

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



The Servant of God

**Luisa  
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*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 36**



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## Volume 36

Fiat!

**April 12, 1938**

*In every act of one who lives in the Divine Volition he pronounces the Fiat there and forms of it so many divine lives. How he gives himself into (the) power of the creature and lets her do that which she wants with him. Difference that passes between one who lives in him and between one who is resigned.*

I am always between the arms of the divine Fiat, and, oh, how I feel the need of his life, that breathes, beats, circulates in my poor soul! Without him I feel that all dies for me, the light dies, sanctity, strength, even heaven itself, as if it might not belong to me anymore. Instead as I feel his life, all re-arises in me. The light re-arises with its beauty that vivifies, purifies and sanctifies. My own Jesus re-arises with all his works. Heaven re-arises which the holy Volition encloses within my soul as within a sanctuary in order to make it all mine. So that if I live in his Will everything is mine and nothing should be missing (for) me.

Therefore, oh holy Volition in giving beginning to this 36th Volume, I pray you, I beg you, I implore you not to leave me alone an instant without you, so that you speak, you write; you yourself will make known who you are, and how you want to be life of everyone in order to give your goods to everyone. If you will have me do it, I won't know how to make you known as you want, because I am incapable, but you will do it, you will triumph, you will make yourself known and you will have your Kingdom in the entire world. Oh, holy Volition, with your power eclipse all the evils of creatures! Put forth your omnipotent "enough!" So that they lose the way of sin, and find themselves in the way of your Divine Will.

To you Queen Mama of the divine Fiat I consecrate in a special way this volume, so that your love, your maternity, extends itself in these pages, in order to call your children to live together with you in that same Volition by which you possessed his kingdom, and while I begin, I implore genuflecting at your feet your maternal benediction.

Whence while my mind was immersed in the divine Fiat my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, with an inexpressible goodness said to me:

"My blessed daughter of my Will, how many wonders my Volition knows how to do in the creature, provided that she gives him the first place and all liberty to let him work. He takes the will, the word, the act that the creature wants to do, unifies it in himself, invests it with his creative virtue, pronounces there his Fiat, and forms of it so many lives for how many creatures exist.

"You see, you were asking in my Will (for) his baptism (for) all the newborns that will go forth to the light of day and hence his ruling life in them. My Will has not hesitated an instant, he has immediately pronounced his Fiat, and has formed so many lives of himself, for how many newborns went forth to the light, baptizing them, as you wanted, with his light first, and then giving his life to each one. And if these newborns, or for incorrespondence, or for lack of knowledge won't possess this life of ours, never-the-less for us this life remains, and we have so many divine lives that love us, glorify us, bless

us, as we love in ourselves.

“However these divine lives of ours are our greatest glory; but they don’t put aside she who gave the occasion to our Divine Fiat to form so many lives of ours for how many newborns went forth to the light, rather they hold her hidden in them in order to let her love as they love, and to let her do that which they do, nor do they put aside the newborns, rather they are all eyes over them, they watch over them, defend them in order to be able to reign in their souls.

“My daughter, who can tell you how we love this creature that lives in our Volition? We love her so much, that we give our Volition into her power so that she might do that which she wants with him; if she wants to form our lives, we let her do it; if she wants to fill heaven and earth with our love we give liberty to let her do it, so much so that she makes said to us from everyone that they love us; even in the little birdie that trills and warbles and sings, we hear the I love you of one who lives in our Volition. If in the enthusiasm of her love she wants to love more, she enters into our creative act, and delights herself in creating new suns, skies and stars and makes said to us without ever ceasing: I love you, I love you, and she takes the narrator part to narrate our glory.

“In our Will the sight is long and it is all attention, all eyes in order to see what we want and how she can love us more.”

My God, how many wonders, how many surprises there are in your Volition; his sweet enchantment is so much that one not only remains enraptured, but as embalmed, transformed in the same wonders of the Fiat, in a way that one doesn’t know how to go out of him.

Whence I thought to myself: but what will be the difference between one who lives in the Divine Volition and between one who is resigned in the painful circumstances of life, and between one who doesn’t do at all the Divine Will? And my sweet Jesus, returning, added:

“My blessed daughter, the difference is so much that there is no comparison that holds up; for the one who lives in my Volition she holds the dominion over everyone, and we love her so much that we make her arrive to dominate (over) ourselves, and we enjoy so much in seeing the littleness of the creature dominating (over) us, that we experience unusual joys, because we see that our Will dominates in the creature, and she dominates together with our Volition; and, oh, how many times we let ourselves be overcome! And many times our joy is so much, that we let our Will overcome in the creature, rather than ourselves.

“Beyond this, with living in our Volition, with her continuous contact (she) acquires the divine senses, she acquires long sightedness; (her) light is so very penetrating and clear, that it arrives to fix itself in God, in which it watches the divine arcanum; our sanctity and beauties are palpable to her, she loves them and makes them hers; with this eye of light she finds her Creator anywhere; there is no thing in which she doesn’t find him; with his majesty and with his love he involves the creature and lets her feel how much he loves her in feeling himself loved, love him, and, oh, the indescribable joys on both parts, in feeling loved, and (in) loving him in every thing!

“She acquires the divine hearing, and immediately hears that which we want, she is always intent to

listen to us, nor is there a need to say and to re-say that which we want, a small sign is enough and everything is done. She acquires the divine sense of smell and by only smelling is warned if that which surrounds her is good and holy and belongs to us. She acquires the divine taste, so much so that she nourishes herself to satisfaction on love and on all that which is heaven. Finally in our Volition she acquires our touch, in a way that everything is pure and holy, nor is there is fear that the least breath can overshadow her, all beautiful, graceful and fair is one who lives in my Fiat.

“Instead one who is only resigned, doesn’t live with our continuous contact, one can say that she knows nothing of our supreme being; her sight is very weak and sick, that does badly if she wants to look; she suffers a myopia in ultimate degree, that (with) difficultly is she able to discover the most necessary objects. (With) difficultly she hears, and how much she wants us to listen to her, even if she listens to us. The sense of smell, the taste, the touch, smells (of) that which is human, they nourish themselves (on) that which is earth(ly), and they feel the touch of the passions, the sweetness of the worldly pleasures; and it seems that with doing my Will in the circumstances, in the painful meetings, they don’t feed themselves every day, but when they have the occasion that my Will offers them a sorrow. Oh, how they grow weak, nervous, sick to move to pity! Poor creatures without my continuous Will, how they make me pity (them).

“For one then that is not resigned, she is blind, she is deaf, she doesn’t hold at all the sense of smell, she loses the taste to all goods; she is a poor paralyzed one that can not make use of even herself to help. She herself forms a net of unhappiness and of sins, that she doesn’t know how to go out of it.”

\* \* \*

**April 15, 1938**

***One who lives in our Divine Volition moves as breath in the Fiat, all the Celestial Court feels in her, the breath, the motion of him, and the conquering and felicitating virtue of which she is bearer. Sorrowful conditions in which one finds the Divine Will when he is rejected.***

My poor mind races, flies in the Divine Volition as to its center, in order to rest, in order to depose of its cast offs and take in exchange the attire of his light, his breath, his heartbeat, his motion that moves in everyone and everything and gives life to everyone and everything. Now, while I swam in the sea of the joys of the divine Fiat, my always amiable Jesus, making his brief little visit with me, with inexpressible love said to me:

“My little daughter of my Volition, how beautiful is the living in my Will; as the soul enters into him, thus she breathes with our breath, beats with ours, and is moved in our motion, is put in communion with everyone, and does that which the angels, the saints and all the created things do, and lets everyone do that which she does.

“The wonders that there are in our Volition are surprising; the scenes are so moving that they put everyone at attention, in order to enjoy scenes so rare that they remain enraptured by it, and who knows what they would do in order to be spectators of enjoying scenes so delicious of one who lives in our Volition.

“Now you must know that as the soul enters into him, breathes, palpitates, and moves in our motion,

her breath, heartbeat, motion, she doesn't lose it however, nor is it separated from ours. And since our Will finds itself everywhere, and circulates, more than breath, heartbeat and motion of everyone, now, what happens? The angels and saints, our divinity itself, the entire creation, feel together with my Will, the breath, the heartbeat of the creature in them, and they feel it move in their motion even in the center of their souls, which is full of happiness, of inexpressible and new joys, which the wayfarer soul, not enjoying but suffering and conquering with her free will, is (the) bearer in every blessed, and only with breathing, palpitating and moving, and in the flood of joy of which the soul is bearer, (from) which my Volition never separates, his always new joys, even the breath done in his Will, and since there is the free will, that forms the conquering act of the creature, it gives me her new conquering gusto; and, oh, how the blessed remain felicitated! Our divinity itself, the entire creation, and in their emphasis of love and in the flood of joy they say: 'Who is it that breathes, palpitates, and moves in us? Who is from earth, that brings us the conquering act of pure joys, of new love, that which we don't have in heaven, that so very much felicitates us and increases our love toward one who so very loves us?' And everyone in chorus: 'Aye, it is a soul that lives in the Divine Will upon the earth! What prodigies, what wonders, what enchanting scenes! A breath that breathes in everyone, even in her Creator, that moves in everyone, even in the sky, in the stars, in the sun, in the air, in the wind, in the sea; it takes everything in fist/(hand), in its own motion, and gives to God love, adoration, all that which each one should and doesn't give, and has not given, and she gives her God to everyone, his love, his Will; she makes herself bearer of everything to God and of God to everyone.'

"And (if) yet all creatures might not take us, we remain equally loved and glorified, because an act, a motion in our Will, so much is its fullness, that creatures all remain as so many drops of water in front of an immense sea, as so many small little flames before the great light of the sun. Hence this motion, breath and heartbeat of the creature in our Will, super abound over everything, embraces eternity, they form suns and seas so extensive that can give us everything, and if other things don't take life, they remain so small, as if they were not.

"Oh, my Will! How very admirable, powerful and amiable you are, in you the creature can give us everything and we can give her everything, he covers everything and everyone with his light; he makes the love arise, and gives us love for everyone; we can say that he is the true repairer, because when creatures offend us, we find that in his love he can hide us in order to love us, in his light to defend us, and by way of light, put in flight those that want to offend us. Therefore (take) to heart to live in our Volition."

Then he added:

"My daughter, so much is the love for one who lives in our Divine Will, that as she breathes so she gives us all that which we have done, the creation, the angels, the saints, our own supreme being, as homage, love and our glory. And we, taken by such (an) excess of love, re-give to her that which she has given us. So that as she breathes she re-gives to us that which we are, as she withdraws the breath, we re-give that which she has given us. Therefore we are in continuous rapport and we exchange continuous gifts. With this we maintain in continuous vigor the love, the inseparability of not being able to disconnect ourselves the one from the other, and we find such gratification that we give her that which she wants."

But while I felt drowned in the Divine Volition, a thought tormented me upon my poor state, the duty to succumb to a kind of death every night, and for fifty years and more, and then to have need of the others in order to go out from that state. My God, I feel a pain that only you know how much it costs me, and only the fear of displeasing you and of not completing your Will, makes me push ahead, otherwise who knows what I might do in order not to submit myself. And my sweet Jesus races toward me and squeezing me tightly between his arms said to me:

“My good daughter, courage, do not torment yourself too much; I don’t want it; it is your Jesus that wants this your state so sorrowful; this succumbing as if you might lose life, I suffer it together with you, and true love does not deny anything to one who it loves. And then, this your state so sorrowful, as if you might lose life, was necessary and wanted by my Divine Will; he wanted to find in you, the reparation, the exchange of so many deaths that creatures make him suffer, when they reject him not giving him life in them. Your submitting yourself for so much time to these pains of death remade my Divine Will from the so many deaths suffered, it called him to kiss the human will in order to become reconciled together, and therefore I have been able to speak so much of my Will, in order to make him known and so he might be able to reign, because I held one who reciprocated me and remade my so many lost lives for them and for me rejected, as suffocating in the inaccessible light of my Will.

“Because you must know that in all that which the creature does, my Will races in order give and form a life of his in her, and not receiving it, this life of mine dies for her and does it seem little to you that is my great sorrow in seeing so many divine lives of mine die for them? Hence it was necessary to find one who in some way might let himself to me in order to return the assault to form my life in them.

“My Will finds himself in the conditions of a poor mother, that is to give to the light her birth already mature, and that birth is impeded to the light suffocating it in her own womb; poor mother, she feels the birth die in her own viscera and she, for the sorrow dies together. Such is my Will; he feels in himself so many births of divine life already mature that he wants to bring them forth in order to give them to the creatures; but while he is about to bring them forth he feels them suffocate in his own womb, and the birth dies for him, and while the birth dies he also dies together, because without my Will, there can not be true life of sanctity, of love, and of all that which belongs to our divine life.

“Therefore my daughter quiet yourself and do not think there anymore, if we have done this it has been done with highest wisdom, with love which we could not contain and for (the) order that we hold in our way of operating, therefore it is necessary to bow the head and to adore that which we dispose for (the) love of creatures.”

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**April 20, 1938**

***How the “sitio” of Jesus upon the cross still continues to cry out to every heart "I thirst". How the true Resurrection is in arising in the Divine Volition. How (for) one who lives in him nothing becomes denied her.***

My flight continues in the Divine Volition and I feel the need to make mine all that which he has done,

to put there my little love, my affectionate kisses, my profound adorations, my thanks for all that which he has done and suffered for me and for everything; and having come to the point when my dear Jesus was crucified and raised on the cross between atrocious spasms and unheard of pains, with a tender and compassionate accent, that one felt the heart break, he said to me:

“My good daughter! The pain that transfixed me more upon the cross was my ardent thirst; I felt myself burn alive, all the vital humors had gone out from my wounds, which burned like so many mouths and they felt an ardent thirst that wanted to quench itself, so much so that not being able to contain myself I cried out: ‘*Sitio!*’ This ‘*sitio*’ remained and is always in (the) act of saying: ‘I thirst!’; I never cease to say it; with my open wounds and with my burnt mouth I always say: ‘I burn, I thirst! Oh! Give me a little drop of your love, in order to give me a little refreshment to my ardent thirst!’ So that in all that which the creature does I always repeat to them with my open and burnt mouth: ‘Give me to drink, I thirst ardently.’ And since my dislocated, wounded humanity, had only one cry: ‘I thirst!’, therefore as the creature walks I cry out to his footsteps, with my burnt mouth, ‘Give your footsteps done for my love in order to quench me’; if she works I ask her work of her, done only for my love, for refreshment of my ardent thirst; if she speaks I ask her words of her; if she thinks I ask her thoughts of her, as so many little drops of love for relief of my ardent thirst; it was not only my mouth that burned, but all my most holy humanity felt the extreme need of a bath of refreshment to the ardent fire of love that burned me, and since it was for creatures that I burned in the midst of agonizing pains, therefore they alone were able, with their love, to extinguish my ardent thirst and give me the bath of refreshment to my humanity. Now this cry: ‘*Sitio!*’, I left it in my Will and he took the pledge to make it felt in every instant in the ears of creatures, in order to move them to compassion for my ardent thirst, in order to give them my bath of love and to receive, their bath of love, although they might be little drops, for relief of the thirst that devours me; but who listens to me? Who has compassion on me? Only one who lives in my Will; all the others are deaf and perhaps increase my thirst with their ingratitude, that it renders me restless without hope of relief.

“And not only my ‘*sitio*’, but all that which I did and I said in my Will, is always in act of saying to my sorrowful Mama: ‘Mother, here are your children’, and I put her at their side for help, for guide, in order to have her loved by children, and she in every instant felt herself put from her Child, to the side of her children; and, oh, how she loves them as Mama and she gives her maternity to them, in order to make me loved as she loves me! Not only (this), but with giving her maternity, she also puts the perfect one amongst creatures, so that they might love each other with maternal love, that is love of sacrifice, of unselfishness and constant. But who receives all this good? One who lives in our Fiat feels the maternity of the Queen; she, one can say, puts in (the) mouth of her children her maternal Heart, so that they suck and receive the maternity of her love, her sweetness and all her dowries with which her maternal Heart is enriched.

“My daughter, one who wants to find us, one who wants to receive all our goods and my Mother herself, must enter into our Will, and must there remain within. He is not only life to us but forms around us, with his immensity, our residence, in which he maintains all our acts, words and all that which we are, always in act; our things don’t go out from our Will; who wants them must be content to have life together with him, and then everything is hers, nothing is denied her; and if we want to give to her, and she doesn’t live in our Volition, she won’t appreciate them, she won’t love them, she won’t feel the right of making them hers, and when the things are not owned, love doesn’t arise and

it dies.”

After this I continued my round in all that which Our Lord did upon the earth and I stopped in the act of the Resurrection; what triumph, what glory; heaven poured itself upon the earth in order to be spectator of a glory so great, and my beloved Jesus resumed his speech:

“My daughter, in my Resurrection, the right became established (for) all creatures to arise in me to new life; it was the confirmation, the seal of all my life, of my works, of my words, and that if I came on earth it was in order to give myself to everyone and each one, as life that it might belong to them. My Resurrection was the triumph of everyone and the new conquest that everyone got from him whom had died for everyone, in order to give life to them and to make them arise in my own Resurrection.

“But do you want to know where the true resurrection of the creature consists? But not in the end of the days, but while still alive upon the earth; one who lives in my Will arises to the light, and can say: ‘My night is finished’; she arises in the love of her Creator in a way that the cold, the snows don’t exist for her anymore, but she feels the smile of the celestial spring; arises the sanctity, which puts to precipitous flight the weaknesses, the miseries, the passions; she arises to all that which is heaven and if she looks at the earth, the sky, the sun, she looks at it in order to find the works of her Creator, in order to have occasions to narrate to him his glory and his long story of love.

“Therefore one who lives in my Volition, can say as the angel might say, to the pious women, when they went to the sepulcher: ‘He is risen, he is here no more’; one who lives in my Volition can say the same: ‘My will is with me no more, it is risen in the Fiat’; and if the circumstances of life, the occasions, the sufferings surround the creature, as seeking her will, she can respond: ‘My will is risen, I don’t have it anymore in my power, I hold in exchange the Divine Will, and with his light I want to invest all that which surrounds me, circumstances, sufferings, in order to form so many divine conquests of them.’

“One who lives in ours Volition finds life in the acts of her Jesus and she always races, in him, our working, conquering, and triumphant Will, and she gives us such glory that heaven can not contain it. Hence live always in our Volition, never go out of him, if you want to be our triumph and our glory.”

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**April 25, 1938**

***The sign that the Divine Will reigns in the soul is feeling the need of loving incessantly. The great evil of not working the good in the Divine Volition. The little flame fed by the great light of God.***

My poor mind races, it flies in the divine Fiat, and if I don’t do this, I feel uneasy, without strength, without food, without air to breathe; I feel without feet in order to walk, without hands in order to work, without heart in order to love; and therefore I feel the need of racing in his Volition in order to find his acts, in order to form with them (for) myself feet that race, hands that embrace everything and work, love without heart that takes the love of eternity in order not to ever cease loving. But

while I thought so many blunders, my always amiable Jesus, repeating his brief little visit to me, being delighted with my blunders, all love, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, do not marvel over your blunders, it is really this that happens; one who lives in my Will her being, and her will entering into mine, she makes use of our works as in order to form new members that is needed there in order to live in him; therefore she acquires new footsteps, new motions, new love in order to be able to unite with our works and do that which we do.

“Therefore the most certain sign that my Divine Will reigns and dominates in the soul is the continuous motion of love, and because she knows that she holds a love that never ceases, nor works, she multiplies in order to give them to me, in order to love me, she does what? She enters into the interminable enclosures of my Volition, she sees the great theater of the creation, the sumptuousness and the luxury of the love with which creatures are invested, and she races from one of our works to another, and goes collecting all our love that we have scattered in all the creation, she puts it as in (her) womb, and comes before our majesty in order to give us so many distinct varieties of love that we have put in the creation, and she makes resound her notes of love in the various notes of love of our creative love; and, oh, the contentments that she gives us, the feasts that are opened between heaven and the earth, the seas of love with which she surrounds our throne! And then, after she has made for us the feast of all the creation, in order to love us all the more and with double love, she descends from our throne and goes scattering again over all created things our doubled love, and with the power of our Will, that (she) holds in her power she makes said from everyone to us: ‘Love, love to our Creator.’ One who lives in him we can call her our continuous feast, the outlet of our love.”

Then he added with sorrowful accent:

“My daughter, how the creature descends into the depths, when she does not live in our Will, and although she might do good, since there was missing the light of him, the strength of our sanctity, the good that she does remains covered with smoke that blinds the sight and produces self-esteem, vainglory, love of oneself; one can say that she remains poisoned, in a way that she can not produce great good, neither for herself, nor for others; poor good works without my Will, they are as bells without sounds, as metals without the image of the king, that don’t hold (the) value of coins; at most she converts them into self satisfaction. And I who very much love creatures, am constrained many times to embitter the goods that they do, so that they enter into themselves and seek to work upright and holy.

“Instead one who lives in our Volition, there is no peril that the smoke of self-esteem enters, even in the greatest works that one can do; she is the little flame, fed by the great light that is God, and the light knows to clear itself from the darkness of the passions, from the smoke of self-esteem; and since it is light, it touches with (its) hand all that which one does of good it is God that works in her own nothing, and if this nothing is not emptied of all that which doesn’t belong to God, God does not descend into the depths of her own nothing, in order to do great works worthy of him. So that in our Volition not even humility enters there, but the true nothing, to know oneself that is nothing; and all this of good that enters into her, is none other than the divine work; and it happens that God is the carrier of the nothing and the nothing is the carrier of God.



“Therefore in my Volition all things change for creatures; it is none other than the little light that must undergo for as much as it can the great light of my Fiat, in a way that it does none other than to feed itself with light, with love, with goodness, with divine sanctity; what honor to be fed by God! Hence it is no wonder that the creature being the little flame, God feeds himself with her.”

Then he added: “Besides the incessant love there is another sign if the soul lives in my Volition and he reigns there in her, and this is the immutability; (one) never changes from the good to the evil, it is only of God; a firm character, constant, nor being easy to change action, that only a divine patience can have; the constancy to always do an act, without ever tiring, without ever seeming annoying, (or) regretful is alone of God. Now, one who lives in our Fiat feels his immutability and feels herself invested with such firmness that she would not change action neither for heaven, nor for the earth; she would be content to die rather than to leave and to repeat continually that which she is doing. More so that that which she does with firm mind without ever changing she has held for beginning God, hence God feels in the act his, and as she repeats the act, he feels it running, and her act animates God himself; how can she ever cease repeating that which began together with our supreme being? She should have to go out from our Will in order to make it change act. He when he works never changes, so he renders one who lives in his Volition.

“And, oh, how one immediately sees, one who doesn’t live in him! Today she wants to do a thing, tomorrow another; one time it pleases her to make a sacrifice, another time she flees it; one can not trust her, always a reed that is moved to the puff of the winds of her passions; the mutability of the human will is so much, that it arrives to render the creature the laughingstock of herself and maybe even of the demons themselves.

“Behold, therefore I call the creature to live in our Volition, so that she might be sustained, fortified by ours, and so she might be able to do honor to our creative work, because only man is inconstant, while all our other works never change, the sky is always fixed, nor is it ever tired of being extended; the sun always makes its course, nor does it ever change action, of giving its light to (the) good of all from earth; the air is always in (the) act of making itself breathe(able); all things, as they have been created by us, so they maintain themselves and they always do the same action. Only man with not wanting to live in our Divine Volition descends from the ways of his Creator, and he doesn’t know how to conduct to term his work, hence he doesn’t know how to love nor to appreciate them, nor to receive the merit of his works.”

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**May 2, 1938**

***How the Divine Will asks for the human will in every instant in order to say to her: “You have not denied anything to me, nor can I deny you anything.” How her little sea of love forms in the divine sea. The creation the sweet enchantment of the manifestation of the divine love toward creatures.***

My flight continues in the Divine Volition, and oh, how one remains surprised, in seeing that in every instant he asks for the human will, in order to make of it one of his loving portents! How one remains moved in seeing that a divine Fiat asks creatures for their human will! And my sweet Jesus in seeing me moved, repeating his brief little visit with me, all goodness said to me:

“My daughter, it is always our love that with an irresistible force pushes us toward the creature and puts us in (an) attitude of asking, as if we might have need of her, in order to say to her: ‘You have loved me, and I love you. You have given yourself, and I give to you.’

“Now you must know where our love arrives. Every time that we ask for her will, and she gives us the gift, so many lives she gives us for how many times she gives it to us, and we in order to give her the occasion, the merit of giving us not one time her life but so many times for how many times we ask her, we are always in (the) act of asking her, and does it seem little to you that the creature can say to us: ‘So many lives have I given you, and not one time, but thousands of times, for how many times you asked it of me?’ And we not only love her with double love, for how many times she gives us her will, we re-merit it each time, but we feel glorified and loved the more, for how many lives she has given us.

“This is none other than our exuberant love, the finesse, the stratagems, the excesses, the follies of our working love, that does not know how to be without inventing new ways in order to have that we work/(are involved) with the creature, and in order to be able to say: ‘How many times we have asked her, she has never denied us; neither can we deny her.’ Is this not a trade of insuperable love, which only a God can do?

“Besides this our love is not stopped, we always search for the creature to unify her with us; as she loves in our Will, so we make them form her tiny little sea of love in the interminability of our immense sea of love, and this in order to feel that her love is in ours, and she loves with ours; it will be very little, and this we know, that the created love can never arrive to the creative love but our contentment (is) inexpressible, that she loves in ours and with our love; a divided love, separated from us, can never please us, neither can it wound us, and then it would lose the most beautiful (part) of the love. And every time that she loves us in our Fiat, so much more grows her tiny little sea of love in our divine sea, and we feel more glorified and loved in seeing augmented the love of our creature.”

After this I was making my round in the creation, in order to trace all the acts done by the Divine Will. And my always amiable Jesus added:

“My blessed daughter, creation is the sweetest enchantment of the manifestation of our love toward creatures, there is the azure sky with its stars, the radiant sun, the air, the wind, the sea, always fixed, they are never moved, in order to say to man our love that never ceases; there is then in the low earth, flowers, plants, trees, the little grass, that all have a voice, a motion, a life of love of their Creator, in order to say to everyone, even the littlest thread of the grass, the story of love of he who has created them toward man.

“Now, the things created in the low earth it seems that they die, but it is not true, rather they re-arise more beautiful; this is none other than the new resurrection of the love of God toward creatures, and in order to make a sweet surprise of love, while it seems that they die they re-arise more beautiful, and it puts the human eye under the new enchantment of the flowerings and of the fruits in order to be loved; one can say that every flower and plant brings the kiss, the I love you of its Creator to he who looks at it and takes possession of it. And therefore our supreme love waits that in every thing he recognize us and send us his I love you, but in vain we wait.

“In all created things our supreme being manifests our power, wisdom, goodness, (the) order of our love and we offer it to man so that he love us with love (that is) powerful, wise, full of goodness, that is that the image of our divine love be in him. And this one who lives in our Will can receive, because we can say, that she lives of our life; instead outside of him love is weak, wisdom is insipid, goodness is changed into defects, order into disorder; poor creature, without our Will, how it makes us pity! Even more so that we love the creature with incessant love and he wants to find in her the love that never ceases; and when she doesn’t love us it forms great voids in her soul of our love, and our love not finding his love in these voids does not have a place to rest itself, it remains suspended, goes wandering, races, flies and does not find one who receives it, and it cries, suffers agonies of sorrow and says: I am not loved, I love and I don’t find one who loves me.

Then he added with a tender accent:

“Dearest daughter, (if) you might know where my love arrives for who lives in my Divine Will, you would love me so much, that it would burst your heart for joy, and yours and my love would make you remain consumed, devoured of pure love for me. Now you must know that my Divine Will is the gatherer of all that which the creature does that lives in him; all that which becomes done in my Fiat does not exit, it remains in our fields of light, and my Will delighting himself goes gathering the motion, the love, the breath, the step, the words, the thoughts, all that which she has done in our Volition, in order to incorporate it in our own life. If I didn’t do this there would be missing a breath, a motion and all that which the creature has done in our Volition, to our life. Hence being parts of our life, we feel as the need that they continue their breath in ours, her motion, her step in ours.

“Therefore we call one who lives in our Volition: our breath, heartbeat, motion, our love; to separate from us even the breath of one who lives in him, we can not do it, nor do we want it, we would feel (our) life torn. Therefore as she moves, breathes, and so on, my Will puts himself in festival and goes gathering that which the creature does and feels of loving him so much, as if he contributed to form the breath, the motion in the creature and the creature as if she contributed to give the breath, the motion to God. They are the excesses and the inventions of our love that then is content, when it can say: ‘That which I do she does, we move, we sigh and we love together.’ And then we feel the happiness, the glory, the exchange of our creative work, that as it went forth from our paternal bosom in a flame of love thus it returns to us all love into our divine bosom.”

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**May 6, 1938**

***In order to live in the Divine Volition it is enough to want it and to take the first steps. How the Divine Will possesses generative virtue and where he reigns he generates without ever finishing. Inseparability of the works of Our Lord; for one who lives in his Volition.***

My poor mind is beneath a crowd of thoughts that regard the Divine Volition, they seem to me as so many messengers that bring so much news of this Volition so holy. Whence, I felt surprised, and my sweet Jesus, returning to his little daughter, all goodness, said to me:

“My good daughter, in order to enter into my Will the way is most simple, because your Jesus never teaches difficult things, my love, makes me adapt myself much to the human ability, so that the

creature without difficulty, can do that which I teach and want. “Now you must know that in order to enter into my Fiat the first indispensable thing is volition, to yearn for with all firmness that she wants to live in him. The second thing, to take the first step, indeed first my Divine Will surrounds her with light and with such attractions, that the creature loses the desire to do her will, because as soon as she has taken a step she feels herself dominated(;) the night of the passions, of weaknesses, of miseries, is changed into daylight, into divine strength, hence she feels the extreme need to take the second step, which calls the third step, the fourth, the fifth, and so on and so forth. These steps, are steps of light, which embellish her, sanctify her, felicitate her, direct the way to her, and participate her (in) her Creator’s likeness but so much so, that she not only feels the extreme need to live in my Volition, but she feels it as proper/(her own) life, that can not separate itself.

“You see therefore how easy it is, but it is necessary to want it; as she wants it, my paternal goodness equips that will, with grace, with love, with goodness, and since I also want it I put forth of mine, and if needs be my own life, in order to give her all the helps, the means and also my life as her life, in order to have her live in my Divine Volition. I don’t spare anything, when it deals with having the creature live in my Volition.

“Now my daughter, so much is our love that we fix different degrees of sanctity and different ways of sanctity, and of beauty in order to adorn the soul in our Divine Will; we will make of them one distinct from the other: distinct in beauty, in sanctity, in the love, but all beautiful, but distinct between them. Some will remain in the sea of the light, and they will enjoy the goods that my Volition possesses, others will remain under the act of my working light and these will be the most beautiful, we will put forth all our creative art, our working act; finding the creature in our Volition, we can do that which we want, she will lend herself to receive our creative power and we will delight (in) creat(ing) new beauties, sanctity never seen, love that we have never given to creatures, because lacked in her the life, the light, the strength of our Volition, in order to be able to receive (it), we will feel in her our echo, the generative strength that always generates love, glory, continuous repetition of our acts and of our own life.

“The life of our Fiat is just this, to generate; and where he reigns, he generates continually, without ever ending; he generates in us and conserves the generative virtue of the Sacrosanct Trinity, he generates in the creature where he reigns, and he generates our images, love, sanctity.

“Therefore we still hold to do much in the work of creation, we hold to reproduce our acts, our works, that will serve as the most beautiful ornament of our celestial country.”

After this my mind was lost in the sea of the Fiat, which made everything present to me and it seemed to me that everything was mine, as everything was of God; and my beloved Jesus, as suffocated in his flames of love added:

“My blessed daughter, one who lives in my Will remains always inseparable from her Creator; even from eternity she was already with us, our Divine Volition carried her there in (our) arms in our bosom and made us love, court and enjoy her, and since that time we felt her love palpitating in us, and it called us to the work of our creative hands, in order to make of her one of our most beautiful images. Oh, how we enjoyed in finding in our Will, in one who could develop our creative work!

