

## VOLUME 33

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Fiat!!!

In Voluntate Dei! Deo Gratias

**November 19, 1933**

*How one who disposes himself to do the Divine Will forms the passport, the way, the train. How Jesus wants to replicate Himself in the creature. The Signer and the celestial engine.*

My Celestial Sovereign, Jesus, and my Great Lady, Queen of Heaven, come to my aid, place this little ignorant one in-between your Most Holy Hearts. And while I write, my dear Jesus acts as my prompter, and my Celestial Mama, as with a daughter of hers, guides my hand on the paper, so that, as I write, I will be between Jesus and my Mama, that I may write not a word more than what they tell me and want me to.

With this confidence in my heart I begin to write the thirty-third volume. Perhaps it will be the last one – but I don't know, though I have all the hope that all of Heaven would have compassion on the little exiled one, and would soon let her repatriate with them. But, after all, Fiat! Fiat!...

So, I continued to think about the Divine Will, life and center of my poor existence, and my sweet Jesus, repeating His fleeting little visit, told me: "My good daughter, you must know that as the soul disposes herself to do my Divine Will, she forms the passport in order to enter the interminable boundaries of the Kingdom of the Fiat. But do you know who lends you what is needed in order to form it, and who offers to sign it and give it the value of passage into my Kingdom? Daughter, the act of disposing oneself to do my Will is so great, that my very life, my own merits, form the paper, the characters, and your Jesus acts as the Signer to make this creature known, and give her free access. It can be said that the whole of Heaven runs to the aid of one who wants to do my Will, and I feel so much love, that I take my place in this fortunate creature and I feel loved by her, from my own Will. Now, seeing Myself loved by her, from my own Will, my love becomes jealous and does not want to lose even one breath, one heartbeat of love, of this creature. You yourself, imagine my care, the precautions I take, the helps I give, the loving stratagems I use toward her; in a word, I want to replicate Myself within her, and in order to replicate Myself, I expose Myself, so as to form another Jesus in the creature; therefore I apply all my divine art to obtain the intent. I hold nothing back, I do everything, I give everything; wherever my Will reigns, I can deny nothing, because I would deny it to Myself.

Now, disposing oneself to do my Will forms the passport; beginning the act forms the way that she must cover within It – a way of Heaven, holy, divine. Therefore, to one who enters into It, I whisper, to the ear of her heart: 'Forget the earth, it is no longer yours now; from now on you will see nothing but Heaven. My Kingdom has no boundaries, therefore your journey will be long; hence, you'd better hasten your steps, to form for yourself many paths and, in this way, take much from the goods which are there in my Kingdom.' So, to begin the act forms the way, to fulfill it forms the train, and when I see the train formed, I act as the engine, to set it at fast pace; and – oh! how beautiful, delightful, it is to stroll along these ways, which the creature has formed for herself in my Will. These acts done in my Will enclose centuries of merits and of incalculable goods, because there is the divine engine that runs, which has such velocity as to enclose centuries within minutes, and it

renders the creature so rich, beautiful and holy, as to make Us boast before the whole Celestial Court, pointing at her as the greatest prodigy of Its creative art.

Furthermore, as the creature keeps forming her act in my Divine Will, so are the veins of the soul emptied of what is human, and a divine blood – I could say – flows within them, which makes the divine virtues, in their substance, to be felt in the creature, which have the virtue of flowing, almost like blood, in the very life that animates her Creator - which renders them inseparable from each other, so much so, that one who wants to find God can find Him in His place of honor in the creature, and one who wants to find the creature will find her in the divine center.”

Fiat!!!

**November 26, 1933**

***The works of God prepare a banquet for the creature, and by living in His Divine Volition, she acts as queen in the seas of the Supreme Being. How one who does her own will sets herself apart from everyone and remains alone, the derelict and lost one of Creation.***

I was doing my round in the works of the Divine Fiat, and since I am too little, I feel the need to be carried in Its arms; otherwise, either I get lost within Its immensity and the multiplicity of Its works, or I am unable to move forward. But since It wants to make known to me Its works - in which Its speaking and operating love is found, and where It tells me how much and in what manner It has loved me - so, It carries me in Its arms and It leads me along the interminable ways of Its Holy Will. But this is not enough; for each of Its works, It encloses in me the love of each work, as much as I can contain; It wants to hear in me the sound of the love which each work encloses. I too am a work of Its own, an act of Its Will, and since It did everything for love of me It wants me to enclose within myself all the sounds and keys of love which Its works contain.

So, while I was going around in Its works, beloved Jesus, surprising me, told me: “My blessed daughter, you cannot comprehend how pleased I am to see you go around in the works created by Us. They are pregnant with love, and as you go around in their midst, they pour out love and give you the love with which they are filled; and this is one of the reasons why I want you to go around in Our works: they prepare the banquet of Our love for the creatures, and feel honored to have a little sister of theirs in their midst, who nourishes herself with it and forms within herself as many sounds of love for their Creator for as many works as were created. But this is not all; my Divine Will is not content with letting her go around in Our works, but after It made her go around, making known to her many things about Creation and filling her with love up to the brim, It leads her, in Its arms, unto the bosom of the Supreme Being, who, as with a tiny little pebble, casts her into the interminable seas of His attributes. And the little daughter of Our Will – what does she do? Just as a little pebble cast into the sea makes all the waters of the sea ripple, so does she move the whole of the sea of Our Divine Being; and while she swims in it, she drowns with love, with light, with sanctity, with wisdom, with goodness, and so forth. And – oh! how beautiful it is to see her, to hear her say, as she feels drowned: ‘All of your love is mine, and I place it in act of praying You to make the Kingdom of your Will come upon earth. Your sanctity is mine; your light, your goodness, your mercy is mine. It is not my littleness that is praying You – no, but it is your seas of power, of goodness, that pray You, that press You, that assail You and want your Will reigning on earth.’ So, the littleness of the creature appears as acting as queen in Our Supreme Being, reuniting together Our immensity and power, and making Us ask from Our own selves what she wants and We Ourselves want. She comprehends well that there is no other good but Our Will alone, and in order to obtain the intent she makes the very infinity of Our divine qualities ask Us for It. And there appears the tiny little one, little and powerful, enriched with the prerogatives of Our divine qualities, as if they were

her own, giving her such charm of beauty as to enrapture Us, debilitate Us, so as to make Us do what she wants and We Ourselves want. She becomes Our echo, and is unable to tell Us or ask of Us anything other than for Our Will to invade everything and form one single will with all creatures.

