are all eyes in order to watch us; therefore they breathe love and give love to us, they palpitate love, they have our step, in which we move and walk because we love; their voices speak to us always of love, and they love so much, that they want to always hear our story of eternal love.

"These little lives never die; they are eternal with us. The 'I love you', the acts in my Volition, populate heaven. These little lives diffuse themselves everywhere: in all the creation, in the saints, in the angels; and how many of them race around the Queen! Everywhere they want their place; they arrive to descend into the hearts of the creatures of the earth and they say between themselves: 'How, should our Creator be without our little life of love in human hearts? Ah, no, no! We are little; we can enter into them and love our Creator for them.'

"These little lives are the enchantment of all heaven; they are the greatest wonders of our Supreme Being; they are the true reciprocators of our eternal love; they have follies so strange of love that (by) only looking at them one knows that they are our daughters, lives formed and created by our Divine Volition."

But who can say my surprises? And Jesus:

"Do not marvel; even my life down here did not do other than emit life from me, so much so that my steps walk still in the presence of everyone, they are never stopped, rather all the centuries will have the life of my steps. My mouth still speaks, because each word of mine contained a life, and therefore still speaks; only one who does not want to listen to me does not hear my voice. My tears are full of lives and are always in act of pouring themselves upon the sinner in order to touch him, move him to remorse and convert him, and on just and good souls, in order to embellish them and snatch away their hearts in order to make me loved. Every suffering, every drop of my blood, they contain my distinct lives, and therefore they form the force of the sufferings of creatures and the labor of all their sins. They are the prodigies of my Volition.

"Where he reigns, with his creative virtue by nature, over each trifle, even (though) little, he creates life in order to make us loved. You must be convinced that to so much of our love, without which no one might love us we cannot be. Therefore our Will, that thinks to everything and knows how to do everything, creates so many lives from the acts of the creature that live in him, he does as a supplicator to our love, and renders less agitated our anxieties of love and our eternal deliriums, that

we want to be loved.

“Therefore always live in our Volition; he loves always and you will be the new enchantment of all heaven and our perennial festival, and we will be yours; we will celebrate each other.”

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**December 21, 1937**

***How the Kingdom of the Divine Will is decreed in the Consistory of the adorable Trinity upon the earth. The new breath of God with which the creature will be renewed.***

My poor mind was occupied by the great wonders and prodigies that the Divine Volition knows how to do if he reigns in the creature, and I thought to myself: “What happy fate to live in him! A greater fortune there can not be, neither in heaven nor on earth. But how can he ever come to reign upon the earth, if evils, (and) sins, abound so much that they horrify? Only a divine power with a prodigy of his of the greatest can do it; otherwise the Kingdom of the Divine Will will be in heaven, but not upon the earth.”

But while I thought this, my dear Jesus, the sweet (of) my Life, visiting my poor soul, with inexpressible goodness said to me:

“My good daughter, it is decreed in the Consistory of the Most Holy Trinity that my Divine Will will have his Kingdom upon the earth; and how many prodigies there are needed, we will do them; we will not spare anything, in order to have that which we want. But we, in the work, always use the simplest, but powerful ways, to overwhelm heavens and earth, (and) all creatures, in the act that we want.

“You must know that in the creation, in order to infuse life into man, not was needed from us but our omnipotent breath; but how many prodigies in that breath! We created the soul, endowing her with the three powers, true image of our adorable Trinity. With the soul she had the heartbeat, the breath, the circulation of blood, the motion, the heat, the word, the sight. What thing was needed from us in order to make all these prodigies in man? Our simplest act, armed with our power, that is our breath, and from the race of our love, that not being able to contain it, it raced, raced toward him, even to make of him the greatest prodigy of all the creative work.

“Now, my daughter, with man not living in our Divine Volition, his three powers have been obscured, and our adorable image deformed in him, in a way that he has lost the first heartbeat of love of God in his divine breath in his human breath; that is, not that he has lost it: he does not sense it, hence he does not feel the circulation of divine life, the motion of good, the heat of supreme love, the word of God in his, the sight to be able to look at his Creator. All has remained obscured, weakened and perhaps even deformed.

“Now, what thing is needed from us in order to renew this man? We will return again to breathe in him with more strength and growing love. We will breathe into the depths of his soul, we will breathe forth more strongly into the center of his rebellious will, but so very strongly as to shake off from him the evils by which he is bound; his passions will remain knocked down and petrified before the power

of our breath, they will themselves burn from our divine fire, and the human will will feel the palpitating life of his Creator, by which he, as veiled, will hide in him, and he will return to be the bearer of his Creator.

“Oh, how happy he will feel! With our breath we will renew him, we will restore him to health; we will do as a most tender mother that, having her child crippled, she pours herself upon him by way of breath, by breathing forth, by puff of breath, and then she allows him to breathe forth when he has been restored to health and made beautiful as she wanted him. The power of our breath will not leave him; then we will cease blowing (in) him when we will see him returning into our fatherly arms, (as) beautiful as we want him, and then we will feel that the child has recognized our paternal goodness, that we love him so much.

“You see therefore what is needed from us in order to make our Will come to reign upon the earth: the power of our omnipotent breath. With it we will renew our life in him. All the truths that I have manifested, the great prodigies of living in my Volition, will be the most beautiful properties, most great, of which I will make a gift to him. Even this is a certain sign that his Kingdom will come upon the earth, because if I speak, first I do the deeds and then I speak; my word is the confirmation of the gift, of the prodigies that I want to do. Hence, to what gain is it to expose my divine properties, make them known, if his Kingdom should not come upon the earth?”

Now I continue with the same argument on the 18 day of December, how our acts done in the Divine Volition change themselves into life.

Whence I thought to myself: “(There) are so many good works, but not brought forth from within the Divine Volition, that his seed of life being missing they cannot be life, but works, what will they be in the divine order?”

And my sweet Jesus, always benign, added:

“My daughter, possessing in nature his creative life, it is no wonder that each act of the creature, even a little ‘I love you’, done in my Volition, becomes as matured in the center of his divine life, and as co-natural they acquire life. All that which one does in him becomes regenerated in our eternal love, and acquires the long progeny of so many divine lives that are exclusively ours.

“Now, the good works not done in my Volition can be so many beautiful ornaments in the creative work, some more some less beautiful but not ever life. Even in the order of creation there are lives and there are ornaments. The flowers are not life, and yet they form a beautiful ornament to the earth, however not permanent; the fruits are not life, but they serve to feed man and to let him taste the so many varied sweetnesses, but they are not lasting, and he cannot always taste them how many times he wants. If the flowers, the fruits were life, man could enjoy them how many times he might want. The sun, the sky, the stars, the wind, the sea, are not life, but since they are our works, how many goods don’t they do? First, they serve as the most beautiful (and) primary habitation of man. What are their habitations in comparison to the great habitation that we made of the entire universe? There is an azure vault bombarded with gold that never loses color, there is a sun that never goes out, there is an air that making itself breathable gives life, there is a wind that purifies and refreshes, and then so many other things.

“To our love it was necessary to make a mixture of works and of lives, because they had to serve to felicitate man, and because they had to serve to the decorum, to the propriety, to the habitation of him whom we created with so much love. So having done more than sufficient works, it was up to him to enjoy our works and to live in our Volition, in order to form so many lives of love and of glory for he who so very loved him.

“But the difference is great between works and life. Life does not perish, but works are subject to so many changes, and if they are not right and holy, instead of forming the ornament they form our dishonor and their confusion, and perhaps also their condemnation.”

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**December 25, 1937**

***The descent of the Divine Word. How he departed from heaven and remained; prodigies of the incarnation. The beginning of the festival of the Divine Will. How in his divine works he puts aside human ingratitude. The graft. How the love of Jesus paid for everyone and ransomed us.***

I was following the acts of the Divine Will, and my poor mind stopped at the act of the descent of the Divine Word upon the earth. My God, how many marvels, how many surprises of love, of power, of divine wisdom! They are such and so many, that one does not know where to begin to speak.

And my beloved Jesus, as inundated in his sea of love that raises its waves, surprising me said to me:

“My blessed daughter, in my descent upon the earth (there) were such and so many marvels, (in) our enthusiasm of love, that neither to the angels nor to creatures is it given to comprehend that which our Divinity worked in the mystery of my Incarnation.

“Now, you must now know that our Divine Being possesses by nature his incessant motion. If this motion might cease even (for) an instant, that which cannot be, all things would remain paralyzed and without life, because all things, life, conservation, and all that which exists in heaven and on earth, everything depends on that motion.

“Hence in the descent from heaven to earth, I, Word and Son of the Father, departed from our first motion; that is, I remained and I departed. The Father and the Holy Spirit descended with me, they were concurrent, neither did I do any act that I didn’t do it together with them, and they remained upon the full throne of majesty in the celestial regions.

“So in departing, my immensity, my love, my power, descended together with me; and my love, that gives of the incredible and is not content if it does not form from my life so many lives for how many creatures exist, not only (did it do this), but anywhere and everywhere it formed my life, multiplied it, and holding my immensity in its power, it filled it with so many of my lives, so that each one might have a life of mine all (their) own and the Divinity might have the glory, the honor of so many of our divine lives for how many things and creatures we brought forth to the light of day.

“Aye, our love paid us for the work of creation, and by forming so many lives of ours it not only reciprocated us, but it gave us more than that which we had done. Our Divinity remained enraptured,

and had an enchantment so sweet in seeing the contrivances, the stratagems of our love, in seeing so many lives of ours dispersed, (our love) making use of our immensity as circumference in which to put them; so that while it saw my life as center [they saw each other] my immensity and power as circumference in which these innumerable lives became deposited, (that) finding everything and everyone they gave themselves in order to love us and to make themselves loved.”

I remained surprised in hearing this and my sweet Jesus, not giving me time, immediately added:

“My daughter, do not marvel; we, when we work, make a complete work, in a way that no one should be able to say: ‘he has not done this for me, his life it is not all mine.’

“Aye, love does not arise when things are not owned and are not held in one’s own power. And then, does not the sun also do this, work created by us? That while it makes itself light for the eyes, even to fill them all with light, at the same time it is full light, complete to the hand that works, to the step that walks? In a way that everyone, things created and creatures can say: ‘The sun is mine.’ And while the center of the sun is in the heights of the atmosphere, its light departs and remains, and with its circumference of light it invests the earth and makes itself life and light of each one, even of the little flower and of the little blade of grass.

“The sun is not life; light holds and light gives, and all the goods that its light contains.

“Our Divinity is life and author and life of everything; hence, in the descent from heaven to earth I had to make complete acts, and more than sun make (a) display of my life and multiply it into so many lives, so that heaven and earth and everyone might be able to possess my life. It would not have been a work of our wisdom and our infinite love if this were not so.”

Jesus became silent, and I continued to think of the birth of the little baby Jesus. And he added:

“Little daughter of my Volition, the feast of my birth was feast and as the beginning of the feast of my Divine Will. As the angels sang: ‘Glory to God in the highest of heavens, and peace on earth to men of good will’, the angels, the creation, were posed to feast, and while they celebrated my birth, they celebrated the feast of my Divine Will, because with my birth our Divinity received the true glory even in the highest of heavens, and men will have true peace when they will recognize my Will, they will give dominion to him and they will let him reign. Then their will will be made good, they will feel the divine strength, and then (the) heavens and earth will sing together: ‘glory to God in the highest of heavens and peace on earth to the men that will possess the Divine Will!’ all will be remitted in them and they will possess true peace.”

Whence I continued to think of the birth of the little King Jesus, and I said to him: “Dear Little Baby, tell me, what did you do when you saw so much human ingratitude to so much of your love?”

And Jesus: “My daughter, if I had held account of human ingratitude to so much of my love, I would have taken the way to go to heaven from it; hence, I would have grieved and embittered my love and changed the feast into mourning.

“So do you want to know what I did in my greatest works in order to make them more beautiful? With pomp and with the greater show of my love I put everything aside, human ingratitude, sins, miseries, weaknesses, and I gave the course to my greatest works, as if these (things) were not so. If I had wanted to mind the evils of man, I would not have been able to work great works, nor put into field all my love; I would remain impeded, suffocated in my love. Instead, in order to be free in my works and in order to make them how much more beautiful I can make them, I put everything aside, and if needs be I cover everything with my love, in a way that I don't see but love and my Will, and thus I go ahead in my greater works and I do them as if no one had offended me. Because for our glory nothing must be missing to the decorum, to the beauty and the greatness of our works.

“Therefore I would like that you also do not occupy yourself with your weaknesses and with your miseries and with your evils, because how much more one thinks of oneself, so much more one feels weak, so many more evils drown the poor creature, and the miseries tighten themselves stronger around her. By thinking of them, weakness feeds weakness, and the poor creature goes falling more, the evils take more strength, (and) the miseries make her die of hunger; instead, with not thinking of them, by themselves they fade away.

“Instead, all to the contrary with good. One good feeds the other good; one act of love calls the other love; one abandonment in my Volition makes one feel in oneself new divine life, so that the thought of good forms the food, the strength, in order to do the other good. Therefore I want that your thought does not occupy itself with other than to love me and to live in my Will. My love will burn your miseries and all your evils, and my Divine Volition will constitute himself (as) your life, and with your miseries he will make use of them in order to form the footstool where to erect his throne.”

Whence I continued to think of little Jesus born, and oh, how it tore my heart to pieces in seeing him crying, sobbing, wailing, trembling with cold! I would have liked to put one of my ‘I love you’s for each suffering and tear of the divine child, in order to re-warm him and to quiet his crying. And Jesus added:

“My daughter, I feel one who lives in my Volition to me in my tears, in my whimpers; I feel her in me flowing in my sob of crying, in the tremblings of my infantile limbs; and in virtue of my Volition that she possesses, she changes my tears into smiles, my sobs into joys of heaven. With her songs of love she re-warms me and changes my sufferings into kisses and embraces. Rather, you must know that one who lives in my Volition receives continuous grafts of all that which my humanity does. If I think, I graft her thoughts; if I speak and pray, I graft her word; if I work, I graft her hands; there is no thing that (I) might do that don't form (the) graft in order to graft the creature and to make the repetition of my Will in her. Much more than my Divine Will being in her, I found my power, my sanctity, my own life, in order to let me do that which I wanted with her.