Now you must know that these souls that live, and will live in my Fiat, being inseparable from us, when I, eternal Word, in the excess of my love, descended from heaven to earth, they descended together with me, and headed by the Celestial Queen, they formed my people, my faithful army, my living palace in which I constituted myself true King of these children of my Divine Volition. To descend from heaven without the cortege of my people, without (a) kingdom where I might be able to dominate with my laws of love, I would never have done it.

“For us all the centuries are as a sole point, in which everything is ours, we find everything as in act, therefore I descended from heaven as dominator and King of my children, I saw myself courted and loved as we know how to love ourselves, and my love was so much that I made them remain conceived together with me; to be without them was impossible to me, to not find my children that might love me, I would not have been able to tolerate it, therefore they had life together in the bosom of my Sovereign Mama, they were reborn together with me, they cried together with me, that which I did they did; walked, worked, prayed, suffered together, and I can say that also upon the cross they were with me, in order to die and in order to re-arise to the new life that I came to bring to the human generations.

“Therefore the kingdom of our Will is already established; we know their number, we know who they are, their names; already he makes us feel them palpitating ardently with love; oh, how we love them and yearn that the time arrive to bring them forth to the light of day in our same Will upon the earth!

“Hence the children of my Volition have in their power my conception, my birth, my steps, my sufferings, my tears, and how many times they will want to be conceived, be reborn, so many times will they be able; they will feel my steps, my sufferings in theirs, because in my Will, my life my birth repeats itself is renewed in every instant, they can take it for themselves, they can give it to the others, to do that which they want, knowing that they will never do that which I don't want. These children of ours reborn, grown, formed, fed by our Volition, will be the true glory of our creation that will crown our creative work, and there they will put the seal of their love in every single thing created by him who has done everything for them and whom has loved them so much.”

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**May 10, 1938**

*How God in order to be loved puts in the heart of the creature his love and converts it into coins. The vigils of Jesus. The divine paternity, and the progeny of one who lives in the Divine Will. How it is written in indelible characters: “My daughter.”*

I feel that the Divine Volition calls me in every instant, that he wants to be loved, and since my love I can call it hardly (a) little drop, he wants to give me his, so that I might have seas, not drops, in order to say to him that I loved him, very, very much; what goodness! He wants to put forth of his, in order to have the contentment of being able to say that the creature loves him!

Hence my always amiable Jesus, returning to visit my poor soul, (my) heart beats (for) him strongly, strongly, and pressing me to himself between his arms, he said me:

“My blessed daughter of my love, I burn, I feel myself faint, I am delirious because I want to be loved,

and in order to obtain the intent, do you know what I do? I put my love in the heart of the creature, I made it flow in the mind, in the words, in the works, in the steps, and I converted all this love that flows everywhere into coins of divine love; and in order to make it race as coins that belong to us, I coin there his image written around about: 'Jesus, King of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.'

"Now this coin of love is a means that we give to the creature to be able to say: 'With right I have loved you.' This love converted from our goodness into coin can buy that which she wants and loves; hence she can buy our sanctity, our same Will, our virtues, and if she wants other love, she holds sufficient coins as to buy it. And oh, how we enjoy in seeing that the creature is poor no more, but rich! And she holds so much, even that she can arrive to buy our virtues, our same sanctity. How beautiful it is to see that she holds our coin of love that renders her proprietor of our same goods. However this coin of love, we give it to whom lives in our Volition, because she won't make waste of it, she will know (how) to conserve it, she will multiply it, in order to be able to always love us more and give us a relief to our flames that devour us."

Whence I followed my round in the acts of the Divine Volition. I felt as suffering and with a vigil (in) which I could not be calm; the minutes seemed to me centuries; that night eternal; and I waited for my sweet Jesus that he might come to calm me. Finally, after waiting much, my dear Jesus made himself seen all troubled, and all goodness he said to me:

"Poor daughter, how hard is the vigil, is it not true? How many times is your Jesus found himself with these raw and excruciating sufferings? How many vigils creatures make me do! I can say that I always remain in vigil, and I suffer the restlessness of my love; if the creature sins, I feel it escape me from my arms, and I keep vigil; I watch her, I see her surrounded by demons that they make festive and they come to make fun of her of the good that she has done, poor good, how much (she) becomes covered by the mud of guilt/sin; and I since I still love her, I send some glimmer of light to her and I keep vigil; I send remorse in order to make her raised again and I keep vigil; the minutes seem to me centuries, nor can I calm myself if I don't see her return in my arms and I keep vigil, I always keep vigil; I spy the palpitations of her heart, the thoughts of her mind in order to arouse the memory of how much I love her, but that, in vain, and I am constrained to keep vigil; what (a) hard vigil! If she returns to me I rest somewhat, otherwise my vigil continues. If another wants to do a good and she takes time and never decides, I keep vigil, I seek to allure her with my love, with inspirations, and also with promises, but she is not resolved, she finds so many pretexts, difficulty and she always holds me in vigil. How many vigils! How many vigils creatures make me keep, and in so many ways; here is your vigil in order to hold a little of the company to my continuous vigil. Therefore we suffer together, love me and I will find a little rest to the so many (of) my vigils."

Afterwards he added with a more tender accent:

"Daughter of my sufferings, do you want to know who doesn't give me this suffering so hard, of not making me keep vigil? One who lives in my Will; rather, as she decides to live of him, I declare her my daughter; and I call all heaven, the Sacrosanct Trinity to celebrate the new daughter whom I have acquired, everyone recognizes her, because I write it in indelible characters in my Heart, in my love that always burns, my daughter.

“Now in my Volition she is always with me, all that which I do she does. Hence in my continuous rebirths, she is reborn together with me, and I write: ‘The daughter of my birth’; if human ingratitude constrains me to cry, she cries together with me, and I write it even in my tears: ‘The daughter of my tears’; in short if I suffer, if I work, if I walk, I write: ‘The daughter of my sufferings, of my work, the daughter of my steps’; anywhere I go it is written.

“Now you must know that between paternity and progeny there are indelible ties, no one can ignore, neither in the supernatural order, nor in the natural order, the rights of paternity and progeny. So that I as Father feel the duty to constitute heir of my goods, of my love, of my sanctity, one who with so much solemnity has declared that she is my daughter, even to carry it written in my Heart; not to love her I would feel that it would defraud my paternal love, hence I can not do it; she then holds the duty of loving me and of possessing the goods of her Father, of defending him, of making him known, and of putting forth the life, so that no one might offend me.

“And oh, how beautiful it is to see these children of mine, that live in my Volition, who arrive to say to me: ‘My father, you have kept vigil too much, you are already tired, rest, and in order to make your rest be sweet, sweet, rest in my love, and I will put myself in vigil, I will take your place near souls, who knows it succeeds me to have you find someone when you awake’; and I trust them and I rest somewhat.

“What thing can not one do who lives in my Will? She can do everything for me, because her/his light makes her be (to light) of all my sufferings, and I do everything for her, we alternate in succession the vigil and the rest. How beautiful it is to live in my Volition, the creature is already put in the same conditions, that which we want she wants, and this is the holiest thing, more great, more noble, full of majesty and of purity; to want that which God wants, no other act can arrive to such a sublime height, to a value that never ends, to want that which God wants, God is holy is pure, he is order, he is goodness; to want that which God wants, the creature wants that which is holy, pure good, and with the fullness of the order, she feels reborn in God, she does that which God does. God does everything, embraces everything, moves in everyone, and she is concurrent with that which God does, can one ever do (a) greater good? Therefore the living in my Volition there is no thing that is able (to compare) to it neither to reach it nor to surpass it. Hence live always in my Fiat and you and I will be happy.”

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**May 15, 1938**

***How the word of God is life and encloses all centuries. How it looks in one all the human generations. How Jesus doesn't know what to do with one who doesn't love him. How in the necessities of creatures one can find Jesus.***

I felt immersed in the Divine Volition; his light made me understand so many truths, but I felt incapable of enclosing them in my mind so little, with a repugnance to manifest them and to write them on paper; and my sweet Jesus visiting my poor soul all tenderness and compassionating my incapability, said to me:

“Poor daughter, before the immensity of my Volition one is confused and would like to remain in

sweet rest, in order to enjoy the joys, his happiness, of which you feel yourself filled; but no, my daughter, there is yet needed the work; in heaven there is always joy, but on earth there is an alternative of joys and of work, for you the manifesting, to write it is work, the entering into my Will, is to possess the purest joys and the greatest happiness, however in the work I never leave you alone, I do more than you, nor without me would you have been able to do it.

“Now you must know that our love is so much, that our goodness when it decides to bring forth a word, to manifest a truth outside of our Supreme Majesty, we form the act in ourselves, we enclose the good that that truth must produce that we bring forth. When everything is matured and completed, the good that we must give to creatures, in virtue of that truth that we manifest, then we offer it to the creature, as bearer of the good that we want to give to the human generations. Hence our word encloses all the centuries, and since our words are lives, they possess the creative strength; anywhere one can arrive they will feel the creative life and the good that our truth is the bearer (of).

“Hence to stop our words with not manifesting them (is) to want to say stop to all the good and the so many of our lives that our words can produce. And I know, my daughter, that not even you would like to give me this displeasure and impede this great good to the human generations, is (this) not true? One who loves me doesn’t know how to deny me anything, not even the sacrifice of their own life. Therefore be attentive, nor want to render yourself responsible for so many of our divine lives that must take life in creatures.”

Whence afterwards I felt myself suffering, but so much so, as if I might want to give the last breath. Jesus immediately races to sustain me in his arms and said to me:

“What, do you want to come from it?”

And I: “Yes, heaven is wanted but you decide yourself to bring me.”

And Jesus: “My daughter, and of earth what do we do with it?”

And I: “I don’t know anything, nor am I good for anything, and then what interest (is it) to me of the earth?”

And he resumed: “My daughter, and yet it must interest you, because it interests your Jesus, and my and your interests must be one alone. Now you must know what is immediate, still (to be), and the Divine Will has not manifested everything, because how much more he manifests, so many more souls become taken into the net of his light; not only, but how much more he becomes matured and grows in a creature, so much more do they acquire (the) right of receiving him, and we feel more transported to grace the human generations, to let them possess the life, of our Will; because our goodness, our love is so much, that in one creature, we watch everyone, and for love of one, we do good to everyone.

“But to whom does the good of everyone redound? To whom it is (given) to be the first to receive that good, one who has had the good to listen to us and has held account of our truths more than if they were (her) own life, and who not seeking (her) own life, (is) ready to sacrifice it in every instant



for our love, in order to let us do that which we want to do with her. This has so much force on our supreme being, it transports us so much, that one (is) enough, in order to make everyone receive that good. "Even more that the human generations are bound together, more than members to the body, hence it is no wonder that a healthy and good member makes its vital and holy humors flow into the other members; therefore the strength of one single creature that lives in our Will is omnipotent, and it is so much that it can overwhelm heaven and earth, to win over everyone and to win over God and creatures. Hence leave me to finish, and then I will bring you immediately."

Then he added: "My daughter, how much more one suffers (so much) more one feels the need to be loved; I am the one that has suffered the most, hence, my sufferings, my blood poured out, my tears, change into loving, suppliant voices, that want to be loved, by one who loves much, that it made me suffer and cry much; and one who loves me brings me the sweetest refreshment to my sufferings, dries my tears, and my blood is converted for them into a bath of love.

"But do you know who changes my sufferings, my tears into joys, into contentments? One who lives in my Divine Will, because in her is found the love that always loves me, which is support of my sufferings, my continuous refreshment, and I feel like a victorious King, that although wounded, I have won with the weapons of my sufferings and with my love, the will of the creature. Oh, how happy I feel, in feeling myself loved and having life together, for who has (undergone) a so very sorrowful and bloody battle!

"Even more so that I created everything in order to be loved, and if the love is missing for me I don't know what to do with the creature, because I don't find that which I want; at the most there can be for us diversity of love, there can be for us love of reparation, love of compassion, love of imitation, but (it's) always love I want, if I don't find the love they are not things for me; and since love is (the) child of my Will, if I find the daughter, I find the Mother, therefore I find all that which belongs to me, therefore I rest and I felicitate myself in her, and she felicitates herself and rests in me and we love each other with one love alone."

And I: "My beloved Jesus, if you crave so much to be loved, and that creatures work that which you want, why don't you abound them so much with your graces in a way that they feel the strength to work and to love you as you want?"

And Jesus: "My daughter, in that moment I feel myself give to the creature the necessary strength rather I super abound it, in the act in which they are moved to work that which I want, not before; I don't know how to give useless things, because they would give me more account if they feel the strength and they don't do that which I want.

"How many before doing an action feel impotent, as they put forth the act to work thus they feel invested with a new strength, with new light; it is I that invest them, because I never lack to the strength necessary that is needed in order to do a good, necessity ties me and constrains me if it is necessary to do together that which the creature does. Therefore the true necessity is I, it is I that want them and I always myself together with them in the necessity; if that which they do is not necessary, I put myself apart and leave them to do it themselves."

After this I thought to myself: “How miserable I am, I feel as if I had done nothing for Jesus to his so many graces; who knows how I should love him, instead I am cold; it is true that I don’t know how to love anything other than Jesus, but I should be a whole flame, and I am not.” But while I thought this he returned and sweetly reproached me saying to me:

“My daughter, what are you doing? Do you want to waste time? Don’t you know that what you must take to heart is to do and to know if you are in my Will? In him everything is love, the breath, the heartbeat, the motion, the human will itself doesn’t want to know other than to love me; my Will, jealous of this creature, forms the air of love for her, in a way that she doesn’t breathe other than love; and your Jesus never looks at the feeling of the creature, many times it can betray, instead I look at the will and that which she wants, and that I take to me; how many things are felt and they are not done instead if she wants everything is done.

“And then in my will she doesn’t lose anything. He numbers everything for one who lives in him, the breaths, the heartbeats, the little I love you, all that which she does in him remains written with characters of indelible light and they form the same life of my Volition in her; and many times the gifts that I have given them, the acts that she has done, remain hidden as her property in the depth of the will and hence she feels as if she had done nothing; but it is not true, to the circumstances they are made to feel that the light more than sun is in her soul, the sanctity is at its place of honor, the virtues remain all in act to give heroism if there might be the need of exercising them.

“My Will knows how to maintain the harmony, his divine order, where he reigns, and all that which he does acquires the imprint of eternity. Therefore live in him and do not give thought to anything, rather he will think to your good more than you.”

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**May 17, 1938**

***How the soul is the voice, the song and the hands in order to play, the body is the organ. How the Divine Volition wants the littlest acts in order to make his sun rise. Seed that the sun does to the earthseed that the Divine Will does. Wedding that God prepares with his truths.***

Continuing my flight in the Divine Volition, I feel that he invests me inside and out and wants to take his reigning place in my littlest acts, even (the) natural (ones) and perhaps even over my nothingness itself, and if I didn’t do this one could not say that the fullness of his Will reigns in the creature. Now, my dear Jesus, repeating his brief little visit, all goodness, said to me:

“My daughter, all went forth from us and was shaped by our creative hands, the soul and the body, therefore everything should be ours, the one and the other, rather we made the body the organ; and every act that should be done in order to complete the Divine Will, should form a key, which should enclose so many notes and music concerts, distinct between themselves; and the soul should be that which with the union of the body should form the voice, the song, and touching these keys should form the most beautiful music.

“Now, an organ without one who plays it seems a dead body, it doesn’t entertain, nor allure anyone, and one who intends (to make) music, if he doesn’t hold the instrument in order to play, he can not

exercise his art of (a) musician. So that there is needed one who speaks, who moves, who holds life, in order to form beautiful music, but still there is needed the instrument, that contains keys, notes and other, the one and the other necessary. Such (is) the soul and the body. There is such harmony, order, union, that the one can not do without the other.

“Therefore I remain attentive, I watch over your steps, your words, the movement of your pupils, your littlest acts, so that my Will might have his life, his place.

“We don’t mind if the act is natural or spiritual, if it is great or little, but we are attentive to look (to see) if everything is ours, if our Volition has made its sun of light, of sanctity, of beauty, of love rise and we also make use of even the littlest acts of her in order to form our most prodigious portents, which form the most beautiful scenes in order to hold us entertained. Was it for nothing that we formed the wonders, the enchantment of all creation? Was it for nothing that we formed so many harmonies even our image that resembles us in the creation of the man? My daughter, if the creation had to give us only that which is spiritual, little could it give us; instead with giving us even her littlest natural acts, she can always give us, we remain in continuous rapport, the union between us and her is never broken. Even more so, that little things are always on hand, from the range of the little ones and of the great ones, of the ignorant ones and of the scholars; the breathing, the moving, taking care of oneself in personal things is of everyone, and never stops; and in fact to love us, in order to let the life of the Divine Will be formed in them, it is our triumph, our victory and the purpose for which we created him. You see, therefore, how easy it is living in our Volition? One must not do new things but that which one does: that is, to unfold his life as we have given it to him in our Will.”

Fiat!!!

After this my sweet Jesus continued to say to me:

“My daughter as the sun each day sows light, heat, sweetness, perfumes, color, fecundity, diversity of tastes, and with this it embellishes all the earth, and only that it touches with its light and shapes with its heat, it fertilizes the plants, matures and sweetens the fruits, gives the various colors and perfumes to the flowers, so much so as to form the sweet enchantment to human generations; thus one who lives in my Will, exceeding in an insuperable way the seeding that the sun does, sows over one who lives in him, light, love, various beauties, sanctity, giving to every single seed, the divine fecundity. And oh, how beautiful it is, to see this creature embellished, fecundated by our divine seeding! How specious she remains to form the enchantment to our divine eyes!

“Now, my daughter, as the earth, the flower, the plants, in order to receive the seed of the sun must submit to receive the contact of its light and of its heat, otherwise the sun would remain in the heights of its sphere, without being able to (send) its seed to the earth, which would remain sterile, without fecundity and without beauty; because, in order to give and receive a good, there is needed union, accord of both parts, without which the one can not give and the other, can not receive; thus the soul, in order to receive the seed of my Will must live in him, she must always remain united with highest accord, she must let herself be shaped, in order to receive the new life that he wants to give; otherwise he does like the sun, he doesn’t sow, and the creature remains sterile, without beauty, beneath the darkness of her human will. Behold therefore I want the soul to live in my Volition, not

only in order to sow and to have that my seed does not become lost, making I myself (the) cultivator in order to be able to produce the most varied beauties.

Then he added with more tenderness of love:

“My good daughter, my love wants to bind always more with the creature, and how many more truths it manifests on my Will, so many more ties of union I put between God and her. And as it manifests truths, thus it prepares the wedding between God and the soul; and how much more it manifests, so much more with pomp and with splendor will the wedding be made. Do you want to know? My truths will serve as dowry, in order to be able to marry God, they will know who he is who abases himself, and that only his love induces him even to bind himself with the knot of marriage; my truths touch and retouch the creature, they shape her, they form her new life, they return and embellish our image and likeness to her when from us she was created, the imprint of his kiss of inseparable union.

“One truth of ours, can form a sea of prodigies and divine creations in one who has the good (fortune) to listen to him; it can change a world from perverse into good and holy, because it is a life of ours, that is exposed for (the) good of everyone; it is a new sun that we make rise in created intelligences, which by way of light (and) by heat will make itself known, in order to transform into light and heat one who has the good (fortune) to listen to it. Therefore, to hide a truth that we with so much love brought forth from our paternal bosom is the greatest crime, and it deprives the human generations of the greatest good.

“Further more, one who lives in our Volition, marrying us forms the feast of all the saints; everyone takes part in the divine wedding, and in virtue of this, they have a feast all truly in heaven and another on earth; every act that the creature does who lives in our Volition is a feast and a communion/meal that is proclaimed to the celestial regions, and the saints reciprocate it with new gifts and they implore God that he manifest other truths to them in order to enlarge always more the confines of the dowry that God has given them.”

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**May 19, 1938**

***How the Divine Will forms the paralysis to all the evils and the human volition paralyzes the goods. How to love is to possess. How God becomes formed in the creature and the creature in God. Fears over the writings.***

I am always in the sea of the Divine Volition which, as he might want to put me on watch to be attentive not to let enter in me the poor and restless human volition, I remained worried. And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, have courage, do not fear, the virtue, the power of my Will is so much, that as one enters into him in order to live thus all the evils remains paralyzed, the passions paralyzed, the steps and the bad works, the human will undergoes such defeat as to feel itself die; but without dying, but however she understands with great contentment, that while the evil feels paralyzed, she feels re-arise the life of good, the light that is never extinguished, the strength that never lessens, the love that always loves; the heroism of sacrifice rises in her, the unconquered patience. I can say that my Will,

puts the that's enough to the evils of the creature, because there is no beginning and life of good if not that from my Will.

“Now if my Fiat holds the power to paralyze the evils, the human volition, when it dominates in the creature alone, every good remains paralyzed; poor good under the paralysis of the human volition! She wants to walk and hardly drags along, she wants to work and feels (her) arms fall, she wants to think good and feels groggy and as stupid. So that the human will without mine, is the beginning of all the evils and the total ruin of the poor creature.”

Whence afterwards, my beloved Jesus added with a moving accent:

“My daughter, one who wants to possess me must love me; to love and to possess is the same; as you love me thus I remain formed in your soul, and as you return to love me so I grow, because only love makes me grow; and as you repeat your love, thus I make myself known, in order to make me loved more. So that as you love me thus I make felt when I love you.

“Now as you love me, I love you and I possess you and as we alternate in loving each other thus you remain formed in me, you grow, I feed you with my love, I form you in the life of my volition, I flood you with my seas of love, in order to make you feel how much I love you, with how much tenderness I grow you in my Heart, how I hold you jealous, guarded, so that you love me more and use with me that same tenderness that I do for you in holding me guarded and jealous of (my) love, which is all eyes, all attention to give me her life in every instant, in order to love me, in order to make me happy and content in her soul as I make her happy and content in my Heart!

“Love wants to go (at an) equal step, and if one loves and is not loved, one feels the unhappiness, the bitterness of one who should love and does not love him. Therefore always love me, and if you want to really love me love me in my Volition, in which you will find the love that never ceases, and you will form (around) me chains of love so long as to imprison me in a way as to not know how to release me from your love.”

After this I thought of the great sacrifice of writing, my repugnances, the struggles that I have undergone in order to put pen to paper, that only the thought of displeasing my dear Jesus made me make the sacrifice of obeying he whom commanded me to do it. And yet I said to myself: ‘Who knows where, where they will go to finish [A few days after, the 31 of May, an envoy of the Holy Office unexpectedly arrived, that carried away with himself the first 34 Volumes of Luisa.]; and to whose hands they might go, who knows how much caviling/ quibbling, how many oppositions they will make, how many doubts.’ And I felt restless; my mind was devastated from such apprehensions that I felt myself dying. And my sweet Jesus, in order to quiet me, returned saying to me:

“My daughter, do not disturb yourself, these writings are mine, not yours, and to whose hands they can go no one will be able to touch them in order to spoil them, I will know (how) to guard, and to defend them, because it is stuff that belongs me, and whoever will take with good and upright will find a chain of light and of love with which I love creatures. I can call these writings the vent of my love, follies, deliriums, excesses of my love, with which I want to conquer creatures, so that they return into my arms in order to make them feel how much I love her and for all the more to make

them know how much I love them; I want to arrive to the excess of giving them the great Gift of my Will as life, because only with him can man put himself into security and feel the flames of my love, my anxieties of how much I love him.

“So that who will read these writings with the intention of finding the truth, will feel my flames and will feel transformed in love, and will love me more. One who will read them in order to find (with) his intelligence cavils/quibblings and doubts, by my light and by my love he will remain blinded and confused. My daughter, the goods, my truths, they produce two effects, one contrary to the other: to the disposed it is light in order to form the eye in his intelligence and life in order to give life of sanctity that my truths enclose; to the indisposed it blinds them and deprives them of the good that my truths enclose.”

Then he added: “My daughter, have courage nor (do I) want to disturb you: that which your Jesus has done was necessary for my love and to the importance of that which I had to manifest to you on my Divine Will; I can say that they should serve my life itself, and to let me complete the work of creation; therefore it was necessary that at the beginning of this state of yours, I used so many stratagems with you of love: I used so many intimacies with you, that it gives of the incredible how I arrived to so much; I also made you suffer much, in order to see if you submitted yourself to everything and then I drowned you with my graces, with my love, and I subjected you again to sufferings, in order to be sure that you would have denied me nothing; and this in order to conquer your will.

“Oh, if I might not have demonstrated to you how much I loved you, I would not have bestowed so many graces on you! Do you believe that it was easy, that you would have submitted to this state of suffering and for so long a time? It was my love, my truths, that held you and still hold you as magnetic in one who loved you so much. However all that which I have done from the beginning of this your state was necessary, because it had to serve as base, as decency, as decorum, preparation, sanctity and disposition to great truth, that I had to manifest to you about my Divine Will.

“Therefore of the writings I will have more interest more I than you, because they are mine and one truth alone of mine on my Fiat costs me much, that it exceeds the value of all the creation, because the creation is my work, instead my truth is my life, it is life that I want to give to creatures; and you can understand it from that which you have suffered and from (the) graces that I have made you in order to arrive to manifest my truths to you on my holy Volition; therefore quiet yourself and (let) us love each other, my daughter, we do not break our love, because it costs us a great deal to all and two, you with keeping your life sacrificed to my disposition, and I with sacrificing myself for you.”

With all of Jesus’ speaking I didn’t feel fully calm; in the act of his speaking to me the peace had returned; but afterwards; reconsidering that which had happened to me in these days; that is not necessary to say here, I returned to disturb myself. Whence around after two days, my sweet Jesus had become silent; therefore I felt worn-out of strength, with an extreme weakness and my beloved Jesus, having compassion on me, all goodness, came and said to me:

“My poor daughter, you are fasting, therefore you feel worn-out of strength; it is two days that you haven’t taken food, because not being in peace I could not give you the food of my truths; because

while they feed the soul, they also communicate strength to the body; even more so that being disturbed you would not have understood me, nor would you have been disposed to take a food so dainty; because you must know that peace is the door where truth enters, and the first kiss and invitation that they make/(give) creatures in order to listen to them, and in order to speak to them. Hence if you want that (I) give you much food return to your peaceful state.

“Peace is the smile of heaven, the source where celestial joys spring forth. And then your Jesus is never disturbed, for how much they might be able to offend me; I can say: ‘My throne is peace.’ Thus I want you, all peaceful, my daughter, even in the way we must adapt ourselves, to be alike; peaceful I, peaceful you; otherwise the kingdom of my Will can not establish itself in you, because he is (a) kingdom of peace.”

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**May 27, 1938**

***Repeated and continuous acts bind God more to the creature and form the strength of the soul. How beautiful is the living in the Divine Volition. How God himself prays (for) it. Rain of love that God makes on the creature and rain of love that one who lives in the Fiat makes.***

I feel the need of enclosing myself in the Divine Volition in order to continue my life in him. Oh! How I would love that he might imprison me in his light, so that I might see nothing and I might feel nothing than that which regards his Will. And my beloved Jesus returning to visit my poor soul, all love said to me:

“My blessed daughter I want you here, in my Volition imprisoned, so that all the other things don’t have life in you. Now you must know that all the harmony of the creature is in the continuation of his good acts, done in my Volition; one act doesn’t form harmony, nor (a) variety of beauties; instead so many continuous acts united together call the attention of God, whom puts himself in expectation to await the acts of the creature, and as she goes forming them thus (he) communicates them, to some beauty, to some sanctity, to others goodness, wisdom, love, in short they remain endowed by God with his friezes and divine quality. Acts repeated in the creature form the strength of the soul, they tie God more to the creature, they form the heaven in the depths of the soul; and as she goes repeating her acts, some form star, some sun, some wind that groans and blows with love, some sea that murmurs continually love, glory, adoration, to my Creator; in short one sees the atmosphere copied in her.

“Instead when the acts are not continuously repeated there lacks the only strength that the one is strength of the other, there lacks the divine way that when it does an act it never ceases doing it, it sustains it with its creative strength, in (the) act of doing it continually. And then a single act has never formed sanctity. The acts, when they are not continuous, they don’t have strength, they do not possess the life of love, because true love never says enough, it is never stopped and if it says enough it feels itself die. And then it is the continuous and repeated acts that form the beautiful surprises (in) heaven, that while an act arrives and they are enjoying it, another arrives of it, it does not do other than to send continuous acts to heaven, which form the enchantment of the celestial fatherland. Therefore in my Volition there is always to do, nor can one lose time.”

Then, with a more tender and stronger force of love he added:

“My daughter, how beautiful it is when a soul loves to do the Divine Will; heaven abases itself and everyone poses themselves to venerate and adore the Supreme Volition, because his majesty, height and power becomes; enclosed in the little circle of the creature; and in order to do that which he does in his celestial palace, in order to make (a) pageant of his love and of his works, (he) feels so very honored that he assumes to play queen in order to have so many lives of queen for how many acts the creature does; in his Volition one feels his divine regime, his ruling scepter, that unfolds with his regal ways, the creature renders him the honors that are appropriate to him. And since my Fiat embraces everyone he feels so very glorified as if everyone might let him reign. Therefore we cannot find beauty more true, we can not receive greater love, we can not work prodigies more outstanding, than only in one who loves to live in our Volition.

“So much is my desire, that the soul live in my Volition, my anxieties, my ardent sighs, that go repeating to the ears of the heart: ‘Oh, content me, do not make me yearn anymore; if you will live in my Fiat, the night will cease for you, you will enjoy the full day, rather every act done in him will be a new day, carrier of new graces, of new love and unexpected joys, all the virtues will celebrate you, they will hold their place of honor as so many princesses that will court your Jesus and your soul. You will form (for) me in you my throne of the most refulgent light, where I will dominate as dominant King in which I have formed my kingdom and with all liberity I will dominate all your being, even your breath. All my works will court you, my sufferings, my steps, my love, my strength itself they will serve you as defense, as help and as food; there is no thing and what won’t I give you if you live in my Will.’

“Now you must know that our supreme being holds the creature under a direct rain of love, all created things rain on her love; the sun rains on her light of love; the wind rains on her puffs, billows, freshness and caresses of love; the air rains on her continuous life of love; my immensity that involves her, my power that sustains her and carries her as in (my) arms, my creative act that conserves her, they rain on her immense love, powerful love, love that creates in every instant love; we are always above the creature in order to involve her and to drown her with love. Therefore it makes us go into (a) delirium (from) so much of our love, and the creature does not let herself be conquered to love us, what pain, what sorrow!

“But do you want to know who has exact knowledge of this our never interrupted rain of love? We ourselves do it and one who lives in our Volition; she feels, our continuous rain of love, much more so that living in him everything is hers, and she in order to give us the exchange, not knowing what to do in order to make us his rain of love, she takes all created things, our immensity and power, our creative virtue that is always in (the) act of creating, and only because we love, she elevates herself in our same Will and rains on our divine being love of light, caresses of love, immense and powerful love, as if she might want to render us the pair to bring to us in her arms in order to say to us: ‘You see how much I love you, you bring to me and I bring to you, I hold in my power your immensity and power that gives me the virtue of being able to bring to you.’

“My daughter, you can not understand what refreshment we feel, as our flames remain refreshed and relieved under this rain of love that the creature makes for us; so much is our contentment that we



feel as paid that we have created all the creation and paid with our same coin of love, with which we have loved her so much; our love, holds (the) virtue of making rise in the creature sufficient and superabundant coins in order to pay us from that which we have given her and done for her.

“Whence in the sea of our joy we say to her: ‘Tell me what you want? Do you want that we invent other stratagems of love? For we will do it for you. Say, what you want? We will content you in everything, nothing will we deny you; to deny anything to you, to not content you in everything would be as we might deny it to ourselves and as if we might want to put a discontentment in our joys that never finish.’ Therefore one who lives in our Volition we find everything in her, and she finds everything in us.”