So, once the creature has understood what Divine Will means, and feels Its life flowing within herself, she no longer feels a need for anything because, by possessing Our Will, she possesses all possible and imaginable goods. All that is left to her is the delirium, the yearnings, the longings, for she wants my Will to embrace all and constitute Itsself life of everything; and this because she sees that my Will wants it so, and so wants her littleness.”

Then, I continued to think about the Divine Will, and the great evil that doing the human will brings; and my beloved Jesus, sighing, added: “My daughter, one who does her own will sets herself apart from everyone and acts on her own; there is no one to help her or to give her the strength, nor anyone to give her the light to be able to make the best out of what she does. So, all leave her at the mercy of herself, isolated, without support and without defense; she can be called the derelict, the lost one in Creation. Just penalty for one who wants to do her own will – to feel all the weight of the loneliness into which she herself has cast herself, and the lack of help from anyone. And – oh! the sorrow I feel in seeing so many creatures apart even from Me! And I, to let them touch with their own hand what it means to act without my Will, remain as though far away, letting them feel all the weight of the human will, which never gives them rest and becomes their cruellest tyrant.

The complete opposite for one who does my Will. All are with her – Heaven, Saints, Angels – because out of honor and respect for my Divine Volition, all have the duty to help that creature and sustain her in those acts where my Will enters. My Will Itself places her in communication with everyone, and commands everyone to help her, defend her and form for her the cortege of their company. Grace already smiles at her, the light shines in her soul and administers to her the best, the highest beauty, into her act. I Myself remain committed in one who does my Will, and I make my acts flow within hers, to have the honor, the love, the glory of my acts in the act of the creature who has operated in my Will. Here is why she feels the connection with all, the strength, the support, the company, the defense of all. So, one who does my Will and lives in It can be called the regained one of Creation, the daughter, the sister, the friend of all. My Will acts like the sun, which pours light from the height of its sphere and, expanding, encloses everything within its light; it gives itself to all, it denies itself to no one; and like a faithful sister, it embraces with all things and gives its beneficial effect to each created thing as the pledge of its love, constituting itself life of the effects it gives: in some it forms the life of sweetness, in other created things the life of fragrance, in others the life of colors, and so forth. In the same way, my Will, from the height of Its throne, pours down Its light, and where It finds the creature who wants to receive It to let herself be dominated, It surrounds her, It embraces her, It warms her, It molds her, to make her mature and so enclose Its admirable life as if it were life of the creature; and with this life everything and everyone are with her, as everything belongs to my adorable Will.”

Fiat!!!

**December 10, 1933**

***The first word that Adam pronounced. What the first lesson was that God gave him. The Divine Will operating in man.***

I am always the tiny little ignorant one of the Supreme Being, and when the Divine Will plunges me into Its seas, I see that I just barely know the vowels, if at all, of Its Adorable Majesty.

My littleness is such that I can just barely swallow a few drops of the much that the Creator possesses.

Then, while going around in the works of the Divine Fiat, I paused at Eden, in which I made present to myself the creation of man; and I thought to myself: 'What could be the first word that Adam spoke when he was created by God?' And my Highest Good, Jesus, visiting me with His short little visit, all goodness, as if He Himself wanted to tell me, said to me: "My daughter, I too feel the need to tell you what the first word was, pronounced by the lips of the first creature created by Us. You must know that as soon as Adam felt life, motion and reason within himself, he saw His God before him and comprehended that He had formed him. He felt within himself, in his whole being, still fresh, the impressions, the touch of His creative hands, and, grateful, in a surge of love, he pronounced his first word: *'I love You, my God, my Father, the Author of this, my life.'* But it was not only the word, but the breath, the heartbeat, the drops of his blood that flowed inside his veins, the motion, the whole of his being united together, repeated as though in chorus: *'I love You, I love You, I love You'*."

So, the first lesson that he learned from his Creator, the first word that he learned to speak, the first thought that had life within his mind, the first heartbeat that was formed in his heart, was *'I love You, I love You...'*. He felt himself loved, and he loved. I can say that he never stopped his *'I love You'*; it was so long, that only when he had the disgrace to fall into sin - then was it interrupted. So, Our Divinity felt wounded in hearing *'I love You, I love You...'* on the lips of man; it was the very same word that We had created in the organ of his voice, that was saying to Us: *'I love You'*. It was Our own love, created by Us in the creature, that was saying to Us: *'I love You'*. How not to remain wounded? How not to requite him with a yet greater, stronger love, worthy of Our magnificence? As We heard *'I love You'* being spoken to Us, so did We repeat to him *'I love you'*; but in Our *'I love you'*, We made the operating life of Our Divine Will flow in his whole being. So, in man, as though inside a temple of Ours, We enclosed Our Will, so that, enclosed within the human circle, while remaining in Us, It might operate great things, and might be the thought, the word, the heartbeat, the step and the work of man. Our *'I love you'* could not give a holier, a more beautiful, a more powerful thing, which alone could form the life of the Creator in the creature, than Our Will operating in him. And - oh! how pleasing it was for Us to see that Our Will held Its place of Actor, and the human will, dazzled by Its light, would enjoy its Paradise, and giving It full freedom, it would let It do whatever It wanted, giving It primacy in everything, and the place of honor that befitted a Will so holy.