“How many prodigies can I not do where I find my Will in the creature? I came upon the earth in order to cover all with my love, in order to drown the evils themselves and to burn all with my love. For justice I wanted to redo (for) my Father, because it was just that he might become reinstated in the honor, in the glory, in the love and gratitude that everyone owed to him. Hence my love did not give itself peace; it filled the voids with his glory, with his honor, and arrives to so much that by way of love it pays the Divinity, that had created a sky, a sun, a wind, a sea, an earth in bloom and all the

rest, which man had not even said one thanks, for so many goods received; he has been the true thief, the ungrateful one, the usurper of our goods. My love raced, in order to fill the abysses of distance between the Creator and the creature; he paid my Celestial Father by way of love, and by ways of love he repurchased all the human generations in order to re-give anew to them the life of my Divine Will; he had already formed so many lives of himself in order to form the redemption of them. And when my love pays, so much is his value that he can pay for everyone and reacquire that which he wants. Therefore you are already bought by my love, hence leave me to enjoy you and possess you.”

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**December 28, 1937**

*How the redemption served to put into safety the habitations, the Kingdom of my Will will serve in order to put into safety and return the habitation to him who had created it. How in every act done in the Divine Will, God creates his divine life.*

So, I continued to think of the Divine Will. How many moving scenes before my mind! A Jesus that cries, that prays, that suffers, because he wants to be (the) life of each creature, and a throng of crippled children, some blind, some mute, some lame, some paralyzed, some covered with sores to make one pity; and dear Jesus, with a love that only he can have, who races now to one, now to the other, if they are afflicted, he presses them to (his) Heart, touches them with his creative hands in order to heal them, and says to (them) quietly, quietly to the heart:

“My child, I love you; receive my love and give me yours and by way of love I will heal you.”

“My Jesus, my dear Life, how much you love us!”

Now, while I felt myself suffocate from his love (and) breathing in me with his burning breath, surprising me he said to me:

“Daughter of my love, let me relieve myself, because I can no longer contain myself. How hard it is to love and not be loved in return; and not to have one to give my surprises of love is the most indescribable suffering for our Supreme Being. Therefore listen to me.

“Now, you must know that I came upon the earth in order to put into safety my habitations. Man is my habitation, which I had formed (for) me with so much love, in which in order to make him worthy of me, my power and the creative art of my wisdom had to concur. This habitation was a prodigy of our love and of our divine hands.

“Now, with removing himself from our Will, our habitation became collapsed, obscured and (a) habitation of enemies and thieves. What sorrow was (this) not for us!

“So that my life down here served to return and renew and put into safety this habitation, that we had formed (for) ourselves with so much love. He was also ours; it was worthwhile to save him, in order to be able to live (in) him again. Therefore, in order to save him I gave all the possible and imaginable remedies; exhibited my own life in order to strengthen him, to cement him again; I poured out all my

blood in order to wash him from all the filths, and with my death (I) re-give them life in order to make him worthy of receiving again as inhabitant he who had created him.

“Now, having given all the means in order to save our habitation, it was decorous for us to put into safety the King who should live (there). Our love remained at half of its course, impeded and as suspended and arrested in its walk. Therefore the Kingdom of our Will will serve to put into safety that Fiat rejected by the creature, to give him entrance into his habitation, to make him reign and dominate as the sovereign that he is. It would not be a work worthy of our creative wisdom to save the habitations, and he who should live in them goes wandering, in the open, without Kingdom and without dominion. To save the habitations and not to save ones own self, nor to be able to live in the saved habitations, would be absurd, as if we might not have sufficient power in order to save ourselves; this will never be; if we have had (the) power to save our creative work, we will have (the) power to put into safety our life in our work. Ah, yes, we will have our Kingdom; we will make unheard of prodigies in order to have it! Our love will complete its walk, it will not remain at half, it will get rid of the fetters, will continue its course bringing the balm to the wounds of the human volition, will adorn with divine friezes these habitations, and with its rule will call our Fiat to live and reign, giving him all the rights that are his due. If the Kingdom of my Will was not certain, to what benefit (would it be) to repair, to renew the habitations?

“Ah, my daughter, you do not understand well what it means not to do our Will! All rights become taken away, they suffocate so many of our divine lives.

“Our love was and is so much, that in each act of the creature we wanted to create ourselves, in order to make ourselves loved, in order to make ourselves known and in order to be in continuous exchange of life between creatures and ourselves. To do this without our Will is impossible; he alone holds (the) power and (the) virtue of rendering the creature adaptable in order to receive our divine life, and puts our love *en route* in order to create ourselves in the act of the creature.

“You must know that in each act that one does in our Will, an irresistible force calls us. We watch it, reflect in it, and with a love that it is not given to us to resist we create our life, and if you might know what it means to create our life? A show of love enters so great, that in our emphasis of love we say: ‘Ah, the creature has let us form our life in her act!’ we feel (a) parity of love, of sanctity, of our glory, and we remain to wait with anxiety the continuous repetition of her acts in our Volition, in order to repeat our life, in order to have in her act ourselves that loves each other, that glorifies each other; and then we have the true purpose of the creation, that everything serves us. Even the littlest act of the creature serves in order to repeat our (life) and to make (a) show of our love. Therefore the living in our Volition will be everything for us and everything for the creature.

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**January 2, 1938**

***In the Divine Volition, the miseries, the weaknesses, change into the most beautiful conquests. How all that which one does in the Divine Volition becomes formed first in heaven, all the Celestial Court takes part, and there it descends to the good of the earth.***

I continue my flight in the Divine Will, and I thought to myself: “The living in the Divine Will gives

of the incredible. How can one live in him, if there are so many miseries, weaknesses that are felt, the encounters, the circumstances, that, for how much they are felt, it seems that the Divine Volition with his light wants to invest everything and with his love burn everything, in order to make it that between the creature and him nothing should exist that is not his Will and love?"

But while I thought this, my dear Jesus, who is as on the look out in order to spy, in order to see if anything passes in me that is not his Will, said to me:

"My good daughter, my jealousy is so much for one who lives in my Will, that I do not tolerate neither a thought, nor a weakness or anything else that has life in her.

"Now, you must know that in order to pass to live in my Will there is needed decision on the part of God and firm decision on the part of the creature, to live in him. Now, this decision becomes animated by a new life, by a divine fortitude to render it impugnable to all the evils and circumstances of life. This decision does not suffer changes, because when we decide we don't put ourselves to decide with little boys that make a game of their decisions, but with one who knows what he must withstand.

"Therefore we put (forth) ours, so that it does not come (to) less. It can be that one feels the miseries, the evils, the weaknesses; but this says nothing, because before the power and sanctity of my Volition, these die, they feel the pain of death and flee; much more so because the miseries are not born from the human will, because it is sunk in my Volition, hence it cannot be Volition if it (is) not that which I want. And many times my Volition makes use of these miseries to make of them some of the most beautiful conquests and to extend there above them his life, to form his Kingdom, to extend there his dominion, and to convert weaknesses into victories and triumphs, because for one who lives in him everything must serve him as the most beautiful love that the creature gives to him who forms her life, almost as the stones, the bricks, the rubble serve to him who wants to make a beautiful habitation.

"Now, you must know that before entering to live in our Volition we purify everything, we cover and hide everything in our love, in a way that we should not see in her (anything) but love. When our love has hidden everything, even the miseries, then she takes (her) place in our Volition; rather, each time that she emits her acts, first it becomes purified and then he invests it and makes of it that which he wants.

"My daughter, in my Will there are neither judgments nor judges, because it is such and so much the sanctity, the order, the purity, the utility of our ways, that they must bow their heads and adore that which we do. Therefore do not lose peace, nor occupy yourself with miseries and circumstances, but leave them in (the) authority of my Will, so that he makes his portents of love with them."

Afterwards he added:

"My daughter, all that which the creature does in my Divine Will first becomes formed in heaven, in the eternal day that does not know night. Already all the Celestial Court is to light that a creature of the earth is sheltered in her celestial fatherland, that it is already hers; but in order to do what? In

order to enter into the center of the Fiat and to call his power, his creative virtue, in order to give her the occasions to let her work in his act.

“Oh, with how much love is (she) welcomed not only by the Divine Volition, but also by the Most Holy Trinity! They harmonize her, they embalm the act, they blow there within with their creative power, and there they form such marvels with that act, that all heaven feels such joy and happiness that everyone makes the celestial regions resound with their harmonious voices: ‘Thank you, thank you because you have given us the great honor of being spectators of your Will working in the act of the creature!’

“So that heaven becomes flooded with new joys and new contentments, in a way that everyone remains bound, (and) appreciative, and everyone calls her: ‘Our welcomed one.’

“This more than celestial creature feels herself re-loved by God with double love, she feels herself inundated with new seas of graces; as re-ascended to heaven making her bearer of his acts, having formed in them the marvels of the Divine Fiat worked in the act of the creature. There is no homage, love(,) glory more great that she can give us, than to let us do that which we want in her acts.

“We can do the greatest wonders, without anyone lending us anything and yet not even they may say it to us, as we made creation; no one said anything to us, and yet how many wonders did we not create? But then there wasn’t anyone, nor one who could even lend a sigh as pretext of our love and refuge where to rest our creative marvels, but now there are some who can say it to us and give us the multiplicity of her little acts, even natural ones, because nature is also ours, and everything can serve us in order to form in her the greatest marvels. Our love proves/(shows) more gusto, our power remains more elated in doing our greater marvels in the little circle of the act of the creature, (rather) than outside of her.

“And then, there are the usual pretexts of our love, that in order to give it goes finding the occasions, in order to be able to say,: ‘She has given to me, and I have given to her. It is true that she is little, but she has retained nothing for herself; hence it is just that I should give everything to her, even myself’.”

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**January 7, 1938**

***One who lives in the Divine Volition forms the refuge of the life of the Divine Will. The “I love you”, refreshment of divine love. How God feels obligated toward one who lives in him.***

My poor mind flowed in the Divine Volition and in seeing the anxieties, the desires, the contentment that he (finds) in seeing the creature who wants to have life together (with him), in order to love him with his own love and, (even) if she doesn’t know how to do other, but to collect in her soul his anxieties, his ardent sighs, and to say to him: “I am here with you, I will not leave you ever alone, in order to quiet your anxieties of love and in order to make you content.”

But while I thought this, my dear Jesus, the sweet of my life, visiting my little soul [and such was his love as if it might want to burst his adorable Heart], he said to me:

“My dearest daughter, heavens and earth, creatures all, are all involved and as enclosed in the intensity of our love. Our Volition flows with such rapidity in every fiber, in every atom, in every instant, with such velocity and fullness, that nothing remains behind, not even a breath, that is not life of his Will; and my love loves ardently, but with such ardor that it feels the need (of) one who brings a little refreshment to the immensity of his love.

“Now, do you want to know who can give a refreshment to the intensity, totality and fullness of our love? The ‘I love you’ of the creature; and how many more times she says it, so many more refreshments does she bring us. This ‘I love you’ enters into our flames, there it shatters them, lifts them, quiets them, and as the sweetest comfort it says, ‘I love you, I love you; you loved because you want love and I am here to love you.’

“This ‘I love you’ makes its way into our intensity and there forms its little post, the little space where to put her ‘I love you’. So that the ‘I love you’ of the creature is the support of ours, our comfort, the quiet of our love in order not to let it be too delirious. My daughter, to love and not to be loved in return is as if one might want to impede the course of our love, to restrict it in ourselves and make us feel all the suffering and the hardness of our love not loved in return, and therefore we go finding one who loves us. It is so sweet, (and) refreshing for us the ‘I love you’ of she, that who knows what we would give them in order to have it.

“You see therefore [how in] one who lives in our Will we find the refuge for our life, and we don’t do other than to exchange our life continually; she gives us hers, and we give ours. In this exchange of life we find one who receives ours and gives us hers; we can put (forth) ours, to do that which we want; we feel ourselves (the) God that we are.

“Hence the living in our Volition serves us as shelter, theater for our works, refreshment for our love, exchange of all creation; there is no thing that we don’t find in her(.) Therefore we love her so much that we feel obligated to give that which she wants; and every act more that (she) does in him, so much more does she press us, so many more chains does she add. And do you know what she gives in order to make us remain obligated? Our life, our works, our love, our own Will; and does it seem little to you? That which she gives us is so very exuberant, that if it were not because we hold in our ability power that we can do everything, there would lack the means in order to disoblige ourselves. But our love, that never lets itself be overcome and exceeded by the love of the creature, goes finding new contrivances, inventing new stratagems, even to re-give so many times our life in order to disoblige itself with its beloved creature; and in its emphasis of love says: ‘How content I am that you live in my Volition! You are my joy, my happiness, so much so that I feel as obligated to give you the air in order to breathe; and since I feel obligated to breathe together (with you). The sun brings you in my hands its light, but I don’t leave you alone, I remain with you.’

“So that there is no thing, water, fire, food and all the rest that I do not bring it to you with my hands, because I feel obligated, and I want to remain together (with you) in order to see as you take it; I want to do everything by myself.

“And if while she takes it she says to me: ‘I take all in your Will because I love you; I want to love you and to glorify you with your own Volition.’ Oh! Then who can tell you the refreshments that

she gives me? And she tries to disoblige herself with me. And I let her do it, but afterwards I return with my surprises of love. Therefore I recommend to you, to render me content by living always heart to heart and harmonized with my Will, (and) you and I will be happy and content.”

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**January 10, 1938**

*The first sermon that the little King Jesus made to the children of Egypt; how each one held their Celestial Father in (their) own heart, that he loved them and wanted to be loved.*

I was making the round in the Divine Fiat, and oh, how I long that not one act escape me, of that which he has done as much in the creation as in the redemption. It seems to me that there is something missing if all that which he has done I don't recognize it, I don't love it, I don't kiss it, I don't press it to my heart, as if it were mine. And the Divine Volition would remain as discontent if one who lives in him might not know all his acts, and might not find in all that which he has done the little 'I love you' of one whom he loves so much; and there is no thing that he has not done for her.

Whence I arrived to follow when the celestial child found himself in Egypt, in the act when he made his first footsteps; and I kissed his steps, I put my 'I love you' into every step that he made, and I asked for the first steps of his Will (for) all the human generations. I sought to follow him in everything. If he prayed, if he cried, I asked of him that his Will might animate all the prayers of creatures, and that his tears might regenerate the life of his Fiat in the human family.

Whence while I was attentive to follow him in everything, the little King child, visiting my poor soul, said to me:

“Daughter of my Volition, how content I am when the creature doesn't leave me alone! I feel her to me (as) behind, (and) before, in all my acts.

“Now, you must know that my exile in Egypt was not without conquests. When I arrived to the age of around three years, from our little hovel I heard the little boys that played, (and) shouted in the middle of the road, and I, little though I was, went out in the midst of them.

“As they saw me they raced around me, to whom (each) wanted to put himself near, because such was my beauty, the enchantment of my look, the sweetness of my voice, that they felt enraptured to love me; therefore they crowded around me and they loved me so much that they didn't know (how) to detach from me.