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**June 5, 1938**

***The sign if the creature lives in the Divine Volition, if she feels her life in him, his working act which is the greatest gift that he makes the creature. Centralization of God in the creature and of the creature in God.***

My flight continues in the Divine Volition, I feel that he wants to breathe(,) to palpitate, to move, and to think in me; it seems to me that he puts aside his immensity, his height and depth, his power and diminishes himself in me in order to do as I do; it seems that he delights in descending from his heights in order to abase himself in me, and to breathe as I breathe, to palpitate and to move in my motion, while outside of me he always remains that which he is, immense and powerful, who invests and surrounds everything. Whence, my mind, while I wanted to enjoy him within me, in order to give my life and receive his, I wanted also to go forth from myself in order to cross his immensity, power, height and depth that the confines are not found. That abyss of light in which cannot be found neither the depth, nor the height, nor the confines. And while my mind was lost my sweet Jesus visiting my little soul, all goodness, said to me:

“My little daughter of my Volition, my Will invests and involves everything and everyone in his womb of light, he possesses everything, nor is there one who can escape him; everyone lives in him, only they don’t recognize him, who it is who gives them life, motion, step, heat and offers them even breath. We can say that living in our Volition as if she might live in our house, we offer them that which they need, we feed her with more than paternal tenderness, and she doesn’t recognize us, and many times she attributes to herself that which she does while we ourselves do it and she arrives even to offend he who gives her life and conserves (her). We can say that we hold in our house so many enemies of ours that live at our expense, as so many thieves of our goods, and our love is so much that it constrains us to give life to them, to feed them, as if they might be friends. How sorrowful it is, that our Will serves as habitation to one who doesn’t recognize us and offends us. They are in him by reason of creation, of our immensity, that if they might not want to be in our Volition there would not be a place for them, because there is no point in heaven and on earth (in) which one doesn’t find him.

“Now, the creature in order to say that she lives in our Volition, must want him, must recognize him, with wanting him she feels that everything is Will of God for her, and with recognizing him she feels our working act upon her, and this is the living in my Divine Volition, to feel our working power

inside and outside of oneself; and as she feels that He works; she works together; if she feels that we love, she loves together; if we want to make ourselves more known she is all attention to listen to us and to receive with love the new life of our knowledge. In short, she feels our working life and wants to do and does that which we do, following us in everything. This is living in our Volition, to feel our life that gives life to her, to feel our working act that moves itself, breathes, works in her being.

“These are our celestial dwellers, our glory in our habitation; we are as children and Father, that which is ours is theirs, but they recognize it, they are not blind and thieves that don’t have eyes in order to look at our light, nor ears in order to listen to our paternal interests, nor do they feel our working act upon them. While one who lives in our Volition feels the virtue of our working act and this is the greatest gift that we can make the creature. Therefore be attentive, recognize that your life comes from us, that we give you everything, breath, motion, in order to have life together with you.”

After this I continued to think of the great marvel of the Divine Volition. How many surprises, how many unheard of prodigies, which only the divine Fiat can do! And my always amiable Jesus, returning, added:

“My blessed Daughter, I created the creation and all creatures, in order to form in it my delights and in order to put forth from our supreme being the excesses of our love and the prodigious power of our works; if they delight us so much in creating so many varied and manifold works in the order of creation that should serve man, so much more we should delight ourselves in working unheard of prodigies, works never thought of, beauties that enrapture who should serve us.

“Man was the first act of creation, hence we should have delighted ourselves so much in him, as to always hold ourselves occupied, how many more beautiful works could we do in him; and he should be always with us, in order to love us and in order to give himself to love, and to receive the great prodigies of our works. It was the subtraction of himself from our Volition that stopped our delights and the course of our works that with so much love we wanted to do in man. But that which was established by us must have its completion; behold therefore we return to the assault of calling creatures to live in our Volition, in order to do that which was decreed and established of the work, that it may become punctually executed.

“Now, you must know that as the soul completes her acts in our Volition, our love is so much that we centralize in her our supreme being with all our works. And oh, what delights and joys we experience in seeing in her our dominant majesty surrounded by all our works! The angels(,) the saints, pour themselves out and centralize themselves in her, in order to honor their Creator, because where there is God everyone races and they want their place of honor around us.

“But while everything remains centralized in her, another greater marvel happens: she remains centralized in everyone and in every single created thing; our Will loves her so much, that wherever one searches, he multiplies her and gives the place to her everywhere, in order to hold her as harmonious with him in all his works.

“We can not be without this creature that lives in our Divine Volition, we should have to divide our Will into two parts, in order not to hold her in everyone and in our works; but this we can not do

because he is not subject to divide himself he is always one and one act alone; and then our love would make war (upon) us if we put aside one who lives in our Volition; rather, it is this reason for which we want her to live in our Will, because we want her together with us, we want make our works known to her, we want to make her feel the beating and the notes of our love, so that our love loves us in her. From afar works don't know each other, and our love is not felt, therefore we need to be together in order to love each other, to know each other and to work; otherwise the creature makes her way and we make ours, and we remain deprived of our delights and of being able to work that which we want, with our highest sorrow. Therefore be attentive, live always in our Volition if you want that we live in you and you in us."

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**June 12, 1938**

***Truths bearer of divine seeds. How knowledges form new divine lives. Exchange of glory that (one) will have in heaven. One who lives abandoned in the arms of Jesus is his preferred.***

I am always returning in the Divine Volition; his immensity is so much that while I am in his sea, wanting to embrace all his acts and not having done it yet, because it (would) take centuries, and still it would not be enough for me to be able to embrace all his acts, hence to my littleness it seems to me that I return, while I remain. Whence while I lost myself in the Fiat, my sweet Jesus, who feels the need of love that wants to say where the soul can arrive who wants to live in his Volition, he said to me:

"My blessed Daughter, my love then becomes reconciled, it is quieted in its anxieties, it is calmed down in its deliriums, when I speak of my Divine Will. In my word, in the truths that I manifest on him he takes a sweet rest, because he sees that his love takes (a) place in creatures, in order to be relived, and my Will forms his life. It is necessary to manifest the merits(,) the goods that there are in him in order to allure, to infatuate, to enrapture creatures to live in him, otherwise they would not move themselves. Now you must know, that every knowledge that I manifest, and every act done in my Volition courted by the knowledge that I have manifested is a divine seed that the soul acquires, this seed will produce new divine science; and oh, how she will know how to speak of the language of her Creator, every truth will be a new celestial language that will hold (the) virtue of making itself understood by one who listens to it and who wants to receive this divine seed; this seed will produce new life of sanctity, new love, new goodness, new joys and happiness. This seed of my truths they will be so many new divine properties that the soul will acquire.

"Now so much is the glory that we receive when the soul works in our Volition, that we communicate them to all the blessed. You must now know that how many divine seeds the soul acquires in virtue of the knowledges on my Fiat so many more degrees of our knowledge and our glory will we participate her (in) when having finished her life down here she will come into our celestial country. To correspond to the knowledge acquired on earth she will acquire the double knowledge of our supreme being in our celestial sojourn, and every divine seed that she will have received, a degree of glory, of joy, of happiness. So that happiness, joy, the glory of the blessed will be proportionate for how much they will have known us.

"We find ourselves in the conditions, between us and the blessed, of one such that he has not studied

the diversity of the languages, hearing speaking he won't understand anything; not only, but they can not occupy themselves as teacher in (the) place of being able to teach the diversity of the languages in order to be able earn a great salary; hence he must be content to teach the little that he knows and to earn little.

“(As) such we find ourselves, if they don't know us on earth, they don't form the place in their souls in order to receive all of our joys and happiness, and if they want to give them(selves) they won't enter them and they won't understand anything of them.

“So that the glory of the blessed will correspond to how many acts of will they have done in our Divine Volition; it will augment the glory, joy, for how many more knowledges they have acquired; one knowledge more will let the blessed climbed to a height so great as to astound the entire Celestial Court; because one knowledge more is a new divine life that the soul acquires, the which possesses goods and infinite joys. And does it seem little to you that the soul possesses so many of our new divine lives as her properties. And we, what can we not give of joy, of happiness, of love for exchange of ours new divine lives, that she possess as her property?

“Therefore we wait for our children that will live in our Volition, in order to make us known on earth, because he will do (for) them as teacher in order to teach them the new sciences of their Creator and he will shape them beautiful, wise, holy, noble, according to the acquired sciences; we wait for them in our Celestial Court in order to flood them with our new joys, beauties and happiness that until now we have not been able to give. And since in heaven all the blessed are bound between them as family that love each other with perfect love, they will participate in the glory, in the joy of these, not as direct glory and joy, but indirect, because of the tie that they possess of union of love that they possess between themselves. Therefore our supreme being waits with anxiety the children of our Volition in order to make himself known on earth for then to show off from the depth of our divine bosom new joys and happiness that never finish, because one who lives in him has acquired in his acts the infinite and the joys that are never exhausted.”

Then he added but with inexpressible tenderness:

“My good daughter I greatly love creatures, but I feel more drawn to love, (to be) enraptured and conquered by the soul that lives abandoned in my arms, as if she might have no one in the world but only her Jesus; she trusts only me and if they offer her other supports she refuses them, in order to have the support of her Jesus, that holds her tightly between his arms, defends her and takes all care of her. These are the souls that I greatly greatly love; my preferred ones, that I surround with my divine power; I form around her the wall of my love, in a way that troubles one who touches her (from) me, my love will know how to defend them and my power will knock down those people that want to displease me.

“The souls abandoned in me, live only for me and I live only for them, as if we might live with one breath alone and with one love alone; and if some human support is presented, they look if I am there in that support, if I am not there they run away, in order to arrive to shelter themselves in my arms from it. Of these souls alone I can trust, to entrust my secrets, even to lean myself on them; I am sure that they won't go out from my Will because they are always together with me.

“Instead one who doesn’t live all abandoned in me, escapes from my arms, she doesn’t refuse the human supports, rather she takes gusto/(pleasure) from them, they are inconstant; now they search (for) me, now the creature; they are constrained to feel the disillusionment of creatures that open in their souls profound tears; they feel the earth in their heart, and my Will as life is far from them. Oh, if they might abandon themselves in my arms! The earth would disappear for them, they would not take care of/pay attention to any one, because I alone am enough for everyone.

“I love so much one who lives abandoned in my arms, that I manifest to them my greater excesses of love, my finesses of love, my caresses are for them, I arrive to invent new stratagems of love, in order to hold them occupied and all unified in my love. Therefore only live abandoned in my arms, and in all things you will find your Jesus who defends you, helps you and sustains you.”

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**June 16, 1938**

*How the Divine Volition wants to always give to creatures and wants to receive. Delivery/Consignment of both parts; rights that one loses, and reign that one acquires. How God finds everything in the act done in his Will.*

My flight in the Divine Volition continues. I feel that he doesn’t give me time, he wants to always give me of his, but he wants to always receive mine also; and if I don’t have something to give him, because I am pure nothing, he wants my will in act of always giving to him, and this is all his festivity, to receive as gift the will of the creature; and if needs (be), he wants the same thing that he has given in order to always receive; and he is content to receive from her in order to re-give her love, new light, new sanctity doubled again. Divine will, how much you love me! Oh, how much I would like to re-love you!

I felt myself sink/swallowed up in the Fiat, and my always amiable Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness, said to me:

“My little daughter of my Will, you don’t know even where my love makes me arrive to for one who lives in him, how many inventions it makes me do, how much it makes me combine of it, I arrive to make new surprises in order to always have something to do with her; and in order to always hold her surprised and occupied with me, I don’t give her (a) time limit, now I tell her a truth, now I make her a gift, now I let her see our beauty that enraptures her, our love that groans, that burns, that is delirious, that wants to be loved; in short I don’t give her (a) time limit and that which I want more so, that even she doesn’t give me (a) time limit, I always want.

“Now, do you sense what I do; in order to give and to always receive, we call the creature to live in my Will and I make her (the) gift of his sanctity, of his light, of his life, of his love, of his infinite joys, for as much as she can contain of it; after she has lived some time then, finding her faithful, I go to her and say: ‘Make me the consignment of that which I have given you’; she then wants to make me see how much she loves me, without hesitating an instant, she quickly consigns everything to me, even her breath, her heartbeat, her motion, everything, everything she gives me, she retains nothing for herself, rather she remains happy that she gives everything to her Jesus. I take everything, I look and regard that which she has given me, in order to feel happy and to felicitate in her gifts; I deposit

them in my heart in order to enjoy them in me as property of my daughter.

“But do you believe that I remain content from it? On the part of the creature I remain content, but on my part, no never; my love does not give me peace, it swells itself, overflows and makes me give into the greatest excesses, and do you know what I do? I make the consignment of my being to my beloved creature, I redouble for her all that which she has given me, I give her love, light, doubled sanctity, I consign my breath to her, my motion, my life itself, in a way that I breathe in her breath, I move in her motion, I love in her love, there is no thing that I don't do in her; I don't want to do (anything) without her, I would feel as if I might not love her in all my things, and this to my love would be unbearable; one who has given me everything, I must give everything; and it seems little to you that your Jesus consigns his life to you in order to have you live of me, and you make me your consignment, in order to live of you, and almost in order to find pretexts of always giving and of always receiving, in order to have occasions to tell you my long story of my Will and my eternal story of love? And this not in order to give her simple news, in order to have them see how very good, holy, powerful I am, but in order to endow her with my love, with my Will, with my sanctity, goodness and my beauty; is this not therefore an excessive love that gives of the incredible?

“Only the wanting of her to hold/take up with me already my love is greater; because if I want her to hold/take up with me, it is because I want to give of mine to her, and since she doesn't hold anything that is worthy of me I give her of mine, so that making it hers she can say to me: ‘You have given to me and I give to you.’ Is this not a love to break and to move the hardest hearts? Only your Jesus is able and knows how to love in this way, no one can say that they can reach me in my love; and I myself can do it for one who lives in my Volition, because every act that she does in him is a sun that rises with all the fullness of the glory and of the sanctity. And I go sheltering myself in these suns in order to delight myself and to take rest, and finding my beloved creature invested with these suns, how beautiful she seems to me; even more so, that living in my Volition there is nothing of human in her, she loses the rights over her will and over all that which is human, all the rights are ours over her volition and she acquires the rule over that which is divine.

“And oh, how beautiful she is, how content and happy we are in seeing her with right to reign over all that which pertains to us! She reigns over our love and she takes how much she wants of it in order to love us, and she reigns over our love in order to make herself love; she reigns over our wisdom and makes us speak of our supreme being truths never spoken of; she reigns over our goodness it is there she makes it rain more than beneficent rain over all creatures, her reign is sweet and powerful over our paternal bosom that makes us come to say: ‘Who can resist you our daughter? You want it we want it.’ Therefore if you want everything to never go out from our Will, all will be yours and you will be all ours.”

After this I continued to think of the Divine Will, of his great marvels, and as to the times while one crosses his sea all is serenity, profound peace, his divine sun, refulgent with light, but all is silence; and since his word is life, one feels lacking the new life that one would like to receive; but while I thought this, my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, the sun of my Volition always speaks, the light doesn't keep silent, it speaks with its heat, with its fecundity and with the imprint in the soul that lives in him, his varied beauties; and then

there I am who am the carrier of his word, that abasing myself more to the human intelligence, I facilitate with more adaptable words the height of the word of the light of my Fiat. Therefore where he reigns he cannot keep silent, he holds his saying continuous by way of light, or through means of my word. Rather when you are not attentive, you don't ruminant well, you don't eat and therefore you don't digest that which I say to you, hence not ruminating it, you forget it and you say that I have not told you anything.

“Whence you must know, that in every word or act done in my Will, all the centuries become embraced, all creatures are enclosed and present; the past and the future doesn't exist for us and for one who lives in our Volition. Indeed our truths, enclose all the centuries, all time, and are the carriers of all creatures in the act of one who lives in our Fiat; therefore we find in that act ourselves, the love, the glory that everyone should give us. Therefore when the creature is about to work and about to receive the working act of the Divine Fiat, the heavens abase themselves for reverence and they are astonished in seeing a Divine Volition working in the human act and everyone feels that they take part in that act. So that we find everything in the act done by the creature in our Will; we find our power that honors us as we merit, our immensity that encloses everything and puts everything at our disposition, our wisdom that praises our divine being with the most beautiful notes, the angels that sing hymns to us, the saints that enraptured repeat: ‘Holy holy, three times holy the Lord our God, who works with so much goodness and makes a show of his love in the act of the creature.’ We can say that nothing is missing to us, our glory is complete and our love finds its sweet rest and perfect reciprocation.

“Therefore we yearn so very much (for) one who lives in our Volition; and it seems to us as if we might not have done anything in the creation, because there is lacking the greatest act that we can do, that is our life repeating in the human act, in which we will find ourselves, everything and everyone; there is no good that we won't give to our beloved creature and there will not be love and glory that she won't give us, she will find all that which she wants in us, and we will find everything in her.

“Daughter, to be able to give everything and to give but (a) little part of our good, is a sorrow for us, and to hold our love restrained and impeded and only because (there is) missing as life our Will in her, not being able to receive everything from her, is the greatest suffering of our creative work. Hence our love, our power and wisdom, all our creative works demand it, that the creature live in our Volition.

“Therefore the centuries won't finish, if first our Fiat won't form its kingdom, and while it will dominate, it will give all the goods and will give the dominion of its goods to the human generations. Hence pray and let your life be a continuous act of my Will in order to obtain that he come to reign.”

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**June 20, 1938**

***One who lives in the Divine Volition is in continuous communication with God. Rebirth and love that arises. How it felicitates and gives joy to everyone. How Jesus himself will be made vigilant custodian of these writings and the interest will be all his.***

I am under the empire of the Divine Volition; his power raises me into his center, his love embalming

me carries his celestial air to me, his light purifies me, embellishes me, transforms me and encloses me within the Divine Volition, in a way that everything is forgotten; because they are such and so many the joys, the enchanting scenes of the supreme being, that one remains enraptured. Oh Divine Will, how I would love that everyone might know you in order to let everyone enjoy joys so pure, contentment so ineffable, that only in you they can find! But while my mind felt inexpressible happiness, my beloved Jesus, repeating his brief little visit with me, all goodness said to me:

“My little daughter of my Volition, have you seen how beautiful it is to live in my Volition? We are in continuous communications with the creature, we prepare (for) them new joys in every act that she does in order to render her always more happy in our sojourn; the actions done in the Fiat are always in act of being done; our life is reborn continually; our love rises and forming its waves invests everyone and calls everyone into that act, so that everyone repeats it, and we feel the echo that everyone loves us and glorifies us. The angels and saints remain all in expectation, and with anxiety yearn (for) the act of the creature done in the Divine Will; but do you know why? Thus they receive double glory, that of heaven and the new glory, joy and happiness of the act done in my Fiat. How they thank me and love the creatures that double the new contentments and joys without end!

“Who can not love one who lives in my Divine Volition, who gives joys and happiness to us, (who) gives us the great glory of letting us do that which we want in her, (and) gives happiness and joys to everyone? There is no good that does not descend from her. Therefore, one who lives in our Volition is not subject to unconfidence, to fears; mistrust doesn't find the doors in order to enter there, because everything is hers; she feels master of everything, rather she takes that which she wants; her life is none other than love and our Will, so much so that she arrives to suffer our own follies of love, and she would be content to put forth her life for each one, in order to give us the glory of making our Will known.”

After this I felt worried for these blessed writings, and the insistence of my beloved Jesus in wanting that I might continue to write; and then, after so many sacrifices, where will they go in the end? And my Jesus, interrupting my thought, said to me:

“My daughter, do not give it thought; I will be (a) vigilant custodian, because they cost me too much; it cost me my Will which enters in these writings as primary life; I could call them testament of love that my Will makes to creatures; he makes himself donor of himself, and calls them to live in his inheritance, but with ways so suppliant, attractive, loving, that only hearts of stone would not be moved to compassion and would not feel the need of receiving a good so great.

Therefore, these writing are full of divine life, which can not be destroyed; and if someone might want to try, it would happen to him as to one who might want to try to destroy the sky, which, offended, would fall on him (from) above, from all parts, and it would annihilate him under its azure vault. So that the sky would remain at its place, and all the evil would go upon he who might want to destroy the sky; or else, one might want to destroy the sun, the sun would laugh at him and would burn him; another one might want to destroy the waters of the sea, the sea would drown him. There is too much needed to touch that which I have had you write on my Will, because I can call it (the) new, living and speaking creation; it will be the last display of my love toward the human generations. Rather you must know that every word that I make you write upon my Fiat, doubles my love toward



you and toward those whom will read them in order to make them remain embalmed with my love. Therefore, as you write, you give me the field to love you more, arrive the great good that they will do, feel every word of mine, the palpitating lives of the creatures that will know the good of my word and will form the life of my Will in them. Therefore the interest will be all mine, and you abandon everything in me.

“You should know that these writings have gone forth from the center of the great sun of my Will, of whose rays are full of truths gone forth from this center, which embrace every time, every century, all the generations. This great ray of light fills heaven and earth, and by way of light knocks at all hearts, and prays and supplicates that they receive the palpitating life of my Fiat, which our paternal goodness has benigned and has deigned to dictate from within his center with ways most insinuating, attractive, affable, full of sweetness, and with love so great that it gives of the incredible, as to make the angels themselves astonished; every word can call itself a portent of love, one greater than the other. Therefore, to want to touch these writings is to want to touch myself, the center of my love, my loving finesses with which I love creatures, and I will know how to defend myself and to confuse one who might want to belittle to disapprove (of) even one single word of that which is written on my Divine Will.

Therefore, continue to listen to me, my daughter, nor want to impede my love, nor want to tie (my) arms by rejecting in my bosom that which follows to write; these writings cost me too much, they cost me as much as myself costs. Hence, I will take such care that not even one word will I let get lost.”

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**June 26, 1938**

***The human will, united to the Divine, also knows how to do prodigies; without him she is a poor cripple. One who lives in the Divine Volition acquires the conquering act.***

I am always in the arms of the Divine Volition, his light puts the night of my will in me in flight, his beauty enraptures me, his love enchains me, so as not to know how to find the way to go out from within his bosom of light. And I don't know why, I was (in) fear and dread of my will. And dear Jesus, visiting my little soul, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, the human will together with mine, also knows how to do prodigies; instead, without mine, it is a poor cripple that can not even help itself; without my Will it remains like a disciple without the teacher; poor little one!, without the teacher it will always remain ignorant, without science, without art, incapable of earning a piece of bread in order to live. Without mine, it will be like a person that has legs, without feet; arms, without hands; mouth without language; eyes without pupil; head without reason; poor creature! In what abyss of miseries she finds herself! One would say: ‘Better she had never been born.’

“So that the thing that would give more terror and fright, is not living united with my Will; all misfortunes rain on her. Instead, united with my Will, inside of her, she will hold the Teacher to her disposition, (so) that he will teach her the highest and most difficult sciences, the most beautiful arts, so much so as to be able to be a portent of science on earth and in heaven. The human will united

with mine, will hold human legs and divine feet that will make it race in the way of good without ever tiring; it will hold human arms and divine motion that will hold (the) virtue of doing the greatest works, that resembles her Creator; with our divine motion she will embrace eternity, she will hold us always courted and pressed to her heart; united with our Will, she will hold the human mouth, but the word, the voice will be divine. And oh, how well we will speak of our supreme being! In short, she will hold our eye, through which, looking at all created things she will recognize in them our life, our love, and how she must love us; united to ours she will hold divine reason, she will feel a species of infused science, which will form an ordered man, all in order with her Creator; everything will convert into good, rather, there is no good that she won't possess if she lives in our Will. She is the true failure of all the evils, of all the misfortunes, and recalls to life all the goods, because she possesses the source of it.

“Beyond this, for one who lives in our Volition, every motion, breath, heartbeat, all that which one can do, are continuous conquests that she does, and divine conquests; I can say that living in my Volition, one breathes with my breath, one moves to my motion, one beats with my eternal palpitation. So that she acquires the conquering act in all her acts and this becomes given to her with justice and with exuberant love, because with living in ours, giving no more life to her volition, with right she should be in the celestial region, in order to feel happy and to enjoy our felicitating Will. Now, in order to live in our Will on earth, the poor daughter deprives herself of the joys of heaven; this is the most heroic act, the most intense love, which all heaven, our divinity, the Sovereign (Lady) of heaven, remain wounded and love the heroism of this creature, and oh, how everyone loves her!

“And our love, that never lets itself be conquered by anyone, cedes/surrenders in every breath of hers, to her little motion, if she thinks, if she looks, if she speaks, the conquering and divine act. The conquests are innumerable; we feel that it is not the creature that breathes, that moves, but us, and we give it the value that our breath and motion contains, that all the possible and imaginable values contains. So that she is the conqueror of our life and acts. This happy creature, with her conquering act, becomes our outlet of continuous love, our own happiness, our rest; and her conquests are continuous signatures on our decree of the coming of the Kingdom of our Volition upon the earth; these conquests shorten the time; more so that our working life is no longer estranged upon the earth, but already exists and has formed his Kingdom in this fortunate creature. Hence be attentive; never stop yourself, and I will keep count of everything, even of (your) breath, in order to love you more and in order to have you make so many conquests, one more beautiful than the other.”

Afterwards he added: “My daughter, as the creature lets me make I am of her will in order to live in mine, I make for her (a) gift of mine. But do you know what my Will does before giving himself? He pours himself upon the act of her, he embellishes it, forms the day, sanctifies it, puts there his divine joys, and then encloses himself in the act of the creature. As my Fiat works in this act, all created things receive new life, new creation, they feel renewed in beauty, in love, in the joy of one's Creator; and as he completes his divine act, the act remains of the creature and everyone remains in expectation in order to see what the creature does with this act, because it is an act that encloses everything, and everyone feels enclosed in that act; and the happy creature, what does she do? She enjoys it, she kisses and embraces it, and knowing that an act so great can not remain for herself alone, she says in her emphasis of love of joy: ‘Adorable Will, you have given me Divine Will, and I give you Divine Will, in order to make you the exchange, the thanksgiving, the glory, the joy, the

love that you have given me; I am incapable of being able to contain it! ‘Therefore this act races to everyone, sanctifies, embellishes, felicitates, gives honor to everyone. This is the most beautiful act that the creature can give me; no one can equal this act, that is to give my Will in order to receive it and to give it again.’”

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**June 30, 1938**

***How true love wants to find oneself in the loved person. How Our Lord formed so many ways in order to make himself found. Who is our field. How the knowledge opens all the doors between God and the creature.***

My poor mind feels itself under the empire/rule of the Fiat, which drawing it to himself, makes it follow that which he has done for love of the creature, and while I followed the acts of the redemption, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, my love feels the need to relieve itself with one who loves me and to entrust my most intimate secrets to her; true love holds this virtue of breaking whatever secret, because it wants to find in the loved person that which itself possesses, its joys, its sorrows, all its same prerogatives; love wants to find itself in the beloved person.

“Now, know, my daughter, that as I came upon the earth, my love gave me no rest; as soon as I was conceived, I began to form so many ways that should serve creatures in order to come to me; these ways, while I formed them, I stretched them, but I didn’t detach them from myself; I remained the center from where all the ways departed. So that every act, word, thought, step, were ways of light, of sanctity, of love, of virtue, of heroism, that I formed; hence every act that the creature does, finds my way in order to come to me.

“At the head of these ways, that are innumerable I put as queen my Will, and I put myself to wait, at the head of every way, in order to receive them in my arms; many times I wait in vain, and my love, giving me neither peace, nor rest, puts me *en route* in order to meet them at least halfway on the walk, and if I find them, I invest the act of the creature, in a way that I make myself act and way of it, and with an exuberant love I cover them, I hide them in my own love, I cover them with my own acts, but so many as to find myself in them, and I carry them in order to hold them secure in the arms of my Will. Therefore, every thought of the creature holds the way of my thoughts, every word holds the way of my words, every work holds the way of my work, of my steps; if she suffers she holds the way and the life of my sufferings, and if she wants to love me she holds the way of my love. I have surrounded creatures with so many (of) my ways, in a way as not to be able to escape me; and if someone escapes me, I give into delirium, I race, I fly, in order to track her down; and then I stop, when I have found her, and I close her in my ways, in order to not let her go out anymore.

“Therefore my coming upon the earth was none other than relieving my repressed love from so many centuries, through which I arrived to excesses, formed the new creation, indeed I exceeded it in the multiplicity of the works, and in the intensity of my love; but my love is still repressed, and as I vent I want to give my Will as life, in order to give them the greatest good that I can give, and in order to receive the great glory of having his children in our kingdom.

“As the creature enters into our Volition, our contentment is so much, that it gives us the field of repeating in her all that which we have done in the creation and redemption; our love wants to see in act, as if then we were doing it, the extended sky, the sun refulgent with light, the winds that blow continually billows of thanks and of love in one who lives in our Volition, seas that murmur love, glory, adoration to my Creator; in repeated act the descent of the Word; my Will is the repeater of that which my humanity did in the creature. So that we are always in (the) act of working in her; we never stop, because nothing should be missing in one who lives in our Volition; our own acts will be our throne, our cortege and the life itself of the creature.

“Therefore our love for her gives of the incredible; we are all eyes upon her, in order to see if she does not enclose everything; and how many times, because we love her too much, we repeat our working act, we put forth new beauty, new sanctity to our masterpieces that we have done in her. It pleases us always to give to her, and to keep her occupied under the rain of our working acts, in order to give occasions to her of loving her and of making us loved more. So, live always in our Volition, and you will feel the continuous vent of our love, our working act, that will not only repeat our works in act, but will add on new things to astonish heaven and earth.”

After this he added: “My daughter, everyone lives in my Volition; and if they didn’t live (in him) they would not find the space where to be able to live; but who feels our divine life? Who feels themselves involved by our sanctity? Who experiences the contentment of feeling touched by our creative hands in order to feel embellished with our beauty? Who feels themselves drown in our love?”

“One who wants to live in our Volition; not one who finds themselves though necessity of creation, because our immensity involves everything and everyone; these remain without knowing us, as true usurpers of our goods, as disloyal and ungrateful children, degenerates of their Father; and since they don’t know us, nor love us, we don’t find the place in them where to put our sanctity, our love; their souls are incapable of receiving our always growing beauty; they give us nothing, not even the rights of Creator; and while they live together in our divine sea, they remain as far away from us; with not knowing us, they have put (up) the bars, they have closed the doors and broken the communications between them and us.

“Knowledge is the first ring of conjunction between them and us; it is the wanting to live in our Volition that removes the bars and opens all the doors, in order to let them come into our arms and to delight themselves with us; it is loving us that makes us pour out in torrents our love, our graces, even to cover them with our divine qualities; if there is no knowledge, we can give nothing, nor they receive.

“Instead one who lives in our Volition knows us; as she enters into him, thus she gives her kiss to her Father, she embraces him, she puts around us her little love, and we give her our seas of love; she kisses with all heaven; we can say that the feasts are opened between her and us between heaven and earth. We ourselves call her blessed, and we say to her: ‘You are the most happy and fortunate creature, because you live in our Volition, you live and know us, you live and love us, and we hold you hidden in our love, covered by our arms, beneath the rain of our graces.’”

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**July 6, 1938**

*How in the Divine Volition everything triumphs; joys and conquests. The office of mother of the Divine Volition. Example of the sea one who lives in him.*

I am between the arms of the Divine Volition, and I can say that every day I make my day his sea; all that which he has done, as much in the creation as in the redemption, they meet me and say to me: “We are already yours; look with how much love your Creator gifts you with us; and put your little love in us, so that the creative love, you love in the created love, and the created love you love in the creative love, and both remain victorious.”

