



*One who lives in my Will rises again to light and says: 'my night is over'.
She rises again in the love of her Creator,
so that there is no more cold or snow for her,
but the smile of the Heavenly Spring;
she rises again to sanctity, which puts in rushed flight all weaknesses,
miseries and passions; she rises again to all that is Heaven,
and if she looks at the earth, Heaven and Sun,
she does it to find the works of her Creator
to take the opportunity to narrate to Him His glory and His long love story.
Therefore, one who lives in my Will can say,
as the Angel said to the holy women on the way to the sepulcher,
'He is risen. He is not here any more'.
One who lives in my Will can also say,
'my will is not with me any longer - it is risen again in the Fiat'.*