“Now, I also loved these children, and since love when it is true searches to make itself known, not only (this), but by giving that which can make one happy in time and in eternity, now, to these little ones I made my first little sermon, adapting myself to their little capacity, even more so (by) possessing innocence they were able to more easily understand me. Now, do you want to hear what my sermon was? I said to them:

“My children, listen to me. I love you very much, and I want to make known to you your origin. Look at heaven; up there you have a Celestial Father who loves you very much; but he loves you so

much, that he is not content to be your Father from heaven, to guide you, by creating for you a sun, a sea, an earth in bloom, in order to make you happy, but loving you with an exuberant love, he wanted to descend into your hearts, to form his palace in the depths of your soul, making himself (a) sweet prisoner of each one of you; but in order to do what? In order to give life to your heartbeat, breath and motion. So that you walk, and he walks in your footsteps, moves in your hands, speaks in your voice. And while he walks, you move, since he loves you very much, now he squeezes you, now he embraces you and carries you as in triumph, because you are his dear children.

“How many kisses and hidden embraces does not this Celestial Father of ours give you! And you, because you are inattentive, have not had your kiss meet his and your embraces (meet) his paternal embrace, and he has remained in sorrow that his children have neither embraced nor kissed him.

“Now, my dear children, do you know what this Celestial Father wants from you? He wants to be recognized in you, that he holds his seat in the center of your soul; and since he gives everything to you, nor is there anything that he doesn't give you, he wants your love in all that which you do. Love him! Let the love never depart for him from your little heart, from your lips, from your works, from everything, and this will be the delicious food that you will give to his paternity.

“He loves you very much and wants to be loved. No one can arrive to love you like he loves you; so very true is it that you also have an earthly father, but how very dissimilar he is from the love of the Celestial Father! He doesn't always follow you, doesn't watch over your steps, doesn't sleep together (with you), nor beat in your heart, and if you fall he does not even know anything of it. Instead the Celestial Father doesn't ever leave you; if you (are about) to fall he gives a hand to you in order not to let you fall, if you sleep he keeps vigil over you, and also if you play and are impertinent he is with you and knows all that which you do. Therefore love him very, very much!”

“And inflaming myself more I said (to them): ‘Give me (your) word that you will love him always, always! Say it together with me: “We love you, our Father who are in the heavens, we love you, our Father who resides in our hearts!”’

“My daughter, to my speech, the children, some were moved, some remained enraptured, some pressed themselves so very strongly to me, that they didn't want me to leave anymore, I made (them) feel the beating life of my Celestial Father in their little hearts, and they rejoiced in it, they made festive, because they did not have a far distant Father anymore, but in (their) own hearts, and I, in order to harden them and in order to give (them) the strength to depart from me, blessed them, renewing upon those little boys our creative strength, invoking the power of the Father, the wisdom of I, (the) Son, and the virtue of the Holy Spirit; and I said to (them): ‘Go, and then return’, and thus they departed from each other.

“But then they returned the other days, but almost as throngs, a crowd of little boys, they put themselves to spy when I had to go out, and in order to see what I might do in our hovel. And when I went out they clapped (their) hands for me, made festive for me, they shouted so much that my Mama went out to the door, in order to see what had happened, and oh, how she remained enraptured, in seeing her little Son speak with such grace to those children, that she felt (her) heart burst for love, and I saw in them the first produce of my life down here; because, of these children

that listened to me, not one was lost.

“The knowledge that they had a Father in their hearts, was as (a) deposit to be able to possess the celestial fatherland, in order to love that Father who already was also in the heaven. My daughter, this sermon of mine that I, (a) little child, made to the little boys of Egypt, was the foundation, the substance of the creation of the man. It contains the most necessary doctrine, the highest sanctity; it makes love arise in every instant in order for the Creator and the creature to love each other.

“What sorrow in seeing so many little lives that don’t know the life of a God in their souls! They grow without divine paternity, as if they were alone in the world; they don’t feel nor know how very loved they are; how can they love me? Hence, the love removed, the heart hardens, life becomes brutish, and [the poor youth!], he gives into the most serious crimes. This is a sorrow for your Jesus, and I want that it be a sorrow for you, so that you pray for so many, because it teaches that I am in their hearts, that I love and want to be loved.”

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### **January 16, 1938**

***How the Divine Will in his acts calls the creature in order to make the gift of his works; if the creature responds, she calls God and receives the gift. Exchange of Wills between creatures and God.***

The Divine Volition is always around me, and now he calls me, now he presses me to his bosom of light, and if I respond to his call, if I exchange it with my embrace, he loves me so much and wants to give me so much, that I don’t know where to put that which he wants to give me; and in the midst of so much love and liberality I remain confused, and I love that holy Volition that loves me so much. Now, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, with indescribable tenderness said to me:

“Daughter of my Volition, you must know that only your Jesus knows all the secrets of my Fiat, because I being the Word of the Father, I glorify myself by making myself (the) narrator of that which he has done for the creature.

“Therefore his love is exuberant; in each thing that he did he called you, as much in the works of the creation, as in the works of my redemption; and if you listened to his call by saying to him: ‘I am here, what do you want?’, he made for you the gift of his works, if you didn’t respond, he remained to always call you, even though you might not have listened to him.

“Now, if he created the sky, he called you in that azure vault by saying to you: ‘My daughter, come to see how very beautiful the sky is that I have created for you. I have created it in order to make of it a gift; come to receive this great gift. If you don’t listen to me, I cannot give it to you, and you make me remain with the gift suspended in my hands and to always call you; nor will I cease calling you, even to such that I do not see you possessor of my gift.’ The sky contains a most great extension, such that the earth can be called a little hole compared to it. Therefore everyone holds their place and a sky for each one; and I call them all by name, in order to make the gift of it. But what is not his sorrow, to call and recall (and) not to be listened to, and they look (at) the sky as if it were not a gift that has been given to them?

“This, my Volition, loves so much, that as he created the sun, thus he called you with his voices of light, and went in search of you and of everyone in order to make a gift of it. So that your name is written in the sun, in characters of light, nor can I forget it; and as his light descends from his sphere and even arrives to you, thus he goes always calling you. So that he is not content to call you from the heights of his sphere, but loving you always more, he wants to descend even to the base, and by way of light and heat says to you: ‘Receive my gift; this sun, for you, I have created it’; and if he is listened to, how he goes into festival! Because he sees that the creature possesses the sun as her property and gift that her Creator has made for her.

“Anywhere and everywhere he calls you. He calls you in the wind, now with rule, now with groans, now as if he might want to cry in order to move you to listen to him, so that you may receive the gift of this element. He calls you in the sea, by way of murmurs, in order to say to you: ‘This sea is yours; take it as a gift that I make you.’ Even in the air that you breathe, in the little bird that sings he calls you in order to say to you: ‘Of everything I make you (a) gift.’

“Now, if the soul responds to the call, the gift becomes confirmed; if she does not respond, the gifts remain as suspended between the heaven and the earth. Because if my Will calls, it is because he wants to be called, in order to maintain the commerce between himself and creatures, in order to make himself known and in order to make arise the incessant love between himself and one who lives in his Fiat; because only one who lives in his Divine Volition more easily senses his so many calls, because while he calls her in his works, he makes himself felt in the depths of her soul, and hence she is called from both parts.

“And then, who (can) tell you how many times I called you and call in all the acts of my humanity? [I was] conceived and I called you, in order to make you the gift of my conception; I was born and I called you more strongly, and I arrived to cry, to groan (and) to wail, in order to move you to compassion, so that you might immediately respond to me, in order to make you the gift of my birth, tears, groans and whimpers. If my Celestial Mama wrapped me, I called you in order to wrap you together with me. In short, I called you in every word that I said, in every step that I made, in every suffering that I suffered, in every drop of my blood; even in my ultimate breath that I gave upon the cross I called you, in order to make you (the) gift of everything; and in order to put you in security I put you together with me into the hands of my Celestial Father.

“Where have I not called you, in order to make you (the) gift of that which I did, in order to vent my love, in order to make you feel how much I loved you and make descend into your heart the sweetness of my enrapturing voice, that enraptures, creates and conquers, and also in order to hear your voice that might say to me: ‘Here I am for you; tell me, Jesus, what you want?’, how I reciprocate with my love and how it protests that you accept my gifts, and thus I might be able to say: ‘I have been listened to; my daughter has recognized me and she loves me.’”

“It is true that these are excesses of our love but to love and not to be recognized and loved, cannot be endured, nor can one continue to live. Therefore we will continue our follies of love, our stratagems, in order to give the course to our life of love.”

Then he added, with a still more intense emphasis of love:

“My daughter, so many are our sighs, our anxieties, because we want that the creature be always with us, because we want to always give her of ours. But do you know what we want to give her? Our Will. Giving her this, there is no good that we don’t give her. Then, having as drowned her with our love, with our beauty, sanctity and so forth, we say: ‘We have given you much, and you give us nothing?’ And the creature, as confused, because she has nothing that she can give us, and if she has something it is ours, looks then at her will and she gives it to us as the most beautiful homage to her Creator.

“And we, do you know what we do? If she might give her will to us in every instant, so many times would we give her the merit, as if she might hold so many wills for how many times she has given it to us; and so many times we give her ours, for how many times she has given hers to us, doubling so many times in her our sanctity, our love, etc.”

I in hearing this, said: “My dear Jesus, I earn much, in receiving so many times the merit for how many times I give you my will, and having yours for exchange is the greatest profit for me; and your profit, what is it?”

And he, assuming a smile: “To you the merit, and to me the profit of receiving all the glory of my Divine Will; and how many times I give him to you, so many times he doubles, he multiplies, he centuples my divine glory, that I receive through means of the creature. So that I can say: ‘She gives me everything, and I give her everything.’”

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**January 24, 1938**

***How Our Lord departed to heaven and remained on earth in the tabernacles in order to complete the Kingdom of the Divine Will. One who lives in the Divine Volition can say as Jesus: “I depart and remain.”***

My flight in the Divine Volition continues, and while I was making the visit to Jesus in (the) sacrament, I wanted to embrace all the tabernacles and every single sacramental host, in order to have life together with my prisoner Jesus; and I thought to myself: “What sacrifice, that long imprisonment, not of days, but of centuries! Poor Jesus, was he at least reciprocated for it!”

And my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, all immersed in his flames of love, said to me:

“My good daughter, my first prison was love, it imprisoned me so much, that I didn’t have liberty neither to breathe, nor to palpitate, nor to work, if it was not imprisoned in my love. So that it was my love that imprisoned me in the tabernacle, but with reason and with highest and divine wisdom.

“Now, you must know that the chains of my love made me depart from heaven in my Incarnation. I departed in order to descend to earth in search of my children and brothers, in order to form for them with my love so many prisons of love, to not be able to go out from them. But while I departed, I remained in heaven, because my love, making for me (a) prison, tied me in the celestial regions. Now, having completed my career down here, I departed for heaven, and I remained imprisoned in every sacramental host; but do you know why? My love, making a sweet imprisonment for me, said

to me:

‘Your purpose why you descended from heaven to earth is not completed. The Kingdom of our Will, where is it? Neither does it exist, nor is it known; hence you remain imprisoned in every sacramental host. Thus it won’t be one Jesus alone, as in your humanity but so many Jesus’ for how many consecrated hosts (that) will exist; so many (of) your lives will make a breach and a rage of love before the Divinity, (and) a breach and a rage to every heart that will receive you. They will have a little word to say in order to make our Volition known, because these lives mute, but speaking, and you will speak in the secret of their hearts of our Fiat; you will be the carrier of our Kingdom.’

“Hence, I saw the just pretensions of my love, and willingly I remained on earth, in order to form the Kingdom of my Will until (it is) a finished work.

“You see, if I departed for heaven and I remained on earth, my life scattered in so many sacramental hosts will not be useless down here. I will form with certainty the Kingdom of my Volition; nor would I have remained if (it was) known (I) should not obtain the intent, even more so that it brings me more (of the) sacrifice of my own mortal life. How many secret tears, how many bitter sighs, in the midst of so many flames of love that devour me! And I would like to devour all [souls] in my love, in order to make re-arise to new life the souls that must live in my Divine Volition. From the center of my love this Kingdom will come forth. He will burn the evils of the earth; he will make (an) account on himself, he will arm his omnipotence, and by his so many wins he will win our Kingdom in the midst of creatures, in order to give it to them.

“Nor was I content to remain imprisoned, but my love blazing more, made me choose you, in order to make you imprisoned, with chains so strong as not to be able to escape me, as vent of my love and company of my imprisonment, in order to be able to speak at length of my Volition, of his anxieties and sighs, because he wants to reign, and as a pretext of my love in order to say before the Supreme Majesty: ‘A creature of the human race is already our prisoner; with her we speak of our Will, in order to make him known and to extend there his Kingdom. This prisoner is as (a) deposit for the whole human family, that with right we must give our Kingdom to.’ I can say that each sacramental life of mine are so many deposits that I give you, sufficient, in order to secure my Kingdom for my children; but to my so many deposits, my love wanted to add on the deposit of a simple creature that carries the signs of my imprisonment, as to confirm the parts between creature and Creator, and thus come to conclusion and complete the Kingdom of our Will in the midst of creatures.

“From every tabernacle my prayers are incessant, so that creatures know my Will in order to let him reign; and all that which I suffer, the tears and sighs, I send them to heaven, in order to move the Divinity to concede a grace so great; I send it to every heart, in order to move them to compassion for my tears and sufferings, in order to make them surrender to receive such a good.”

Jesus became silent, and I thought to myself: “My dear Jesus, by making himself imprisoned, has done an act of heroism so great that only a God can do; but while he is imprisoned he is also free, so very true is it that in heaven he is free, he enjoys the fullness of his liberty; not only, but also on earth, how many times does he not come to my time without sacramental veils? But with having rendered my poor existence imprisoned, he has made it really big, and he knows in what (a) tight prison he puts

me, and how hard my chains are; nor can I do as he does, that while he is imprisoned he is free. My prison is continuous.”

But while I thought this, he resumed his speech by saying to me:

“My daughter, my poor daughter, you have suffered my same fate! When my love wants to do a good, he doesn’t spare anything, neither sacrifices, nor sufferings; it seems as if he might not want to give (into) reason. All his intent is to make arise the good that he wants.

“It is then certain that (I had to) made it big. It didn’t concern (just) any good, but a Kingdom of Divine Will to establish upon the earth. This good will be so very great, that no other good can compare itself to this; all the other goods will be like so many little drops before the sea, like little lights before the sun. Therefore do not marvel if I have made it big, as you say. Your continuous imprisonment entered as (a) necessity (of) my love, in order to give me company and to let me speak of the knowledge of my Will, that was so much to my heart and I felt the need to make them known. And you must know that as I speak to you of him, my love pays you and releases you from the fetters of your human will, and renders you free in the fields of the dominions of the Kingdom of my Volition. To this I have directed the knowledge of him: to release the creature from his will, from his passions, from his miseries, therefore thank me for that which I have disposed for you; my love will know how to pay you and will also hold account of one breath of yours, and of one instant of your imprisonment.”