But while I followed the acts of the Divine Volition, I wanted to suddenly take heaven, to enclose myself in the celestial region in order to go out of it no more. Oh, how the exile weighs on me! If the divine Fiat might not have made his rivulets of joys and celestial happiness flow, I don't know how I would have borne it! And I felt embittered. And my beloved Jesus, who watches over me in everything, and doesn't want that I occupy myself with other than living in his Volition, compassionating me and reproaching me sweetly, said to me:

“My good daughter, why do you embitter yourself? In my Will bitternesses sound badly, because he is source of all sweetnesses, of triumphs and of conquests, and if creatures are embittered it is because they don't live in him, and their will tyrannizes them and they suffer bitterness, and remain defeated.

“Therefore courage, my daughter; you should know that, as the creature lives in my Will, she feels the need of her celestial country, already she feels possessor of it, and depriving herself of the celestial glory for my love, in every act that she does I feel re-give into me myself by her, she gives me all heaven, and the sea of joys and happiness that there are in the celestial regions. Hence don't you want to give this contentment to your Jesus? And then, if I don't finish forming in you the Kingdom of my Volition, how can I transmit it into the others? Therefore, leave me to do it.”

After this he added: “My daughter, so much is my love toward one who lives in my Volition, that I do, as a mama, that might have her child crippled and that might hold (the) power to give to her child the rarest beauty; the mother extends herself over him, warms him with her heat, and by way of kisses and embraces re-gives to the child the use of (his) members, makes him beautiful; and watching him she feels happy, as fruit of her maternal love; but the mama doesn't hold this power, and therefore she will be always unhappy with her child.

“But that which the Mother doesn't hold (the power of) I myself hold it; my love is so much that, as one enters into my Will, I extend myself over her I warm her with my love in order to call her to new life, I kiss her, re-kiss her, I tie her to my heart in order to remove from her whatever evil that might be able to overshadow her and re-move (in) her the freshness and divine beauty; then I blow (on) her, I send my regenerative breath to her in order to generate her to new life and to give back to her the rarest beauty. I am not yet content, I form the throne of all my works and put there upon it my Volition as king on his throne, reigning and dominant in this creature; I can say: ‘What else could I do and didn't I do? Could I maybe love you more and have I not loved you?’

“You should know that my love arrives to excess; as the creature does her acts in my Volition, I recall

in that act all our acts that we have done, possible and imaginable, even my own generation of the Word, which proceeded the Holy Spirit, all creation, my incarnation in time; I enclose everything, everything in that act, in order to be able to say,: ‘It is our act, (a) complete act’; nothing should be missing; and the creature should be able to say to us: ‘In your Will everything is mine, and I can give you everything, even yourselves.’ Hence the glory, our love, echoes in all our works, and assembling everything, re-flows even into our divine bosom. Oh, how sweet it is to hear resound in all things, ‘Glory, love to our Creator!’ But who has given us the occasion of receiving so much of our glory? One who lives in our Volition.’

After then he added: “My daughter, as the creature calls my Will into her acts, into her prayer, he repeats that act together and prays together with the creature, and since with his immensity he finds himself everywhere, the creation, the sun, the sky, the angels, the saints, they feel in themselves the strength of the creative prayer, and everyone prays; the prodigies of this prayer is omnipotent, it involves everyone, it gives itself to everyone; only one, ungrateful, who doesn’t want to receive it, remains without (it’s) effects. So that my Will possesses pregnant virtue; and oh, how beautiful it is to see him pray in his divine way, and with his creative virtue that imposes itself on everyone and makes everyone pray! This prayer imposes itself on our divine attributes, and makes pour out rains of mercy, of grace, of pardon and of love; it is enough to say that it is our prayer, in order to say,: ‘It can give everything.’

“Now you should know that the creature, either she does, or she doesn’t do our Will, either she lives or she doesn’t live in him, already she is in his immensity; indeed, he is life of her life, he is act of her acts, and assists her continually with his creative and conservative act; however one who lives in him feels his life, his power, his sanctity, and how much he loves her.

“It happens for her as with the fish that is in the sea and that knows it: she feels this divine sea that makes (a) bed (for) her, carries her in the arms of it’s celestial waters, feeds her, lets her walk in it’s sea, recreates/(amuses) her, embellishes her, and if she wants to sleep, forms for her the bed in the depths of it’s sea in order to have that no one waken her, indeed sleeps together (with her). So much is my Will’s love toward one with whom is in his sea and knows that she is there within, that he does for her all the arts that she wants to do, and if she wants to think he thinks in her, if she wants to look he looks in her eyes, if she wants to speak he speaks and holds her in continuous communication and tells her so many of our marvels of our eternal love, if she wants to work he works, if she wants to walk he walks, if she wants to love he loves. My Fiat always holds that we do with her, and she not only recognizes him, but she doesn’t leave him ever alone, she sinks more in his sea, because she knows that if she goes out she loses (her) life. It would happen as with the fish that if it goes out from the sea it loses (it’s) life. These creatures that live in our Volition are our celestial dwellers and with their love, they delight themselves in forming the waves in our sea, in order to recreate/(amuse) us and felicitate us.

“Instead one who is in the immensity of our sea, and doesn’t know us, feels nothing of all this; they don’t feel our paternal solicitude that presses her to (our) bosom, they live in our sea as if they might not live; they are very unhappy, as if they were not our children; they live as estranged, and not being known, we are constrained by their ingratitude to not even tell them a word and to retain repressed in our bosom the goods that we should give. And to see our children poor, dissimilar from us, only

because they don't know us is a sorrow for us; and if we might give it would be as the Gospel says: 'Don't hand over pearls before the swines; not knowing them they would cover them with filth, and they would stamp them beneath (their) feet.'

"Therefore the knowledge makes one know where we are, with whom we are, what we can receive and what we should do. Hence one who doesn't know the truth is blinded: for how many goods one puts around him he doesn't see anything, and he is the vagabond of creation."

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**July 11, 1938**

*How true love (is) that which the one wants the other one wants (too). Every act of Divine Will is a way that is opened between heaven and earth. The breath/[fiato] of God in the creature.*

I am always between the arms of the Divine Volition, and while I wrote I felt the weight of the great sacrifice of writing and offered it to my dear Jesus in order to obtain that the Divine Will might be known, wanted and loved by everyone. Oh, how I would like to put forth my life, in order to be able to make him known by everyone! And since I felt myself suffering, with difficulty I continued to write, and my sweet Jesus strengthening me said to me:

"My blessed daughter courage, I am with you, and so much is my satisfaction while you write, that every word that you write I give you a kiss, an embrace, a divine life of mine as a gift, and do you know why? I see copied in these writings our life of eternal love, the copy of our working Divine Will.

"And then our repressed love for well six thousand years, which is relieved, has its refreshments to our flames that it makes known how much he loves the creature, and loves her so much that he wants to give them his Will as life, and this because we can say on both parts: 'That which is mine is yours.' Then true love is content, when it can say: 'We love each other with equal love; that which I want she wants'; if there might be disparity of love, it would render unhappy the love of the one and the other, and if one might want a thing and the other another, the union, the love would cease.

"And since my love is true love, and knowing that the creature possesses love and finite will, I give her my love and infinite Will; thus we can say: 'We love each other with one love alone; we hold one Will alone.' If the one doesn't become will of the other, true love doesn't exist nor does it possess (the) source. Hence you should be content with the sacrifice that you make writing, knowing that it serves to the vent of my love repressed for so many centuries, and to the refreshment of my flames, that are so many that make me give into delirium. Therefore, we love each other with one love alone and we say together: 'That which you want I want.' Say: 'Jesus scatter my will in yours and give me yours in order to live.'"

Whence after that we declared on both parts, to live with one sole Volition, my beloved Jesus added with more tenderness:

"My good daughter, you must know that every act done in my Volition so much is its power that it opens a way to heaven for oneself and for the others that come afterwards. So that every act is a way

that leads to heaven; these ways descend from heaven, they interweave the earth, they spread themselves everywhere and (to) whoever wants to enter, they make themselves sure ways and sure conductor that guide one even into the bosom of one's Creator. Do you see therefore what an act is in my Will? It is a way more than opened between heaven and earth.

“How beautiful is living in my Volition, not only is it a way, but as the soul is (about) to do her act, the divine breath descends into her act, and breathing forth fills all the creation with his omnipotent breath and everyone feels the refreshment, the love, the power of the creative breath that holds (the) power of enclosing everyone and everything, embalming with his divine and celestial air. My working Will, as much in ourselves, as in the creature, must work prodigies; but so many that it must be able to say: ‘I am a divine act, I can do everything.’ So that there is no honor greater that we can give her, nor do we receive glory that more glorifies us, felicitates us and renders us glorious and triumphant on the part of creatures, than to let our Will work in their act; we feel ourselves enclosed in her act, while left free, and to work in the human circle as we know how to work by God. To do this for us is an exuberant love, we love our act in which we see unfold our power and unreachable beauty; our sanctity, love and goodness that covers everyone; they kiss and embrace everyone, that they would like to transmute everyone and everything, into our divine dowries; how not to love an act so great? We love she who has called us and has lent us her act in order to let us do an act so great, and how not to love her who has served us as bearer in order to work so many of our wonders? What thing would we not give to her and who could deny her anything? It is enough to say to you that one who lives in our Volition everyone remains behind she is the first in sanctity, in beauty, in love, we feel our echo, our breath in hers, she doesn't pray, but takes that which she wants from our divine treasures. Hence take to heart to live in our Divine Volition.”

After this he added: “My daughter, our Will, circulates in all created things like blood in the veins; the primary act, the motion, the heat is always his, however if he finds a creature that recognizes him and lives in him, while he continues to circulate in everything, in this one he stops and forms his support in order to work his wonders, and while with power and immensity he doesn't leave anyone, with this (one) he opens his communications, because she will have ears in order to listen to him, intelligence in order to understand him, heart in order to receive him, and love him.

“In this he will make the deposit of his graces, of his finesses of love; the human will that lives in his will serve him as space where to continue his working act; he will form his center, his divine room and his outlet of continuous love; and as she will do her acts in my Volition thus is she reborn in God and God in her; and these rebirths make re-arise new horizons, more beautiful skies, suns more radiant, new divine knowledges. Every act more that she does in my Volition we feel ourselves more transported to make ourselves recognized, we feel more confidence to entrust ourselves to her; because our Will being in her, will know how to guard with jealousy that which we say and give to her; and therefore in every rebirth she will be reborn to new love, to new sanctity, to new beauty.

“Hence, watching her in the delirium of our love we say to her: ‘Our Volition, makes you always more beautiful, more holy, and how much more you are in him so much more you grow and are reborn in our divine being.’ Every act more that you do our Will imposes himself to make you give of ours, to tell you new secrets to make you new discoveries of our love; if we didn't always give to this creature we would feel ourselves missing the motion to our divine life, that which can not be; and



she can not even be if she doesn't receive, she would feel herself missing the food of love, the tenderness of her Celestial Father. Therefore be attentive and recognize that you are carried in the arms of the divine paternity."

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**July 18, 1938**

***How beautiful it is to see the creature in the Divine Will. How created things wait for her in order to love their Creator. The exuberant love of God for one who lives in him.***

My flight in the Divine Volition continues; his power and immensity feel as the need of the company of his beloved creature in order to carry her everywhere he is found and as found, his works, detain her in order to tell her the different story that every single work of his possesses and the diversity of love with which they are animated and so much is he delighted in making known the source the specialty of his works, that not only does he make a gift of his works to one who listens, but he celebrates together (with) his works. Now while my mind was surprised, enchanted, my always amiable Jesus surprising me said to me:

"My blessed daughter; there is no enchantment more beautiful, that pleases our supreme being, than to see the creature enter into our Will; she, as she enters, takes us as in (her) arms and redresses herself inside and outside with our divine being, and we in order to repay her take her into ours in order to enjoy her; and oh, how beautiful it is to see her little but beautiful, little and powerful, little and wise, little and strong so much so as to be able to carry her Creator! There is nothing (in) which she doesn't resemble us.

"So that only the entering into our Volition she acquires and redresses herself with our divine qualities, with right given by us; master over everything, she gives herself to everyone, she loves everyone and wants to be loved by everyone, and she wants everyone to love us. To see a creature that wants that everyone love us is our most pure joy, most beautiful, most great; we truly feel our echo that we want that everyone love us and we love everyone; and if many don't love us we feel offended and robbed the rights of Creator, of Father who greatly loves his children. So that we feel ourselves portrayed by this creature, we find in her our own follies of love, how not to love her? Therefore to her our first kiss, the holds of our embraces; the stratagems of love that we do for her are unheard of, and how much more we love her more we want to love her."

Jesus became silent, and then added:

"My daughter, all created things await you, but do you know why? Because they feel with you, in virtue of my Fiat by which all are animated, the union, the inseparability with you, and since to the creature is given supremacy over everything they await you in the midst of them, so that together with her you glorify us, love us, according to the office that each one holds to give us.

"Every created thing possesses the fullness of true good; the sun possesses the fullness of the light and every act of light that it emits, every effect and good that springs forth from its bosom of light is a continuous little sonnet of glory, of love that it gives us; but it doesn't want to give us (that) alone, it wants her together for which it has been created. And then we remain truly loved and

glorified, when the creature animated by our Will, flows in that act of light, and loves us and glorifies us with love and glory of light; we feel our purpose, the cause for which we created the light; we find the creature hidden in that light that loves us with the fullness of the light and the heat; we find in her love that wounds us, love that sweetens us, love that always says love. Hence we gave to the creature into her power a sun that might love us. If we don't find her in created things, we are not content; they are rendered as instruments without sound and without life; at most we love and glorify ourselves, but it is not the creature that loves us and glorifies us; our purpose remains (a) failure.

“The wind awaits you, so that your voice flows in its moans, in order to feel your groaning love toward their Creator; oh, how honored it feels, when comes in the impetuositities of the wind your impetuous love almost ruling toward he who has created it, his billows, his breaths invested by your I love you! And while we feel breath of love from you, we breathe (in) you with love, in order to be more loved. The air awaits you that everyone breathes, so that it remains animated with your voice; and in every breath that they receive, they receive the I love you of their Creator and each breath that they emit races your I love you in order to carry us in your womb, all the lives, breaths changed into so many voices of love. Everyone awaits you in order to receive the new life of love of which the soul is bearer who lives in my Volition. Also the saints, the angels, the Queen of Heaven herself, awaits you in order to receive the freshness, the joy of the working love of the creature, that although she lives on the earth, but she lives with that same Volition (with) which they live; in order to be as watered with the love of this happy creature. They feel the new love with which my Volition has filled her, that investing everyone, they feel the joy of the conquering love of which she is bearer.

“What order, what harmony, my daughter, it puts one who lives in my Will between heaven and earth! All her acts, motions and thoughts are changed into voices, into sounds, into harmonies, that investing all created things, say by everyone that they love us, and while we remain loved, together with us everyone remains loved anew. All heaven remains enraptured from it in seeing the wonders, the sweet enchantment of one who lives in our divine Fiat.

“Now you should know that my love is not content, if I don't make and give new surprises of love to one who lives in my Volition, if I don't add (on) new things to make them known. Do you feel, my daughter, when I have loved you: my Celestial Father generated me, and I loved him; in that love I also loved you, because my Will carried you always present. I generate continually and in the enthusiasm of our love of Father and Son proceeded the Holy Spirit; in that enthusiasm I also loved you with continuous love. I created the entire creation, and each thing that I created first I loved you and then I created it and I extended it to your service. Also in the love between me and my Celestial Mamma, I loved you; and oh, how much I loved you in my incarnation in her virginal bosom! I loved you in every breath, in every motion, in every tear; my Will made you present, so that I might love you and you might receive as my gift(,) my breath, my tears, my motion; my love arrived to so much for the one who should live in my Volition, that also [when] I made graces to my saints, and I loved them, in that love she became enclosed.

“I can say I have always loved you, I have loved you in everyone and in everything, I have loved you in all times, in every place, I have loved you anywhere and everywhere.

“Oh, if everyone might know what it means to live in my Volition, the seas of love and of graces by

which they are inundated! A God that loves with always new love. How in our divine being we can hold our divine and predominant passion, that the creature live in our Volition, thus it would become their predominant passion, and at whatever cost they would put forth (their) life in order to live in that Fiat that loves them so much.”

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**July 24, 1938**

*Difference that passes between the Divine Will and love. How one who lives in the Divine Volition receives the deposit of the love of all the created things and forms the knoll to the acts of Our Lord. Call to everyone.*

I feel invested by the Fiat, it seems to me that he calls me in all created things, in order to give me his love and so to be able to love him more; but I thought to myself: “What difference passes between love and the Divine Will?” And my adorable Jesus, repeating his brief little visit with me, said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, my Will is life, my love is food; life can not be without food and if the food might exist without life that takes it, it would be rendered useless, and useless things God doesn’t know how to do. Life makes the food arise, so that the one and the other render themselves necessary; life can not form itself nor grow nor develop its great works without feeding itself, the food would remain without works, without giving of itself in marvelous things if it might not have a life that receives it.

“Beyond this my Will is light, love is heat; inseparable between themselves, light can not be without heat, nor heat without light; it seems that they are twins born from one birth, but however the first one to be born is the light and then arises the heat, so that the heat is child of the light; thus my Will holds his act first, love is his favorite daughter, his inseparable first-born; if my Will, doesn’t want it, she does not move(,) she doesn’t want to work, love remains hidden inside of her Mama, without doing anything, instead if my Will wants to work, she races, flies, is all eyes, motion, work and steps, without ever tiring.

“So also in the creature if she lets herself move by Will she will hold true love, she will be firm, constant and unshakable in good, if then she won’t be animated by him, her love will be a painted love, without life, inconstant; poor love where there is not the life of my Will; the good, the works that she will do will be exposed to the cold, to the nighttime hoarfrosts, to the scorching sun, that holds (the) virtue of burning and of drying out the most beautiful works! Do you see therefore, daughter, the difference between my Will and love? The daughter can not be born without the mother. Therefore take to heart, to possess his life, if you don’t want to be sterile in good, without generation to be able to populate heaven and earth.”

After this he added: “My blessed daughter, living in my Divine Will, puts everything in order, and makes known the good that all created things possess, the love with which they are invested, and they pour themselves upon the creature, in order to have her love with each distinct love that every created thing possesses. So that we find, in one who lives in our divine Fiat, the love with which we created and we extended the sky, and the multiplicity of our distinct love, with which we punctuated it with stars; each star is a distinct love and we see it sealed in the creature, whom loving us with so much

diversity of love for how many stars there are, we feel our immense and infinite love crowned with the crown of the love of the creature!

“Oh, how we remain content in finding in her his love that crowns ours! And in order to repay her we double our love in her in order to make her love us more, so that you exceed the sky with all its stars to love us.

“We find in her, the love, with which we created the sun; the sun is one, but the multiplicity of the effects (and) goods that it produces are innumerable; each effect is a distinct love, it can be a kiss, a caress of light that gives the Creator to his creature, an embrace of love, so many acts of life that we make rise from inside those effects that they can be called food with which creatures live; and we find in one who lives in our Volition, the love and multiplicity of the effects with which we created the sun; and oh, how we feel ourselves return the love, the kisses, the embraces, the multiplicity of the effects of love that the light possesses! And we feel ourselves crown our inaccessible light with the crown of light of her love.

“What doesn't our Will let us find in one who lives in him? He lets us find the love with which we created the wind, the air, the sea, the little flower of the field, everyone and everything, and he regives us this love, rather he doubles it (for) us, and we double the love with which we created all the created things; our love makes festive it feels beloved, repaid, and prepares new surprises of love and forms the working creation in the creature. This love binds everything, heaven and earth, it flows everywhere and forms itself as cement, in order to reunite the inseparability that the lack of love has produced between God and creatures.

“Now, so much is my love for one who lives in my Divine Volition that that which I do, I have to do to her; I give the right to her over my acts as if they might be hers, and I remain with anxiety waiting that she takes my steps in order to have her walk, my hands in order to have her work, my voice in order to have her speak; so much so that if sometimes she omits making use of me, my love reproaches her sweetly and with inexpressible tenderness I say to her:

‘Today you have not had me walk, my steps remained waiting for you in order to walk in you and you have made them stop for me; my works today are suspended because you have not given me the space to work in your hands; I have always been in silence because you have not had me speak in your voice. You see, also my tears I hold them on my face, because you have not removed them from me in order to make use of them for you, in order to wash yourself, in order to refresh yourself in my love, and even to make of them a bath for who offends me, and still I feel (a) wet face from weeping. My sufferings are days without the kisses, the sweetenings of one who loves me, and I feel more embittered by them. Therefore take all of me do not leave anything of me, let me lean/rest my being with all my acts upon you and upon all your acts, and thus I will call you my knoll, my shelter; I will put in you, in the bank of my Will that reigns in you, all that which I did and suffered being on earth, I will multiply it, I will centuplicate it, I will make it continually re-arise to new life, so that you take for yourself that which you want and you will give me to everyone so that everyone knows me and loves me.’

“Indeed you should know that as the creature enters into my Will in order to do her acts she calls the

appeal to all created things, to the saints and angels, so that everyone becomes enclosed in that act. And oh, how beautiful it is to feel in that act that everyone loves me, everyone recognizes me and adores me, everyone does the same thing! My Will calls everyone, imposes himself over everyone, and everyone remains felicitated, honored to be enclosed in that act done in the Divine Volition, in order to love with new love and with the love of everyone he who loves them so much.”

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**July 30, 1938**

***How in heaven there are innumerable offices/(mansions), every blessed will hold a God to himself as his. How Jesus loved us in all created things. Spontaneity of Jesus in the sufferings.***

My poor mind is thickly invested by the enthusiasm of love of the Divine Volition; his wonders are always surprising, one more beautiful than the other; and my amiable Jesus surprising me with its brief little visit, with a love that enraptured my little soul, said to me:

“My little daughter of my Will the prodigies, the wonders, the enchanting scenes that I unfold in one who lives in my Volition are manifold, and so very beautiful and enchanting that to no one is it given to imitate them.

“You must know that in heaven there are innumerable offices/(mansions), but those prepared to the souls that have lived in my Volition on earth will be the most beautiful and distinct from the others; they will possess harmonies and divine scenes, enchanting, joys always new that will rise from the depth of my Will in which they have lived; they will hold in their power joys and happiness always new; in their power how much they will want of it so much will they form of it; because my Fiat holds (the) virtue of creating always new joys; these offices/(mansions) will be the new enchantment of that celestial sojourn.

“Now I want to tell you another surprise more beautiful yet. In heaven every blessed will have me inside of himself as his Creator, King, Father and glorifier; he will have me outside of himself, truly next to him, in a way as to feel himself carried in my arms; we will love together, we will felicitate ourselves together; I won't be one God for everyone, but a God for each one; rather I will keep myself bilocated inside and outside of him; I will possess him inside and outside of me and they will possess me inside and outside as if I might be for each one alone. One God for everyone would not be full happiness; some would be near some far, some to the right, some to left, hence some would enjoy my caresses some not, some would feel more loved and felicitated by my near presence, and some not. Instead with each one having me to himself, inside and outside, we will never lose sight of each other; we will enjoy close love, not from afar; how much we would have loved and known each other on earth, more we will love each other in heaven.

“And then that which I will give to one who has lived in my Volition on earth, it will be so very great that all the blessed will enjoy double happiness. It is true that there from where I have my throne seas of joys spring forth to enlarge the whole celestial country, but my love is not content, if I don't bilocate myself and descend to be to you for you/(face to face), one on one with my beloved creature, in order to love each other more and to enjoy ourselves together with her; and then, how to be able to be far from one who lives in my Volition? If between her and us is formed the inseparability of

Will and of love, how to be able to be even one single step away, if one alone is the love with which we love each other, and one the Will with which we work?

“Indeed, you should know, that one who lives in our Volition is inseparable with everyone even with the created things themselves; as she does her act in him she calls and embraces everyone, she encloses everyone in her act, she imposes herself over everyone in order to do that which she does. Therefore in one act done in my Volition I receive everything, even my own creation, in order to love me and to glorify me.”

After this he added: “My daughter, I do as a king that holds many queens that love with a love that one can not be without the other. This king forms so many sumptuous palaces, there he puts music inside, the most delightful scenes in order to make his queen happy and him together with her; then I bilocate myself for each one in way that all possess me and I am felicitated by my possession. The king can not bilocate himself in order to make his queens happy and he must be content to be now with one now with the other, and this already makes their love unhappy, and they are tyrannized by a broken love and not enjoyed forever. And if I might not hold (the) virtue of giving myself to each one as if I were only for her, leaving the creature even one instant alone without me my love would make me unhappy. Instead I am king that always courts my queens and they court me; if this were not so the fullness of happiness would be missing in the celestial sojourn.”

Whence I continued my round, in the divine Fiat, and detained myself at that which Jesus did being upon the earth, and my sweet Jesus added: “My daughter, for one who lives in my Volition and loves me, the silence weighs (on) me, my love always wants to say and reveal where it arrives, and in how many ways it loves her. Now, you must know that I being upon the earth, there was nothing that I did (in) which I didn’t search my beloved creatures, I kissed them to me, I pressed them to my Heart, I watched them with paternal tenderness. So that if I met with the sun I found in its light my beloved creatures, because having created it for them, with right they rule in its light, one can not say to you master of a good, if one doesn’t possess it and is there inside.

“Hence I found in the sun my creatures, I kissed them to me, I embraced and pressed them to my Heart, and since I also held them inside of me, I kissed them outside and inside of me, pressing them so very strongly to unite them to my own life. If I met in the wind I raced to kiss it; if I drank water, also in it I found them; and oh, with how much love I watched them kissed them, also in the air that I breathed! I met them (in) everything, I felt their breath and in every breath were kisses of love with which I sealed them. Therefore, in every created thing, in the starry sky, in the sea, in the plants, in the flowers, in everything I met with my beloved creatures in order to double my love in them, in order to make for them (a) feast, in order to re-embrace them and to say to them: ‘Your unhappiness is finished, because I have come from heaven to earth in order to make you happy; it is I that have taken your unhappiness upon myself; you can be sure. And then a God that loves you will be your fortune, your defense, your powerful help!’

“And then the most beautiful characteristic of my love, (is) spontaneity, so much so that in the same sufferings that they gave me in the passion; first I formed them myself in myself, I loved them, I covered them with kisses and then I passed them into the minds of the creatures so that they might make me suffer in my humanity. There was no suffering, that creatures might give me that was not

wanted first by me, in secondary order the creatures came, therefore my sufferings were drenched by my love, covered by my ardent kisses and possess the creative virtue to make re-arise souls to love me.

“True love is seen by the spontaneity, a forced love can not be said (to be) true love, it loses the freshness, the beauty, the purity; and oh, how they become unhappy in the sacrifices, inconstant! And while, it seems that they love; and since it is forced, or from necessity or from persons that they can not free themselves (from), they feel unhappy and embittered; a forced love makes poor creatures slaves. Instead, my love was free, wanted by me, nor did I have need of anyone, I loved, I sacrificed myself, even to give (up my) life, because I want and I love. Therefore, when I see in the soul a spontaneous love, it enraptures me and I say: ‘My love and yours gives the hand to each other, hence we can love each other with one love alone.’”

After this he added: “My daughter, one who lives in my Will, becomes guarded in my divine room, possesses all our goods; the strength and the light are in her power. Instead one who does my Will forms the way in order to arrive to enter into him. Now, on the way there are perils, she must be exposed to the heat and the cold, she won’t find water ready in order to drink, good foods in order to feed herself, bed in order to rest, one can say, she will be a poor wayfarer that never arrives to her residence. What difference between one who lives in my Volition and between one who does my Will, but it is necessary however to form the way, that is to live resigned, to do my Will in all the circumstances of life, in order to arrive to be able to live in my Volition; where she will find his divine room, the center of her rest, the exile changed in homeland.”

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**August 6, 1938**

***Exchanges of life between the Divine and human Will. Victory of Jesus. There is no greater offence than to remove oneself from the Divine Will. The speaking creation. The divine heartbeat and breath. Necessity of God to speak to the creature.***

I feel the need of giving myself continually to the Divine Will, I am the little baby that seeks the bosom of my mother in order to shelter myself in her, in order to be secure, and all abandoned in his arms. But while I thought this my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

My little daughter of my Volition, you seek your refuge in me and I seek my refuge in you, in order to enjoy my creature and to rest myself in her, so that her love keeps me defended from all the offenses of creatures. You must know, that every time that the creature enters into my Will in order to do her acts, so many times I give her my divine life, and so many times she gives me her human life. So that she remains equipped with so many divine lives for how many acts she has done in my Will, and I remain honored and glorified surrounded with so many human lives; because an act in my Will must be complete, I give everything of myself, I don’t reserve for myself anything of my supreme being, and she gives everything to me of her human being.

“Therefore what is not the good that the creature receives with possessing so many of my divine lives? And as she goes repeating her acts, so many of my lives are added and I give (the) virtue of freeing her life in order to be able to say: ‘How many of my lives I have given her, so many she has

given me.' I can say that then I found all my contentment, when I see given me in every instant the life of her, in order to be able to give it to her. Seeing the human will given to me, is my greatest triumph, and taken with love I sing my victory, victory that costs me my life, and the anticipation of around six thousand years, in which I have longed with so many anxieties and bitter and ardent sighs the return of the human will in mine; whence having obtained it I feel the need of resting and of singing victory.

“Therefore there is no joy more beautiful that she can give me than to live in him, nor can there be greater sorrow that she can give me than to remove herself from my Will, because I feel offended in all created things; because anywhere and everywhere one finds my Volition, and I feel the offense arrive in the sun, in the wind, in the sky even inside my bosom. To see converted the great gift of the human will, that I gave to the creature that she should use it for (an) exchange of love and of life between me and her, into (a) deadly weapon in order to offend me, what sorrow! Now, one who comes to live in him makes this sorrow so raw disappear, how should I not I give all myself into her power and give her that which she wants?”

Then he added: “So much is my love toward one who lives in my Fiat, that as the creature feels the need to breathe, to feed herself, to move, thus I feel the need of forming a single life with her; because my Will, since he lives in her, he makes it for me my breath, my heartbeat, my motion, my food. You see, therefore, how necessary it is to me her permanent union with me and inside of me, otherwise I would feel myself missing the breath, the motion, the heartbeat and the food of my love from all the creation. Oh, how badly I would feel! Because one who lives in my Volition and inside of our supreme being is the creation speaking, moving and throbbing, that in the name of all created things brings us the food of love that all should give us. We can say that our love feeds all created things, therefore we feel the need of receiving the exchange of love in order (for) us not to remain fasting, and only one who lives in our Volition who embraces everything, loves us in everything, can re-give us the exchange of feeding us with her love.

“How beautiful it is to see the creature gather from all creation our scattered love, and also our love that has not been taken by human ingratitude and she brings it to us in order to give us the food of love in the name of everyone and of everything, she forms the enchantment of all heaven and we call her our welcome one, the bearer of all our works, the exchange of our love in which we can repeat our wonders.”

Then with an affection more tender he added: “My daughter, so much is our love for one who lives in our divine Fiat, that the mama can be, it seems more easy to divide herself from her daughter, we can not do it because our Will is united to her, transforms her into us, makes her want that which we want and do that which we do. As he enters into her, thus he transports her everywhere, gives her the place in all created things, in order to hold her anywhere and everywhere, always together in harmony with him, and says to her in how many ways he has loved her. To be without her seems impossible to us, we should (have to) separate ourselves from our Will in order to do it, but even we can not do this.

“Hence I give her the place in the starry sky, and oh, how beautiful it is, to hold her together with me in that azure vault, in that interminable extension of the sky that one can not see where it ends! And



I tell her the story of our eternal love that doesn't have (a) beginning nor can it have (an) end, nor can it undergo mutation; and since our love never stops, we take the creature from all sides, from above, from beneath, from right, from left, in order to bombard her with our love. And as the sky hides and covers all the inner world beneath its vault bombarded with stars in order to hold them defended and covered, thus our immutable love, more than sky, holds covered and hidden everyone in the sky of our love. We feel the need to say to the creature how much and in how many ways we love her, to love her and not to make her know how much we love her (is impossible); and in order to make us love, she forms the refreshment of our love, and loving us, although she is little, we feel ourselves re-give a sky of love, and with her repeated acts of love, we feel as bombarded by so many stars that rain on us: 'Love, love, love.'