See, then, how the beginning of the life of Adam was an act of His whole being full of love toward God. What a sublime lesson - how the beginning of love should run in the whole operating of the creature. The first lesson that he received from Our Supreme Being, as the requital of his *'I love You'*, was that, while loving him tenderly, replying to him: *'I love you'*, He gave him the first lesson in Our Divine Will; and while instructing him, He communicated to him the life of It and the infused knowledge of what Our Divine Fiat meant. And each time he said to Us: *'I love You'*, Our love prepared from him other lessons, more beautiful, about Our Will. He remained enraptured and We delighted in conversing with him, and made rivers of love and of perennial joys flow upon him. So, the human life was enclosed by Us within love and Our Will.

Therefore, my daughter, there is no greater sorrow for Us than to see Our love as though broken in the creature, and Our Will hampered, suffocated, without Its operating life, and as though subjected to the human will. So, be attentive, and in all things let love and my Divine Will be the beginning."

Fiat!!

**December 18, 1933**

***How the creature was formed by God ‘ab æterno’<sup>1</sup>, loved with eternal love. How the human will is the upsetting of the works of her Creator.***

My poor mind continues to cross the infinite sea of the Fiat, and as much as one goes on, it never ends. In this sea the soul feels her God, who fills her completely, up to the brim, with His Divine Being, in such a way that she can say: ‘God has given me all of Himself; and if it is not given to me to enclose His immensity within myself, it is because I am little.’ Now, in this sea one can find, in act, the order, the harmony, the arcane mysteries of how God created man; and the prodigies are unheard-of, the love is exuberant, the mastery is insuperable. There is such mystery in it, that neither man himself nor sciences can retell with clarity on the formation of man. So, I remained surprised at the magnificences and prerogatives that the human nature possesses; and my beloved Jesus, in seeing me so surprised, told me: “My blessed daughter, your marvel will cease if, looking carefully into this sea of my Will, you will see *where, who, how* and *when* each creature was formed.

So, *where?* In the Eternal womb of God. *Who?* God Himself gave him origin. *How?* The Supreme Being Himself formed the series of his thoughts, the number of his words, the order of his works, the motion of his steps, and the continuous beating of his heart. So, God gave him such beauty, order and harmony as to be able to find Himself in the creature, with such fullness, that he would not find any space to put anything of his own, which had not been placed in him by God. In looking at him, We remained enraptured in seeing that in the little human circle Our power had enclosed Our divine operating; and in Our emphasis of love We said to him: ‘How beautiful you are, work of Ours. You are and you will be Our glory, the expression of Our love, the reflection of Our wisdom, the echo of Our power, the bearer of Our eternal love.’ And We loved him with eternal love, without beginning and without end. And *when* was this creature formed by Us? *Ab æterno*. Therefore, he did not exist in time, but in eternity he has always existed. He had his place in Us, his palpitating life, the love of his Creator. So, the creature has always been Our ideal for Us, the little space in which to carry out Our creative work, the shelf for Our life to lean on, the outpouring of Our eternal love. This is why, then, so many human things cannot be comprehended, cannot be explained: because there is the operating of the incomprehensible divine, there are Our mysterious celestial arcanes<sup>2</sup>, Our divine fibers, such that We alone know Our divine secrets, the keys We need to touch when We want to do new and unusual things in the creature. And since they do not know Our secrets, nor can they comprehend Our incomprehensible ways which We have placed in the human nature, they reach the point of judging according to their ways and cannot make head nor tail of what We operate in the creature, while they should rather bow their foreheads before that which they do not comprehend.

Now, one who does not possess Our Will puts Our acts – ordered *ab æterno* in the creature - in disorder; therefore he disfigures himself and forms the void of Our divine acts, formed and ordered by Us in the human creature. We loved Ourselves in her, the series of Our acts formed by Our pure love, and by putting her out in time We wanted her as concurring to what We had done. But in order for the creature to have this ability, Our Will was needed which, giving her Its divine virtue, would make her do in time that which had been done by Us, without her, in eternity; nor would there be any wonder that the Divine Being had formed her in eternity - the same Divine Volition would confirm and repeat it in time, that is, would continue Its creative work in the creature. But without my Divine Will how can she ever elevate, conform, unify herself to, and resemble, those same acts which We,

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<sup>1</sup> from eternity

<sup>2</sup> mysteries

with so much love, have formed and ordered in her? Hence, the human will does nothing other than upset Our most beautiful works, break Our love, empty Our works, which remain within Us because We lose nothing of what We have done. All the evil remains for the poor creature, because she feels the abyss of the divine void; her works are without strength and without light, her steps are vacillating, her mind confused. So, she remains without my Will, like a food without substance, like a body that is paralyzed, like a field without cultivation, like a tree without fruit, like a flower that sends out a bad odor. Oh! if Our Divinity were subject to tears, We would cry bitterly over she who does not let herself be dominated by Our Will.”

Fiat!!!

**January 2, 1934**

***When the soul does the Divine Will, God can freely do what He wants to do in her, and operate the greatest things, because He finds the capacity, the space for what He wants to give to the creature.***

Though my little soul swims in the sea of the Divine Will, I still feel the piercing nail of the privation of my sweet Jesus. My God, what a harrowing pain, what a torture is my painful existence! Oh! how I would like to shed rivers of tears! If it were possible, I would like to transform the very immensity of the Divine Will into bitter crying, to move my sweet Jesus to pity, who flies away from me, but without even telling me the place of His dwelling, or showing me the way, the mark of His steps, that I might be able to reach me. My God! My Jesus! How can You not be moved to compassion for this little exiled one, tormented only for You, and because of You?