After this I followed to think of the prodigies of the Divine Volition, and my beloved Jesus added:

“Daughter of my Volition, as your Jesus said in the descent from heaven to earth: ‘I depart and remain’, thus when I rose to heaven I said: ‘I remain and I depart’; my same word repeats in the sacramental descent into creatures: ‘I depart and I remain in the tabernacles. ‘Thus, one who lives in my Will, in all her acts can say my same word.

“As she begins her act, so her Jesus becomes formed in her act. My life holds (the) virtue of multiplying itself to the infinite, how many times I want. Hence she can say with all truth: ‘I depart and remain; I depart for heaven, in order to beatify it, in order to reach my seat and to make known to everyone my dear Jesus, that I have enclosed in my act, so that they enjoy and love him; I remain on earth, my life as support and defense for all my brothers.’ How beautiful is an act in my Will!”

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**January 30, 1938**

***All that which one does who lives in the Divine Volition acquires the divine nature. His prodigies in creating divine life in the human act. Festival of all heaven. The true reciprocation of creation.***

My poor mind swims in the sea of the Divine Volition. His murmur is continuous, but what does he murmur? Love, souls, light that he would like to invest, that he would like to reign in each one of his children; and oh, what stratagems of love he uses in order make them reenter into the bosom of his light, from where they went forth! And in his sorrow he says:

“My children, my children, let me reign, and I will give you so much grace as to acknowledge that you are the children of your Celestial Father!”

But while my mind was lost in this divine sea, my dear Jesus, the sweet (of) my Life, renewed his brief little visit, and all goodness said to me:

“Little daughter of my Divine Volition, so many are the anxieties, the sighs that my Will wants to work in the act of the creature, that he puts himself to spy in order to see if the soul calls him as (the) first act of her acts, and called he becomes festive, he races, and, blowing, there engraves his creative force and converts the act of the creature into divine nature. So that she feels the nature of divine love that invests her, surrounds her, flows as blood in her veins, even in the marrow of her bones, in the beat of her heart. Hence all her being says none other than love.

“Converting human acts into divine nature, are the greatest prodigies that my Divine Will can do. He doesn’t know how to give except that which he holds; love possesses, love gives; and oh, how happy he feels that that love not seen, nor sensed, nor can he do less than love. With my Will giving love in (her) nature to the creature, he has put her into the divine order; all is harmony between God and her; one can say (that) he has cast her into our own labyrinth of love. So that if she adores, thanks, blesses, his creative force races in order to change into divine nature the adoration, the thanksgivings, the benedictions; hence, the creature holds in her power, as in her nature, (that) of always adoring the Supreme Majesty, thanking him and blessing him, because that which she communicates in nature the act holds continued which never ceases.

“Therefore we hold her at our disposition; our love finds one who loves him with his love, and if he feels the need of venting himself, he holds with one who allows his ventings. Our majesty finds his eternal adorations in the creature, who truly can say a divine thanks, an I bless you. In short we find one who can give us of ours. And oh, how we love this more than celestial creature! She always holds us in activity, because we can give her that which we want; and giving for us beatifies us and felicitates us (the) more. While one who does not live in our Volition holds us as in idleness, without activity; and if we give some thing, all is measured, because we don’t have (a place) where to put it, and we fear that that little which we give will be wasted and she won’t know how to appreciate it.”

Whence afterwards, with an anxiety yet more strong he added:

“My good daughter, the prodigies that my Fiat works in the act of the creature that lives in him are unheard of. As he sees that she is about to do it, he races, takes the act in his hands, purifies it, molds it, invests it with light; then he looks at it in order to see if that act can receive his sanctity, his beauty, (if) he can enclose it in his immensity, (if) he can make his power, his love race inside. When he has done everything, because nothing must (be) missing as his act, he kisses it, embraces it, and pouring himself out again all over it, with an indescribable solemnity and love he pronounces there his omnipotent Fiat, and there creates himself in that act. The heavens put themselves at attention, when my Volition is about to work in the act of the creature, they are moved, they remain stupefied and enraptured by it, and exclaim: ‘Possible that a God, his Volition three times holy arrives to love so much, even to creating himself in the act of the creature?’

“My own Fiat returns to look (at) that which he has done in the human act, he feels himself enraptured, is happy in seeing his new life; and taken with indescribable joy he makes festive all of heaven and lavishes in pouring out graces on all the earth. These acts, I call them my life, my act, echo of my power, prodigies of my love.

“My daughter, make me content; these are the joys of my creation, the feasts of my creative virtue: to be able to form so many (of) my lives for how many acts the creature does. Therefore always call me in your acts, do not put me aside ever, and I will always make new things in you, to stupefy all the people. And then I will have the exchange, the glory of all creation, when I will have filled heavens and earth with so many (of) my new lives.”

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**February 7, 1938**

*How God doesn't love force, but spontaneity. Display of magnificence, of luxury, of sumptuousness, that the Divine Volition will do in one who lives in him. How the creation is not finished.*

I am under the rule of the Divine Volition. His creative virtue has such force, that it makes his sweet rule over the poor creature felt, that sweetly, not forced, she agrees with the Fiat and gives him ample liberty to do that which he wants of her, rather she tells him: “How honored I feel, because you want to make a portent of my being; but so much so, that you want to use your creative and operative force in my poor soul.”

But while my mind was immersed in receiving the creative virtue of the Divine Fiat, my always amiable Jesus, surprising me with his brief little visit, with indescribable love said to me:

“Daughter of my Volition, how beautiful is my Fiat in working with his creative virtue! You have seen that he doesn't use violence but sweetness; but irresistible sweetness, more perhaps than violence itself. With his sweetness he embalms the creature, makes her feel the beauty of the divine, in a way that she herself says: ‘Do it soon, holy Volition, do not delay anymore; I feel myself languish if you do not come in me to work with your creative virtue.’

“My daughter, the things, a forced will, we have never liked; rather we don't even want them; they give much of the human and they do not agree neither with our love, nor with our works. Everything is spontaneity and full Will, that we want it, we long to do good, and we do it; and therefore we do it with such fullness of love and grace, that no one can reach/(equal) us. So much so that if we don't see the spontaneity, the will that wants to receive the good that we want to do in her we don't do anything; at most we wait, we make our sighs, our anxieties felt, but we don't move to work if first we don't see that with love she wants to receive the work of her Creator.

“Now you must know that (to) every act that the creature does in our Volition, thus goes growing his life in her, and when it arrives to the fullness that everything is my Will in her, then we begin the display of our love, of our graces, in a way that in every instant we give her new love and new surprising graces; we put forth our divine pageantry, the magnificence, the luxury of our stratagems of love; all that which we make for her carries the imprint of the abundance of her Creator.

“When the soul is full of our Divine Will we don’t mind anymore to anything; that which we hold we give, and that which she wants is hers. So much is the luxury that we do, that in her every act we make flow a note of our divine music, so that not even our music is missing to us in her, and she often makes for us beautiful little sonatas with our divine notes; and oh, how felicitated we feel, harmonizing our harmonies, our divine sounds!

“You must know (that) for one who lives in our Will, we exceed the luxury, the pomp, the magnificence, the sumptuousness that we had in the creation. All was abundance; abundance of light that no one can measure it, extension of sky, luxury of beauties adorned with so many stars. Each created thing became created with such abundance, invested with such splendor of luxury, that no one can have need of the other; rather they can give to you, without (the) need of receiving.

“Only the human will sets the limits, the straits to the creature, casts her into miseries, and impedes my goods from giving themselves to them. Therefore with anxiety I await that my Will be known and that they live in him, and then I will make such a show of luxury; each soul will be a new creation, beautiful, but distinct the one from the other. I will enjoy myself, I will do it as an insuperable craftsman, I will put forth my creative art. Oh, how I await it, want it, sigh for it! Therefore the creation is not finished; I hold/(have yet) to do the most beautiful works.

“Therefore, my daughter let me work. And do you know when I work? When I manifest a truth to you about my Divine Will, I immediately do it as a craftsman, and with my creative hands I work in you, in order to make that that truth form its life in your soul; and oh, how I enjoy the work! The soul is made as soft wax in my hands and there forms the life that I want. Hence, be attentive and leave me to do (it).

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**February 14, 1938**

*As one lives in the Divine Will his acts extend themselves to everyone and make themselves narrators of the Supreme Being. Show of love. How, in creating the Virgin, he created pardon.*

My flight continues in the Divine Volition. Oh, how I feel dispersed in his immensity! So much is his power and activity, that when he works in the act of the creature, he wants to give that act to everyone; he wants to fill heaven and earth in order to make seen and felt that which he knows how to do and knows how to love. I remained surprised and, my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, so much is the love of my Will in the work in the act of the creature, that it gives of the incredible. He, as he works, wants that everyone receive that act and make it as (their) own act. With his omnipotent breath he puts that act into flight and makes it go through to the sun, to the sky, to the stars, to the wind, to the sea, even in the air that everyone breathes; it flies on more, even into the celestial regions, and everyone, angels and saints, the Queen Mother, even our own Divinity, experiences that act, in a way that, each one experiencing it, they must be able to say: ‘this act is mine.’ But do you know why? So much is his love that he wants that everyone possess his act, and he gives life to each one. He wants to decorate, adorn, invest with his creative virtue everything and everyone, in order to receive the glory, the love, the honor that my Volition possesses, from all

and from each one.

“My Volition is not stopped ever; then he is content, when he sees that his act has filled everything, and as triumphant he carries the creature with him that has given him the liberty of letting him work in her act, in order to make him known and loved by everyone.

“These are our festivals, our pure joys of creation; to be able to put forth of ours in the creature, as if we might want to duplicate our power, immensity, love and glory even to the infinite, in the human act of the creature. Nor is this to marvel (over); our Divine Will finds himself everywhere, hence our acts with which they become animated, the acts of them, fly and shelter themselves in our Volition, even in the smallest hideaways where he finds himself; and these serve us as reciprocation of love for all creation, as our sweetest company and as narrators of our Supreme Being.

“Therefore my love is exuberant for one who wants to live in our Fiat; we are all eyes over him, we are almost on the spy, in order to see when she lends us her act in order to let us put into work our creative virtue. She is for us our show of love, the activity of our power, and makes herself (a) repeater of our own life.”

After this I followed my round in the Divine Volition, and my sweet Jesus transported my little will into his creative act. My God, how many surprises! My poor intelligence was lost, it didn't know how to say anything; and my always amiable Jesus, repeating his brief little visit, all goodness said to me:

“My good daughter, our Fiat in the creation made (a) show of our operative, powerful and wise love, in a way that all created things are pregnant with our love, power and wisdom and unspeakable beauty. We can call them the administrators of our Supreme Being.

“Instead, in the creation of the Sovereign Queen we passed onto more. Our love was not content with the show of it, but wanted to move to pity, to tenderness and to compassion, so profound and intimate, as if he might want to convert himself into tears for the love of creatures. Behold therefore, how our Fiat pronounced itself in order to create her and call her to life, he created pardon, mercy, the reconciliation between us and mankind, and we deposited it in this celestial and holy creature, as administrator between ours and her children. So that the Sovereign Lady possesses seas of pardon, of mercy, of pity and tearful seas of our love, in which all the generations can be involved, regenerated in these seas created by us in her; of pardon, of mercy, and of a pity so tender as to soften the hardest hearts.

“My daughter, it was just/right that everything might become deposited in this Celestial Mother, because having to possess the Kingdom of our Will, everything might become entrusted to her. She alone holds sufficient place in order to be able to possess our seas created by us. With his creative and conservative power he maintains whole that which he creates, without ever diminishing, in spite of that we always give. Therefore, where there is not our Will we are not able to neither give, nor entrust, nor depose; we don't find (the) place; our love remains impeded, to the so many beautiful works that we want to do in creatures.

“Only in this Sovereign Lady he didn’t find impediment to our love, and therefore showed off so much and made so many marvels, even to give her divine fecundity in order to make her Mother of her Creator.”

Whence my beloved Jesus made present to me all the acts that he did together with his Celestial Mama, and while they worked, the seas of love of the one and of the other formed into one alone, and raising their waves even to heaven they invested everything, “even our Divinity [Luisa passes from her speaking to Our Lord speaking.], that forming rain dense with love on our Divine Being we carried the love of everyone, the refreshment, the balm with which it remained sweetened, and they changed justice into transport(s) of love for creatures. One can say that our love regenerated anew love (for) the human family, and God loved it with double love, but where? in the Queen and in her dear Son.

“Now hear another surprise. When I, (a) little baby, sucked milk from my Mama, I sucked souls, because she held the deposit of them, and in giving me milk she deposited in me all souls, because she wanted that I might love them, might give (a) kiss to everyone, and might form hers and my victory from it; not only this, but in giving me milk she made me suck her maternity, her tenderness, and she imposed herself over me with her love, so that I might love souls with maternal and fatherly love; and I received in myself her maternity, her indescribable tenderness, and so I loved souls with divine, maternal and fatherly love.

“Whence, after that she deposited them all in me, I, with a stratagem of love of mine, with a breath, with a sweet look, deposited them anew in her maternal Heart, and in order to repay her I gave her my paternal love, my divine love that is incessant, firm, inflexible, that never changes, because human love is easily changed, and I wanted that my inseparable Mother might have the same prerogatives of my love and she might love them as she knows how to love a God. So that in every act that we did, from the littlest to the greatest, they were exchanges of deposit of souls that we did, I in her and she in me. Rather I can say that we duplicated this deposit of soul, because that which I received from my dear Mama, I guarded with highest jealousy in my divine Heart, as the greatest gift that she made me; and she, receiving my gift, held such jealousy, that she put all her maternity in aptness, in order to guard the gift that her Son made her.

“Now, in these exchanges of deposit that we made, our love grew and loved with new love all creatures, we formed projects as to love them more and as to overcome all by way of love, and we exposed our life in order to put them into safety.”

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**February 20, 1938**

***How Jesus, in the incarnation, formed of himself so many Jesus’ for how many creatures had to exist, so that each one might have a Jesus at his disposition.***

I am between the arms of the Divine Volition, which loves me so much, and in order to make me see how much he loves me he wants always to give me his eternal and long story of love, adding new surprises, (so) that one remains so very enraptured that it proves impossible not to love him, and only one ungrateful and without sense could do it. Whence the Divine Fiat made present to me that which

he had worked in the descent of the Word upon the earth, and my Jesus, repeating his usual little visit, all goodness said to me:

“My little daughter of my Volition, you must know that my love is so much that it feels the need of venting itself and of entrusting its secrets to one who lives in my Volition, so that being to light of everything, we love with one love alone, and it repeats in her that which I did myself. Listen therefore to me, daughter, where the excess of my love arrived, which made me do unheard of and unbelievable things to created minds.