"You see therefore, (the) necessity to our Heart to give her the place in every created thing; in order to tell her the distinct story of love that every created thing contains, I give her the place in the sun; and oh, how many things I say to her of our supreme being! Our inaccessible light that invests everything with its ardent love, that invests and hide itself in every fiber of the heart, in every thought and word; with my light I embalm, purify, embellish and there form with my light more than sun my life of love in the creature, and she feels my light and by way of light she wants to enter into the most intimate hideaways of our supreme being, in order to love us and to be loved.

"How beautiful it is to find one who loves us, our love finds its refuge, its rest, its outlet, its exchange. Therefore everywhere we give her the place, because in every created thing we hold to tell her a secret of love of ours; how many things we hold still to say, and if the creature doesn't live in our Volition, she won't understand us and she will constrain us to silence.

"Now, you must know, that as the creature does her acts in my Will, so many suns arise; and since one act in my Will is so much that it can not remain without doing good to everyone, these suns, as they arise, thus they race in the midst of the people and carry to some the kiss of light, to some strength, to some they put in flight the darkness, to some they pave the way, to some with (a) strong voice of light they recall (them) into good, an act in my Will can not remain without producing great goods. As the sun that rises in the horizon with its light in order to make itself light of every eye, it races and matures the plants, colors the flowers, purifies the air, gives itself to everyone; one can say, it renews and reinvigorates the earth, and forms its joy and its feast. So that if the sun might not rise, the earth would be dressed in mourning and would burst into weeping.

"More than sun is an act in my Will, its light races and does good to everyone, it renews and reinvigorates everyone in its light, minus some who might not want to receive it. And although they might not want to receive it, they are constrained to receive the good of its light, as one who might not want to receive the light of the sun, he is constrained by the empire of the light to feel its heat; such is the empire of an act in my Fiat, it can not be if it doesn't work prodigies of graces and of incalculable goods. Therefore one who lives in our Volition does everything, embraces everyone and gives us everything, if we want to love she gives us love, if we want glory she gives us glory, if we want to speak we hold one who listens to us, and if we want to do great works we hold one in whom to do them and who will render us the exchange. Behold therefore in our Volition I want you always, never to go out of him."

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**August 12, 1938**

*When the creature enters into the Divine Volition, heaven abases itself and the earth elevates itself in order to give each other the kiss of peace. Love of God in manifesting the truth. How all things become life. How all created things are members of Jesus. Diversity of love.*

The Divine Volition is always around me, that wants to invest my acts with his light in order to unfold his life there; it seems to me that he is so very at attention that he arrives to persecute me with love and with light, because he wants that in all that which I do he might enclose his life. Oh, how happy I feel in feeling myself persecuted with love and with light by the Supreme Fiat! And my sweet Jesus, surprising me, said to me:

“My daughter, see to what (an) excessive point my love arrives, that it wants the creature to live in my Volition, that I arrive to persecute her with love and with light. The light eclipses (in) her all the evils, in (a) way that seeing only my Will, she abandons herself in him and lets us do that which we want; the love allures her, felicitates her and makes her conquered by us.

“You must know that as the creature enters into our Volition in order to form her act, heaven abases itself and the earth elevates itself, and they meet together; what happy meeting! Heaven feeling itself transported on earth by the creative strength of the divine Fiat, they kiss the earth, that is the human generations and at whatever cost they want to give to them that which they possess, in order to content the Divine Volition that has transported it on earth, because he wants to reign in everyone; the earth, feeling itself elevated to heaven, they feel an unknown strength that drags them to good, a celestial air that imposes itself upon them, that makes them breathe a new life.

“An act in my Will gives of the incredible, these acts will form the new day, the human generations will feel themselves renewed, rejuvenated in good through means of them; they will form the disposition in order to dispose them to receive his life, in order to let him reign. These acts of creatures done in my Volition will be the outfit/wealth, the powerful preparations, the most effective means, in order to obtain such a good.”

After then he added: “My daughter, our love gives of the incredible! When we must manifest a truth that regards our Will, first we love it in ourselves, we facilitate it, we adapt it to the human intelligence, so that the creature succeeds easily to understand it and to make it real life; we outfit it with our love, and then we make it known as suitor of love that wants to give itself to them, as life that feels the need that wants to form itself in them. But this doesn't satisfy, we purify the human intelligence, we invest it with our light, we renew it, so that it knows our truth, she kisses it, she encloses it in herself and gives it all liberty to form its life, in order to remain transformed in the truth itself.

“Therefore every truth of ours carries our divine life in the creature, suitor, that loves and wants to be loved, and our love is so much that we adapt ourselves to human conditions in order to facilitate the knowledge, so that if we know each other it is easy to conquer the human will in order to make it ours and she will have (an) interest (in) possessing her God. Without knowledge the ways are closed, the communications broken and we remain as the God distant from the creature, while we are

inside and outside of them, and they remain distant from us, no one can possess a good if they don't know it.

“Therefore we want to make known that one who lives in the Divine Will and works in him, everything becomes divine life in her. Possessing my Fiat, his creative virtue, all that which she does, if she thinks, if she speaks, if she works, if she walks, if she loves, he unfolds his life and thinks, speaks, works, walks and loves, he forms the working, speaking creation; the creature serves as to continue his creation indeed (in order) to do things more beautiful yet. Hence the creation didn't end, but continues still in the souls that live in our Volition, and if in the creation one sees the order, the beauty, the power of our work, in the creature one will see the love, the order, beauty, our creative virtue repeating our divine lives, for how many times she has lent us her acts in order to let us work.

“The creature is life she is not (a) work like the creation, therefore we feel an irresistible love of forming our lives in her. And oh, how we struggle, how content we are, as our love finds its rest and our Will his conclusion that is to form our life in her!

“Instead one who doesn't live in our Volition her works and steps are without life, as painted pictures that are not able neither to receive life, nor to give it, nor can they produce any good. Because they not are not able to nor can there be nor life, nor good, without my Will.”

Whence I was following my acts in the Divine Will and having made holy communion, my sweet Jesus said to me:

“How beautiful it is when I descend into the sacramental hearts and I find them in my Will, I find everything in him, I find my Queen Mother and I feel re-given the glory as if anew I became incarnate, I find all my works that surround me, they honor me, they love me; and since my Will circulates as blood and beats in all created things, therefore they are united with me as members that part from me, and remain in me; so that all that which I did on earth, and all created things, some (act) as arms for me, some as feet, some as heart, some as mouth and they love me and glorify me in (an) infinite way.

“The creature with living in my Volition everything is hers as it is mine, and she can give me my living humanity in order to love me, in order to keep me protected and defended from everything. She can give me the love that I had in creating the sun; how much specialty of love doesn't that light contain! She is stuffed with so many various and innumerable effects of sweetness, of colors, of perfumes; in every effect there is a distinct love of mine and you can see from the various sweetnesses (one) is not like the other; my love is insuperable, that I am not content to let man taste a single sweetness of my love, to allure him with only one color, with only one perfume, it puts forth (from) us so many different ones in order to drown her and to feed her with my love; so that my first food was my love, the other things came in (the) second order.

“Hence, the sun, that does so much good to the earth, with its light extends itself beneath the steps of man, fills their eyes with light, invests him everywhere, goes after him where he goes; it is my love that races in its light, that loving him lets himself (be) stamped on by his steps, my love fills their eyes with light, invests him everywhere, follows him everywhere and in that light there are my innumerable stretches of love; there is my love that languishes, that wounds, that enraptures; there is my love that

burns, that sweetens everything, that re-gives life to everything, there is my love that takes from all sides the creature and carries her as in (his) arms. Look, my daughter, the light, and you yourself can not number the so many varieties of my love, and if you will live in my Will, the sun will be yours, your member and you can give me so many diversities of love, for how much of it I have given you.

“All created things are my members; the sky and every star is a distinct love of mine toward the creature, the wind as my member does none other than as it blows, thus it blows my distinct love, and therefore now it blows to her the freshness of my love, now the caress with my love, now it blows to her with my impetuous love, now with its puff it carries the refreshments of my love to her. Also the sea, the drops of water press themselves among themselves in order to never cease murmuring (the) diversity of love with which I love creatures; also in the air that they breathe I send them in every breath my distinct I love you.

“Therefore descending sacramentally I carry together with me the created things as my members; with the enchanting scenes of so much variety and multiplicity my love is as an army (that) I put inside of the creature in order to love her and to make her love me. How hard, (and) sorrowful it is to love and not to be loved. Therefore live always in my Will and he will put you to light (of) the so many ways with which I have loved you and you will love me as I want you to love me.”

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**August 15, 1938**

***The feast of the Assumption is the most beautiful feast, most sublime. The working feast of the Divine Will in the Celestial Queen.***

While my mind swam in the sea of the Divine Volition, I stopped in the act in which my Queen Mama was assumed into heaven. How many wonders, how many surprises of love that enrapt ones mind. And my sweet Jesus, as if he felt the need to speak of his Celestial Mother, all festive, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, today the feast of the Assumption is the most beautiful feast, more sublime, more great, in which we remain more glorified, loved and honored. Heaven and earth are invested with an unusual joy never experienced, the angels and saints feel invested by seas of new joys and new happiness, and they extol with new hymns the Sovereign Queen, who in her empire reigns over everyone and gives joy to everyone. Today is the feast of feasts, and the only and new one, that is not repeated anymore. Today, the day of the Assumption becomes celebrated the first time the Divine Will worked in the Sovereign and Lady. The wonders are enchanting. In her every little act, even in her breath, in her motion one sees so many (of) our divine lives that flow as so many kings in her acts, that more than radiant suns they inundate her, surround her, embellish her, and make her so beautiful, that she forms the enchantment of the celestial regions. It seems little to you that her every breath, motion, work and suffering, were filled with so many (of) our divine lives? This is truly the great prodigy of the work of my Will in the creature, to form so many (of) our divine lives for how many times he had entrance into the motion, into the acts of the creature; and since my Fiat possesses the bilocative, and repetitive virtue without ever ceasing that which he does, hence the great Lady feels in herself multiplied these divine lives, which don't do other than to extend all the more his seas of love, of beauty, of power, of infinite wisdom.

“You must know that our divine lives are such and so many that she possesses that as she entered into heaven she populated the whole celestial region, that not being able to contain them they filled all the creation. So that there is no point where don't flow her seas of love, of power and so many lives of ours of which she is the possessor and the Queen.

“We can say, she dominates us and we dominate her; and re-pouring herself into our immensity, power and love, she populated all our attributes with her acts and with the so many (of) our divine lives that she had conquered. So that from anywhere and everywhere we feel ourselves loved, glorified, inside and outside of ourselves, from within created things, in the most remote hideaways, by this celestial creature and by one who from our own divine lives that our Fiat has formed in her. Oh, power of our Volition, only you can make so many prodigies even to create so many (of) our lives in one who lets you dominate, in order to make us loved and glorified as we merit and want! Behold therefore she can give her God to everyone, because she possesses him, rather without losing any one of our divine lives, as she sees the creature disposed that wants to receive our life, thus she holds the virtue of reproducing from within our life that she possesses another (of) our divine life in order to give it to whom she wants.

“This Virgin Queen is a continuous prodigy, that which I did on earth she continues in heaven, because our Will when he works as much in the creature as in us, that act never finishes and while it remains in her, she can give it to everyone(.) the sun perhaps finishes to give its light because it has given so much to the human generations? Quite, while it has given so much it is always rich in its light, without losing not even one drop of light. Therefore the glory of this Queen is insuperable, because she holds in possession our working Will that holds (the) virtue of forming in the creature eternal and infinite acts; she always loves us, nor does she ever stop loving us with our lives that she possesses; she loves us with our love, she loves us anywhere and everywhere; her love fills heavens and earth and races to relieve itself in our divine bosom, and we love her so much that we don't know how to remain without loving her; and while she loves us, she loves everyone, and makes us love everyone; who can resist not to make us give that which she wants? And then it is our own Volition that asks that which she wants, that with his eternal bonds she ties us everywhere and we can not deny her anything.

“Therefore the feast of the Assumption is the most beautiful because it is the feast of my working Will in this great Lady, that made her so rich and beautiful, that the heavens can not contain it; the angels themselves, feel mute, nor do they know how to speak of that which my Will does in the creature.”

After this, my mind remained astonished in thinking of the great prodigies that the divine Fiat worked and continues to work in the Celestial Queen, and my beloved Jesus added:

“My daughter, her beauty is unreachable, she enchants, fascinates, conquers, her love is so much, that it is offered to everyone, she loves everyone and (all) remain behind (her) seas of love, one can call her Queen of love, Victor of love, that she loved so much that by way of love she conquered her God.

“You must know that man with doing his Will broke the bonds with his Creator and with all the created things. This Celestial Queen, with the power of our Fiat that she possessed, bound her Creator with creatures, she bound all beings together, she united them, reordered them anew, and

with her love she gave new life to the human generations. It was so much her love that she covered and hid in her love weaknesses, evils, sins and creatures themselves in her seas of love. Oh, if this holy Virgin, didn't possess so much love, it would prove difficult for us to watch the earth! But her love not only makes us watch, but we want to give our reigning Will in the midst of them, because she so wants it, she wants to give to her children that which she possesses, and by way of love she will conquer us and her children."

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**August 21, 1938**

***Difference that passes between the life that forms in the sacramental hosts and that which forms in one who lives in his Volition.***

I am always *en route* in the Divine Volition and I felt worried, and I said to myself: How can it be that so many divine lives can be formed in us for how many acts we do in him? And my always amiable Jesus, always benign in order to make me understand all the more said to me:

"My daughter, to us everything is easy provided that we find that she lends the human will to live in ours; we delight even in the motion, in the breath, in the step to form new lives that move, that breathe, that walk, that speak; the human will lends us as so many veils, in which to form so many lives of ours. This is the last display of our love, and it pleases us so much that provided that the human will lends us its little veil, we populate all its acts, with the multiplicity of our divine lives.

"And then there is my eucharistic life, that gives proof of it and confirmation of that which I say to you, are they not perhaps little veils the accidents of the bread, in which I remain consecrated, I live and truly in soul and body(,) blood and divinity? And if there are a thousand hosts, a thousand lives of mine I form in every single host, if there is only one host, I form there only one life of mine. And then, what does the host give me? Nothing, not an I love you, nor a breath, nor a heartbeat, nor is a step of company, I am alone, and many times the solitude oppresses me, embitters me and I burst into weeping; how it weighs on me not having one to whom to say a word, I am under the nightmare of a profound silence. What does the host give me? The hideaway in order to hide me, the tiny prison in order to have (that) I would remain in order to speak, in order to make me unhappy. But since it is my Will that wants that I remain sacramentally in every host, he that is not ever bearer of unhappiness, neither to us, nor to the creatures that live in him, he makes flow in my sacramental life, our celestial joys that are inseparable from us, but always on our part; but the host never gives anything to me, it doesn't defend me, nor love me.

"Now if I do this in the host, that is form so many (of) my lives that give me nothing, much more so in one who lives in my Will. The difference between my sacramental lives, and the so many lives of mine that I form in one who lives in my Volition is incalculable; (there) passes more distance between the sky and the earth. First, we are not ever alone, and to have company is the greatest joy, that felicitates divine and human life.

"Now, you must know that as I form my life in the thought of the creature that lives in my Volition, I feel the company of the human intelligence that courts me, and loves me, understands me and gives me its memory, the intellect, the will in my power and since in these three powers was created our

image, I feel our eternal memory given to me for company that doesn't forget anything, I feel the company of my wisdom that understands me, and then the company of the human will fused with mine, that loves me with my eternal love; how not to multiply in every thought of hers as many of our lives, when we find that she understands us and loves us more? We can say, we find our profit; because how much more life we form so much more we make ourselves understood, we give her double love and she loves us more; if we form our life in the word, we find the company of hers, and since our Fiat is hers, we find all the prodigies that he has worked when our Fiat was pronounced; if we form it in her breath, we find hers that breathes together and the company of our omnipotent breath, when creating we infused life (in) her; if we form it in her motion, we find her hands that embrace us squeezing us strongly, that don't want to leave us anymore; if we form it in the steps they follow us anywhere. What beautiful company, one who lives in our Will, there is no peril that they ever leave us alone, we both are inseparable.

“Therefore the living in our Volition is the prodigy of prodigies, where we make (a) display of our so many divine lives, we make ourselves known who we are, that which we can do, and we put the creature in order with us, which we created; because you must know, that these lives of ours carry with themselves seas of light, of love, seas of wisdom, of beauty, of goodness, that invest the creature in order to make her possess the light that always grows, the love that is never extinguished, the wisdom that always understands, the beauty that always embellishes more.

“Therefore we love so much that the creature live in our Volition, because we want to give, we want that she understand us, we want to populate all the human acts with our divine lives, we don't want to remain enclosed, repressed, in our divine circle. To be able to give, and not give, how much it grieves us, and even to such that she won't live in our Volition the creature will be always the little ignorant one of our supreme being, incapable of even learning the vowels of how much we love her and of how much we can give her. They will be always the dissimilar children from us, that maybe don't even know us, degenerates from their Father.”

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**August 28, 1938**

***How an act in the Divine Will contains everything, it can love for everyone. How everyone races in this act. Every act done in my Will is a day that one acquires.***

I continue to cross the sea of the Divine Volition in which it seems to me that everything is mine: light, sanctity, love; I feel assailed from all the parts, that they want to give themselves to me. And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, said to me:

“My daughter, do not marvel, as the creature enters into my Will, all created beings, they feel an irresistible force to race toward who is working in my Will, because she, in order to work, needs the cortege of all his works; first, because it is inseparable from all that which he has done; second, because working, everything and everyone must take part in that which he does, in order to say with facts: ‘My act is of everyone’; it elevates itself to heaven and felicitates all the celestial regions, it descends to the basest (regions) of the earth and makes itself step, work, word and heart of everyone. If it might not centralize everything and everyone in my act, the communicative force would be missing (for) everyone to be able to receive my full act of life, that with one single act it can give life

to everyone, to sustain and to felicitate everyone, to do good to everyone. Therefore when I work all things racing go forth from me, they enclose themselves in my act in order to receive new life, new beauty and happiness, and everyone feels honored and glorified in my act. Behold therefore when the creature enters into my Will and she remains in order to work, in order to love, no one wants to put themselves apart, everyone races; the Sacrosanct Trinity races, the Virgin Queen, indeed we want the supremacy in that act, and then everything and everyone, minus that one who ungrateful not knowing such a good, doesn't want to receive it. Whence, one act in my Will, there can be such prodigies, that it proves difficult to the creature to be able to retell them all.

“Now, you must know, she does all that which all the other creatures should do; if she thinks in my Will, she circulates in every thought of the creature, and the creature being in my Will circulates together and gives me the homage, the love, the glory, the adoration of every thought; creatures don't know anything of it, but I that am to light of everything, I receive the glory of all created minds. If she speaks in my Will, since mine is (the) voice of every word, I feel re-given to me the glory, the love of every word. If she walks in my Fiat, being step of every foot, she gives me the love, the glory of every step; and thus with all the other things; but creatures know nothing of it, that by means of one who lives in my Volition I take the glory that should be given me, they are secrets that pass between me and one who lives in my Volition. Rather there is even more, she arrives to give me the glory, the love that the lost souls should give me.

“The communicative virtue of my Fiat arrives to everything, and to everyone it gives everything and makes itself have everything. Who does and gives everything holds right over everything, and of receiving; but in order to receive everything the soul must live in our Volition, in harmony with us, wanting that which we want.

“My Will did this in my humanity, that in a single act that he did he felt loved, glorified, satisfied for everyone. He did it in the Queen of Heaven; if he might not have found in his acts love that loved for everyone, glory and satisfaction for everyone, I, Word Eternal, would not have found the way in order to descend from heaven to earth.

“Therefore an act in my Will can give me everything, love me for everyone and let me do the greatest excesses of love and of works toward creatures. And so much is my contentment when in my Volition he finds in the steps of everyone that she loves me, in the thoughts, in the words, that in my emphasis of love I tell her: ‘Keep doing that which I did, so that I call you my echo, my love, little repeater of my life.’”

So much was the flood of his love while he said this then he was silent. And then he resumed:

“My daughter, blessed, every act done in my Divine Will by the creature is a day for her, a day full of happiness and of all goods; and if she does ten of them, twenty, so many days she acquires. Now, in these days she takes heaven as hers, and since she is still on earth, she takes the sun, the wind, the air, the sea as hers and her nature takes the most beautiful flowerings in order to adorn and to embellish herself, but flowerings that never fade. Oh, what beautiful appearance she will make when she will be in our celestial country! For how many acts done in my Volition so many days she will possess, each one will have its distinct sun, its azure sky bombarded with stars, its sea that murmurs,



its wind that whistles, that howls, that groans and blows impetuous love, love that reigns; they won't be missing not even the most beautiful flowerings, one distinct from the other, for how many acts she has done in my Will, nothing will be missing of beauty and of the good to one who has lived in my eternal Fiat."

Whence (I) continued to turn in the acts of the Divine Will, and my poor mind lost itself in the enchantment of creation, how many marvelous surprises, how many secrets of love there are in it; and then, the most beautiful work, the creation of man. And my sweet Jesus resumed to speak:

"My daughter, the creation of beings and the creation of man I can call them my two arms, because *ab eterno* it was in the divinity and in the going forth I didn't detach them from myself, I retained them as my members, in which I made flow life, motion, strength, creative virtue and continuous conservation. The arm of creation of beings serves to the arm of creation of man, but in that arm was I myself who had to serve man, and I serve him all hours, now with light, now with wind, now with air in order to make him breath, now with water in order to quench him, now, with food in order to feed him, and even with earth in order to have him enjoy the most beautiful flowerings and abundances of fruits. In this arm I put myself to (the) service of man, my love didn't let me mind to anything, I raced to him through means of created things carrying him as in (my) arms so that all things might bring joy and happiness to them; in this arm he finds all things as they went forth, has not gotten lost neither one drop of light, nor of water, nothing has changed, all that which went forth remains at their place of honor, giving me the glory of my eternal love, and they reveal me who is he who has created them, my power, my inaccessible light, my inarrivable beauty; every created thing is a story of my eternal love, and how much I love the one for whom all things were created.

"Now, from the creation of the beings, I passed to the creation of man; how much love in creating him! Our divine being flowed love, and in forming him our love raced and invested every fiber of his heart, every little particle of his bones; our love extended in his nerves, we made flow in his blood our love, we invested his steps, his motion, his voice, his heartbeat, each one of his thoughts, with love. When our love shaped him, it filled him so much with our love, in a way that in each thing, even in his breath, he had to give us love; how we loved him in everything, then our love arrived to the excess of breathing (in) him in order to leave (in) him our breath of love; for conclusion and crown we created our image in his soul, endowing him with three powers, with memory, with intellect and with will, remaining there in him as our carrier. So that man is united to us as members and we remain in him as our residence.

"But how much sorrow don't we find in him? Our love is not in vigor, our image remains, but it is not recognized, our residence is full of enemies that offend us; we can say: he has changed our fate and his, he has turned upside-down our designs upon him, and he does none other than to bring sorrow to our arm, that continues to love him and to give him life.

"Now, my daughter, our love wants to arrive to greater excesses, it wants to save our arm, that is man, at whatever cost it wants to reorder him; we will be constrained by our love to breathe anew (in) him, in order to scatter his enemies and ours, we will cover him anew with our love and we will make enter in him the life of our Will. It is not appropriate neither to our majesty, nor to our sanctity, power and wisdom, which to our creative work there be this disorder that dishonors us so much; ah,

no, we will triumph (over) man! And the certain sign (is) that we are manifesting the prodigies of our Volition and how one lives in him. If we didn't do this it would violate our power, as if we might be impotent to save our work, our own arm; this can not be, it would be as if we might not be able to do that which we want; ah, no, no! Our love and our Will will conquer and will triumph over everyone!

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**September 5, 1938**

*The human will cross of the divine; and the divine cross of the human. How in the Divine Volition things change themselves, dissimilarities don't exist. How Jesus makes up for all that which can be missing to one who lives in his Volition.*

I feel the life of the divine Fiat in my soul, which wants to be my motion, my breath and heartbeat; he wants such union with the human will, that in nothing must one be opposed to that which he wants to do, otherwise he laments, is displeased and feels put on (the) cross by the human volition. And my beloved, repeating his brief little visit with me said to me:

“My blessed daughter, how much my Will suffers in the creature! It is enough to say to you, each time that one does ones will it puts mine on (the) cross. So that the cross of my Will is the human volition; but not with three nails, as I was crucified upon the cross, but with so many nails for how many times one is opposed to mine, how many times he is not recognized; and while he wants to do good, he becomes rejected with the nails of ingratitude. How excruciating is this crucifixion of my Will in the creature; how many times he feels the nails put forth to his breath, heartbeat and motion, because not being known that he is life of the breath, heartbeat and motion, the human breath, motion and heartbeat, serve as nails that impede him from developing in them the good that (is) needed. Oh, how he feels (on the) cross in the human volition! He with his divine motion wants to make sprout the day in the human motion, and the creature puts the divine motion (on the) cross and with her motion she makes sprout the night and she puts (on the) cross the light; how my light sorrows in seeing itself repressed, crucified, put in the state of inability by the human volition!

“With his breath he wants to make his breathed in order to give her the life of his sanctity, of his fortitude; and the creature, by not receiving it, puts forth the nails of sin, of her passions and weaknesses; my poor Will, in what (a) state of sorrow and of continuous crucifixion he finds himself in the human volition! She does none other than to put (on the) cross our love and all the goods that we want to give her are filled by her nails.

“Only one who lives in mine doesn't put (on the) cross my Will; rather, I can say that I form her cross, but her cross is well different. With mine my Volition knows how to put forth nails of light, of sanctity, of love, in order to make her strong with our own divine fortitude, which doesn't give sorrows, rather, he renders her happy, beautiful with an enchanting beauty, and they are carriers of great conquests, and one who has tried it so much is the happiness that she feels, that she prays us, begs us that we hold her always (on the) cross with our divine nails.

“From here she can not escaped; if two wills, human and divine, are not united, hers will form our cross and ours hers; rather, so much is our love and jealousy that we don't leave her free not even

a breath without our nail of light and of love, in order to always have her with us, in order to be able to say: 'That which we do she does, and she wants that which we want.'

"Rather, you must know that as the creature enters into our Volition, all is transformed, the darkneses are changed into light, weakness into fortitude, poverty into riches, passions into virtue; such mutation happens that one is not recognized anymore from that of before; her state is no more of the most vile slave, but of noble queen, our divine being loves her so much that it races into her acts in order to do that which she does; and since our motion is continuous, we move and we love her, we move and we embrace her; our motion moves itself and kisses her, makes her more beautiful, sanctifies her more; in every motion we give her of ours; and in the emphasis of our love, we speak to her of our supreme being, we make ourselves known who we are and how much we love her. Such identification passes between her and us, being one our Will with hers, that we feel her in our divine motion, and hers doing that which is ours, she loves us with our love, she gives our inaccessible light to us, in order to glorify our sanctity, in order to extol us and say to us: 'Holy, holy, three times holy you are; you enclose everything, you are everything.'

"How beautiful it is to see the human littleness in our Volition, that holds in her power our divine being in order to re-give it to us, in order to love us and to glorify us as we want and we justly merit; in our Volition the parts make themselves equal, the dissimilarities disappear, our unity unites everything and everyone and makes it one single act of everyone, in order to make itself act of everyone."

In hearing this I understood the sanctity, the beauty, the greatness, of living in the Divine Volition, and I thought to myself: It seems difficult to me living in him; how ever can the creature arrive to so much? Human weakness, the circumstances of life, many times too painful, the unexpected meetings, the so many difficulties that one doesn't even know what to do, divert the poor creature from a living so holy and that wants (from) us a highest attention? And my sweet Jesus resuming his speech, with an inexpressible tenderness as to feel my heart burst, added:

"My little daughter of my Volition, so much is my interest, my continuous yearning that I want that the creature live in my Volition, that when we have taken the accord, I and she, with firm decision that she must live in my Fiat, being my Will, I am the first to make the sacrifice. In order to obtain the intent that she can live in him, I put myself at her disposition, I give her all the graces, light, love, knowledge of my own Will, in a way that she herself must feel the need of living in him; when I want a thing, and she with promptness accepts to do that which I want, it is I that think to everything; and when (she doesn't do it) from weakness, from circumstance, not from will, from carelessness, I arrive to supply for and do that which she owed, and I cede to her that which I have done as if she might have done it. My daughter, the living in my Volition is life that I must form it is not virtue, and life has need of motion and continuous acts; if this were not so it would not be life anymore, it could be at the most work that doesn't have need of continuous acts but not life. Hence when for involuntary indisposition, for weakness (she doesn't do it), I don't break the life, I continue it, and perhaps in those same indispositions there is yet that my Will permits those weaknesses; hence the will of the creature already races in mine.

"And then (above) everything I look at the accord taken together, the firm decision made, of which

there has been no other decision (to the) contrary, and in view of this follows the pledge of supplying for her in that which she lacks. Rather, I double the graces, surround her anew with love, with new stratagems of love in order to have her be more attentive, I arouse in her heart an extreme need of living in my Will this need serves her as she feels the weaknesses thus she throws herself into the arms of my Will and prays him to hold her so very tight, so that she might be able to always live together with him.”

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**September 11, 1938**

*An act completed with the Divine Will is everything. Jesus grows his life in one who lives in him (the Divine Will). Horrible state of God in one who lives with the human will. “Every time that one enters in our Volition so many times we renew our works.”*

I feel that the sea of the Divine Volition always murmurs inside and outside of me, and so very often he forms his highest waves and inundates me so much, that I feel him more than life itself. “Oh Divine Will, how much you love me, that you want to always give yourself without ever ceasing in order to form your life in my poor soul, and so much is your love that it arrives even to besiege me with light, with love, with sighs in order to obtain the intent!” And my always amiable Jesus, surprising me said to me:

“My blessed daughter, in our completed Will becomes enclosed all the glory that the creature can give us, the love with which we must love her, and the love with which she must love us. So that in a completed act of Will we can say we have done everything, everything we have given, even ourselves, and everything we have received. Because with living in him, we give everything, and take everything, and she can give us everything.

“Instead if she doesn’t live in our Volition, if our Will is not completed, we can not give everything, she will be incapable of receiving our love, nor will she hold (the) capacity of loving us how much we want to be loved; and we to give of ours almost in little particles, as if we might be poor, we are not content; we don’t like giving our things at half, to be able to give and not give is always a sorrow for us, our love remains repressed and makes us give into delirium.

“Behold therefore we want the soul to live in our Divine Volition, because we want to give; everything and always without ever ceasing to give, our divine being never exhausts itself, how much more we give so much more we can give, and giving for us is relief, is happiness, is (an) outlet of love, is communication of our life that we do, and my love is so much that I remain in the soul in order to grow myself.

“Now, having to grow myself I watch over it continually, so that that which she does serves to make my life grow in her, I dispose her acts, her love, some to form my members, some my Heart, some the food in order to feed me, some the dress in order to cover me, in order to warm me; I am always in aptness in order to unite her motion to mine, her breath to mine, in order to find her motion in mine and her breath as if it were my motion and breath; I don’t let anything escape of that which she does, thinks, speaks, works, suffers, because it must serve to myself and to make my life grow. Hence I always remain in aptness, I never give rest to myself; and oh, how content I am with it, how happy

I feel always being occupied in my work to make myself grow in her.

“I didn’t create the creature so that she might remain isolated at all, it was my work and hence I had to unfold my work in order to form worthy work of me. Therefore if she doesn’t live in my Will I don’t find the first matter in order to form and grow my life, we live as distant, as isolated, and the solitude grieves me, the silence weighs on me; not being able to unfold my work, I give into manias of love and I feel myself rendered the unhappy God apart from creatures.