But while raving from His privation, I was thinking to myself about the Divine Will, and I feared that Its dominion, Its life, might not be present in me, and because of this my Eternal Love, Jesus, leaves me, hides, and does not care about me; and from the heart I was asking for His forgiveness. And my beloved Jesus, after much struggling of mine, having compassion on me for I could bear no more, came back for just a little, and looking at me with love, all goodness, told me: “My little daughter of my Will, it shows how you are little, and it is enough for Me to make a little pause, that you get lost, you fear, you doubt, you oppress yourself. But do you know where you get lost? In my Will. And I, seeing you in It, do not hasten my coming because I know that you are in a safe place.

Now, you must know that when a soul does my Divine Will, I can freely do whatever I want in the soul, and operate the greatest things. My Will empties her for me of everything, and forms the space in which I can put the sanctity of an infinite act of mine; and the soul places herself at Our disposal. Our Will has matured her, and has rendered her adaptable and fit for receiving the creative and operative virtue of Our Supreme Being. On the other hand, when one does not do Our Divine Will, We have to adapt Ourselves, restrict Ourselves, nor can We be generous according to Our divine manner. We have to give Our graces sip by sip, while We can give rivers. Oh! how heavy it is for Us to operate in one who does not possess Our Will! If We want to make Ourselves known, she is incapable, because the human intelligence without Our Will is like a foggy sky which, obscuring the beautiful light of reason, is as though blind before the light of Our knowledges. So, it may be there in the midst of the light, but incapable of comprehending anything; it will always be illiterate before the light of Our truths. If We want to give Our sanctity, beauty and love, We have to give them in small doses, as though broken into small pieces, because the human will is cluttered with miseries, with weaknesses and defects, therefore it becomes incapable and also unworthy to receive Our gifts and what We want to give her. Poor human volition - without Our Will it cannot adapt itself to receiving the virtue of Our creative works, the strong embraces of its Creator, Our loving stratagems, the wounds of Our love; and many times it tires Our divine patience and forces Us not to

give it anything; and if Our love forces Us to give something, it is for it like a food that it cannot digest because, not being united with Our Will, it lacks the strength and the digestive virtue to digest what belongs to Us.

Therefore, it shows immediately when Our Will is not present in the soul: true good is not for her; before the light of my truths she goes blind and becomes more stupid; nor does she love to know them - on the contrary, she looks at them as if they did not belong to her. The complete opposite for one who does and lives in my Will.”

Fiat!!!

**January 14, 1934**

***Sweet enchantment on both sides - God and the creature. How she acquires the power to make the Divine Will her own. Pains smile before the glory, the triumphs, the conquests. Jesus, hidden by the pains.***

I am under the rain of the Divine Fiat which, bathing me completely, inside and out, and penetrating even into the marrow of my bones, makes the whole of my poor being say: ‘Fiat, Fiat, Fiat.’ I feel I am in Its arms, and as I call It with my incessant plea for It to form Its life in my acts, Its heartbeat in my heart, Its breath in mine, Its thought in my mind, so is a flash of light unleashed from me and it would want to as though bind the Holy Divine Volition, to make It completely my own, so that it may be in my power to form Its life in me, all of Divine Will. So, I felt concerned about this way of acting of mine, and my highest Good, Jesus, repeating His short little visit, all goodness, told me: “My little daughter of my Will, you must know that as the creature invokes, calls, my Fiat, imploring Its life to be formed within hers, so does she unleash light and forms an enchantment to God, which enraptures His divine pupil which, enraptured, looks at the creature and forms in her the requital of Its sweet enchantment and the void in the act of the creature, to be able to give and enclose in her act the Divine Will. And while It forms and carries out Its life, the happy creature acquires the power to make It her own; and because It is her own, she loves It powerfully, more than her own life. My daughter, as long as my Will is not held as one’s own life, exclusively one’s own, which no one can take away from her - even though she knows that it is a gift received from God and, though something received, she is already fortunate and victorious to have the possession of it - she will never be able to love my Divine Will as befits It, nor feel the need of Its life; nor will my Will be able to carry out, fully, with all freedom, Its divine life in the creature. Therefore, your calling It disposes you; as you make It your own, It will make Itself known and you will feel the great good of possessing Its life, and you will love It as It deserves to be loved, and you will be jealous to keep It with such attention as to lose not even one breath of It.”

Then, as I was a little more in suffering than usual, I was thinking to myself: ‘Oh! how I would love for my pains to form for me the wings to let me fly to my Celestial Fatherland.’ And instead of afflicting me, my little pains were making feast to me. I felt concerned about it, and my beloved Jesus added: “My daughter, do not be surprised; in the face of glory, the pains smile, they feel triumphant in seeing the conquests they have acquired. The pains confirm and establish the glory, more or less great, in the creature; and according to the pains, so does she feel, being painted within her, the most beautiful and various tints of beauty; and in seeing themselves being transformed into the rarest beauty, they make feast. So, on earth the pains cry, at the doors of Heaven begins their eternal smile that will never end. On earth the pains are bearers of humiliation, at the eternal gates they are bearers of glory. On earth they render the poor creature unhappy, but by the miraculous secret that they possess, they work - deep inside her inmost fibers and in the whole of the human being - the Eternal Kingdom, in such a way that each pain takes on its own distinct office: one acts as

chisel, another as hammer, another as file, another as brush, another as color. And only when each pain has fulfilled its work, then do they leave the creature entrusted to them, and they lead her, triumphant, up to Heaven. And only when they see each pain changed into a distinct joy and perennial happiness, then do they let her go. However, only if the creature receives them with love, and feels and receives in each pain the kiss, the embraces, the tight squeezes of my Divine Will, then do the pains possess this miraculous virtue. Otherwise, they become as if they had no instruments apt to fulfilling their work.

But do you want to know who the pain is? The pain is I, who hide inside of it to form the arcane works for my Celestial Fatherland, and I requite at usury<sup>3</sup> the brief dwelling that they have given Me on earth. I have imprisoned Myself in the small prison of the creature in order to continue my life of pains down here; it is just for this life of mine to receive its joys, its happinesses, its exchange of glory in the Celestial Region. Therefore, let your surprise cease in hearing that your pains smile before the victories, the triumphs and the conquests.”