“So, with coming upon the earth, I wanted to form of myself so many Jesus’ for how many creatures were existing, existed and will exist. So that each one should hold her Jesus, all hers, to her disposition; hence one should hold my conception, in order to remain conceived in me; my birth in order to be reborn, my tears in order to wash, my infant age in order to renew and give beginning to her new life, my footsteps for life and guide of her, my works in order to make hers arise, and as satisfaction for whatever contracted debt with divine justice; my death in order to re-find her life, my resurrection in order to re-arise entirely in my Will and to the complete glory that should be given to her Creator. And this with highest love, with reason, with justice and with highest wisdom.

“My Celestial Father had to find in me, in order to satisfy, in order to glorify, in order to be repaid for so much of his love, so many of my lives for how many creatures had been put and should be put to the light of day; and although not everyone takes this life of mine, my Celestial Father demanded my life in order to glorify himself of all that which he had done in the work of the creation and redemption. I can say that, as man removed himself from our Will, thus ceased the glory that was due to my Divine Father. Hence if I did not form of myself so many Jesus’ for how many creatures exist, the glory of the Celestial Father was incomplete, and I cannot do incomplete works; my love would have waged war if I had not formed of myself so many Jesus’, first for decorum and our glory, and then in order to give the complete good to every single creature.

“Therefore our highest sorrow (is) that in spite of so many of my lives that are to (the) disposition of each one, some don’t recognize them, some don’t look at them, some don’t make use of them, some offend them, some take them as hardly the crumbs of my life. Few are those that say: ‘I live the life of Jesus, with Jesus, and I love as Jesus loves and I want that which he wants.’ These last ones are the exchange together with me of the glory and love of the creation and redemption. But in spite of that these lives of mine do not all serve to the creature, they serve however admirably to the glory of my divine Father because I didn’t come upon the earth only for creatures, but in order to reinstate the interests and the glory of my Celestial Father. Oh, if you might see that beautiful cortege they form(,) my so many lives around our Divinity, how much love and glory are emitted by them, you would remain so enraptured that it would prove difficult for you to return into yourself!”

Jesus became silent and I remained and saw before my mind so many Jesus’ for how many creatures existed. But since I held a thorn in my heart that tortured me, it embittered (me) even in the marrow of my bones, for a person so very dear to me and necessary to my poor existence, being in danger of dying, I would have wanted at whatever cost to save her. Therefore I took the Divine Will, I made it all mine, and in my sorrow I said: “Jesus, your Will is mine, your power and immensity they are in my power; I don’t want it, and also you must not want it.”

My God, I felt myself struggling with a power; and in order to win, my mind carried itself before the Divinity, and put around it the extension of the sky, with all the stars in prayer, the vastness of the light of the sun, with the force of its heat, all the creation, in prayer; then, the seas of love, of power of the Queen of Heaven, the pains and the blood scattered from Jesus, as so many seas around the Divinity, all in prayer; and then, the so many Jesus' of every single creature, so that they might have a sigh, a prayer, in order to obtain that which I wanted. But what not is my surprise and emotion together, in seeing and hearing that the so many Jesus' of every single creature prayed in order to obtain that which I wanted? I remained confused in seeing such goodness and divine condescension. Be always thanked and blessed, and all to his glory.

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### **February 26, 1938**

*As one searches to recognize God in his works, God recognizes himself in her. Happiness that (he) receives from the love of the creature. The place that man holds in creation and in the Divinity itself. How he forms the members of one who lives in the Divine Volition.*

I am beneath the rule of the Divine Volition, which loves, (and) sighs from wanting to be recognized in all his works. It seems that he takes the little creature by the hand, and bringing her to flight, shows her that which he has done, how much he has loved her in each created thing, and how by right he wants to be loved. Loving and not being reciprocated in love is his greatest sorrow. I remained surprised, and my always amiable Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, to love and be loved is the greatest refreshment to our love. To the happiness of heaven is united the happiness of the earth, that giving the kiss (of) the one and (of) the other, we feel that the earth also felicitates us, bringing us the love of the creature that recognizes and loves us; she brings us the most beautiful joys and the greatest happiness. Much more, with those of heaven (which) are ours, no one can remove them. Instead those that we have through the love of the creature are new for us, and they form our new conquests.

“Then, to be recognized in our works; the creature puts herself into flight in order to climb to recognize he who has created her; for us, to be recognized is the greatest glory, the most intense love that we receive, and with being recognized we form there our army, the divine militia, our people, from which we don't demand other than the tribute of being loved, and we put at her disposition all our works in order to serve her, abounding her with all that which can make her happy. If they don't recognize us, we remain as the God without army and without people. How sorrowful it is to put so many creatures to the light of day and to not have neither an army, nor a people!

“Now listen to me again. As she recognizes us in created things and loves, thus is sealed in (her) a note of love and of happiness for her Creator, and rising to recognize her Creator, she knows us and we recognize our Divine Being in her; and if you might know what it means to recognize each other! Our loved love pacifies us and loves more intensely she who loves him, and arrives to such (an) excess that, in order to recognize himself in the creature, he creates himself; but in order to do what? In order to recognize himself in her and to be loved.

“How beautiful it is when we recognize ourselves in the creature! She becomes for us our throne,

our divine room, our heaven; the seas of our love inundate her; her littlest acts form waves of love that love us, glorify us, bless us; and she recognizes us in ourselves, she recognizes us in herself, she recognizes us in all created things. And we recognize her in all our works: in the sky, in the sun, in the wind, in everything. Our love united to our Fiat carries her (with) us everywhere, and we put her into order in our works.”

After this, my poor mind continued to swim in the sea of the Divine Volition. My God, how many surprises, how many marvels! And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all inundated in his flames of love, said to me:

“Blessed daughter of my Will; my love doesn’t give me peace if it doesn’t make me say new surprises about my Divine Fiat. He wants to make you know the sublimity, the nobility and her post that she occupies, as much in the creation as in our Divine Being, for one who lives in our Divine Volition.

“Now, you must know that in the creation (she) occupies the first place. All created things feel so connected together and united, that they become for her as her inseparable members. So that the sun is her member, the extension of the sky, the wind, the air that everyone breathes is her member. All created things feel happy, honored to be members of this fortunate creature; and some act as heart, some as hand, some as feet, some as eye, some as breath. In short, there is no created thing that doesn’t hold its distinct post and exercise the office of member in her; and her soul as head, holds in order her members, and she receives and gives to God all the love, the sanctity, the glory and all the goods that created things contain; even more so that all created things are also our members; so that for one who lives in our Volition, her members are ours and ours hers, the which hold in communication our Supreme Being with the creature, and we become for her more than blood that circulates in the veins of the soul, continuous beat of love because we beat in her heart, divine breath that we breathe in her soul.

“And we, loving with excessive love this more than celestial creature, we put in circulation in our Supreme Being her little love, her acts; we are jealous of her heartbeats, of her breath, and we enclose it in ours. Nothing goes out from her that doesn’t remain enclosed in us, in order to reciprocate her with our love and in order to feel her pleasant and sweet refrain: ‘I love you, I love you, I love you’. So that in one who lives in our Volition we see the continuous chain of love that never breaks, and our love (has) its knoll where to rest, in order to be able to say incessantly: ‘I love you, I love you, I love you.’

“Our love, when it doesn’t find the love of the creature, remains suspended and gives into cry(s) of sorrow, almost wanting to deafen the creature in order to say to her: ‘Why don’t you love me?’ Not loving us is the cruelest wound for us.

“But this is still not everything. Our love, if it doesn’t give into excess, is not content. Do you want to know why we made in the creation so many members that were obliged to serve as our members and members of the creature? In each created thing we put our gifts, our sanctity, our love, as carriers of that which we wanted to give to her, and as carriers of that which she did for us. All created things are crammed and depositories of all that which we wanted to give her: the sky, with the multiplicity of its stars symbolizes our so many acts new and distinct that we wanted to give her;

the sun symbolizes our eternal light, with which we want to inundate her, and its heat and effects that it possesses, our love, that almost wants to drown her in order to make her feel how much we love her, and in the effects, our varied beauties with which we wanted to invest her; in the wind we put in every puff our kisses, our loving caresses, and in its impetuous waves our ruling love, in order to overwhelm her in ours with our holds and embraces, to make her inseparable from us.

“In short, each created thing possesses our gifts to give to the creature; but who takes them? Only one who lives in our Volition. I can say that they are impregnated with our gifts, but they cannot give them, they cannot work as carriers because they don’t find one who lives in our Divine Fiat, which holds (the) virtue and power of putting her in communication with all our works, more than her members, and with her Creator himself, more than her life.

“How many unheard of prodigies will we bring forth from our divine bosom, for one who will let our Will reign! Our works will sing triumphs and victory, and with full hands they will (be) lavish in giving the gifts, the goods that they possess of their Creator. Everyone will be happy, (the) one who gives and (the) one who receives. Therefore be attentive, nor (should) you take care of anything (else), if not to live in my Volition, because I hold much to give you and you to receive.”

I remained surprised in hearing this, and I said to myself: “Is it possible all that which he has said? It seems incredible!”

And my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, do not marvel; you should know that all that which we made should serve the creature that should possess as life my Divine Will, and this was necessary to our decorum, wisdom, power and our majesty. Now, with the creature removing herself from our Will, justice wanted that we withdraw from her that which should serve as suitable to our Supreme Majesty, and the creature remained like a head that didn’t have members. Poor head without members! What can she do of good? It is true that the head holds supremacy over the members, but without the members the head cannot do anything; it is without life, without works.

“Now, wanting to return my Volition into creatures, my love wants it, demands it, that the members be returned; not alone, but the life itself of he who has created them. Our Will reigning will put in vigor all his works and will return to the creature that which she lost by doing her will, which is the devastator of all goods, it breaks all communications with our works and with her Creator himself, and renders her as a bone moved that loses the communication with all its members and serves only to give sorrow.”

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**March 6, 1938**

*Oppressions, melancholies, have no reason to exist in the Divine Volition; they form the clouds, the bitter drops that embitter God and the creature. Prodigies of the abandonment in the Divine Volition. How all created things remain animated by one who lives in the Fiat.*

The sea of the Divine Volition doesn’t cease immersing me in its waves, as if he might want that no

other thing might enter into me than only his light, in order to grow in me by way of light and heat, (and) that (of) the life of his Will alone. But in spite of all this I felt oppressed, with an air of melancholy, for the circumstances, ah me!, too sorrowful from my poor existence down here, that formed as clouds for me in order to impede me from enjoying the beauty of the light and the softness of the heat in which the soul remains fecundate, reborn and growing in her Creator himself. And my sweet Jesus, who with jealousy watches over my poor soul, all goodness said to me:

“My good daughter, courage! Oppressions, melancholies, the thought of the past, have no reason to exist for one who lives in my Will. These are discordant notes with our notes of joys, of peace and of love, and they form feeble sounds, that sound badly to our divine ears. They are as bitter drops that would like to embitter our divine sea, cast (in it); while with living in our Volition we make her proprietor of our seas of joy, of happiness, and if needs be we arm our power in her might, in order to make that everything be propitious to her and nothing can harm her; because there is no power against our Will, rather she holds (the) ability of leveling and of crushing everything, as dust under the rule of an impetuous wind.

“Therefore, when we see the creature in our Will afflicted, oppressed, how badly it sounds to us! And since she lives in our Volition, from the only Will that animates us, we are constrained to feel her afflictions and oppressions. To put ourselves apart when the creature is afflicted, is not of our Divine Being nor of our love. Rather we make use of our power, we inundate her more with our love, so that we re-see her anew with a smile on her lips and with joy in her heart.

“Then, the thought of the past is really absurd; it is a wish to arbitrate to oneself some divine rights. You must know that that which the creature has done of beauty and of good is deposited inside of us, there they attest her love, her glory that she gives us, and it forms her crown in order to crown her in the first entrance that she will make in our celestial fatherland.

“Then the most beautiful act of the creature is to throw herself into our arms, to abandon herself in a way to allow us to do that which we want to do with her, as much in time as in eternity, and then we take all gusto to make of her one of the most beautiful statues that should adorn our celestial Jerusalem.”

Then he added: “My daughter, when the creature abandons herself in our Will, she is so much our gratification, that she flows in us and we re-flow in her and we give her our life anew, new love, new sanctity, new knowledges of our Supreme Being. When the creature abandons herself in our Divine Volition, we can make in her the greatest prodigies and the most surprising graces, because there is our own Will that receives and makes the deposit of that which we want to give to the creature.

“The abandoning of oneself in our Volition takes heaven by assault, and so much is his rule, that he imposes himself on our Divine Being, encloses himself in her littleness, and she, triumphant, encloses herself in our divine breast.

“The heavens (are) stupefied, the angels and saints remain in ecstasy, and everyone feels a new life flow in them, in virtue of the act of the abandonment that the creature has done, still (a) wayfarer. And we finding her abandoned in our Fiat, we find in her that we can do that which we want; all lends

itself to our power. Hence we give the beginning to the work and form in her soul so many fountains of love, of goodness, of sanctity, of mercy, and so on; in a way that when our love wants to love, with our omnipotent breath we move the fountains of love, and she loves us and makes overflow from the font so much love as to flood all the Celestial Court. When we want to use goodness, mercy, grace, we move these fonts, and the earth is flooded by our goodness and mercy, and some convert, some receive grace.

“All this we can do it directly by ourselves; however we prove more gusto/(style), we feel more pleasure in making use of the fonts that we ourselves have formed in the creature, through her means we feel more inclined to use mercy toward everyone; we hold her intermediary between heaven and earth, that with her abandonment she make us pour out grace and makes us love anew all creatures.

“So that how much more you will be abandoned in our Will, (so much) more we will be liberal towards you and towards everyone, and everyone [more or less disposed] will find new strength, new light, new guidance.”

I remained surprised, and he added:

“My good daughter, how I would like that everyone might know what it means to live in my Divine Volition, that it seems that it gives of the incredible, but do you know why? Because they don’t know what my Will is and the whole series of prodigies that he knows how to do and wants to do in the creature; hence not knowing it, they believe that it is not possible that he can do in the creature all that which I say. Oh, if they might know it! It is little that which he does and that which he says.