“Therefore, my daughter, be attentive, live always in my Will lend me your acts, let me work in order not to hold me in you as a God that might not be able or know how to do anything, while I hold to do the greatest work of making grow and forming my life, which will be so very beautiful that it will form the sweet enchantment to all the Celestial Court.

“Instead one who doesn’t live in our Will, our state is horrible in the creature, our life remains as strangled, broken, divided by the human will; her acts can not serve to form and grow our life; rather, they serve to break it, in a way (that) there one sees a foot of ours, there a hand, there an eye; how it makes us pity to see us so strangled, because our Will alone is unity, and where he reigns, of so many acts he forms of them one alone, in order to form one life alone. Instead the human will doesn’t do but broken acts amongst them that don’t have the virtue of uniting themselves, rather, they put in pieces our divine life in them. There is nothing more horrible, (the) scene that would make even the stones cry, than to see in the soul that she does her will the excruciating way how it reduces our life in her; her unworthy acts, that descend from the origin of her creation, dissimilar from her Creator, they form the knife in order to cut in pieces our divine life. How it grieves us, how our creative work, remains deformed, dishonored and our purpose of creation destroyed. Aye, if we might be capable of sorrow, the human will would embitter the sea of our joys and immense happiness!”

Whence I was following all that which the Divine Will has done, as much in the creation as in the redemption, and I found everything in act as if everything might want to give itself to me and my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, all that which has been done by our supreme being, is all in act, as if we were doing it for love of creatures, because all our works were done for them. Now, the creature that enters into our Divine Volition finds everything, and everything wants to give itself to her; and she in seeing herself so loved, makes them hers, loves them, and loves us for so many gifts that we make her and in every gift that we make her; she would like to give us the exchange of her life for gratitude and thankfulness, and in order to thank me for the so many gifts that we have given her. Hence, she feels given the gift of the sun, of the starry sky, of the sea, of the wind, of all creation; she feels given my birth, my tears, my works, my steps, my sufferings, my love with which I loved her and love her; and oh, how happy she feels! And making all our works and my own life hers, she loves us in the sun with that same love with which I created it, and thus in all the other things; she loves me in my birth, in my tears, in my steps, in my sufferings, in everything; and oh, how she felicitates us, glorifies us!

“And so much is our contentment that she gives us the occasion to be able to renew our works, as if we did them again. So that our love overflows from us and invests everything again with love, she

doubles our power in order to sustain everything, our wisdom that orders everything; our creative work races in all the creation and redemption in order to say to the creature: ‘Everything is yours, and every time you enter into our Volition you recognize them and you make all these gifts yours, you give us the occasion and the glory as if we repeated again all that which we have done for love of creatures.’ Our Will, is the repeater of all our works, he repeats them, always renews them, in every instant, every time that the creature wants to receive them; and while they give themselves, they remain at their place, they give themselves and they remain, and with giving themselves they lose nothing, rather they remain more glorified. Therefore be attentive to always live in our Volition.”

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**September 18, 1938**

*How Jesus in our sufferings feels his repeated. How he is not ever moved in his works and in loving us. Example of the flower, one who doesn't live in the Divine Volition.*

I am in the sea of the Divine Volition between immense bitternesses and humiliations of the most humiliating and as a poor condemned one [August 31st 1938 the Holy Office emanated the decree of condemnation and put on the index of prohibited books the three books of Luisa up to then published.], and if it were not that my Jesus made himself my support, strength and help, I don't know how I could live, and my sweet Jesus, taking part in my sufferings, suffered together with me, and in the vent of his sorrow and love, said to me:

“My dear daughter, if you might know how much I suffer, if I might let you see, you would die of pain; I am constrained to hide everything, all the straights, the rawness of the pain that I feel in order not to torment you more. Know that it is not you that they have condemned, but me together with you; I feel my condemnation again; when one condemns the good it is to condemn myself; you however unite yourself in my Volition yours and my condemnation to that which I underwent when I was crucified, and I will give you the merit of my condemnation and all the goods that it produces to you: it made me die, called to life my resurrection, in which everyone should find life and the resurrection of all goods.

“With their condemnation they believe to have made die that which I have said on my Divine Will, instead I will permit such scourges, sad incidents, then I will make my truths re-arise more beautiful, more majestic in the midst of people. Therefore on my part and yours we won't move anything, we continue to do that which we have done, although everyone put themselves against (us); this is my divine way, that for how many evils creatures do, I never move/shift my works, I always conserve them with my power and creative virtue, for love of whom offends me; I always love them, without ever ceasing. With never moving ourselves our works are completed, they always remain beautiful, they do good to everyone; if we moved ourselves, all things would go into ruin, not one good of it would come to finish. Hence also in this I want you together with me; always firm and without ever moving yourself from inside my Will, doing that which you have done up to now; attentive to listen to me and to be the narrator of my Will.

“My daughter, that which doesn't serve today will serve tomorrow, that which now seems darkness because it finds blind minds, tomorrow for others that have eyes it will be changed into sun, and how much good they will do. Whence we continue that which we have done, we do on our part that

which is wanted (of) us, so that nothing lacks of help, of light, of goods, of surprising truths, so that my Will and kingdoms be known. I will make use of all means, of love, of graces, of chastisements, I will touch all the sides of creatures in order to make my Will reign, and when it will seem as if true good might have had to die, it will re-arise more beautiful and majestic.”

But while he said this he made me see a sea of fire in which the whole world remained to be enwrapped, I remained shaken by it; and my amiable Jesus, drawing me to himself, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, courage, do not be afraid, come into my Divine Will, so that his light takes away from you the sad sight in which the world races, and speaking to you of my Volition we soothe the pains that unfortunately we both suffer.

“You feel how beautiful it is to live in my Volition, that which I do, she does; how she feels that I say to her: ‘I love you’; immediately she repeats to me: ‘I love you.’ And I in feeling myself loved transform her so much into me, that with one voice alone we say: ‘We love everyone, we do good to everyone, we give life to everyone.’ If I bless, we bless together, we adore, we glorify together, we race together in help of everyone, and if they offend me we suffer together; and oh, how content I am in seeing that a creature doesn’t leave me alone ever! How beautiful is the company of one who wants that which I want and does that which I do! The union makes rise the happiness, the heroism in doing good, the tolerance in supporting (it), much more so that it is a human creature that belongs to the human family, that doesn’t do other than send me nails, thorns and pains; and I finding in this my hideaway and my desired company, knowing that she would be displeased if I punished them as they merit, in order not to displease her, I abstain (from) punishing them as they merit. Therefore, do not ever leave me alone, solitude is one of the hardest and most intimate sufferings of my Heart; not having one to whom to say a word to, as much in the sufferings as in the joys, it makes me give into such manias of sorrow and of love that if you might be able to experience them you would die of pure sorrow.

“And it is really this not living in my Will, leaving me alone! The human volition removes the creature from her Creator, and as she removes herself peace flees, and disturbances takes (the) place that torment her, the strength is weakened, the beauty is discolored, the good dies and evil rises, passions keep her company, poor creature without my Will, in what abyss of miseries and of darkness she casts herself! It happens like to the flower that is not watered, it feels itself lose life, it loses color declines upon its stem in order to await death, and if the sun invests it, not finding it watered, it burns it and finishes to dry it. Such is the soul without my Will, it is as a soul without water; my own truths that are more splendid than the sun, not finding water from the life of my Will, burn it more, they blind it and render it incapable of understanding them and of receiving the good, the life that they possess; and they arrive to such excesses that the good, my own truths, bearers of life to creatures, wage war. Therefore I want you always in my Will, so that neither you nor I suffer the hard pain of solitude.”

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**September 27, 1938**

***Symbol of the sea the Divine Will. How next to the sufferings of Jesus flow seas of joys. Power of innocent sufferings. The truths manifested new creation.***

I am always in the sea of the Divine Volition and my sufferings and inexpressible bitternesses I make flow in him, so that they remain invested by his divine light and change into light for me and for everyone. And my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, as the sea gives the place to all the things that there immerse themselves within, so much so that it gives (a) place to the fishes and holds them sunk in its waters, giving them all that which is needed in order to keep them alive; the fishes are the most fortunate the richest that they lack nothing, because they always live in the sea; oh, if the fishes might go out from the sea life would finish! The sea receives everything, lends itself to everyone, bathes everything and everyone and hides everyone in its waters. If the sailor wants to cross the sea and to go into different regions, the water of the sea receives the ship, makes itself way, accompanies him, never leaves him until he arrives to (the) destination; everyone can find (a) place in the sea.

“Such is my Will, everyone can find their place and with inexpressible love he makes himself life of each one, way in order to conduct them, light in order to disperse the darkness of life, strength in order to sustain them; he never leaves them alone, that which they do he wants to do it together. Oh, how distressed he is when he sees his creatures outside of his sea! Because he sees them ugly dirty so very dissimilar that they make one disgust them. Hence the most fortunate are those that live in my Volition, they are carried in the womb of his waves and provided that they live in him, he will think to all that which is needed for their good.”

After this I followed my sweet Jesus in his sufferings, and I united mine to his in order to receive the strength from his sufferings in order to sustain mine, because I felt as crushed, and my dear Jesus added with inexpressible tenderness:

“My blessed daughter, I suffered unheard of pains, but next to these pains of mine, flowed seas of joys, of happiness without end, I saw the good that they should produce I saw enclosed in them the souls that should be saved; and my pains, since they were pains of love, with the heat they matured the most beautiful sanctities, the most difficult conversions, the most surprising graces. And I felt in my most bitter sorrowful pains that they gave me the most merciless and cruel death, and seas of joys that sustained me and gave me life. If I was not sustained by the joys that my pains contained I would have died at the first pain that I suffered so much was the torment, nor would I have been able to prolong life.

“Now your pains not only are similar to mine, but I can say that your pains are mine; and if you might know how much I suffer from it? I feel the harshness, the torment that embitters me even in the depths of the Heart; but even in these pains come to flow the seas of joy, that will make rise my beautiful and majestic Will in the midst of creatures, you don't know what is an innocent pain suffered for my cause, such is its power that the heavens remain astonished by it and everyone wants the satisfaction, the good of an innocent pain suffered; it can form with its power seas of graces, of light, of love, to (the) good of everyone; if it were not for these innocent sufferings that sustain my justice I would send in ruin the whole entire world. Therefore courage do not batter yourself my daughter, trust in me and I will think to everything, and defend the rights of my Will in order to make him reign.

“All that which I have said on my Will, I can say that it is a new creation, more beautiful more



manifold more majestic than the creation itself that everyone sees; rather, oh, how the rest remains behind! And as it is impossible (for) man to destroy it, to suffocate the light of the sun, to impede the impetuosity of the wind, the air that everyone breathes, and with all things to make a heap of it; thus they can not suffocate, much less destroy, that which I have said on my Will with so much love, because that which I have said is a new speaking creation, and every truth carries the imprint, the seal of our divine life; hence in the truths that I have manifested to you there are the speaking suns, the winds that speak and sweep away in my Volition even to be able to besiege the creature with the empire of his power; there are in these truths my various beauties that will enrapture creatures, the seas of love which will be continuous and inundating, that with their sweet murmur they will conquer hearts to love me; in these truths I have put all the possible and imaginable goods, love that conquers, that enraptures(,) that sweetens, that shakes, lacking nothing, in order to dominate the creature and in order to make my Will descend, with decorum and majesty together with the army of my truths to reign in the midst of them. And it won't be given to the creature to conceal this my new creation, I will know well (how) to look (after) it and to defend it; and then, my daughter, this new creation cost me the work not of six days, but for well fifty years and more, how can I ever permit that it will be repressed, that it doesn't have its life and doesn't go forth to the light? This would be not to have enough power, this can not be, I will know how to look after it, nor can they touch and destroy a single word of mine, it cost me too much, and when things cost a great deal one uses all the means, all the arts, one pledges even one's own life in order to obtain the intent. Therefore let me complete the work of this new creation, nor give thought of that which they say and do, they are the usual human inconstancies, that to one puff of wind they become black to another puff they are taking away the bandage and become white, hence I will know how to sweep away everyone and to make go forth my truths like (an) army trained to dominate the creature; patience is needed on my part and on your part, and without dirtying ourselves we go forward.”

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**October 2, 1938**

***How the Kingdom of the Divine Will is decreed that it must come upon the earth. How it must sweep. The earth(,) the Queen of Heaven cries and prays. The Divine Will is like the sap to the plants.***

I am always in the Divine Volition although between inexpressible bitternesses, as if they might want to render turbid his sea itself, but this sea of the Fiat forms its waves, covers me, hides me within, sweetens the bitternesses for me, re-gives me strength, and makes me continue the way in his Will; his power is so much that it reduces into nothing my bitternesses and makes me re-arise from within them his life full of sweetness, all beautiful and majestic; and I adore him, thank him, pray him that he never leave me alone and abandoned. Whence my sweet Jesus, repeating his little visit with me, said to me:

“My daughter, good, courage, if you batter yourself you will lose the strength to always live in my Volition, nor give thought of that which they say and do, all our victory is that they can not impede us from doing that which we want; hence I can speak to you of my Divine Volition and you can listen to me, not any power can impede it. That which I say to you on my Volition, is none other than the carrying out of our decree done *ab eterno* in the consistory of our Sacrosanct Trinity, that he must hold his Kingdom upon the earth; and our decrees are infallible, no one can impede us who is not

effected. As was decreed the creation, the redemption, thus is decreed our Kingdom of our Will upon the earth. Hence, in order to complete this decree of ours I must manifest the goods that there are in him, his qualities, his beauties and marvels; behold the necessity that I had to speak to you so much, in order to be able to complete this decree.

“Daughter, in order to arrive to this I wanted to conquer man by way of love, but human perfidy impedes it from me; therefore, I will use justice, I will sweep the earth, I will take away all the harmful creatures, that like poisonous plants poison the innocent plants; when I will have purified everything, my truths will find the way in order to give life to the survivors, the balm, the peace that they contain and everyone will receive it they will give the kiss of peace to them, to the confusion of whom has not believed him, indeed condemned, he will reign, and I will have my Kingdom upon the earth, that my Will be done as in heaven so on earth.

“Therefore, I repeat to you, we don’t move ourselves in anything, we make our way and we will sing victory, and they make their way in which they will find confusion and shame of themselves. It will happen to them like to the blind ones that don’t believe the light of the sun because they don’t see it, they will remain in their blindness and those that see it and believe will enjoy, will show off in the goods of the light with their highest contentment.”

Jesus became silent, and my poor mind remained devastated by the so many gruesome evils of which he invested and will invest the earth. In this while he made the Sovereign Queen seen with red eyes and as blood stained by the so much weeping that she had done, but what straights to the heart in seeing my Celestial Mama cry, and with her maternal accent, with an inexpressible tenderness, crying, she said to me:

“My dearest daughter pray together with me, how my Heart aches in seeing the scourges in which the entire humanity will be enwrapped, the inconstancy of the heads, today they say and tomorrow they unsay it, it will cast the peoples in a sea of sorrows, and also of blood; my poor children! Pray, my daughter, do not leave me alone in my sorrow, that it all occurs for the triumph of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.”

Whence I followed the Divine Will in his acts, all abandoning myself in his arms, and my sweet Jesus resumed to say:

“My daughter, as the creature enters into our Will in order to make him hers, she makes hers ours and we make ours hers, and in all that which she does, if she loves, if she adores, if she works, if she suffers, if she prays, our Volition forms the divine germ/seed in her acts; and oh, how she grows beautiful, fresh, holy! Our Will is like the sap to the plants, if there is the sap the plants grow beautiful, are green, thick with leaves and produce mature, fat and tasty fruits; if instead it begins to lack the sap, the poor plant loses the green, the leaves fall, nor does it have the virtue of producing its beautiful fruits and it finishes with drying out; because the sap is like the soul of the plant, like the vital humors that sustain it and make the plant bloom. Such is the soul without my Will, she loses the beginning, the life, the soul of good, she loses the vegetation, the freshness, the vigor, she becomes faded, ugly, grows weak, and finishes with losing the seed of good.

“If you might know how much it makes me compassionate a soul that lives without my Will? I could call it my sorrowful scenes of creation, I who have created all things with such beauty and harmony, I am constrained by human ingratitude to see my most beautiful creatures that I created, poor, weak, covered with wounds as to make (one) pity. And yet my Will is at (the) disposition of everyone, he doesn’t deny himself to anyone; only who rejects him, who ungrateful doesn’t want to know him, voluntarily deprive themselves of him with our highest sorrow.”

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**October 10, 1938**

***First field of action of God the creation. Field of action one who lives in his Volition. How God doesn’t know how to deny anything to one who lives in him.***

I am always in the sea of the Supreme Fiat, of which so much is his love, that not being able to contain it in himself, he wants to make his creature see, his new surprises of his love, how much he has loved her and loves her; and if he finds the creature that loves him, he will make arise new love in order to make her touch with (her) hand that his love will never stop, but will always love her with new and growing love. And my always amiable Jesus, repeating his brief little visit with me, all goodness said to me:

“My little daughter of my Divine Will, you must know that our first field of action was the creation; this was a birth that *ab eterno* we held in our divine bosom, and in every thing that we had to put forth to the light of day we loved man; why only for him, because we loved him so much, we had decreed to create so many things even to forming (for) him the light of day, the azure vault that must never fade, an earth in bloom that had to serve him for floor; and then the greatest thing, the centralization of our love in every created thing that had to serve him as our womb where to carry him in our arms in order to felicitate him and to give him continuous life.

“And do you know why all these preparations, even to making ourselves go forth from our interior, as in (a) field of action, as to work, for love of whom had to make our Will reign? To so much work of ours we wanted our profit, our divine purpose that the man and all created things should hold for life, for regime, for food our Volition. This field of action of ours still lasts, our love races with an incredible velocity, because we are not subject to mutation, we are the immutable one, and that which we do one time, we always do. Even more so that to so extensive (a) field of action of ours, to so much work of ours, to so much of our palpitating love in every created thing and in every single fiber of the man, our purpose is not realized, that is, that our Volition reign and dominate in the heart of man. Can we form such an extensive field, does it still last in the work without obtaining the intent? This will never be, and only that the creation still lasts is the certain sign that the kingdom of my Volition will have its life and its full triumph in the midst of creatures. We don’t know how to do useless things, indeed, first we strengthen with highest wisdom the good, the profit, the glory that we must receive and then we do.

“Now I want to tell you another surprise. As the creature enters into our Volition in order to make him reign, we put ourselves again into field of action, we renew our work, and only for her we centralize our new love in every created thing, and in our emphasis of love we say to her: ‘You see how much we love you, that only for you we unfold our field of action, only for you we repeat all our

works? Incline the ears and you will hear in each thing our new notes of love that say to you how we love you, how you are covered and hidden in our love; and oh, the contentments, the joys that you give us, that we can repeat our field of action for one who lives and doesn't want to know other than our Will!

“Now all the creation, ourselves, finding in her our Volition, we all recognize her as our daughter; all the creation remains centralized in her and she in us; she renders herself inseparable from all created things, because our Volition gives her the right over everything; and our field of action finds its profit, the exchange of our work; already a creature living in our Volition works together with us, wants to do that which we do, want to love us with equal love; because being one the will that animates us, there can not be neither dissimilarities, nor disparity. Therefore we don't feel isolated anymore in the field of creation, we hold our company and this is all our triumph, our victory and the greatest good that we can give to creatures. Even more so than the creation that surrounds her outside, we unfold our field of action in the interior of her soul, and we create in her the most radiant suns, the most beautiful stars, winds that blow continuous loves, seas of graces, of beauties, divine and balmy air; and she receives everything and leaves us free, in our field of action, our true creation that did not oppose us in anything in that which we wanted to do; all found their place where to put our works.

“Thus the soul that lives in our Volition we can put all our most beautiful works in her; and our Volition prepares for us the space where to put them. So that our field of action, never finishes in one who lives in our Fiat. Therefore be attentive to receive that which we want to do with you.”

After this he added with a love that I don't know how to say:

“My daughter the interest that is more to (our) heart, our attention more assiduous, is on the soul that lives in our Volition. We are all eyes on her, it seems to us that we neither know nor can we do anything if we don't unfold upon her our working and creative virtue; our love brings us to look at her in order to see what she wants to do, if she wants to love our creative virtue creates our love in the depth of the soul, if she wants to know us we create our knowledge, if she wants to be holy, our creative virtue creates sanctity; in short what does she want to do? Our creative virtue, lends itself to create the good that she wants, in a way that she feels in herself the nature, the life of the good that she wants; neither can we, nor do we want to deny anything to one who lives in our Volition, it would be as to deny it to our own Volition, that is to deny it to ourselves, it would be too hard to not serve ourselves with our creative virtue for ourselves. Do you see therefore to what high, noble and sublime point one is found who lives in our Volition? Therefore, be attentive, not to take care of anything if not to live in him, thus you will feel our creative and working virtue.”

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**October 12, 1938**

***Who lives abandoned in God, finds in him his paternity, the refuge, the hideaway. The Fiat, support and life of all creation. How God takes the cord to/(of) one whom wants to live in him.***

I am between the arms of the Divine Volition, although under the nightmare of most hard sufferings as to move to pity all heaven and to make it race to my help in order to give me strength in a state

so sorrowful. “My Jesus help me do not abandon me, I feel myself succumb, how hard is my state.” But while I said this, my sweet Jesus, more than a most tender mother, had me (in his) arms pressing me to himself, and uniting his tears to mine, all goodness he said to me:

“My poor daughter, your pains are mine, and I suffer together with you; therefore courage, abandon yourself in me and you will find strength to your pains; one who abandons himself in me grows as a child that becomes brought up by his mama, who, swaddles/wraps him in order to make him reconfirmed in his members, feeds him with her milk, holds him between her arms, kisses him, caresses him, and if he cries mixes her tears with those of her baby’s; so that the mama is the life of her child; oh, if the little baby might not have his mama, how badly he would grow, without one who feeds him with her milk, without swaddling, without one who warms him, he would grow sickly, weak, and only a miracle could make (him) live! Such is the soul that lives abandoned in my arms, she holds her Jesus who does for her more than (a) mother, I feed her with the milk of my graces, I bandage her with the light of my Will, so that she becomes hardened and confirmed in good, I hold her pressed to my breast, so that she might not feel other than my love and the ardent throbs of my Heart, I cradle her between my arms, if she cries, I cry together; in a way that she feels my life more than hers, she grows together with me and I make of her that which I want. Instead one who doesn’t live abandoned in me, lives by herself, isolated, without milk, without one who takes care of her existence; one who lives abandoned in me finds her refuge in her pains, the hideaway where to hide herself in order to make that no one might touch her, and if they would like to touch her I will know how to defend her, because one who touches one who loves me, it is more than if they might touch myself, and I hide her in me and I confuse those people who want to strike one who loves me. And I love so much one who lives abandoned in me, that I make of her the greatest portent as to make astounded all heaven and thus to make remain confused those people that believed to strike her in order to make her remain covered with confusion and humiliation. To the so many pains that we suffer, we don’t add on this pain, that would be the most sorrowful of you not living abandoned in me and I in you, my daughter. Leave them to say and do, provided that they don’t touch our union, nor can anyone enter into our secrets, in the abysses of my love, nor impede me (from) that which I want to do with my creatures. We live with only one Volition and all things will be at (their) place between you and me.”

Then he added with a love still more tender:

“My blessed daughter, my Fiat is the support of all the creation, everything leans upon it, there is no thing that is not animated by its power; if it were not for my Fiat, all things, the creatures themselves would be none other than as so many painted pictures or as inanimate statues, incapable of generating, vegetating or reproducing any good; poor creation, if was not for my Will! And yet she doesn’t want to recognize him; what sorrow! To be life of everyone and to feel as suffocated in our own things created by us, because they don’t know us! What bitterness! If it were for not for our love and if we were capable of changing we would retract our Will from everyone and from everything, and everything would be been reduced into nothing; but since we are immutable and we know with certainty that our Will will be known, wanted, loved and that each one will hold him, more than life itself, therefore with unconquered patience that only our divinity can have and support, we await that he be recognized. And this with justice and with our highest wisdom because we never do useless things, if we do (something) it is because we want our profit, that is to receive glory, honor

from all our works, even from the littlest tiny flower of the field.

“If this were not so we would be like a God that might not know nor appreciate, nor give the just value to our works; therefore it is our justice that our Will be known as life of everything so that we obtain the purpose for why we created all the creation.

“Now you must now know that as the creature wants to do our Will and enters into him, she remains rehabilitated in ours; he rehabilitates in sanctity, in purity, in love, re-arises in beauty and purpose with which we created her, he scatters the evils of the human will and commences the life of good.

“My Will as he sees that the soul wants to live together with him, does as one does to the clock that has stopped, with giving the cord it commences its walk and marks the hours, the minutes, and makes itself guide of the days of man. Thus my Will, seeing her stopped in good by the human volition, as she enters into him he gives the divine cord, in a way that the whole being human and spiritual feels new life and the virtue of the divine cord with which she feels invested, which races in the mind, in the heartbeat, in everything, and with an irresistible strength, races in all that which is holy and good.

“This cord marks the minutes and the eternal hours of divine life in the soul, and oh, how it races in all that which is divine! We rehabilitate her in everything, we make her race everywhere in the immensity of our sea and do and take that which she wants, and although she can not embrace all our immensity, however she lives in our sea, is fed by him, he goes always embellishing her with our beauty, dresses her with the royal dresses of our Volition; in our sea she finds her rest, the chaste embraces of her Jesus, her reciprocal love, she divides together her joys and her sufferings, she grows always in good. My Will becomes for her life, her predominant passion; our cord makes her race so much that she arrives to form her little divine palace in our sea, which becomes inhabited by the Sacrosanct Trinity, who enjoy this fortunate creature, always overwhelming her with new graces and gifts. Therefore may it be to your heart to live in our Fiat, so that we find in you the joys, the glory of all the creation, the purpose with which we created it.”

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**October 26, 1938**

***The sad effects of the Disturbance. The little sick one in the Divine Volition. “Who lives in the Divine Will forms the support to her Creator and we put in safety our interests.”***

My poor existence feels the extreme need to live in the Divine Volition; the bitternesses, the sufferings that involve me are so many that I feel as if they might want to tear me from within the divine Fiat and therefore I feel more than ever the need to live in him; but with all the efforts that I make of living abandoned in his arms, I can not do any (more) than to feel myself embittered, groggy and upset by the so many nuisances and hard sufferings that surround me even to not being able from it anymore. “My Jesus, my Celestial Mama, help me don’t you see that I am about to succumb? If you don’t hold me in your arms, if you don’t continue to inundate me with the waves of your Divine Volition, I tremble and I fear what will become of me from it. Oh! Do not leave me, do not abandon me to myself in a state so hard.” But while I thought this my always amiable Jesus raced in order to sustain me in his arms, and all goodness said to me:

“My good daughter, do not fear(,) courage, I won’t leave you, nor can I leave you, there are the chains of my Will that tie me to you, and render me inseparable; and then why do you fear to go out from my Will? As in order to enter into him there was a firm act, definite, of wanting to live in him, thus in order to go out there would be needed another firm and definite act, this you have not done, my daughter will never do it, is (this) not true? That which I want (is) that you not let yourself be surprised by the disturbance, which makes you pale, makes you lose the freshness, weakens the strength, makes you lose the vivacity of the light of the Fiat, and my love remains repressed, the attention loses the step; and although you are in my Will, but you are as if you might be within a house that you don’t take care to do that which is needed to do, in order to decorate it, order it and give it all the sumptuousness that is necessary to you; thus being disturbed in my Will, you don’t mind/(pay attention) to receive my creative and working act, hence neither can I give to you nor I receive, you remain as in idleness.

“But however, courage, since your sufferings are for my cause, we hold you in our Will like the little sick one, which I the first, while I suffer together with you, because they are my sufferings and I suffer more than you, I do (for) you as (a) nurse, I assist you, I make you (a) bed with my arms, I put my sufferings around you in order to strengthen you; our Queen Mama races in order to put you in her womb in order to keep defended her little sick daughter and since one who has worked in my Volition has been the bearer of the glory and joy of all heaven, therefore everyone races around our little sick one, the angels, the saints, in order to assist her and to lend themselves to her needs. In our Will extraneous things don’t enter and that don’t belong there, the sufferings themselves must be our sufferings, otherwise they don’t find the way in order to enter you. Therefore courage that which I want is that you remain in peace.

“How many times I also beneath the press of hard sufferings became sick and the angels raced to sustain me; my own Celestial Father in seeing me between excruciating sufferings, raced, took me in his arms in order to fortify my groaning humanity. And my Mother, how many, how many times she fell sick in my Volition in seeing the sufferings of her Son, even to feel herself die and I raced to sustain her, I placed her to my Heart in order not to let her succumb. Therefore that which I want, courage, peace, do not batter yourself too much and I will think to everything.”

Afterwards he added: “My daughter, you still don’t know all the great good that the creature receives with living in my Will and the great glory that she gives to her Creator. Every act that she does in him is a support that God makes upon his creature, support of his power, of love, of sanctity. How many more acts she goes repeating so much more we entrust ourselves to her and more we can support that which is ours, because there is our Will that gives capacity and strength to the creature in order to receive that which we want to give; instead if we don’t find our Will and his repeated acts in her, we don’t find where to support ourselves, not possessing, neither strength, nor capacity, nor space, where to be able to receive our gifts, nor grace to be able to entrust ourselves. Poor creature without our will! It is the true citadel without doors, without sentinels that defend it, exposed to all the perils; and if we want to give, it would expose our gifts and our life itself to uselessness and perils to undergo offenses and ingratitude, as to make us change the gifts, the graces, into chastisements.

“Because you must know that when the creature does our Will, we put in place our interests, we never work to our disadvantage; beforehand we put in safety the interests, our glory, and then we

work; otherwise it would be as if we might not have care of our sanctity, nor might we appreciate our gifts, nor that which we might do, and neither might we know ourselves, nor our power, nor that which we can do. Who never undertakes an enterprise without putting in safety first his interests? No one; what can happen that for misfortune in his enterprise he can have some losses, but with having thought first to put into safety his interests, it will serve them that he doesn't descend from his condition, he can maintain himself in his state, instead if he might not have put in safety his interests, he could be reduced to die of hunger.

“Behold therefore we want the creature in our Will, because we want to put into safety our interests, that which we give, love, sanctity, goodness and all the rest. Our Volition takes the assignment to make them for us to retribute in as many divine acts; so that divine love we have given, and divine love she gives us. He transforms the creature in our sanctity, goodness, and makes us give holy and good acts, so that even her breath, her motion, her step is pure and holy, we feel in her acts the likeness of ours, because (as) such our Will renders them for us; and when we receive that which is ours from the creature, reciprocated in divine by our Fiat, our interest is in place, our love celebrates, our glory goes in triumph, and we prepare new surprises of love, of gifts and graces; when the interest comes to us, we don't mind anything anymore, we abound so much that the heavens are stupefied(.)”

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**October 30, 1938**

***“As the creature loves in our Volition we double (for) her new love.” Stupor/Amazement of heaven. How she acquires the right to judge.***

My little walk in the Divine Volition continues, although it seems to me that I do it with difficulty, step by step but my sweet Jesus it seems that he is content, provided that she doesn't divert and go out of his Fiat; I can say that I am truly sick for the so many sorrowful incidents of my poor existence. and therefore he is content with the little that I do, however he doesn't leave from urging us, to allure me with telling me new surprises of his Volition in order to make me retake the flight. Hence visiting my little soul, he said:

“Blessed daughter of my Will, how I yearn that the soul live in our Divine Volition; so much is my satisfaction that as she goes repeating her acts in him, thus I go preparing new gifts, new graces, new love, new knowledge in order to make her know my Will always more and make her appreciate and esteem, the celestial sojourn which has had the great honor of residing in you. So that, if she loves, I double my new love, and if I return to love I (return) always with my new love and surprise her , so much so that the creature feels so inundated, that confused she repeats: ‘Possible that a God loves me so much?’ And while she says this, she is taken by the enthusiasm of my love, she returns to love me, and I again surprising her with my love; a competition of love happens, the human littleness harmonizes with the love of her Creator.