Fiat!!!

**January 28, 1934**

***Fraternal bonding between the Supreme Being and the creature on earth; fraternal bonding in the glory. Power over Jesus Himself. How one who lives in the Divine Will acquires the unitive, communicative and diffusive force.***

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, and my poor mind paused now at one point of Its divine acts, now at another, to watch in some the beauty, in some the power, in others the interminability, and so forth, of the creative Divine Will. It seemed to me that all the supreme qualities were exposed in the whole Creation, to love the creatures, to make themselves known, establish a fraternal bond with them and take them as though on their lap, to carry them into the womb of the Creator, from which everything had come out. So, all the acts of the Divine Will are mighty aids, revealers, and for those who let themselves be dominated by them, they make themselves the bearers of the souls to the Celestial Fatherland.

So, I arrived at pausing when the Divine Fiat did the solemn acts of the creation of man, and my beloved Jesus, surprising me, told me: “My blessed daughter, let us pause together to look at with what mastery, sumptuousness, nobility, power and beauty man was created. All of Our divine qualities pour themselves upon man; each of them wanted to show off and pour itself, more than thick rain, over he with whom they wanted to establish a fraternal bond. All of them set to work: Our light poured itself upon him to form its brother in light; goodness poured itself to form its brother, all goodness; love poured itself to fill him with love and form its brother, all love; power, Our wisdom, beauty, justice, poured themselves upon him to form their brother - powerful, wise, just, and of an enchanting beauty. And Our Supreme Being rejoiced in seeing Our divine qualities, all at work, to fraternally bind themselves with man; as well as Our Will which, taking life in man, kept the order of Our same divine qualities, to make him as graceful and beautiful as possible. So, Our occupation was man, Our gaze was fixed upon him, to make Ourselves imitated, copied, and to bind him in a fraternal bond with Us. And this, not only in creating him, but during the whole course of his life - Our qualities exhibited themselves to the continuous work of maintaining the fraternal bond with he whom they loved so much; and after having established this fraternal bond on earth, they would prepare the great feast of the fraternal bonding to glory in the Celestial Fatherland - fraternal bonding of joy, of beatitude, of perennial happiness.

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<sup>3</sup> that is, with unimaginable *disproportionate* abundance



This is why I love him so much - because he was created by Us, therefore he is fully Our own; I love him because Our Divine Being constantly runs upon him and pours Itself over him, more than a mighty torrent, to leave something of Our own, and then resume the new races, to always give. So, it is because he possesses something of my own - this is why I love Myself in him; I love him because he is destined to populate Heaven and to be my brother in glory, as we will glorify each other. I will be his glory as life, and he will be my glory as the work of mine. Here then, the reason why I love so much for the creature to do and live in my Will - because with It my divine qualities find their place of honor and can maintain the fraternal bonding with the creature. Without It they find no place, nor do they know where to put themselves; the fraternal bond is broken, and my life remains suffocated. My daughter, what a gloomy change when the creature withdraws from my Will - I no longer find my image, nor my life growing in her; my qualities feel ashamed to remain bound as brothers and sisters with her, because the human will, disunited from the Divine, has made everything upset and sluggish. Therefore, take to heart never to get out of my Will; with It you will be fraternally bound with everything that is holy, you will be the sister of all Our works, and will hold in your power your Jesus Himself.”

After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Volition, and my Sovereign Jesus added: “My daughter, everything that is done in my Will remains identified with It, acquiring the unitive, communicative and diffusive force; and since Our divine acts extend to all, not one creature is put aside. So, one who operates in Our Will, together with Our act extends to all, wants to do good to all, and remains honored and glorified in having been the universal bearer of good to everything and to everyone.” And I: ‘My Love, yet one cannot see in the creatures the fruit of so great a universal good. Oh! if all were to receive it, how many transformations would occur in the low world! And Jesus replied: “This means that they do not receive it with love, and their hearts are like sterile earth, with no generative seed to which Our light could bring fecundity. It happens as to the sun which, though it illuminates and warms all the lands, yet, if it does not find the seed in order to fecundate it, cannot communicate its generative and productive virtue; and even though with its light and heat it has molded that land, it has received no good, what it was, so it has remained, in its sterility. But in spite of this the sun was left honored and glorified, having given its light; no one was able to escape it, and it remains triumphant for the mere fact that it gave its light in a universal way to all and over everything. Such are Our works, Our acts; their mere possessing the extendible virtue of being able to give themselves in a universal way to all, and of doing good to all, is the greatest honor, it is the greatest glory for Us. There is no greater honor, no greater glory, than being able to say: ‘I am the bearer of good to all. In my act I hold everyone in my power, I embrace all and I possess the virtue of generating good over everything.’ And since my ideal is the creature, this is why I call her in my Will - so that, together with It, she may become extendible to all, and may know with how much love and in what manner my Will operates.”

Fiat!!!

**February 4, 1934**

***Love of God hidden in the Virgin. The Divine Paternity gives Her the Divine Maternity and generates in Her the human generations as Her children. How the divine immensity renders all of Its works inseparable.***

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and finding everything that It has done in It<sup>4</sup>, the little atom of my soul goes round and round, to give even just a little ‘I love You’ of mine, for

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<sup>4</sup> read: everything that the Divine Volition has done, which remains deposited within Itself.

everything It has done in the round of eternity for love of all creatures. And my lovable Jesus stopped me in the waves of interminable love of the Conception of my Celestial Mama, and all goodness told me: “Little daughter of my Will, your *‘I love You’*, though little, wounds Our love, and from those wounds that it gives Us, it gives Us the occasion to release Our hidden love and make itself the revealer of Our intimate secrets and of how much We have loved the creatures. Now, you must know that We loved the whole of mankind, but We were forced to keep hidden in Our Divine Being all the immense ardor of Our love, because We did not find in it either the beauty that would enrapture Our love, or the love which, wounding Us, would make Our love pour out in order to inundate them, to make itself known, to love them, and make itself loved. On the contrary, they were immersed in the lethargy of sins, such as to cause Us to be horrified at merely looking at them. But Our love was burning, We loved them and wanted to make Our love reach all. How to do it? We had to use a great device of Our love in order to reach this - and here is how: We called to life the tiny Little Virgin Mary, creating Her all pure, all holy, all beautiful, all love, without original sin, and making Our very Divine Will to be conceived together with Her, so that between She and Us there might be free access, perennial and inseparable union.