“It is the knowledge that puts us *en route* toward the creature and there prepares the place, forms the void where to depose our unheard of prodigies; it is the knowledge that forms the eyes in order to be able to look and to appreciate our divine wonders. Everything is prodigy for one who lives in our Will.

“You must know that as they do acts in my Will all created things remain animated by the will and word of that creature. All possess a voice, and some say love, some glory, some adoration, some thanks, some benediction to our Creator. What harmony they form in the atmosphere, what sweet enchantment, even to feel ourselves enraptured! But of whom are all those voices? Of one who lives in our Volition.

“It happens as when by way of talent the voices, the songs are enclosed in the instruments of wood and of metal. The instruments sing and speak. Thus one who lives in my Volition, so much is her love, because she wants to see me loved and glorified, that she encloses her will, her voice, her love, in created things; and some narrate to me the story of my love, some sing glory to me. It seems that everything has a thing to say to me, and oh, how I remain content from it, because I see that the creature masters all creation, and as queen that she is she animates everything and makes me loved by everything! Oh, how sweet it resounds to our divine hearing! I have given her everything and she gives me everything; and I return to regive everything.”

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**March 12, 1938**

***How God loves himself and prays to himself in order to give the Kingdom of the Divine Will. One who lives in him her life becomes formed in God. How one is reborn continually. Seed of divine life. How it is well wanted and loved by everyone.***

I feel between the arms of the Divine Volition, which, mastering me is (all) attentive, even over my little nothings, in order to invest them with his life, with his light, in order to enclose in the little nothing the All. What goodness! What love! It seems that in all ways he wants to have (something) to do with the creature, but in order to do what? In order to always give. With giving he vents himself, with giving he feels operative, because he makes of himself so many beautiful things that they love him and praise who he is.

Whence my dear Jesus, who takes the highest delight to always say new things about his adorable Will, visiting my poor soul, as if he felt the need of entrusting his secrets to me, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, the living of the creature in our Volition is our amusement, our fun, our perennial occupation. Now, you must know that, as the creature unites herself, she enters into our Volition, so (our Volition) kisses the human will and she kisses ours, and we love ourselves, we pray and we ask ourselves that our Will come to reign in the human generations. The creature disappears in our divine sea like a drop of water, and our prayer remains, which with its power wants to invest everything and to obtain that which we have asked of ourselves; and we cannot do less than grant it.

“Whence, as we have prayed, we put ourselves *en route*, we tour all the nations, every heart, in order to see if we find even a little disposition, that they want to live in our Volition; we take that little disposition in our creative hands, we purify it, sanctify it, embellish it and put inside the first act of our Will, and we wait in order to put the second, the third act of life of our Fiat, and so on.

“Hence, all that which the creature does in our Volition, (it is) we are ourselves that do it: we love, we pray. One can say that we compromise ourselves in order to give that which we want, and not to grant it to ourselves is impossible. Do you see therefore what it means to live in our Volition? To impose oneself on us and make us do that which one wants, and make us give that which one wants that we give.”

After this my beloved Jesus added:

“My daughter, one who lives in our Will, her life is formed in our Divine Being; she is conceived, born, reborn continually. As our Divine Being is always in (the) act of generating, so she is always in (the) act of being reborn, and as she is reborn, thus she is reborn to new love, to new sanctity, to new beauty; and while she is reborn, she grows and always takes from us.

“These rebirths are her greatest fortune, and also ours, because we feel that the creature not only lives in us, but is reborn and grows in our same life, she becomes renewed in our same act, always new; and as she is reborn we take gusto in looking at her, because as she is reborn she acquires a new beauty, more beautiful, more attractive than that of before. But does she remain there perhaps? Ah, no, other beauties will invest her, they will never cease; but so many as to enrapture our look, to not

be able to move it, in order for us to be able to enjoy in her our interminable beauties, and we love our beauties with which incessantly we go investing her.

“And while we look at her under the rain of our varied beauties, our love doesn’t remain behind, it makes her reborn in us, gives us always new joys, new surprises of happiness; because as she is reborn, so is she reborn in our power, wisdom, goodness and our sanctity. So perceiving in her our life, we love her as ourselves.

“Now, being reborn so many times in us, we give her (the) virtue to be able to receive our seed, that is to be able to sow in her so many of our divine lives, for how much we want of her. And behold our Divine Will goes out in field, and with his Fiat speaks and creates, speaks and sows divine life, and with his breath grows (it in) her, with his love he feeds her, with his light he gives the tints of all the varied beauties. Even more so that this life being reborn so many times in us, grown in ourselves, we have infused (in) her all the prerogatives of being able to receive the seed of our divine lives.

“These lives are the most precious, they possess the creative virtue, they have our same value; we can say; it is we ourselves that, having formed so many lives of ourselves, have sowed them in the creature. These lives compared to the sun its light remains as shaded before them. The extension of the sky is little to their comparison.

“But do you want to know to what (purpose) these lives of ours will serve, formed with so much love in the creature? They will serve to populate the earth and to generate in the human family the life of our Will. They are our lives, my daughter; our life doesn’t die, it is eternal with us; therefore all are in expectation of taking possession of creatures, in order to form with them one life alone.

“And yet this is the cause, our great divine reason for speaking so at length on our Divine Volition. Every word that we say is a life (of) ours that we put forth, it is a birth that we put forth to the light. Every word that we say on our Fiat is a life that we exhibit, which is put in communication with creatures. Every knowledge that we manifest carries our kiss, which breathing it forth, forms our life; and since life holds motion, heat, throb, breath, hence it must also feel even by necessity this life of ours in it, which will have (the) virtue of transforming in itself the life of the fortunate creature.

“Therefore, our dear daughter, be attentive; don’t let any word escaped on our Fiat, because they are lives, and lives which we live in the other creatures.

“The value of one single word on our Fiat is so much, that all the creation, oh, how it remains behind, because the creation is our work, instead a word on our Fiat is life, and life always costs more than all the works.

“Other than this, so much is our love for this creature that receives the seed of our divine lives, that as we speak to her of our Volition, thus our eternal love re-pours itself over her, is relieved, feels itself loved in return; the weight of human ingratitude, that they don’t love us, remains emptied, because we find one who loves us with our love, which holds (the) virtue of redoing all the love that all creatures should give us and of burning all their evils, of filling and of approaching the longest distances. And therefore our love finds in her our refreshments, our revenges, and therefore we love

her infinitely. But we are not content to love her (by) ourselves alone; we make her loved by the Celestial Queen more than (a) tender daughter, by the angels and saints as their inseparable sister; we make her loved by the sky, by the sun, by the wind, by everyone. They feel in her the force, the virtue, of our love, and they feel themselves to be fortunate to love her, because she is the bearer of joys to everyone. And so much is our love, the contentment that we experience, that we call her 'our comforter, our Fiat that we hold upon the earth, our depositary'; everything is ours in her."

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**March 16, 1938**

*How the Divine Fiat arrives to count the breaths, the minutes, in order to make the creature return to live in him. The (door)knock that she makes to all created things. How he wants to be in (the) continuous act of giving and of receiving. The sufferings of Jesus kiss the sufferings of the creature.*

It seems to me that the Divine Volition waits for me, wants me, longs that in every instant I might enter into him in order to reenter mine into all his acts, and if [may it never be, heaven watch over me!] I flee some instant, he feels isolated and laments inconsolably the company of his creature; and in his sorrow he says:

"What! You leave me? For you I left myself in the spheres, in the sun, in the air, in order to keep you company and to receive yours, but do you know why? In order to love you and to be loved, and in order to be able to say: that which I do in heaven in our Divine Being, I do in the spheres, (and) I want to do it in my beloved creature; but if you are not in my Volition, you withdraw yourself from me and I from you, and I remain isolated; but in my sorrow I don't cease from calling you."

"Divine Will, how much you love me! How very amiable and admirable you are!" Whence I felt the sorrow of his solitude. But my sweet Jesus, repeating his little visit to me, said to me:

"My good daughter of my Volition, anticipation is one of our greatest sufferings; it holds us as in sentinel; we arrive to count the breaths, the heartbeats, the minutes, because we don't feel her with us; to make our love felt in hers and to love each other with one love alone, we feel as harmonized with the creature, and as victorious we carry her into our divine bosom. Therefore without her the minutes seem to us centuries, and we long for her return.

"Even more so, as she enters into our Volition and asks us that our Will come to reign upon the earth, we make festive, because she wants that which we want, that (is a) great thing and it is the most beautiful of all, that the creature wants that which her Creator wants. This forms our rest, and our love smiles and is quieted.

"Now, as she asks that our Volition come to reign, she knocks at all the created things, at the sun, at the wind, at the sky, at the stars, at everything. I, rule there dominant in them, as I feel (the) knocking, I open all the doors and I put myself *en route* in order to come to reign. But she does not stop; she climbs on more, and knocks at our Divinity, at everyone, angels and saints, and from everyone she makes me ask that my Fiat come. How sweet is her penetrating knock, ruling, because everyone opens, they all put themselves at attention; she (continues) to do (this) to everyone, and

everyone asks (for) that which she wants.

“Therefore the living in our Volition moves heaven and earth, puts our work in aptness for a cause so holy.”

After this he added:

“My daughter, do you want to know why we want that the creature live in our Divine Volition? Because we want to give her always new gifts, new love, new charismas; we want to tell her always new things of our Divine Being. And she, because she must receive and listen to us, if she doesn't live in our Volition, she won't hold a place where to put our gifts, and we won't put forth our gifts if we don't have a place to deposit them, and we remain with sorrow that we want to give and we are not able; we are as suffocating from the love, and we cannot relieve ourselves, because there is no one who takes it, and we are constrained to see the poor creature, weak, ignorant. What sorrow! While in our Volition we put our goods in common, and we go to her always saying: ‘take that which you want, and for thanksgiving give us the little tribute of your love and of your will.’

“Therefore my daughter, we make the pacts, we put ourselves in accord that I should always give you, and you should always give me your little love; thus we will always be in communication, we will always have that to do together, we will love with one love alone, we will be happy with one same happiness.”

Whence suffering with a restlessness that I didn't know how to apply myself, my sweet Jesus, returning, resumed to say:

“My daughter, my sufferings kiss yours, they embrace them, they blow (on) them with their love, they unify with mine, and they make them take life in my own sufferings, and they receive the infinite value and the good that my own sufferings do.

“In my Will things, sufferings, change themselves, from human they become divine. I feel that it is not the creature that suffers, but I myself form them (in) me, I create those sufferings (in) me, in order to suffer them in my beloved creature, it is my life repeating in her with the cortege of my sufferings, and therefore I call them my sufferings; and if you might know what I do with these sufferings! I put them between the heaven and the earth, as glory and perennial love to my Celestial Father, as defense and refuge for creatures, as remorse to one who offends me, as (a) cry of love to one who doesn't love me, as light to one who doesn't know me; in short I make them do all the offices of the goods that are needed there near creatures. Therefore leave me to do it; they are works that your Jesus wants to do, and I can do them in one who lives in my Will.”

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**March 20, 1938**

***Contrivances of love of the creature that lives in the Divine Volition. Example of a teacher that possesses the sciences and does not find one to whom to teach them; of a rich one that does not find one to whom to give his riches.***

I am between the arms of the Fiat, which so very loves his beloved creature that lives in him, that he always holds her pressed in his arms, rather there is more: his love is so much, that he puts her in his incessant motion. The littlest distances, the instants of interval that he might not feel her with himself in his own life, would form for him the most sorrowful martyrdom of love, and in his sorrow he would say to her:

“My daughter do not remove yourself from me not even for one single instant; you would embitter my love, because we feel your life as ours; hence we would feel ourselves torn, our love tortured, because you must know (that) your breath makes life, it breathes in ours, and as it breathes we feel ourselves loved and we love her (Jesus passes from speaking about Luisa to speak on the soul that lives in his Volition.); her motion moves in ours, she has our same life, works with us, speaks with our same word, we feel her circulate in our Divine Being like blood that circulates in the veins of creatures, and she says and always repeats: ‘I love you, I love you.’ Not content she takes flight, turns through all the created things, collects our love scattered in all the creation, and comes to shelter herself in our Supreme Being and makes for us the surprise of carrying to us all the love that all created things should give us if they might have reason. She goes always finding new contrivances in order to love us.

“Other times she goes to her Queen Mother and asks her for all her love, and makes for us the surprise of bringing to us the love of the great Lady duplicated, and celebrating she says to us: ‘I bring to you the love of my Celestial Mama in order to love you.’ And, oh, how we remain content! To be without one who lives in our Volition proves impossible for us.”

Oh Divine Will, how much love, (and) power you contain for one who lives in you! And I felt so amazed, that I didn’t know how to go ahead in speaking more. And my beloved Jesus, repeating his brief little visit, with indescribable love said to me:

“My daughter, born and reborn in our Volition; you must know that the living in our Volition contains such prodigies and unheard of wonders, that the heavens themselves are shaken, and reverent they abase themselves in sensing them, because in her (the creature) we can unfold our creative work, we can depose our love, our deliriums, our anxieties and sighs, our Will; she will make our Supreme Majesty understood, she will make us loved with our love.

“Without her we find ourselves like a teacher that possesses all the sciences; he could impart his lessons to all the universities, to all the schools; not at all, he doesn’t even find one pupil whom (will) learn his sciences. What sorrow for this teacher! To possess so many sciences, and to hold them useless in himself, without being able to make known the value of the sciences that he possesses. Oh, if this teacher might find one single pupil that might want to learn his sciences, he would put him upon his knees, he would hold him with himself night and day, he would feel that his science will not die, but will live in his pupil, and as almost duplicate his life. Oh how he would love him! He would feel reborn in his pupil; the solitude broken, loved by [the one to whom] he imparts his lessons; hence, it would change his bitter life into joys.

“Such is our Supreme Being. If we don’t find one who lives in our Divine Will, we are like the teacher, that we don’t have one to whom to impart our lessons; we possess infinite sciences, and yet

we don't have one to whom to say a word, because (there) is missing the light of our Volition, that will make them understand that which we want to teach them. Instead, if one lives in our Volition, we will feel ourselves revived in the creature; we can teach her our divine sciences, rather they will form life in her; she will understand our celestial dialect and marvel, she will love us as we want one to love us. And here is ours and her fate changed; solitude won't exist anymore, the company will be perennial; we will always have to say, and will hold one who listens to us; our eternal sorrow will be changed into joys, into festivals because the creature lives in ours Volition.

“Or rather it happens for us, when we don't find one who lives in our Will, as one who possesses immense riches, but so many, that he feels as drown by them; and yet he doesn't find neither one to give to, nor one who takes his goods. Poor (man), in his riches he is very unhappy, he suffers a cruel solitude; there is no one who loves him, who respects him, who says to him one thank you rather it seems that they flee from him, because he doesn't find neither one to whom to give them to, nor one who takes them. Without company, joy dies, and with not giving them to anyone he feels that his goods, his life, doesn't live in the others; and isolation is the greatest of bitternesses.