“And not only does she love me for herself, so much is my love that she feels that she loves me for everyone and for everything and my Fiat what does he do? With his power and immensity he puts in flight this love that we have given to the creature, he makes it circulate everywhere; and we feel that she loves us in every step, in every motion, in every thought, word and heartbeat of all creatures; she loves us in the sun, in the wind, in the air(,) in the sea, there is no thing where she doesn't love



us; and oh, how we feel happy, glorified, that the creature loves us in everyone, and everywhere! With this we not only love her with new love, but all creatures; an act of love in my Will such prodigies happen, that the heavens aspire to be spectators in order to enjoy the new surprises of our love; and our own divinity, awaits with indescribable joy, that the creature comes into our Volition to love us in order to be able to make (a) display of our love, in order to feel ourselves loved by everyone, our love goes forth in field in order to make its way.

“And not only our love, but as the creature goes repeating her acts, in our Fiat, thus we put forth new power, new goodness, new wisdom in (a) way that she will feel animated by new power, goodness and wisdom (of) which everyone will take part; and we would have the joy of seeing you invest the human generations, with our new power, goodness and our wisdom.

“What can we not do with this creature that lives in our Volition? We arrive to so much that we give her the right to judge together with us, and if we see that she suffers, that the sinner must undergo rigorous judgments, in order not to have her suffer we make more mild our rigorous justices, and she makes us give the kiss of pardon, and in order to make her content we say to her: ‘Poor daughter, you have reason, you are ours, and you also belong to them, you feel in yourself the bonds of the human family, therefore you would like that we might forgive everyone, we will do how much more we can in order to content you minus that one might not despise or refuse our pardon.’

“This creature in our Will is the new Ester that wants to put in safety her people, and oh, how content we are to always hold her together with us in our Volition! Because through her means we feel more inclined to use mercy, to concede graces, to forgive the most obstinate sinners, and to make brief the sufferings of the purgative souls. Poor daughter! She has a thought for everyone, a sorrow similar to our sorrow, that she sees the human family as swimming in our Volition and they don’t recognize him, and they live in the midst of enemies, in the most squalid misery.”

Then he added: “My daughter, you must know, as the creature recognizes our Will, loves him, she wants to have her life in him, thus she pours herself into her God, and God pours himself into her; with this pouring forth on both parts, God makes the creature his, makes her take part in all his acts, rests in her, feeds her and makes her grow always more in his acts; and the creature makes her God hers, she feels him everywhere, takes her sweet rest in he who she loves and who forms her life and her everything.

“Other than this, as the creature does her act in our Fiat, thus we feel the bond of all created beings; in that act she wants to give us and make found everyone and everything, it seems that she makes us the visit from all beings, because everyone recognizes us, they love us and they make their obligation toward their Creator. And she makes herself supplicator\supplier of everyone, she loves for everyone and in everything, nothing must be lacking us in an act done in our Volition, otherwise we cannot say that it is our act. Our Will for decorum and honor makes himself provider to the creature of all that which all the other creatures should owe to do (for) us and all creation if it might have reason. If we might not find in our Will, in which the creature works, all our glory, the honor the exchange that is appropriate to us in order to have given life to so many, and create so many things in order to maintain these lives, where could we find it? Our Will diffuses into everyone, life and support of everything, ours is the greatest glory and the creature that lives in him he administers the occasion

to her to have her complete that which every creature should give us, of the glory and of the exchange for having created them.

“We knew that the creature was finished, her littleness can not give us neither love, nor complete glory, and therefore we exposed our divine being, the power of our Volition in order to receive that which was owed us, and the creature living in our Volition was (the) guarantee that for everyone she might love and glorify us. Therefore they are rights that we demand, that she live in him; rights of creation, of redemption, rights of power, of justice and of immensity, that at least that which she can not do alone, she does it united with our Volition and thus we can say: ‘The creature loves us, glorifies us as we want and merit.’ Hence if you want to give us everything, love us for everyone, live always in our Volition and we would find everything and our rights will be satisfied.”

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**November 6, 1938**

***An act in the Divine Volition encloses and embraces everything. All that which the creature must do is in God. How the human acts, find the divine acts.***

My poor mind feels transported by a supreme force into the sea of the Divine Will, and for how much I turn/tour and return in him, it is not ever given to me to turn (in) all of him; his immensity is so much, that it is not given to me to my littleness neither to look at all of him, nor to embrace him; and for how much it seems to me that I walk, so much is his immensity, that it seems to me to have made hardly a few steps. Whence I remained amazed, and my amiable Jesus, surprising me with his brief little visit, said to me:

“My good daughter, my immensity is unreachable, and neither can the creature embrace it all; and for how much we give them of ours, compared to our immensity, they can be called hardly little drops; it is enough to say to you, that even one act of our Will alone, so much is its greatness, that it surpasses all the possible and imaginable beings, it encloses and embraces everyone and everything; therefore the glory that we receive, when the creature offers her act and makes it invested by our Volition, is so very great, that it occupies all creation; because creation is without reason, while in the act in which the creature lets us work it holds the fullness of human reason, that invested by the divine one it surpasses the sky, the sun and everything.

“Hence if our glory is great, the exchange that we receive of love gives of the incredible, the good that the creature receives is incalculable. As she gives her act to us, and we make it ours, and thus everyone wants to give themselves to her, the sun with its light, the sky with its immensity, the wind with its power and empire, everyone finds (a) place in that act and they want to give themselves because their God becomes glorified with the fullness of a human reason, of which they are deprived.”

Jesus became silent, and I thought to myself: “How can it be that with only entering into the Divine Will our acts acquire so much good?” And Jesus resuming his saying added:

“My daughter, this happens in (a) simple and almost natural way, because our divine being is the most simple, thus our acts pure. Now you must know that all that which the creature had to do of good has been done, formed, fed by our Divine Volition; one can say that her acts existed, exist, will exist,

in him; they are as orderly lined up and all hold their place in our Volition; more so that first it becomes formed in us and then in its time we bring it forth to the light.

“Now, with entering into our Volition, the soul finds all that which is already hers and that we want that she takes, hence the human acts find our divine acts established by us for her, they fling themselves, transform themselves, kiss each other, enclose themselves in our divine acts, that are already theirs, and the human one becomes divine act; and since our divine act is great, is immense, and the human one is little, it feels scattered in the divine one, as if it might lose (its) life; but it is not true, the little life exists, the human reason is lost, is closed, has become occupied by ours, with its highest honor and with our highest glory, because we have given of ours to the creature. And playing the little atom of the human volition, we make such prodigies of love, of our glory, as to astound heaven and earth and feel ourselves as reciprocated that we have created the creature with all the creation.

“Now, you must know that all that which the creature does in our Will remains written with indelible characters of light in our Fiat; it is these acts that with their infinite value, they will have power to give to the creature his Kingdom and therefore we await that these acts be completed; they will give such exchange of love and of glory to us, of graces to the living, as to equalize the part between the Creator and the creature, in order (for) our Will to be able to reign in the midst of the human family. One act in our Will is so much that we can do and give everything.”

After this he added: “My daughter, as the soul enters in our Volition, thus she finds all the truths that I have manifested to her and that she has known about my Divine Will; when they have been manifested to her she has received the seed of each one of them and she feels the possession of them. Now as she enters into him while she feels them in herself, thus she finds them in my Fiat like so many queens that giving her (a) hand, make her climb in God, making him all the more known, giving her new light and new graces. So that my truths form the ascent in order to go to God, and God seeing the creature climbing into his arms, feels so much love, that he descends into the depth of the creature, in order to enjoy his truths and to reconfirm and instruct her as he must unfold his life in the truth that she has known. One can say that the soul and God form a divine society that works together and loves with a single love.

“Now you must know that the acts done in my Volition unite the times and form of them one alone; distance doesn’t exist between them; they are so very unified that while they are, one can say, innumerable, they form one alone; so much so that one works in my Volition, one loves, one adores, uniting the times they find themselves united together with the same acts that innocent Adam did when he loved and worked in our divine fields of our Fiat, they incorporate themselves with the acts and love of the Celestial Queen and even with the same acts and love of our supreme being; these hold the power of identifying themselves with everyone, of taking their place of honor everywhere, where there is my Will, they can say: ‘It is our place.’

“These acts done in our Volition are gifted with divine value, each one possesses a happiness, a new joy, in a way that the creature forms in her acts innumerable joys, contentments and happiness without end, as to form for herself a paradise of delights and of beatitude, beyond that which her Creator will give her.

“And this is as connatural to her, because my Will when he works as much in ourselves, as in the creature, he makes arise the fullness of his joys and delights that he possesses, and invests that which he works. Possessing in nature his seas always new with infinite joys, he can not work if he doesn't generate new joys and delights. Therefore all that which one does in my Volition acquires in virtue of him the nature of celestial joys, the inseparability of all the goods, and one can say: ‘All times are mine and I make of them one alone.’ What joy to be able to say: ‘I myself have formed paradise because the divine Fiat has worked together with me.’”

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**November 13, 1938**

*How the truths on the Divine Will will form the regime, the laws, the trained army. The knowledges will give the eyes in order to make such a good possessed. The distinction /badge of the Most Holy Trinity. Sign in order to know if we live in the Divine Will.*

My flight in the Divine Volition continues, nor can I do less, I would feel as if I myself might kill my soul; heaven watch (over) me! And then how could I live without life? Whence, I thought to myself of the truths that Jesus had said to me on his Divine Will as if I might want to form doubts and might not understand well, and I said to myself: “Possible that one can arrive to so much living in the Divine Volition?” And my beloved Jesus, surprising me, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, do not marvel, my Will holds (the) power of making the creature arrive where he wants, provided that she be together with him. Now, you must know that his Kingdom will be formed, founded, upon the truths that he has manifested; how many more truths he manifests, so much more sumptuous, beautiful, majestic and more superabundant with goods and with joys will be this Kingdom. My truths will form the regime, the laws, the food, the trained army, the defense and life itself of whom will live in him; my truths will take every single distinct office of his, some will do as teacher, some as (a) most loving father, some as (a) most tender mother that in order not to expose her daughter to peril carries her in her womb, the crib in her arms, feeds her with her love, dresses her with light; in short every truth will be bearer of a special good.

“Do you see how will be my Kingdom of my Will (of) which I am speaking so much? And it displeases me when you are not attentive to write everything, because you will make missing one good more, because they will enjoy to according to what they will know; the knowledge will bring the life, the light, the good that it possesses; to possess a good without knowing it is almost impossible, it would be as if one might not have eyes in order to look, intelligence in order to understand, hands in order to work, feet in order to walk, heart in order to love. Instead the knowledge, the first thing that it does, it gives the eyes in order not to make it be a poor blind one, and making itself be looked at makes one understand and desire the good, the life that it wants to give them; more so that the knowledge of my truth makes itself actress and spectator in order to transmit its life into the creature.

“Now you must know that the acts done in my Volition are inseparable but well distinct between themselves, distinct in sanctity, in beauty, in love, in wisdom; they will have the distinction/badge of the Sacrosanct Triad, that while the divine persons are distinct between themselves, they are inseparable; one is the Will, one the sanctity, one the goodness, and so on. Thus these acts will be

inseparable and distinct, they will enclose in themselves the distinction/badge of the Supreme Trinity, one and three, three and one; indeed, they will possess it as (their) own life; these acts will be our greatest glory and of all heaven, in seeing in these acts so many times multiplied our divine life for how many acts one has done in our Volition.”

Whence, I thought to myself: “How can one know if one lives in the Divine Volition?” And my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, it is easy to know it. You must know, that my Fiat when he reigns in the soul, holds his working and continuous act, nor does he know how to be without doing anything; he is life, and life must breathe, move, palpitate, make itself be felt, must hold his first act agent, and the creature feels under his empire, and follows his acts, almost in (a)continuous way in the Divine Volition. So that the continuation is a certain sign that one lives in him; with this continuation, one feels the need of breath, of motion, of the divine attitude, therefore if one interrupts his continuous acts one feels to be missing life, motion and everything, and she immediately resumes his continuous acts, because she knows that it costs her much not continuing her acts, it costs her divine life, and who has possessed him with difficulty lets him escape.

“Now, this working of the creature in him, do you know what it is? The carrying out of the life of my Will that he does in the creature; because he alone holds (the) virtue of not ever ceasing in his continuous acts; if this might be able to give, that which can not be, everyone and everything would remain as paralyzed and without life. Now the creature by itself doesn’t hold this virtue of working continually, on the contrary united to my Volition she holds (the) virtue, strength, will, love to do it. He knows how to change things provided that the creature allows herself (to be) carried, possessed by him! He knows how to make such changes, that the creature does not recognize herself anymore, she remains but a distant memory of her past life.

“Then there is another sign, my Will, in order to reign, when he sees the soul disposed, first he embalms her will, her sufferings, with an air of peace and then forms there his throne. Hence one who lives in my Volition possesses a strength that never becomes less, a love that while she loves no one she loves with true love everyone in God; and to how many sacrifices she is exposed, for everyone and (each) in particular! Poor daughter, she is the true martyr and victim of everyone! And oh, how many times in seeing her suffer I look at her with such tenderness and compassion, and in order to encourage her I say to her: ‘My daughter, you have undergone my same fate, poor daughter, courage! Your Jesus loves you more!’ And in feeling herself more loved by me, she smiles in the sufferings and abandons herself in my arms. My daughter, in order to experience, to possess that which my Will knows how to do it is necessary to remain within him, otherwise they won’t understand an H/(letter) of it.”

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**November 20, 1938**

***The spectator of the Divine Will. He forms the adaptable matter for the works of God. The little divine field.***

It seems to me that the Divine Volition is inside and outside of me, in (the) act of surprising me when

I am about to do my little actions, to say my little I love you, in order to invest it with his light and make it his; he has an admirable and inimitable attention, that gives of the incredible, and if the creature is not attentive to give him her little acts, oh, how he suffers from it! Oh, how I would also like to be all attention in order to imitate him with not letting anything escaped me, so that we might be able to surprise each other side by side! But while I thought this, my sweet Jesus visiting my little soul all love said to me:

“My blessed daughter, the soul that wants to live in my Volition he becomes her spectator. He awaits her if she loves, because he wants to love together; if she works he awaits her, because he wants to be the actor and the spectator. So that my Will is in continuous anxieties and anticipations, of all that which the creature does, in order to invest it, in order to be the actor and to make them his. Indeed, you must know that as the soul enters into him, she finds the sanctity of God that invests her, his beauty that embellishes her, his love that transforms her in God, his purity that renders her so clear as to recognize her no more, his light that gives the divine likeness to her. Oh, how the power of my Will knows how to change the human fate. Behold therefore he becomes her spectator who wants to unfold his constant work, that *ab eterno* he holds prepared what he must do for that creature; he doesn't want to be repressed in his incessant motion; he arrives even to confine her in his eternal motion, so that she receives to give, in order not to suffer anticipations. Because (if) one who lives in his Volition doesn't have life together with him, he doesn't tolerate it; if he doesn't feel her in his divine motion, feel his divine sanctity (in) her, his love (is) stopped and suffocated.

“Therefore one who lives in our Fiat we hold our little divine field where we can unfold our work(,) our Will administers to us the adaptable matter in order to let us do the most beautiful works. Because when we want to work in the little field of the soul, we want to find the matter of our sanctity, because we never put our holy hands in human mud. In order to make our more beautiful works, we want to find our purity that attracts us, our beauty that enraptures us, our love that imposes itself upon us in order to make us work; and only our Will knows how to administer these divine matters of ours in order to let us work; everything is adaptable for us, and therefore we do work to make heaven and earth astounded.

“Instead where there is not our Volition, we are constrained to not be able to do anything, there are not our adaptable matters for us, and if there is some good, it is apparent good, flawed from one's own esteem and glory, from twisted intentions and we escape from working in her; because we will put in peril our most beautiful works; first we assure ourselves, and then we work.

“You must know that how many more acts one does in our Volition so much more one enters into God and more we enlarge the little field in our divine bosom and we can do more works more beautiful, we can give more of ours. So that the creature finds herself always under the growing act of our divine life; our love loves her so much, it carries her in (its) arms and makes us say continually: ‘We make you to our image and likeness.’ And it makes us grow her with our divine breath, with our sanctity, power and goodness, we look at her and we find our reflection, our wisdom and enchanting beauty; how to be able to be without this creature if we are tied with our divine prerogatives? If she possesses of ours and in order to love us, and in order to get herself out of debt for how much we have given her she gives us continually that which we have given her.

“Much more so that living in our Volition she has received from us (the) virtue of being able to produce life, not work; because we in giving our sanctity, our love and other we give the generative virtue, and she continually generates life of sanctity, life of love, life of light, of goodness, of power, of wisdom; and she offers them to us, surrounds us, and never finishes to give us exchange in life, that which we have given her; and oh, our satisfaction, our feast, our glory, in seeing return to us so many lives that love us, that glorify our sanctity! They make (an) echo to our light, wisdom and our goodness. The other creatures can give us at most work of sanctity, of love but not life; only one who lives in our Volition it is given to her to be able to form so many lives with her acts, because she has received from us the generative virtue to be able to generate how many lives she wants, in order to be able to say to us: ‘Life you have given me and life I give you.’

“Do you see therefore the great difference? Life speaks it is not subject to finish, it can generate, while works don’t speak, don’t generate, they are subject to disperse themselves. Therefore that which one can give us who lives in our Volition, how one can love us, no one can reach it; for how many great works they could do, they will be always little drops of water before the sea, the little light before the sun; a single I love you of this creature remains [leaves] all the love of all the other creatures united together behind. This I love you, for however little, walks, races, embraces and elevates itself over everyone; it comes into our arms and embraces us with its, it makes for us (a) thousand caresses. It tells us so many beautiful things of our love, shelters itself in our bosom we feel it always saying: ‘I love you, I love you, I love you life of my life, you have generated me, and I will always love you.’

“Whatever thing she wants to do he doesn’t do other than to form life if she does good acts and holy possessing the life of our Will she generates the life of our goodness and of our sanctity, and coming into our arms they speak to us of the story of our goodness and sanctity; and oh, how many beautiful things they say to us! With how much grace they narrate to us where our goodness arrives, what height and greatness of sanctity we possess! They never finish to say how very good and holy we are; and casting themselves into our divine bosom they penetrate into the most intimate hideaways in order to know more of how very good and holy we are and they remain to praise us how very good and holy we are; and oh, how beautiful it is to hear narrated our divine story to us from a human will, united with ours that suggests to them who is one’s Creator! In short, if she wants to glorify us she generates the life of our glory, and narrates our glory to us; if she admires our power, wisdom and beauty, she feels in herself as life our divine qualities, and she narrates to us how powerful, wise and beautiful we are. She says to us: ‘Life of my life, I have known you and I feel the need to speak of you and to narrate your divine story to you.’

“These lives are our greatest glories, our wide/generous generation, inseparable from us; they are always in motion, they always have something to say of our supreme being; and one life, doesn’t await the other, while of it another comes racing afterwards, and then still another, it doesn’t ever finish; our contentment is full, the purpose of creation is realized; that is the company of the creature that knows us. And while we enjoy her and she is with us, we make her grow in our likeness. Who is there that doesn’t love the company of one who belongs to him? More so we love the company of the creature, because we are life of her life.

“Therefore our sorrow was great when Adam, our first child, descended from within our Volition in

order to do his, the poor little one lost the generative virtue of generating with his acts divine life, at the most he could do works not life. He, united with our Volition, held the divine virtue in his power and therefore could form with his acts how much life he wanted; it happened to him as to a sterile mother that it is not given her to be able to generate, or yet as to a person that wants to do a work that possesses thread of the most radiant pure gold, this one removes from himself the gold thread, rather he puts it under (his) feet. The gold thread that has departed from him is my Will as life, the thread is substituted with his will which one can call iron thread. Poor little one! Works of gold he could do no more, invested by the radiant sun of my Volition; he must content himself to do works of iron, and if also required dirty works of passions. The fate of Adam underwent such mutation that he was almost not recognizable anymore; he descended into the abyss of miseries, the strength, the light were no more in his power; before sinning, in everyone and his acts grew in him our image and likeness, because it was an assignment that we took in the act of creating him, and we wanted to maintain our assignment, to hold in vigor our creative word, through means of his own acts, also to always hold him together with us and to be in continuous communication with him.

“Hence our sorrow was great, if in our omniclairvoyance it might not have made present to us that our Will should reign as life in future centuries, that was as a balm to our intense sorrow, for force of sorrow we would have reduced into nothing all creation, because our Will not reigning it served us no more, he had to serve only to creatures, while we created all things that should serve us and them. Therefore pray that my Will returns as life, and you be his victim.”

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**November 26, 1938**

***The disposition calls the divine work. The Divine Will puts the divine motion in one who lives in him. How one can give everything to his Creator. Enchantment of the divine pupils. The Blessed and the wayfarer.***

I am beneath the eternal waves of the Divine Volition, which wants to always give himself to creatures, but wants that she also should want it, he doesn't want to be an intruder that is made to find himself inside without her at all knowing it, he wants to be searched (for), he wants to give her his kiss of love, and then, as triumphator loaded with gifts, he enters into her and fills her with his gifts. But while I thought this, my sweet Jesus, who feels the need of entrusting his secrets to his creature, said to me:

“My blessed daughter, my Volition wants to give, but wants to find the disposition of the creature in order to depose his gifts. The disposition is as earth in the hands of the farmer, for how many seeds he might have and might not hold an earth where to cast his seeds, never could he sow; and if earth might have reason and would not be disposed to receive his seeds, the poor farmer would feel cast in the face in the eyes the seeds with which he would like to enrich it. Such is my Will he wants to give but if he doesn't find the soul disposed he would not find the place where to put his gifts, he would feel them cast in the face with his highest sorrow, and if he wants to speak to her he would find her without hearing in order to let one listen.

“Therefore the disposition prepares the soul, it opens the divine doors, gives the hearing, puts her in communication; if they feel first, that which my Volition wants to give, in a way that she loves, yearns



(for) that which she should receive, if she is not disposed we give nothing, because we don't want to expose our gifts to uselessness. Instead the disposition serves as earth to the farmer, that is surrendered to that which he wants to do, it lets him work, hoe, form the furrows in order to put in safety the seed with which he wants to fill it.

“Thus our supreme being, if we find the disposition we do our works, we prepare her, we purify her, with our creative hands we prepare the place where to put our gifts and form our most beautiful works. Instead, if she is not disposed, with all our power, we can do nothing, because her inside is encumbered with stones, with thorns, with vile passions, and since she is not disposed she doesn't lend herself to let us take them away; how many sanctities go (up) in smoke for lack of the disposition! More so, that if she is not disposed she is not adapted to live in our Divine Volition, rather it seems that it is not for her; her sanctity grounds her, her purity makes her shame, her light blinds her. Instead if she is disposed she throws herself into his arms and lets him do that which we want to do; indeed, she is like a little child receiving our works with such love as to feel ourselves enraptured; and our Volition, what does he do? He makes his divine motion flow. With this divine motion she finds in act all our works, she kisses them, embraces them, invests them with her little love, she finds my conception, my birth in act, and with her love she wants to be conceived and reborn with me; and I not only let her do it, but I feel such a contentment that I feel reciprocated that I was born upon the earth, because I find one who is reborn together with me. But she goes ahead still more, the divine motion that she possesses makes her race everywhere and she finds, as a trained army, all that which my humanity did, my tears, my words and prayers, my steps, my sufferings; everything she takes, kisses, adores; there is nothing done by me that she doesn't invest with her love. And then, what does she do? She makes everything hers, and with a childlike way and grace she encloses everything in her womb, elevates it on high, she comes before our divinity there she arrays them around and with (an) emphasis of love says to us: ‘Adorable majesty, how many beautiful works I bring you! Everything is mine and everything I bring to you, so that all love you, adore you, glorify you and reciprocate you with the so much love that you have for me and for everyone.’

“This divine motion that my Volition puts in the creature that lives in my Volition is the new life that she receives; with this motion she holds right over everything, that which is ours is hers, therefore she can give everything; and oh, how many surprises she makes us! She always holds to give us. With this divine motion she holds (the) virtue to race everywhere, and now she brings us the creation in order to love us as we have loved her in all the created things, now she brings us all creatures in order to love us for everyone and with everyone, now she brings us all that which I did being on the earth, in order to say to us: ‘I love you as you want to be loved’; it is never stopped. It seems that she doesn't know how to be, if she doesn't make for us new surprises of love; she wants the intent to be able to say to us: ‘I love him, I love him always.’ And we call her our joy our perennial happiness; because there is no joy more beautiful for us than the continuous love of the creature.

“Because you must know that an act done in our Volition is more than sun that rises, which invests with its light all the earth, the sea, the springs, even the littlest blade of grass does not become put aside, everyone is invested with light. Thus an act done in him races, searches, invests everything, forms its mantle of the most radiant silver outside and within creatures, and thus pearled it carries them to us before our adorable majesty and makes us pray through our own Will with voices of light, with speaking love for everyone, and putting a sweet enchantment to our divine pupils, makes us see

all creatures mantled in our divine light, and we ourselves exalt the power of our Fiat, that with the power of his light knows how to hide the human miseries and even converts them into light, to one act of his he doesn't deny anything, because he holds (the) power to give us everything and to make up for everyone."

In hearing this I thought to myself: "If a wayfaring creature can do so much that lives in his Volition with one act alone, what won't the blessed in heaven do that have perennial life in him? And my sweet Jesus added:

"My daughter, there is (a) great difference between the blessed and the wayfaring soul. The blessed don't have anything to add on; the life, their acts, their will remained fixed in us, and they can say: 'We completed our day'; to do more is not given them, at the most we can give ourselves new joys and new love. Instead the wayfarer, her day is not finished and if she wants and lives in our Volition she can work prodigies of graces, of light for the whole entire world; prodigies of love for her Creator. Therefore all our solicitude is for the wayfarer soul, because our work is still in progress, it is not finished, and if she lends herself we will do works not ever done, works so very beautiful as to make heaven and earth astonished.

"Therefore our sorrow is great when we find the wayfarer that doesn't lend herself to let us do the most beautiful works that we want to do; how many of our commenced works (are) not finished! Others the most beautiful (are) broken. Because only in our Volition and for one who lives in him, can we complete our works, with an inarrivable beauty; because she administers to us the adaptable matter in order to do that which we want to do; outside of him we don't find neither sufficient light, nor love that rises, nor divine matter, we are constrained to fold (our) arms, without being able to go onward. And how many don't live in our Volition?

"And then, for the wayfarer there is the coin of the merit that races, and (in) all her acts animated by our Volition becomes coined our divine image, containing infinite value; so that when she wants she holds the coin in order to pay us (for) that which she wants. Therefore our work and interest is for the souls that are *en route*, because it is (a) time of conquests, while in heaven there are not acquisitions, but only joy and happiness."

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**November 30, 1938**

***One who turns in the Divine Volition and recognizes him in his works, receives the dowry that God has given them and forms her days, makes herself messenger of peace between heaven and earth. The divine generation. The bearer.***

I was making my round in the acts of the Divine Volition done for our love, and it seemed to me that everyone wanted to be recognized what they had done and how much they had loved us and how they love us, not being subject to finish their love. Whence I thought to myself: "What is the good that I do always returning in the acts of the Divine Volition?" And my always amiable Jesus, surprising me, all goodness said to me:

"My blessed daughter, you must know that all that which we have done as much in the creation, as

in the redemption, we didn't do other than to form the dowry, in order to endow creatures with our own goods and works. Now, one who comes into our Volition comes to take possession of her dowry, to recognize it and love it, and as she turns in him in order to know her most extensive dowry that her Creator has given her, thus it forms her day in time; so that how many times she turns, walks, loves, knows, so many days she forms, and I therefore have given her this great dowry that she can receive and know in time, so that she makes her days, which will be the days that will crown the eternal day of eternity that never finishes; hence how much more she turns in him so many more days she forms that will render her more rich and glorious in heaven.

“And if the creature might not take care to recognize, to possess, to love, this great dowry, first, that would be a poor unhappy one that lives in the miseries and is constrained to die of hunger, while she possesses so many goods. It would happen as to a father that endows his child with his most extensive properties, the which does not take care neither to know them, nor to go there often in order to possess and to enjoy the dowry that the father himself has given to her; this child with all the dowry that she could possess, because she does not care, doesn't recognize it as rich, she is poor, and one can say that she has descended from the nobility of the father, as if she were not his legitimate child. What sorrow would it not be (for) the poor father, that while he is so very rich he sees the child poor, covered with rags, and begs the bread of the others? This child, if she might have power, would make the father himself die of sorrow.

“In such state one finds our supreme being; all that which we have created was (a) dowry that we gave to the creature in order to make her happy and rich, and in order to let her know who we are, how much we have loved and done for her; hence one who doesn't turn in our works, doesn't recognize them, and neither possesses them, nor forms there the merit of her days in time. Isn't this a great sorrow for us? Therefore always come into our works; how much more you will come so much more will you recognize them, will love them and with right you will hold possession of them.

“Beyond this, every act done in my Will is a messenger of peace that departs from earth and comes into heaven and comes to put peace between heaven (and) earth; every word said on my Volition, carries the bond of peace, and one who comes in him to live, the first good that she receives is the bond of peace between her and us; she feels as embalmed in our divine peace. With this bond of peace, she feels in herself the virtue of making peace between heaven and earth, everything is peace in her; peaceful are the words, the glances, the motions; oh, how many times with a word she puts peace between us and the creature! A single sweet glance of hers and she peacefully wounds us and makes us change the scourges into graces! Therefore all her acts are none other than bonds of peace, peaceful messengers that bring the kiss of peace of creatures to God and of God to creatures.

“Even more so how much more the creature lives in our Will more so she penetrates into our divine family, she acquires more (of) our ways, becomes put to knowledge of our secrets, she resembles us more, we love her and she loves us more, and she puts us in (the) condition of always giving her new graces, new surprises of love, we hold her in our house belonging to our family; we can say: ‘She eats at our table, sleeps upon our knees.’ To live without her we can not do it; our Volition binds her in a way that renders her to us amiable, attractive, that we can not remain without her, nor her without us.”

After this he added: “My daughter, our desire is great, that creatures might live in our Volition. We find ourselves in the condition of a poor mother that feels the need to bring forth her birth and is not able to, she doesn’t have (a place) where to put it, nor one to whom to entrust it, nor one who receives it, poor mother, how much she suffers! Thus our supreme being finds itself, we feel the need to generate ourselves and where to put ourselves? If our Will is not life of the creature there is no place for us, we don’t have one to whom to entrust ourselves, nor one who feeds us, nor the cortege that is needed (by) us (for) our adorable majesty. And since our Most Holy Trinity is always in (the) act of generating, these births of ours remain repressed in ourselves, while we want to generate our Divine Trinity in creatures; but since they don’t live in our Volition, there is no one who receives our divine generation. What sorrow to see us conceal in ourselves without being able to unfold the great good that our eternal generation can do in the creature! Our Will embraces everything, and one who lives in him, as she forms her acts, thus she makes herself the bearer of everyone; if she loves she carries the love of everyone to us, if she adores she carries the adoration of everyone to us, if she suffers she encloses the satisfaction of everyone. One act in our Volition must surpass, enclose, embrace everyone and everything; and it arrives even to make itself bearer of our supreme being, because we never go out from our Volition, and one who lives in him can enclose us in her every act in order to bring us where she wants, to creatures in order to make us known, to all the creation in order to say to us: ‘How very beautiful are your works!’; to ourselves, in order to say to us: ‘You see how much I love you, that I arrive even to carry yourself to you.’

“We find ourselves in the conditions in which one finds the sphere of the sun, that never goes out from within the circle of its rays, and if these descend even into the depths of the earth, it invests everything, even the little seedling, its sphere, from the heights where it finds itself, is never drawn away by its light, it walks together and does that which its rays do. Such are we, we are the bearers of our Will, and she is our bearer; we are one life alone, and one who lives in him makes herself bearer of our divine being, and we make ourselves bearers of little human will. And we love her so much that she forms our victory and most beautiful joy to see completed in her our Will.”