Now, the Celestial Queen enraptured Us with Her beauty, and Our love ran and ran; with Her love She wounded Us, and Our love, overflowing, hid within Her; and looking at all creatures through Her beauty and Her love, Our love poured itself out, and We loved all creatures with love hidden in this Celestial Queen. So, We loved all in Her; seen through Her beauty, they no longer seemed ugly to Us; Our love was no longer restricted within Us, but diffused in the heart of a creature so holy. And by Our communicating to Her Our Divine Paternity and loving everyone in Her, She acquired the Divine Maternity, to be able to love all as Her children, generated by Her Celestial Father. As She felt that We loved all creatures in Her, so She felt that Our love formed the new generation of all mankind within Her Maternal Heart. Can there be greater device of love, more loving stratagems, than for Our Paternal Goodness to choose - in order to love creatures, and also those who offended Us - a creature from that same stock and form Her as beautiful as We could, so that Our love would not find hindrances to be able to love everyone in Her and make Her loved by all? In this Celestial Queen all can find Our love hidden in Her; more so since, possessing Our Divine Will, She dominated Us - to make Us love all. And We, with Our sweet empire, dominated Her - for Her to be the most affectionate Mother of all. True love cannot be without loving, and it uses all arts, and takes the occasion to love from the littlest things, just as from the greatest; Our love now hides, now makes itself manifest, now directly, and now through an indirect way, in order to make itself known - that We love with incessant love She whom We delivered from the depth of Our love. Greater gift We could not give to all generations, in giving them this incomparable creature as the Mother of all, and as the bearer of Our love hidden in Her, in order to feed it to all Her children.”

After this, I continued to think about the Divine Will. The thought that my Celestial Mama possessed in Her Maternal Heart the hidden love with which my Creator loved me filled me with joy, thinking that I was looked upon by God from within my dear Celestial Mother, through Her sanctity and Her enrapturing beauty. Oh! how happy I felt, and all trust, for I no longer was to be loved and gazed upon by myself, but loved and gazed upon together with my Mama. Oh! She - to make me loved more by my Jesus - will cover me with Her virtues, She will clothe me with Her beauty, and will hide my miseries and my weaknesses. But one thought wanted to gloom my joy: that Our Lord did this for as long as the Queen of Heaven lived on earth, but when He took Her into Heaven, this device of divine love ended. And my sweet Jesus, returning added: “My blessed daughter, Our works continue always and are inseparable from us; so, Our hidden love continues in the Queen of

Heaven and will always continue. It would not be operating as God if everything We do could separate from Us and not have perennial life. Therefore We love, We pour Ourselves over the creatures, and it seems that Our love departs from Us - but no, it departs and it remains with Us, and the love that pours upon the creatures is inseparable from Us, and renders inseparable She who has received this love. So, all Our works - Heaven and earth, creatures that come out to the light of the day - seem to depart from Us, but no, they are all inseparable from Us; and this, by virtue of Our immensity, which is such that, enveloping everything, there is not one point where it is not present, rendering everything We do inseparable from Us. Therefore, neither can Our works separate from Us, nor can We from them. It can be said that they form one single body for Us, and Our immensity and power are like blood circulation which maintains the life for everyone and for everything. At the most, there might be works that are distinct, one from the other, but being separable - never.” And I, on hearing this, surprised, said: ‘Yet, my Love, there are the reprobates, already separated from You. They too are works come out of You. How is it then, that they no longer belong to You?’ And Jesus: “You are mistaken, my daughter, they do not belong to Me by way of love, but they do by way of justice. My immensity that envelops them holds its power over them, and if they did not belong to Me, my punishing justice would have no one to punish, because if things did not belong to Me, they would lose life instantly; but if this life exists, there is the One who preserves it, and who justly punishes it. Therefore, the Sovereign Lady, in Heaven, still possesses Our hidden love toward each creature; even more, feeling Her Creator loving all creatures from within Her Maternal Heart is Her greatest contentment; and She, acting as true Mother, how many times She hides them inside Her love, to make them loved; inside Her sorrows, for them to be forgiven; inside Her prayers, to obtain for them the greatest graces. Oh! She is the Coverer who knows how to cover and excuse Her children before the throne of Our Majesty. Therefore, let yourself be covered by your Celestial Mama, who will take care of the needs of Her daughter.”

Fiat!!!

**February 10, 1934**

***One who lives in the Divine Will is raised in Its arms, and the Divine Will, with Its strength, makes of her the little winner. The creature is the little queen who, with her Jesus in her heart, repeats His life.***

I feel I am the little daughter, but so little as to feel the extreme need for the Divine Will, more than Mother to me, to carry me in Its arms, feed me the words, administer the motion to my hands, sustain my step, form the heartbeat in my heart and the thought in my mind. Oh! Divine Will, how much You love me! I feel your life pouring into me, to give me life, and as though in waiting, wanting the atoms of my acts in order to invest them with Its creative strength and tell me: “The atoms of my daughter match Me because they possess my invincible strength.” But while my mind was amazed in seeing the loving and maternal devices of the Divine Will, my always lovable Jesus, who is always on guard, to be spectator of that which the Divine Volition does in me, told me: “My little daughter, you must know that my Supreme Volition looks upon one who wants to live in It as a birth from Itself, whom It wants to raise in Its arms, with Its maternal cares. And as It sees that Its tiny little one wants to give something of her own with her little works, to tell Her<sup>5</sup> that she loves Her, this Divine Mother clasps Her daughter to Her breast, and fortifies with Her strength the motion, the word, the step of Her daughter. This fortitude invests her completely, it transforms her, and even though she is little, she appears as little and strong, little and winner; and this Mother takes delight in