“Oh, how many times we want to give and don't have one to give to! Rather, with not doing our Will one closes the doors to us, impedes the step to us, indeed one puts oneself at (a) distance from us and surrounds oneself with misery, weakness, (and) the most ugly passions.

“Behold that the living in our Volition awakens wonder in everyone, and we ourselves remain amazed by it, having to enclose the infinite in the finite, the immensity in the littleness. It is necessary that we make such wonders and prodigies, that only our love reigning over our Divine Being induces us to do the most outstanding wonders, but so much so that the angels and saints themselves remain surprised and mute for (the) amazement of it.”

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**March 22, 1938**

*As the creature decides to live in our Volition, all things are changed for her and she becomes put in the same divine conditions. To what the children of the Divine Fiat will serve, and how they will carry in them the life of their Celestial Father. The ultimate spying of love at the point of death.*

My flight continues in the Divine Volition. As one enters into him, so is felt his balsamic air, his pacifying waves; everything is peace, his fortitude is such that the soul feels invested by such fortitude that in an instant she can do everything, arrive to everything, even to do that which God himself does. Divine Will, how you know how to change the human will! Your power is such that it renovates the poor creature, makes her reborn to new life.

And my amiable Jesus, returning with his brief little visit, all tenderness said to me:

“My little daughter of my Will, as the creature decides to live in my Volition, all things change for her. Our divine dominion invests her and we make her dominator of everything, dominator of our fortitude, of goodness, of our sanctity; dominator of the light. Heavens and earth by right are hers. We put her in an atmosphere of security, of imperturbable peace. Nothing should be missing to this

creature that lives in our Volition, of good, of sanctity, of beauty, of divine joys; all her little acts are full of such contentments that enraptures the smile of all heaven and our own Supreme Being.

“Therefore we are all at attention in order to see when she loves, works, in order to enjoy ourselves in her and to smile together.

“So much is our love, that we put her in our same conditions. We, if we are not loved, we love; if not taken care of, and perhaps even offended, we continue to give life; and if one returns to us by asking pardon of us, we don’t make any rapprochement of them, we embrace them and press them to our divine breast.

“So that one can say that man can trust only us, because in creatures he cannot solely trust, but will find mutability, deceptions, and when he believes he can rest they will come to less. Now, they can trust only one who lives in our Will; she (the creature) will do as we do: not loved, she will love; not taken care of and offended, she will race near in order to put one into safety.

“We sense ourselves in one who lives in our Volition, and therefore we love her so much that we don’t do other than to pour torrents of love upon her, in order to be re-loved always more with double and growing love.”

Afterwards he added with (a) more tender and touching love:

“My daughter, all the creation was done in one venting of our more intense love; therefore the children of our Fiat will serve to the necessity of our love. My love feels the need of relieving itself, otherwise we feel suffocated in our flames. Here is the necessity of the children of our Volition; as continuous vent of our love we ourselves will put them in our conditions of feeling the need of venting themselves in love with us, and we will relieve each other. And as the creation commenced in one venting of our love, thus we will close it together with our children, in one venting of love.

“These children of ours will serve to the complete glory of all the creation. It would not be a worthy work of us, if we didn’t receive the glory that creatures should give us, in order to have created so many things for their love.

“And then there is the highest point, most noble, holy and sublime: that we created everything so that everyone might be enclosed and animated by our Will. So as we put it forth, thus it must return to us, in our adorable Fiat. If we didn’t do this, it would seem that we don’t have sufficient power in which we can do everything, love that we can win everything, wisdom that we can dispose everything. Hence, the children of our Volition will serve to let us complete our Will in them, and therefore they will be our glory, our triumph, our victory; they will be our true children, that will carry, not only our image but the life of the Celestial Father himself as proper life, residing in them.

“These children of ours will be our life, our heavens, solely ours. And, oh, how we will delight by creating in them winds that blow love, seas that murmur ‘I love you, I love you’; we will find everything in them. There won’t be differences anymore between the heaven and the earth; for us they will form one thing alone: as much as to hold them with us in heaven, as to hold them with us

on earth.

“Therefore have to heart the thing that should more interest you, of living in our Divine Volition. Our love will find its rest, its outlet, its peace in you, and the beginning of our happiness upon the earth in the heart of the creature. Our Will will be always over you, in order to make our life grow in you, and our love will give you continuous breaths, in order to love you always with new love, and in order to receive yours, as I vent and reciprocate with his.”

After this, my beloved Jesus added, but with an indescribable tenderness, as to feel my heart break:

“My good daughter, the saying to you (of) what my Will does with the creature, how he is with her, if everyone might know it, they would cast themselves into his arms, without ever detaching from him.

“You should know that he does to them as (a) true Mama; with his creative hands he creates her and conceives her in the maternal womb, as within a shrine; he forms her, gives her the use of members, grows her with his breath, gives her heat, and when he has formed her well, makes her born to the light of day. But he never leaves her alone; more than Mother he is always above her, watching her, assisting her, he gives her motion, articulation to the members, breath, heartbeat, and as she grows, so he gives her the use of the word, step to the feet. There is no thing that the creature does that he does not do together (with) her, in order to give her the use of human life.

“So that the beginning of human life, as much the soul as the body, (is) all formed by my Will, and there remains within, as her refuge, in order to give her perennial life.

“Now, my daughter, even to such that the fault doesn’t begin in the creature, everything is my Will; and as the fault begins, so begins the tears, the sorrows of this Celestial Mother. Oh, how he laments his child! But he doesn’t leave her; his love ties him to live in that creature in order to give her life, and although he feels how suffocated his divine life (is), and perhaps not even known, nor loved, his love is so much that he follows her life, although she might offend him, in order to make for her a surprise of love, in order to save his child.

“Our goodness, our love is so much, that we try all routes, we use all means in order to tear her from sin, in order to put her in safety, and if we don’t succeed there in life, we make the ultimate surprise of love at the point of death. Now, you must know that at that point it is the ultimate spying of love that we do to the creature, and we furnish her with graces, with light, with goodness; there we put such tenderness of love, as to soften and to overcome the hardest hearts. And when the creature finds herself between life and death, between the time that finishes and the eternity about to begin, almost in the act that the soul is about to go forth from the body, I, your Jesus, make myself seen with an amiability that enraptures, with a sweetness that captivates and softens the bitterness of life, specifically at that extreme point; then, my look..., I look at her, but with so much love as to tear an act of sorrow from her, an act of love, an adherence to my Will.

“Now, in that point of disillusionment, in seeing, in touching with (one’s) hand how much we have loved and love them, they feel such sorrow that they repent for not having loved us, and they

recognize our Will as beginning and completion of their life, and as satisfaction they accept death in order to complete an act of our Will. Because you must know that if the creature doesn't do not even one act of the Will of God, the doors of heaven are not opened, nor is she recognized as heir of the celestial fatherland, nor can the angels and saints admit her among them, nor would she like to enter there, because she would know that it doesn't belong to her. Therefore without our Will there is neither true sanctity, nor salvation. And how many become saved in virtue of this spying of ours all of love, except the most perverse and obstinate, although it will be necessary for her to make the long stopover of purgatory. Therefore the point of death is our daily catch, the recovery of lost man."

Afterwards he added:

"My daughter, the point of death is the hour of disillusionment, and all things are presented in that point the one after the other, in order to say: 'Good-bye, the earth for you is finished, eternity for you begins.' It happens for the creature as when she finds herself closed in a room, and it comes to be said to her: 'Beyond this room there is another room, in which there is God, paradise, purgatory, hell, in short eternity'; but she sees nothing, if she listens to it asserted by others, and since those that say it it has not yet come to them, they say it in a way almost as not believing, not giving a great importance as to make one believe reality, certainty, (of) that which they say in words.

"Now, one beautiful day the walls fall, and she sees with (her) eyes that which they said before; she sees her Father God, who with so much love has loved her; the benefits that he has done for her one by one, and all the injured rights of love that she owed him; how her life was of God not hers. Everything (brings) itself before her: eternity, paradise, purgatory, hell; the earth escapes her, pleasures turn (their) shoulders/(backs), everything disappears, and only that which is present to her is in that room in which the walls have fallen, that is eternity. What change happens for the poor creature!

"My goodness is so much, that I want everyone safe, that I allow that these walls fall when creatures find themselves between life and death, between the soul going forth from the body in order to enter into eternity, so that at least they make an act of sorrow and of love for me, and they recognize my adorable Will upon them, I can say (that) I give (them) an hour of truth, in order to put them in safety. Oh, if everyone might know my industries of love that I do at the last point of life, so that they don't escape from my more than fatherly hands, they would not wait for that point, but they would love me for all (of their) life."

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**March 28, 1938**

***How for one who lives in our Volition creation serves as so many cities where to repatriate the creature. How the human act must begin and finish in the Divine Volition in order to be complete. Rain of light. The great sorrow of Jesus is seeing that one doesn't live in his Will.***

My poor mind always goes in search of the acts done by the Divine Volition. It seems to me that I search (for) them and they await me in order to make themselves found, because these acts long to make themselves found by the creature, in order to receive her 'I love you', in order to make (her) know how much they love her; and the soul feels herself as repatriated in the acts of her Creator and

as immersed in the sea of joys and of happiness. And my always amiable Jesus, in seeing me amazed, repeating his brief little visit said to me:

“My blessed daughter, since man was made by us in order to live in our Volition, all our acts had to serve as so many different cities or nations, in which man should find with right his fatherland, the different cities which should hold his amusements, his joys, the enchanting and delightful scenes that his Creator had prepared with so much love. So that one can say the sun is a city, and as the soul enters into our Volition she finds this city of light, with all the various beauties of colors and of sweetness; she finds our creative and festive act, full of joys, of love and of indescribable happiness, and she immerses herself in these seas of beauties, of sweetness, of love and joys, and as her fatherland she makes her long walk and renders herself proprietor of the goods that she finds there.

“And oh, how we remain content in seeing our works, our cities created only for man, deserted no more, but populated by our children, because entering into our Volition they find the way that conducts them into the different cities that we have formed in the creation; and there they find a delight, there a distinct joy, there one knowledge more evident of their Creator, and there a very intense love that embraces them, kisses them and communicates the life of love to them.

“Every created thing possesses of ours, but not for themselves but in order to give it to creatures; but they must live in our Volition, otherwise the doors are closed, and at the most they enjoy the effects, but not the fullness of the goods that there are in our works.

“Therefore, my daughter, in order for the act of the creature to be perfect and complete it must begin and finish in our Will, which administers his own life of light and of love to her, in order to make that act be complete and nothing missing of beauty, of sanctity and of good. If it doesn't begin in our Will, there is missing the order, the sanctity, the beauty; hence the human act cannot be signed with the signature of our Volition as his act.

“It is to cry, my daughter, in seeing so many human acts upset, disordered, some remaining at the beginning, some at half; some missing one point, some another; and then, worse yet, some dirtied with mud, some with rottenness, some as soaked in guilt/sin, that they don't do other than irritate our justice.

“Therefore, without our Will there cannot be good in the creature, and if it seems that they do some good it is seeming good; and since there is missing the substance of the life of our Fiat, it cannot be enduring, and it is enough that a contrast arise, a displeasure, (and) the good ends and they are penitent/sorry for having done it. Instead, all that which one does in my Will possesses unshakable firmness, and before displeasures and contrasts (these acts) are not stopped; they race on more, in order to give the life of the good that they possess.

“Now, you must know that one who does her acts in our Volition does complete and perfect acts; instead one who always lives in him finds herself under a continuous rain of light that, as she moves, palpitates and breathes, so rains on her all the effects and varied beauties of our divine light. Our Divine Being is most pure light, and although interminable light, it encloses all possible and imaginable goods. While it is light it is word, it is all eye, it looks everywhere; there is no thing that

can hide from us. This light is work, is step, is life that gives life to everything and everyone. It encloses beauties that are not exhausted, joys and happiness without end.

“Now, one who always lives in our Divine Volition finds herself under the rain of light of our ruling and creative word, and oh, how our word transforms her, speaks always to her of our Supreme Being, and produces all our divine effects upon the creature, with such variety of beauty, that we ourselves remain enraptured by it. Our look of light looks at her always, our step races toward her always, our works with their arms of light embrace her and press her to the breast, and all light rains (on) her, in order to communicate our look of light, our works and steps of light.

“So that one who always lives in our Volition is always in direct communication with her Creator and receives all the effects that a God knows how to produce. Instead, one who works in him is in communication with our works, and hers become modeled with our works.”

So I proceeded to trace the acts of the Divine Will and arrived to that which Our Lord did in the redemption, one by one I kissed them, adored them, blessed them, thanked them, and taking the same love with which Jesus loved them, I loved them also. And Jesus, all moved and touched in seeing his acts loved with his own love, said to me:

“My daughter, it is always love that strikes me and wounds me, and induces me to speak in order to reveal to my beloved creature my secrets hidden from whom does not love me, because not loving me they would not understand my dialect of love.

“Now, you must know that all these acts done by me on the earth contain each one a sorrow so intense, that if my Divinity might not have sustained me, it would have been enough to make me die. Hence as I worked, my Supreme Will thus created for me the sorrow of not finding the human will in mine, in order to enclose it in my acts and to give her virtue and grace to have her live in my Will. In all that which I did, even if I breathed, palpitated, looked, walked, I sought the human Will in order to enclose it and to give her the primary place in my breath, heartbeat, look and my steps.

“What sorrow, my daughter! To want to do good, and not find one to whom to do it; to want to put her in (a) secure place, where she would have been happy [because my sufferings, my works, my humanity itself would have been not only her defense, but would have formed (for) her the regal palace where they would have held her as Queen], and instead of being grateful and listening to me, she escaped from my hands, from my sufferings, in order to live unhappy in the midst of dangers and enemies, without anyone that might defend her. What sorrow! What sorrow!

“I can say that my greatest sorrow down here, that gave me continuous death, was seeing creatures, that they did not live nor do my Will, because I saw that my acts remained without the purpose for which I did them, without giving the life with which they were invested; and if it was not that with my omni-clairvoyance I saw every century as presently acting, in which I saw my beloved children that should live of my Divine Volition, of which they should make use of that which my humanity did and suffered in order to establish my Kingdom, and make use of it as the most beautiful of their habitations, I would not have been able to support such a sorrow.