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**December 5, 1938**

***Yearnings of God that one lives in his Volition. How he holds established that he will make so many divine lives for how many things he has created and for how many acts the creature will do in his Volition. How his sanctity, his love will remain formed in them.***

The sea of the Divine Volition always murmurs, he forms his highest waves in order to assail creatures now with light, now with love, now with enchanting beauty now with groans that want his spot in creatures in order to live in them; his love is indescribable and would arrive to excesses, he would use all his stratagems of love, provided that he might have the liberty of living and of making us live in his Fiat! I remained surprised in seeing this, and my amiable Jesus, said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, you don’t know where our love arrives and what we will do in order to make the creature live in our Will, this is the most beautiful point of the creation and if we don’t do this we can say our work is not completed, nor have we done that which we know how to and can do, we can say that we have not done anything of that which remains (for) us to do.

“You must know that *ab eterno* it has been established by our divinity, that so many lives we will make of ourselves, for how many things we have created and for how many acts the creature will do in our Will. Being (that) our being (is) superior to everything it is just that in its lives it exceeds the number of all the created things and of all the acts of the human family. Now, if the creature doesn't live in our Will, we can not do it, there would be missing the divine material, in order to form our life in her acts, there would be missing the place where to put it; and then, to form these lives of ours without one who might want to receive them, without one who might know them and might love them, (is) to what advantage? Do you see therefore how it concerns the most beautiful act, the most powerful and wise? It concerns exposing our lives that we already hold generated in our bosom, and we can not bring them forth, because our Volition doesn't reign. And it seems little to you that which the great work of the creation lacks? It is the most interesting act, the most culminating point in which the creation and all acts will be enveloped with a beauty so rare, a glory so great, as to make remain as so many drops the beauty that they have known of us and the glory that they have given us of the past.

“My daughter, oh, how we yearn (for) it! How our love quivers, groans, is delirious, that the creature live in our Volition! And since we know that many things will be lacking them in order to be able to make use of her acts in order to form our life, we are disposed to our continuous work in order to make up for her in everything; in every act of hers we will give her our love, our sanctity, our goodness and beauty, because nothing lacks for that which is necessary in order to form our life, and thus we will generate and will produce ourselves; and oh, how much exchange of love, of sanctity, of goodness we will have! We will felicitate ourselves in the sweet enchantment of our beauty, how must we not yearn that one lives in our Volition that it is not only the creature that we will have, but our own life generated in her acts? And while we will enjoy one life of ours, another will follow and then still another according to the acts that she will do. As we will see that she is about to do the act we will put forth of ours, and we will make of our own lives actors and spectators; what joy, what happiness, my daughter, to be able to form ourselves, to hold one who knows and loves us, and to possess our palace in the creature!

“Beyond this, the great good that the creature will have, her little sanctity will remain in ours, her little love will remain in ours, her goodness and beauty will remain in ours, in a way that if she will do a holy act, it will hold our sanctity in its power, if she loves she will love with our love and so on, in a way that her acts will arise from within our acts, because all that which is done in our Volition doesn't go out neither from us, nor from within our acts. So that she will always love us and we will always feel loved; she will always grow in sanctity(,) goodness and beauty. With this she will always acquire new knowledges of her Creator, because she will feel him palpitating in her acts; my Will will make himself revealed, he will always tell her new things of our divine being, and in order to make her appreciate our life that she possesses all the more. The knowledge makes new love arise, it communicates other varieties of our beauty, it won't give (only) time to time to tell her new things, as feeding her with that which we are. The happy creature will feel taken in the net of our love, she will feel invested by our light and by the enchantment of our beauty, and we will be so very enraptured with her love that we will refresh ourselves in her in order to love and in order to give vent to our love, and we will embellish her so much as to make ourselves undergo the enchantment of a beauty so rare.

“Therefore all the other things we can call little drops to the comparison of the creature living in our Volition. Hence be attentive; you will give me the greatest contentment, you will make me happy if you will live in my Will.”

After this I continued to think of the great good of living in the Divine Volition, and sweet Jesus resumed his saying:

“My daughter, so much is this good, that I feel our palpitating life alive in her, so much so that we don’t have need anymore of words in order to make ourselves understood, our breath in hers is word, which invests the human being transmutes it into our word, and she feels that he speaks in the mind, in the works, in the steps; and the virtue of our creative word invests her in a way that makes itself felt in the most intimate fibers of the heart and changes the creature into my word itself. My word becomes nature in her and not to do that which I say and want would be as if she might go against herself, that which cannot be.

“So that for one who lives in my Volition I am word in the breath, in the motion, in the intelligence, in the glance, in everything; so much so that while she feels herself fused and soaked in my word not having felt the sound of my voice she is amazed and says: ‘How can I feel my nature changed into his word and I don’t know when he said it to me.’ And I say her: ‘You don’t know that I am word in every instant? And although you don’t listen to me I speak, knowing that when you will enter into the Cabinet of your soul, you will find it and you will take the gift of my word.’ My words don’t run away but they remain and transform the human nature into him. Such union and transformation passes between one who lives in our Volition and us that we (make) ourselves understood without speaking, and we speak without word. And this is the greatest gift that we can make the creature, to speak with the breath, with the motion. She is so very unified with us that we use the same ways as we use with ourselves, and in spite of that our divine being is all word and voice, when we don’t want to we don’t make ourselves felt by anyone. Therefore be attentive and allow yourself to be guided in everything by my Volition.”

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**December 8, 1938**

***How the humanity of Our Lord served to veil his divinity, and the prodigies of the Divine Volition. How all created things and the creature herself are veils that hide the divinity. The Immaculate Conception, rebirth of everyone.***

The flight in the Divine Volition continues, it seems to me that in all natural and spiritual things he makes himself found and with an indescribable love says: I am here, we are together, not to be alone; without me you would not know how to do as I do and I would remain with sorrow to have been put aside, and you would remain with sorrow of not having in your acts the value of one single act of a Divine Will. While I thought this, my sweet Jesus, repeating his brief little visit to me, all goodness said to me:

“My blessed daughter, my most holy humanity was the depositary of my Divine Will, there was no act little and great, even the breath, the motion, that my humanity making itself veil didn’t hide in all my divine Fiat; rather, I would not have known how to breathe, nor to move, if it might not have

enclosed it in me. So that my humanity, served me as veil in order to hide my divinity, and the great prodigy of the work of my Volition in all my acts.

“If this was not so no one would have been able to draw near me, my majesty, the glaring light of my divinity, would have eclipsed and knocked them down, and everyone would run away from me. Who would ever have dared to give me the littlest suffering? But I loved the creature, and I didn’t come on earth in order to make display of my divinity, but of my love, and therefore I wanted to hide myself within the veil of my humanity in order to unite myself with man, to do that which he himself did, even to make him give me unheard of pains and death itself.

“Now one who unites with my humanity in all her acts, in her sufferings, with wanting to find my Will in order to make him hers breaks the veil of my humanity and finds in my acts the fruit, the life, the prodigies that he did in me, and receives as her life that which I did in myself; and my humanity will serve her for help, for guide, it will do for her as (a) teacher (for) how to live in him; in a way that I will hold myself on earth, which will continue to make me (the) veil in order to hide that which my Will wants to do. Instead if they will search (for) me without my Volition they will find only my veil, but they won’t find the life of my Volition, which can not produce the prodigies that he worked in the hideaway of my humanity. It is always my Will that knows how to hide in the creature the greatest prodigies, the most radiant suns, the wonders not ever seen, how many of my living humanities I would have held on earth, but alas, I search (for) them and I don’t find them because there is not one who searches with all firmness my Will.”

Dear Jesus became silent and I remained to think of that which he had said to me, and touched with (my) hand all that which Jesus had done, said and suffered, they were carriers of the Divine Volition, and resuming his speaking he added:

“My good daughter, not only (did) my humanity in a very special way hide my divinity and Will but all created things, and the creature itself is (a) veil that hides our divinity and adorable Will; the sky is (a) veil that hides our immense divinity, firmness and immutability; and the multiplicity of the stars, the manifold effects that our immensity, firmness and immutability possesses. Oh, if man under that azure vault might be able to see our disclosed divinity, without the veils of that azure that covers us and hides us! From our majesty he would remain crushed (in) his littleness and would walk trembling feeling (on) himself the continuous watch of a God pure, holy, strong and powerful; but since we love man we veil ourselves lending ourselves to that which he needs, but as hidden.

“The sun is (a) veil that hides our inaccessible light, our glaring majesty; indeed we must make a miracle in order to restrain our uncreated light in order not to arouse fright in him, and veiled by this light created by us, we approach each other, we kiss him, we warm him; we extend this veil of light even under his steps to the right to left, beneath his head; we arrive to fill his eye with light, who knows the delicacy of his pupil recognizes us; not at all, in vain! He takes the veil of light that hides us and we remain the unknown God in the midst of creatures. What sorrow!

“So that the wind is (a) veil that hides our empire, the air is (a) veil that hides our continuous life that we give to creatures, the sea is (a) veil that hides our purity, our refreshments and divine freshness; its murmur hides our continuous love, and when we see that she doesn’t listen to us, we arrive to

form the highest waves as to riot, so that they recognize us and because we want to be loved, whatever good man receives, there is veiled within our life that offers (it to him).

“Our divinity, that loves man so much arrives to veil itself even with earth in order to make it firm and stable beneath his steps in order not to let him stagger; even in the bird that sings, in the flowering meadows, in the various sweetnesses of the fruits our divinity veils itself in order to offer him our joys and let him taste the innocent delights of our divine being. And then what to say to you of how many prodigies of love, are we veiled and hidden in man? We veil ourselves in the breath, in the heartbeat, in the motion, in the memory, intellect and will; we veil ourselves in his pupil, in his word, in his love. And oh, how it hurts us not to be recognized, nor loved! We can say: ‘We live in him, we carry him and make ourselves carried by him, nor could he do anything without us, and yet we live together without knowing us!’ What sorrow! If he might know us the life of the man should be the greatest prodigy of our love and omnipotence, from within their veils they should not do other than to offer him our sanctity, our love, to cover him with our beauty, to have him enjoy our delights; but since he doesn’t recognize us, he holds us as the God far away from him; if we are not recognized we can not give, it would be like to give to the blind ones our goods. And he is constrained to live under the nightmare of his miseries and passions; poor man who doesn’t know us, neither in the veils that hide us in him, nor in the veils of all created things; he doesn’t do other than to escape from our life and from the purpose for which he was created. And many times not being able to support his ingratitude the goods that contain our veils change for him into chastisement.

“Therefore recognize in yourself that you are not other than a veil that hides your Creator, so that, you receive and we can administer to you in all your acts our divine life; recognize him in the veils of all created things so that everyone helps you to receive such a good.”

After this I was making my round in the acts of the Divine Volition. How many surprises in this Volition so holy! And what is more, he awaits the creature in order to keep her to light of his works, in order to make her know how much he loves her and in order to make a gift of that which he does; he feels the mania of always giving without ever ceasing, and is content, for exchange, with the little I love you of the creature. Whence, I arrived to the Conception of my Queen Mama, how many wonders! And my sweet Jesus, resuming his speech, said to me:

“My blessed daughter today is the feast of the Immaculate Conception, it is the most beautiful feast, more great for us and for heaven and earth. We, in the act of calling from the nothing this celestial creature, worked such prodigies and wonders that heavens and earth remained filled by it; we called everyone, no one was put aside so that everyone might remain reborn together with her. So that it was the rebirth of everyone and all of ours. (The) divine being overflowed so much from us, that we put at her disposition, in the act of conceiving, seas of love, of sanctity, of light with which she could love everyone, make everyone holy, and give light to everyone; the celestial tiny one felt reborn in her little Heart an innumerable people.

“And our paternal goodness, what did it do? First we make (a) gift to ourselves, so that we might enjoy and might court her, and she might enjoy and court us, and then we made (a) gift to every single creature. Oh, how she loved us and loved everyone with such intensity and fullness that there is no point that she didn’t make her love arise! All the creation, the sun, the wind, the sea, is full of



love of this holy creature, because it felt also reborn with her to new glory; more so that they had the great glory of possessing their queen; so much so that when she prays to us for the good of her people, she, with a love which is not given to resist, says to us: 'Adorable majesty, remember what you gave me, already I am yours and I am theirs, hence with right you must grant it to me.'"

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**December 18, 1938**

*God doesn't give if the creature doesn't want to receive. Sorrowful conditions when one doesn't live of the Divine Volition. The depositor of all creation. Divine food, love. Condition of God when one doesn't live of the Divine Volition, how one descends from his likeness.*

I am always between the arms of the Divine Volition, which makes everything present to me, in order to say to me: 'I have done everything for you, but I want that you recognize to what excesses my love has arrived.' But while my mind was lost my always amiable Jesus who wants to be always the first narrator of the Fiat and of their works, all goodness said to me:

"My blessed daughter, the making known what we have done for creatures is for us as the exchange of all that which we have done, but to whom can we do it? To one who lives in our Volition, because he gives the capacity in order to make us understood, the hearing in order to make us heard, and transmutes the human will to want that which we want to give them. We never give if the creature doesn't want to receive and doesn't know that which we want to give. You see, therefore, in what sorrowful conditions they put us when one doesn't live of our Will; they render us the mute God, nor can we make known how much we love them and how they should love us; it can be said, the communications remain broken between heaven and earth.

"Now, you must know that everything was created in order to make it a gift to creatures; every created thing, we made it bearer of the gift and of the love with which we endowed that gift. But do you know why? The creature didn't have anything to give us; we, loving her with highest love and wanting that she might have something to give us, (because if she doesn't have something to give the correspondence finishes, the friendship becomes broken, the love dies), we furnished the creature with so many gifts of ours, as if they were hers, so that she might have something to give us.

"Therefore one who lives in our Volition, we make her the depositary of all creation. And oh, our joy, our contentment, when making use of our gifts and in order to love us she says to us: 'You see how much I love you, I give you the sun in order to love you and I love you with that love with which you loved me in the sun; I give you the homages, the adorations of its light, its manifold effects in order to love you, its continuous act of light, in order to spread me everywhere and to put for you my I love you in all that which his light touches!' Now do you know what happens? We see all the light of the sun ruling, all its effects, from wherever its light passes, the I love you, the adorations, the homages of the creature; indeed, there is more; the sun carries as in triumph the love of the Creator (and) of the creature. So that we feel united in the sun with one Will alone and with one heart alone. And if the creature feeling that she wants to love us more, boldly says to us: 'You see how much I love you, but it is not enough for me, I want to love you more, therefore I enter into his inaccessible, immense and eternal light, that never finishes, and inside of that light I want to love you with your eternal love.' You can not understand our joy in seeing that not only does she love us in

our gifts, but also in ourselves, and we as conquered by her love, we repay her with doubling the gift and with giving ourselves into her power in order to make ourselves loved not only as we love in our works but as we love in ourselves and in order to love her.

“And so in all the other created things, she makes use of it in order to make us new surprises of love, in order to reciprocate the gifts with us, in order to maintain the correspondence, in order to say to us that she loves us continually; and we don’t know how to receive if we don’t give, we double the gifts; but the greatest gift, is when we see her carried in the arms of our Will; we feel so very drawn that we can not do less than to speak of our supreme being, to tell her one knowledge more of that which we are. It is the greatest gift that we can do that exceeds all the creation; knowing our works is gift; to make ourselves known is our life that we give, it is to admit her to our secrets, it is to entrust the Creator with the creature.

“To live in our Volition, to be loved, is everything for us. More so that the love of ourselves forms our continuous food. My Celestial Father generates without ever ceasing his Son because he loves; with generating me he forms the food as to feed ourselves; I, his Son, love with his same love and the Holy Spirit proceeds; with this we form other food in order to feed ourselves. If we created the creation it was because we love; and we sustain it with our creative and conservative act it is because we love; this love serves us for food. If we want that the creature knows us in our works and in ourselves it is because we want to be loved, and of this love we make use of it in order to feed ourselves. We never despise love, because it is love, it serves us, it is our stuff; our love appeases the hunger with the beloved being; and having done everything for love, we want that heaven and earth, creatures, and everything be for us all love; and if it is not all love, there enters the sorrow that gives us the delirium that we love and we are not loved.

“Now, our Will is our life, love is food. You see to what (a) high, noble, sublime point, we want the creature that forms in herself the life of our Will, (in) which, all things, the circumstances, the crosses, even the air that she breathes will convert into love, in order to feed her in a way to be able to say: ‘The life of our Volition is yours and is ours and we feed with the same food.’

“With this we see the creature grow to our image and likeness and these are our true joys in the creation; in order to be able to say to our children: ‘We resemble each other.’ And what should not be the joy of the creature to be able to say: ‘I resemble my Celestial Father.’ Therefore I want that she live in my Volition, because I want my children who resemble me.

“If these children don’t return to me in my Volition, we find ourselves in the condition of a poor father that, while he is noble, he possesses a science to be able to give lessons to everyone, he is rich and endowed with goodness and with rare beauty. Instead the children don’t resemble him at all, they have descended from the nobility of their father, they become poor, idiots, ugly, dirty as to make one disgust; the poor father feels dishonored in the children, indeed he looks at them and almost doesn’t recognize them; and in seeing them blind, lame, sick, and (that) they don’t even arrive to recognize (their) own father, these children form the sorrow of the father himself. Such are we; one who doesn’t live in our Volition dishonors us and forms our sorrow, how can they resemble us if our Will is not theirs? The which feeds our children with our same food, the which doesn’t do other than as they feed themselves thus he forms in them our sanctity, they remain embellished with our beauty,

they acquire such knowledge of their Father, because our Fiat with his light speaks to them, tells them so many things of their father even to make them fall in love so much so that they can not be without him; and this produces the likeness.

“Daughter without my Will there is not neither one who feeds them nor one who instructs them, nor one who forms them, nor one who grows them as children that resemble us. They go out from our residence and don’t know neither that which we do, nor who we are; nor how we love them, nor what they must do in order to resemble us; hence our likeness is distant from them. How can we resemble each other if they don’t know us and there is no one who speaks to them of our divine being?”

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**December 25, 1938**

*The descent of the Word. How easy it is to make Jesus born provided that one lives in his Volition. The paradise that let the Queen of Heaven find her little Jesus on earth.*

My poor mind continues its walk in the Divine Volition; oh, how happy he feels in seeing that his little newborn goes in search of his acts, in order to know them, kiss them, adore them, make them hers and say to him: ‘How much you have loved me!’ Whence I stopped in the descent of the Word upon the earth and I was sorry for him in seeing him alone. And my sweet Jesus with an indescribable tenderness surprising me said to me:

“My dearest daughter, you are wrong, the solitude was part of human ingratitude; but from the divine part and of our works, all accompanied me nor did they ever leave me alone. Rather, you should know that together with me descended the Father and the Holy Spirit while I remained with them in heaven, they descended with me on earth. We are inseparable; we ourselves if we wanted we could not separate ourselves; at the most we bilocate; and while we hold our throne in heaven, we form our throne on earth, but to separate ourselves not ever; at the most the Word took the operative part, however the Father and the Holy Spirit (are) always concurrent.

“Indeed, in the act that I descended from heaven, everyone moved in order to make (my) cortege and in order to give me the honors due to me; heaven courted me with all its stars giving me the honors of my immutability and of my love to me that never finishes; the sun courted me, giving me the honors of my eternal light, oh, how well it praised me the multiplicity of its effects, I can say making for me (a) cradle with its light and with its heat in its mute language it said to me: ‘You are light and I honor you, I adore you, I love you, with that same light with which you created me.’

“Everyone surrounded me, the wind, the sea, the little birdie, everyone and everything in order to give me the love(,) the glory with which I had created them, and some praised me my empire, my immensity, some my infinite joys, created things made for me (a) feast and if I cried they also cried, because my Will residing in them held them to light of that which I did; and oh, how they felt honored in doing that which their Creator did! Then I had the cortege of the angels, that never left me alone. And since all times are mine, I had the cortege of my great people that would have lived in my Volition, the which brought it to me in his arms and I felt it beating in my Heart, in my blood, in my steps; and only to feel myself invested by this people, loved with my own Will, I felt as repaid for my

descent from heaven to earth. This was my primary purpose to reorder the Kingdom of my Will in the midst of my children, never would I have created the world if I might not have the children that resemble me and that might not live with my own Will. He would have been in the conditions of a poor sterile mother who doesn't hold (the) power to generate and who cannot form a family for herself. Therefore my Will holds (the) power to generate and to form his long generation, in order to form his family."

Whence I continued to think of the descent of the divine Word, and I said to myself: "How can Jesus ever be born into our souls?" And the dear baby added:

"My daughter, it is the easiest thing to make me born, more so that we, do not know how to do difficult things; our power facilitates everything; provided that the creature live in our Volition, everything is done. As she wants to live of him, already she forms the residence for your little Jesus; as she wants to give beginning to do her acts, so she conceives me, and as she completes her act she makes me be born; as she loves in my Volition, thus she dresses me with light and warms me of the so many coldnesses of creatures. If every turn she gives me her will and takes mine, I amuse myself and I form my game and victory song of having conquered the human volition, I feel myself the little victorious King.

"Do you therefore see my daughter, how easy it is on (the) part of your little Jesus? Because when we find our Will in the creature we can do everything. He administers to us all that which we want and is needed by us in order to form our life and our most beautiful works. Instead, when there is not our Volition we remain impeded; there lacks us the love, there the sanctity, there the power, there the purity and all that which is necessary in order to be reborn and form our life in them. Therefore all is on the part of creatures that on our part we put ourselves at her disposition.

"Beyond this, in my birth my divine Mama formed for me a beautiful surprise: with her acts, with her love, with the life of my Will that she possessed, she formed for me my paradise on earth, she didn't do other than to weave with her love all the creation, and there she extended seas of beauties in order to let me enjoy our divine beauties within which shone her beauty. How beautiful was my Mama, in finding her in all the creation that let me enjoy her beauty and the beauty of her acts. There she extended her sea of love, in order to let me find that in all things she loved me; and I found my paradise of love in her and I felicitated and rejoiced in the seas of love of my Mama.

"Now, in my Volition, she formed for me the most beautiful music, the most delicious concerts, so that her little Jesus, might not miss the music of the celestial country. My Mama thought to all this so that I might not miss anything of the enjoyments of the paradise I left; she did nothing else in all her acts, (than) to form joys in order to make me happy. Only to rest on her Heart I felt such harmonies and contentments that I felt enraptured. My dear Mama with living in my Volition took in her womb paradise and made her Son enjoy it, and all her acts didn't do other than to serve to make me happy and to double my paradise on earth.

"Now, my daughter, you don't know another surprise, one who lives in my Volition is inseparable from me and every time that I am reborn, she is reborn together with me. So that I am never alone, I make her be reborn together with me to divine life; reborn to new love, to new sanctity, to new

beauty; reborn in the knowledges of her Creator, reborn in all our acts; indeed, in every act that she does she calls me to be reborn and forms a new paradise for her Jesus, and I make her be reborn together with me, in order to make her happy, to felicitate one who lives together with me is one of my greatest joys.

“Therefore be attentive to live in my Volition if you want to make me happy, if you want that in your acts you find my paradise on earth, and I will think there, to have you enjoy the sea of my joys and happiness, we will make each other happy.”

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**December 28, 1938**

*How one forms the echo between the Creator and the creature. How one act in the Divine Volition is found everywhere. The King and the army. The Maternity of the Queen of Heaven.*

My poor mind for how much it finds itself under the nightmare of excruciating pains, even to feel myself die, I do how much I can to follow to the acts of the Supreme Volition, although difficult, but I search him as my refuge and in order to draw strength in the painful state in which I find myself. And my beloved Jesus, having compassion for me, all tenderness said to me:

“Daughter of my Will, courage, do not batter yourself too much, depression makes (one) lose strength and makes feel distant he who lives in you and loves you so much.

“You must know that as the creature enters into our Volition in order to depose hers and to take ours, thus it commences in her our divine echo, which echoes in our divine being; and we; only to hear it we say: ‘Who is it that holds so much virtue that she arrives even to have the echo felt of her love, of her breath, of her heartbeat in our supreme being? Ah! It is a creature that having recognized our Will has entered to live in him; be our welcomed one! We in order to reciprocate will make her feel ours in her, in a way that we will breathe with one breathe alone, we will love with one love alone, we will palpitate with one heartbeat alone, and we will feel that the creature has life in us; we won’t feel alone, and she will feel that we have life in her in company with her Creator who never leaves her alone.’

“You must know that every act done in our Volition never finishes, it becomes repeated continually; and since my Will is found everywhere, thus the act becomes repeated in heaven, in created things and in everyone. Therefore an act in our Will surpasses everything, fills heaven and earth, and gives us such love and glory, that all other works remain like so many drops before the sea, because (it is) we ourselves who glorify and love ourselves (in the) creature that is covered with her Creator, and works together with him.

“Therefore for how many beautiful things it seems that they do outside of our Volition, they can never please us, because they don’t give of us, they can not be diffused everywhere, the love is so little that it hardly, if even, covers the act that she has done.

“Now, you must know that we love the creature a great deal, but in spite that we love her we don’t tolerate that she be together with us indecent, dirty, without beauty, nude, or else covered with

miserable rags, it would not be worthy of our Supreme Majesty to have children that don't resemble us and that in some way are dressed well, with the regal attire of our Fiat. It would be like a king that holds his army and his subjects poorly dressed, covered with filth to make one disgust to look at them, some blind, some lame, some deformed; would it not be (a) dishonor to this king to be surrounded by an army of miserable ones to make one pity? Would not one condemn the king who did not take care to form an army worthy of him, in a way that everyone should admire not only to look at the majesty of the king, but also the order, the beauty of the army, the flowering of the young people, the way how they are dressed? Would it not be (an) honor of the king to be surrounded by ministers, by (an) army that one takes pleasure in looking at them?

“Now our invincible love, with infinite wisdom, wanting to deal with the creature face to face, has disposed to give my Will to her, so that with his light he embellishes them, with his love he dresses them, with his sanctity he sanctifies them. You see, therefore, how necessary it is that our Will reign in the creature, because he alone holds (the) power of purifying her and embellishing her, in a way as to form our divine army; and we will feel honored in living with them, and in them; they will be our children who surround us dressed with our regal attire, embellished with our likeness.

“Therefore our Will first purifies, sanctifies, embellishes and then he admits them into our Volition to have life together with us. More so that, as the creature enters into our Volition so much is our love, that our divine being rains on her his rain of love, and in seeing her so very loved by us everyone races around her: angels, saints, in order to love her. The creation itself exults with joy in seeing our Will triumphant in that creature and rains love on her. And oh, how beautiful it is to see, that everyone loves her! And she feels so thankful in seeing herself loved by everyone, that she loves everyone.”

After this I followed my round in the Divine Volition and arrived to the point of the birth of the little Jesus, who trembled with cold and cried and sobbed bitterly, and with his eyes swollen with tears he looked at me asking my help and between hiccups and groans said to me:

“My good daughter, the lack of love of creatures makes me cry bitterly. As I don't see myself loved thus I feel wounded and it gives me such sorrow that it makes me give into hiccups; my love races over every single creature, covers her, hides her, and constitutes me life of love for them, whom, ungrateful, don't even say to me an I love you, how should I not cry? Therefore, love me, if you want to quiet me (of) the weeping.

“Now, my daughter, listen to me and pay attention to me; I want to tell you a great surprise of our love and I want that you don't let anything escape you; I want to make you know where arrived the maternity of my Celestial Mother, what she did and how much it cost her and still costs. Now, you should know that the great Queen, not only made (herself) Mother of me with conceiving me, with giving me to the light, with feeding me with her milk, with lending all the possible cares that there needed to my infancy; this was not sufficient, neither to her maternal love, nor to my love of Son.

“Therefore her maternal love raced in my mind, and if afflicting thoughts tormented me, she extended her maternity in every thought of mine hid them in her love, kissed them, so that I felt my mind hidden under the maternal wing that didn't ever leave me alone; every thought of mine my Mama loved me

and lent me all her maternal cares.

“Her maternity extended itself in my every breath, in my every heartbeat, and if my breath and heartbeat were suffocated by the love and from the sorrow, she raced with her maternity in order not to have me suffocated by the love and to put the balm to my transfixed Heart. If I looked, if I spoke, if I worked, if I walked, she raced in order to receive in her maternal love my looks, my words, my works, my steps, she invested them with her maternal love, hid them in her Heart and did for me as Mama. Even in the food that she prepared for me she made her maternal love flow, so that eating it I felt her maternity that loved me.

And then, what to tell you of how much display of maternity she did in my sufferings? There was no suffering nor drop of blood that I poured forth that my dear Mama didn't feel; after she did for me as Mama, she took my sufferings, my blood, she hid them in her maternal Heart, in order to love them and to continue her maternity.

“Who can tell you how much she loves me and how much I love her? My love was so much, that I didn't know how to be in all that which I did without feeling her maternity together with me. I can say that she raced in order to never leave me, even in the breath; and I called her, her maternity was for me a need, a relief, a support to my life down here.

“Now, my daughter, listen to another surprise of love of your Jesus and of our Celestial Mama, because all that which was done between me and my Mama the love didn't find (an) obstacle, the love of the one raced in the love of the other in order to form one life alone. Now, wanting to do it with creatures, how many obstacles, rejections and ingratitude, but my love is never stopped.

“Now, you must know that as my inseparable Mama extended her maternity inside and outside of my humanity, thus I constituted her and confirmed her Mother of every single thought of the creature, of every breath, of every heartbeat, of every word, and I made her maternity extend in the works, in the steps, in all their sufferings. Her maternity races everywhere; in the perils of falling into sin, she races, covers them with her maternity, so that they don't fall, and if they have fallen, she leaves her maternity as help and defense in order to have them rise again; her maternity races and extends itself over the souls that want to be good and holy as if she might find her Jesus in them, she does as Mother to their intelligence, she guides their words, covers and hides them in her maternal love in order to raise so many other Jesus's. Her maternity makes (a) display over the beds of the dying, and making use of the rights of authority of Mother from me she gives (to) them, she says to me with (an) accent so tender that I can not deny her: ‘My Son, I am Mother, and they are my children, I must put them into safety, if you don't concede this to me my maternity goes (swept) under/(is undermined) by it’; and while she says this, she covers them with her love, hides them in her maternity in order to put them into safety.

“My love was so much that I said to her: ‘My mother, I want that you be the Mother of everyone, and that which you have done for me you will do to all creatures; let your maternity be extended in all their acts, in a way that all I will see is covered and hidden in your maternal love.’ My Mama accepted and remained confirmed that not only should she be Mother of everyone, but to invest every act of theirs with her maternal love. This was one of greatest graces that I did to all the human

generations, but how many sorrows doesn't my Mama receive? They arrive to not want to receive her maternity, to refuse to acknowledge her; and therefore all heaven prays(,) awaits with anxiety that the Divine Will be known and reigns; and then the great Queen, will do to the children of my Volition that which she did to her Jesus, her maternity will have life in her children.

“I will surrender my place to one who lives in my Volition in her maternal Heart. She will raise them in me, will guide their steps, will hide them in her maternity and sanctity; one will see impressed in all their acts her maternal love and her sanctity; they will be her true children, that will resemble me in everything. And oh, how she would love that everyone might know that one who wants to live in my Volition has a Queen and powerful Mother that will make up for that which they lack, she will raise them in her maternal womb, in all that which they will do she will be together with them in order to model their acts to hers, so much so that they will know that they are children raised, guarded, educated by the love of the maternity of my Mama! And these will be (those) that will render her content(ment), her glory and her honor.”

Fiat!!!

*Adveniat Regnum tuum;  
Fiat Voluntad tua  
sicut in coelo et in terra.*

Your Kingdom come;  
Your Will be done  
as it is in heaven and on earth.