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<sup>5</sup> The Divine Will as Divine Mother

letting Herself be won by Her little daughter. So, she appears strong in love, strong in suffering, strong in operating – strength is the halo of this creature; she is the invincible one before God and over herself; her weaknesses and passions tremble before this little winner. God Himself smiles and converts justice into love, into forgiveness, in the face of the childlike strength of this creature. It is the strength of her Mother, Her perennial care, that render her strong and invincible. Therefore, if you want to be the winner over everything, grow in the arms of my Will; It will pour Itself into you, and you will feel Its life palpitating within you, and It will raise you to Its likeness, and you will be Its honor, Its triumph and Its glory.”

Then, I continued to think about the Divine Will, and before my mind appeared the most beautiful scenes of the divine operating, as though all in act of giving themselves to me, to make themselves known, to receive my little love, my gratitude and my thanksgiving; and my beloved Jesus added: “My blessed daughter, for one who lives in my Will all times are hers, and I love to hear, being repeated to me by her, that which the creatures have not done for Me, because with so much love I have operated for them; as well as that which they have done for Me. Therefore, one who lives in my Will finds, in act, the Creation, and in the azure heavens, in the refulgent sun, in the sparkling stars she gives Me her kisses, her filial love, and – oh! how happy I feel, that in so many created things I find the love, the kisses, the grateful act of my daughter; and I convert all things into joy for her, into defense and her own property. Oh! how beautiful it is to be recognized, loved, in those same works, because We have made them, and We have loved. She finds the brief epoch of innocent Adam, and together with him she gives Me his innocent embraces, his chaste kisses, his love as my son, and – oh! how happy I feel, for I see my Paternity recognized, loved, honored. Oh! how beautiful it is to feel Myself a Father and, as such, to feel loved by my children; and I requite her with my kisses, my paternal embraces, and I give her, as the right of her property, the infinite joy of my Paternity. What will I not give to my children, after I have been loved and recognized as Father? Everything, I will deny them nothing; and they give Me the right, the joy, of my children. Nothing can I deny to one who lives in my Will; if I did so, I would deny it to Myself. Therefore I give everything, and she repeats for Me the scenes of her giving Me everything. Therefore, in It there are exchanges of works, reciprocal love, which form such moving scenes as to form the Paradise of God and of the soul. Oh! thousands and thousands of times blessed, the one who comes to live in the celestial dwelling of my Will!

You must know that one who does the Divine Will enters into It as queen, and as such she comes before Us with the cortege of all Our works. So, she makes the conception of the Virgin her own, and identifying herself with Her and with Us, she gives Us what We gave to Her and what She gave to Us; and We feel We are being given the love, the glory of the immense seas with which We endowed this Virgin, and all of Her acts moving again, as if She were just repeating them to Us, and – oh! what abysses of graces are renewed between Heaven and earth. The soul in Our Will places It in the condition of acting as the repeater of Its works, and while It repeats them It endows the one who gave It the occasion. And since the creature is incapable of giving Us all in one act, which for Us is formed in one single act, her littleness keeps moving about within Our Will, and now she takes one of Our works, now another; and with the dominion that Our Will gives her, she descends into the Incarnation of the Word, and – oh! how beautiful it is to see her invested with His love, pearled with His tears, adorned with His wounds, possessing His prayers. All the works of the Word surround her inside and out, and, what’s more, converted for her into joys, into beatitude, into fortitude, with the inseparability of her Jesus whom she holds in her heart as in a sacred temple, to act as the repeater of His life. Oh! what moving scenes she performs before God! With her Jesus in her heart she prays, suffers, loves together with Jesus, and in her childlike littleness she says: ‘I possess Jesus – He dominates me and I Him. Even more, I give Him what He does not have – my pains – to form His

complete life in me. He is poor in pains because He is glorious – He cannot have them; and I make up for what He does not have, while He makes up for what is lacking in me.’ So, in Our Will the creature is the true queen – everything is hers, and she gives Us such surprise of Our works as to enrapture Us; and she forms Our happiness that the creature can give Us in Our Most Holy Will.”

Fiat!!!

**February 24, 1934**

***The creature, by doing her will, loses the head, the divine reason, the order, the regime. Jesus is Head of the creature.***

While I continued my round in the Divine Will, Its sweet empire, Its irresistible force, Its love and Its inextinguishable light pour upon my littleness which, as though enraptured, finds itself in the sea of the Divine Will. And, oh! the sweet surprises, Its ways ever new, Its enrapturing beauty, Its immensity that carries everyone and everything as though on Its lap. But that which strikes the most is Its love for the creature; It seems to be all eyes to look at her, all heart to love her, all hands and feet to carry her clasped to Its bosom, and to give her the step. Oh! how It yearns to give Its life to the creature, that she may live of Its life. It seems it is a delirium that It has, a commitment It has taken on, a victory It wants to achieve at any cost – that Its life may form the life of the creature.

So, my mind was wandering amid this show of love of the Divine Will, and my sweet Jesus, all tenderness, told me: “My daughter, man, by doing his will, lost the head, the divine reason, the regime, the order of his Creator; and because he lost his head, all the members wanted to act as the head. But since it is not the members’ office to have the virtue and the ability to act as head, they were unable to hold the regime or the order among themselves, and each member put itself against the other, and they separated. So, they remained as scattered members, because they did not possess the unity of the head.