“Therefore continue to trace my acts, my steps, my sufferings, in order to ask me that my Will come to reign upon the earth, and my sorrow will be sweetened and will change itself into love, in order to shorten the time in order to make him known, loved and reign. And I will keep you as my refreshment and as bearer of balm to my sufferings. And when I will see my acts and my sufferings embittered by sorrow because creatures run away from my Will, I will come to shelter myself in you, in order to sweeten myself and to embalm my sufferings too embittered by sorrow.”

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**March 30, 1938**

*When sacrifices are done with good will, dear Jesus puts his divine gusto there, and renders them pleasant, amiable. How God created in them the passion to love.*

I feel between the arms of the Divine Fiat, whose love is so much that he feeds me with his light, warms me with his heat, and if I am tired cradles me on his knees in order to give me his rest, that makes me re-arise to new life. Divine Will, how very amiable are! You alone know how to really love me, and I find the refuge from all my evils!

But I felt oppressed in seeing that those that surround me suffer and make great sacrifices for my cause. How sorrowful it is to see (the) sacrifices (of) others! And my sweet Jesus, pressing me between his arms in (an) act of sympathizing with me, all tenderness said to me:

“My poor daughter, courage; I don’t want for you to think there. You must know that I can and know how to pay well, even the little sacrifices, the attentions; much more so the great ones. I number everything, and not even a breath done for me I leave without recompense. Even more so if these sacrifices are done by one who loves me, who wants to live in my Volition, I feel that one does it for me myself; and I, in order to have that these sacrifices are done with good will, I put there my divine gusto, in a way that I make the gusto felt, the pleasure of doing those sacrifices, in a way that they feel the need to do them, the gusto, the pleasure in the sacrifice. They are like salt, the condiments to foods, as the oil to the wheels, which first moved with difficulty, put the oil on (and) they race. The divine gusto empties the sacrifice and makes it light and pleasant.

“Behold therefore the reason that in our love we created a holy passion, a gusto, a pleasure, that we don’t know how to be if we don’t love the creature.

“It was this our passion of love, that made us feel the extreme need of attesting with our works the love toward creatures, so much so that no one prayed to us that we might create a sky, a sun and so many other things; so much so that after creating we looked at it, and we experienced so much gusto and pleasure that in our emphasis of love we exclaimed: ‘How beautiful our works are!’ But they will give us more glory, we will experience more gusto, when our works will give themselves to creatures in order to love them, in order make us loved by them. Then, added to our passion of love, to the extreme need of love was added the folly, the delirium of love, so much so that we were not contented by the works alone; the love arrived to such, that we felt the need to put forth even life.

“Indeed, what didn’t it make me do this necessity of love that I felt in myself? It made me suffer unheard of pains, I felt the most humiliating humiliations and even death itself, between atrocious spasms.

“Now this same passion of ours of loving is not content if it doesn’t participate the creature in this our same passion of love. Therefore, in the sacrifices that we make to do we created in them the holy passion, we equip it with gusto, with pleasures, to make them have the most beautiful conquests. This passion becomes ingenious, being industrious in a thousand ways, and if it does not become operative it seems that it doesn’t know neither (how) to be nor (how) to live. If there is no passion, even in holy works, and gusto in the sacrifices, it seems that they are painted works, not living; they have a coldness, an apathy, that produces more (of) disgust than gusto, and perhaps more evil than good.

“Therefore, my daughter, do not give thought to the sacrifices that they do for you; rather I should say to you that they do it for me, not for you, and I will put there such grace, gusto and pleasure, as to empty the sacrifice, and then, according to the love in which they will do it, I will pour myself out in them, and as they will do the sacrifice wanted by me, thus I will make my life grow in them.

“Is it not maybe my passion of love, that makes me say so much about my Will, in order to create in man the passion of living in my Volition? By saying so much about it I want to drown the human will with our divine gustos but so much so as to make her decide in virtue of the gusto that she feels, of the happiness that she experiences, to live in my Will. And then, you yourself can say, how many gustos, contentments, joys have I given you in the sacrificial state in which I have put you? Hence, leave your Jesus to do it, because he knows how to adjust the sacrifice and render it amiable, easy and even desirable; even more so that to the sacrifice of the creature I put forth the strength, the support, the life of my sacrifice; I can say that my sacrifice takes in its womb the sacrifice of her, and does as guide, as life, as light, to him or her that of good will wants to sacrifice themselves for me.”

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**April 4, 1938**

***“How God created the necessity of our Will in the creature, how she cannot live without it; example, how he created the necessity of water and sun to the earth.” How one who doesn’t live in him wants to conceal God in heaven. Each further word on the Divine Will gives a new and distinct life.***

My poor mind feels the extreme need of tracing the acts of the Divine Volition, like breath and heartbeat in my poor existence, and if I might not do this I would feel myself missing the air to breathe, the heart to beat. My God, how can one live without the air and the life of your Will? It seems impossible to me. And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“My good daughter of my Will, my love was so much in the creation of man, that I gave (him) my Will as his primary life and of absolute necessity, so much so that without it he cannot produce anything of good.

“As the earth does not produce without water, because one can call water the soul of the earth; but if one does not add the sun, that with its light and heat fecundates, purifies, embellishes the earth, water would serve to mildew the earth and to make it a muddy sewer, from which would emit a contagious air able to afflict the earth. But these three elements, water, earth and sun are not enough; there is needed the seed, in order to be able to form from the earth the most beautiful flowerings, the

plants, the fruits that cheer the agriculturist and form the food to all human generations. You see, (if) one of these elements should be missing, the earth would be infertile, dismal, dark, to make one fear. Now, the necessity of the union of these elements forms the beauty, the utility, the good, the fecundity of our creative work; separate they can cause damage and be harmful to poor creatures, united they can do a world of good.

“Now, thus created the strict necessity of my Will in the creature. I created the soul as water to the earth, which had to flow more than water in the earth of her body. I created my Will in her as sun, light and heat that had to vivify her, fecundate her, embellish her, but with such rare beauty as to enrapture us continually to love her. And as the agriculturist occupies himself with casting the seed in the earth in order to make her produce, so my Will took the pledge of casting in the creature so many divine seeds, through which so many suns should arise, one more beautiful than the other, that should produce flowerings and celestial fruits, that should serve as his food, of the creature’s and of her Creator himself, because our food, our life, is our Will.

“You see therefore the necessity of the union of the acts that as seeds form in the creature? This forms the growth of my Will in her, communicates the virtue of our divine qualities, and forms such prodigies of grace in her, of beauty, that we ourselves love her so much so as to not only make us inseparable, but continually operative in her, because we know that if we love she loves, if we work she works, neither does she know how to do anything without us, because our union missing (she) would be reduced into uselessness as the earth without water, without sun and without seeds. Therefore we, loving her a great deal we do everything in her.

“Do you see in what sorrowful, harmful and almost horrible point the creature puts herself without our Will?”

Then he added, with a most sorrowful and moving accent:

“My daughter, how it pains us not seeing the creature live in our Will! By not living in him she wants to conceal us in our celestial fatherland; she doesn’t want us to live together upon the earth. With this, our Will is weight (on) her, she escapes from our sanctity, closes the doors to the light and searches the darkness. Poor little one, with doing her will (she) will die of cold and of hunger, and she could say: ‘Heaven doesn’t belong to me.’

“They live exiled upon the earth, without support, without defense, without strength; good itself, for them converts into bitterness, and if needs be also into defects. Therefore they form our sorrow and they continually suffocate our love.

“So much is the love of our Will, that every word or knowledge that manifests of him is a divine life of his; not only, but new, distinct the one from the other; new in sanctity, in beauty, in love. Therefore we enjoy so much and we make festive in making known what our Will is, that which he knows how to do and can do in the circle of the creature, and to what noble, sublime, high point he wants to put her in our divine bosom. Because with making him known we don’t do other than to emit new divine lives, and as they are made to possess (them), thus we receive our new love, our new beauty, goodness and so on from the creature, and oh, how we feel glorified, loved, through means

of our own lives, by which we have made ourselves known.

“Therefore making ourselves known, finding one who wants to know us, is the act that glorifies us more. Our love (looks) for one to vent and to be able to give that which we want.

“And then, to what advantage (is it) to create the creature, if we didn’t want to make ourselves known? It is the knowledge that makes us descend in her, and gives her flight in order to make her rise even to us. Hence, when we see that you yearn to know more of our Volition, I immediately make the most beautiful surprises of our omnipotent Fiat for you; but not only to make it known to you, but in order to give you the goods that we make known to you.”

After this he added, all moved:

“My daughter, one who lives in my Will is the longed for one by everyone, because everyone feels loved by her; her love races to everyone, embraces everyone, deposes herself in the hearts of everyone, in order to make us loved by everyone. Even the littlest ‘I love you, I adore you, I bless you’, of one who lives in our holy Volition, holds the right of enclosing itself in everyone, indeed, the saints and angels themselves feel honored to give the place in themselves to the littlest ‘I love you’ of this fortunate creature, and they love us with this ‘I love you’, what won’t be her contentment, when she will come into the celestial fatherland, and will see her ‘I love you’ in all the blessed that love her God? And this in the simplest way; finding herself in our Will as in all, that which one does in him takes its place everywhere and acquires the continuous act of always loving. So that even the sun, the sky, the stars, the creation all will possess these acts in order to love us and to bless us.”

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**April 10, 1938**

*How (in) one who lives in the Divine Will Jesus wants to find everything, and he wants to find her in everyone. How God wants to find in our love the knoll of his works, the hideaway of his life.*

My poor mind is always returning in the Divine Volition; and having made holy communion, I was saying to my amiable Jesus: “In your Volition everything is mine; therefore I love you with the love of mine and your Queen Mama, I kiss you with her lips, I embrace you tightly with her arms, and I take you and I shelter myself in her Heart in order to give you her joys, her delights, her maternity, so that you find the sweetness, the custody that your Mama knows how to do (for) you.” But while I enclosed myself together with Jesus in my Mama, sweet Jesus, all tenderness, said to me:

“My daughter and daughter of my Mother, how content I am to find the daughter with my Mother, and the Mama with the daughter, because she wants that creatures love me with her own love and make use of her mouth in order to kiss me and of her arms in order to embrace me. She wants to give her maternity to them in order to put me in security and to do for me as Mama. Finding that the Mother and the daughter love me with one love alone is for me the greatest contentment; I feel that both give me a new paradise on earth.

“But this is not enough for me; in one who lives in the Divine Will I want to find everything; if

something is missing I cannot say that it is complete in the creature. And I not only want to find at her place of honor, of Queen and of Mother, my Mother in her but I want to find my Celestial Father and the Holy Spirit, and making their love hers she loves me with the immensity and infinity of their love. Hence my daughter, give me the gusto to say to me that you love me as the Father and the Holy Spirit love me.”

Jesus became silent in order to wait that I might speak to him as he wanted; and I, although unworthy, in order to content him I said to him: “I love you in the power and immense love of the Father, with the interminable love of the Holy Spirit; I love you with the love with which they love you all, angels and saints; I love you with that love which they love you or they should love you all the present creatures, past and future; I love you for all created things and with that love with which you created them.”

Dear Jesus drew a long sigh, and added:

“Finally I feel my desires satisfied, by finding all in the creature. I find our seas of love which never finish, I find the delights of my Mama who loves me, I find everything and everyone. So that in one who lives in my Will I should find everything and everyone, and I should find her in everyone.

“And then, my Celestial Father generated me in love, and one who loves me and does not let any of our love escape I feel her to me with me, in (the) act of giving to me and of receiving continuous love.”

After this he added: “My daughter, behold therefore we feel in our love an extreme need that creatures know us and know our works. If they don’t know us, we remain as apart from them, while we live inside and outside of them; and while we are to light of that which they do and think, loving them in each act (of) theirs, not only don’t they love us, but they don’t even recognize us. What sorrow! If they don’t recognize us love doesn’t arise, and if there is missing love we don’t have (a place) where to lean our works, nor does our love find a refuge where to relieve and shelter itself; all remains as suspended. Therefore we want to find in our works the ‘I love you’ of the creature, that arming it with our power, we can rest/lean our greatest works; and oh, how we remain content in finding the little I love you of her for support of our works. To work and not find (a place) where to rest/lean is a sorrow for us; it seems that there is missing the life of our love. Our operative love becomes repressed, suffocated; to be able to do, and not to do, and only because the ungrateful creature neither recognizes us nor loves us!

“And since all our works are directed to benefit her, not being able to give them, because the knowledge, the love (is) missing, (there) lacks the space where to be able to put our works, hence they tie our arms and they put us in inutility. And then, to what benefit (is it) to work, if we don’t find one who wants to receive them?

“Rather you should know that before working we look (for) one who should know, receive and love them, and then we work. My own humanity made no act if first it didn’t find one whom should love and to give that act; and although (then) I might not have found one who might receive then, I looked (through) the centuries and I directed my act to one whom would have loved, known and received

it.

“So much so (that), born (a) child, I cried; those tears of mine were directed to whom should move himself to remorse, to regret his sins and wash himself in order to reacquire the life of grace; I walked, my footsteps were already directed to those people who should walk the way of good, for strength, for (a) guide of their walk.

“There was no work that I did, word that I said, suffering that I suffered, in which I didn’t search the works of creatures for (a) knoll for mine; my word in order to rest/lean it in the words of them; my sufferings searched the knoll in their sufferings in order to give the good contained in that which I did.

“It was my passion of love, that didn’t make me do other if not that which could be useful for my children. And this is one of the most powerful reasons why I want that one live in my Volition, because only then all my works, the creation, the redemption, even one sigh of mine, will find where to rest/lean itself, in order to make itself work of their work, suffering of their suffering, footsteps of theirs footsteps, life of their life; and then all that which I have done and suffered will be changed into glory and victory by banishing all the enemies and recalling into the midst of them the order, the harmony, the peace, the celestial smile of the celestial fatherland.”

I remained surprised in hearing this, and my beloved Jesus added:

“My blessed daughter, the living in my Will will enclose such surprises and manifold divine novelties, as to make the angels and saints themselves dumbfounded; even more so that in my Will there are no words, but deeds; the words themselves, the desires, the intentions, convert into deeds and finished works. Outside of my Will, that which the creature wants is reduced into words, desires and intentions; but inside of him, there being creative virtue, that which the creature wants acquires completed deeds, works full of life.

“Even more so that being in our Volition, she is already to light of that which we do, she feels that which we want; therefore she follows us in the works, wants that which we want nor can she do less, nor put herself apart. For her, our Fiat becomes the greatest of her necessities, of which she cannot do less; for her it is more than breath that she must give and receive; more than motion, that feels the extreme need to move. In short, my Will is everything for her. Living without her proves impossible.

“Therefore be attentive, and let your flight be always in our Fiat.”

Be all to the glory of God and for the completion of the Divine Will.  
Thanks Be to God.