But Our Supreme Being loved man, and seeing him without a head, We pitied him and he was the greatest dishonor of Our creative work, nor could We tolerate so great a havoc in the one We loved so much. Here then, Our Divine Will dominated Us and Our love conquered Us, and making Me descend from Heaven to earth, it constituted Me Head of man, and reunited all the scattered members under my Head. And the members acquired the regime, the order, the union and the nobility of the Head. So, my Incarnation, everything I did and suffered, and my very death, were nothing other than the way I covered to go in search of these scattered members, and make the life, the warmth and the resurrection of the members that were dead flow from the virtue of my Divine Head, so as to form of all human generations one single body, under my Divine Head. How much it cost Me – but my love made Me surpass everything, face all the pains, and triumph of everything. Now, my daughter, see then, what it means not to do my Will: to lose one’s head, to separate from my body, and like detached members, with difficulty and gropingly, walk down here like many monsters, such as to arouse pity. All the good of the creature is centralized in my Divine Will, and it forms Our glory and that of the human generations. Here is the reason, then, for Our delirium, Our commitment; and We want to win by way of love and of unheard-of sacrifices – that the creature may live in Our Will. Therefore, be attentive and make your Jesus content.”

Fiat!!!

**March 4, 1934**

***The acts done in the Divine Will form the ways, embrace the centuries. What it is that forms the prison. The Divine Engineer and the insuperable Artisan.***

My poor intelligence keeps going around in the Divine Fiat, to meet with Its acts, identify myself with them, court them, love them, and be able to say to It: ‘I hold the love of your acts in my power, therefore I love You just as You love me, and whatever You do I do as well.’ Oh! how beautiful it is to be able to say: ‘I have disappeared in the Divine Will, and therefore Its strength, Its love, Its sanctity, Its operating, are mine. We take one same step, have one same motion and one same love.’ And the Divine Will, all in feast, seems to say: “How happy I am – I am no longer alone; I feel within Myself a heartbeat, a motion, a will that runs within Me, and, fused together, never leaves Me alone and does what I do.”

So, while my mind was wandering in the Divine Volition, I thought to myself: ‘But, what is the good that these acts of mine done in the Divine Will do? While I do nothing, the Divine Will does everything, and because I am together with It, inside of It, It tells me that I do what It does. And It says so with reason, because being in It and not doing what It does is impossible – because Its power is so great as to invest my nothingness and make it do what the All does; nor is it able to, or capable of doing otherwise.

Then, my sweet Jesus, surprising me with His short little visit, told me: “My little daughter of my Will, how beautiful it is – no greater honor can the creature receive than that of being admitted into It. Instants, the littlest acts done in It, embrace centuries; and since they are divine they are invested with such power, that whatever one wants to do with them, everything can be done and everything can be obtained. The Divine Being remains bound in these acts, because they are His own acts and He must give them the value which they deserve.

Moreover, you must know that the acts done in my Will form the ways that must serve the souls to let them enter into It; and they are so necessary, that if heroic souls who live in It don’t come out first, in order to form the main avenues of Its Kingdom, not finding the ways, the generations will not know what to do in order to enter into my Will. My daughter, in order to form a city the ways must be formed first, which form the order that a city must have, and then are the foundations laid to build it up. If the ways, the gates, the communications it must have are not formed, there is the danger for the citizens to form a prison for themselves rather than a city, because, not provided with ways, they would not know from where to get out. See how necessary the ways are.

Now, the city without ways is the human will which, enclosed in its own prison, has closed all the ways to enter into the celestial city of my Divine Will. Now, the soul who enters into It, breaks the prison, knocks down the unhappy city without ways, without exits, and united with the power of my Will, Divine Engineer, she forms the plan of the city, orders the ways, the communications; and my Will, acting as insuperable Artisan, forms the new citadel of the soul, with such mastery as to form the ways of communication in order to let others souls come in and form many citadels, so as to be able to form a Kingdom. The first will be the model of the others. See then, what the acts done in my Will serve for – they are so necessary to Me, that without them, the way would be missing to let It reign. Therefore, always in my Will do I want you – never go out of It, if you want to make your Jesus content.”

Fiat!!

**March 11, 1934**

***How one who does not live in the Divine Will casts It into loneliness and reduces It to silence. Who the Temple of God is. The Divine Will, Temple of the soul. The little Host. Sign in order to know whether one lives in the Divine Will.***

I seem to hear the continuous echo of the Divine Fiat that booms in my soul, and with Its invincible power calls my little acts into Its own acts, to make them one; and It seems to delight with Its creature – It does not feel lonely, It has someone to whom to tell Its joys and Its sorrows. In sum, It feels neither in loneliness nor reduced to silence. On the other hand, with one who does not live in the Divine Will It feels the weight of loneliness, and if It wants to speak and entrust Its secrets, It is not understood, because the light of Its Will is missing, which allows the creature to understand Its celestial language. And – oh! how sorrowful It remains, that while It is all voice and all word, It has no one to whom to speak even just one of them. Oh! Adorable Will, make me live always within You, that I may break your loneliness and give You the field to let You speak.

But while my mind was wandering through the vast horizons of the Divine Fiat, my sweet Jesus, repeating His little visit, all goodness told me: “My little daughter of my Will, it is really true that one who does not live in Our Will, casts It into loneliness and reduces It to silence. You must know that each creature is a new and distinct work that We have to do, and therefore new things to say. If she does not live in Our Will We feel that that creature is far away from Us because her will is not inside Our own, therefore, on her part, We feel lonely, hindered in Our work; and if We wanted to speak, it is as if We wanted to speak to the deaf, to the mute. Therefore, one who does not live in Our Will is Our cross, she hinders Our step, she binds Our arms, she knocks down Our most beautiful works; and I, who am the Word – I am reduced to silence.

Now, you must know that the soul in grace is the Temple of God; but when the soul lives in Our Will, God makes Himself Temple of the soul, and – oh! the great difference between the creature, Temple of God and God, Temple of the soul! The first is a temple exposed to dangers, to enemies, subject to passions; many times Our Supreme Being finds Himself in these temples as in the temples of stone, unattended, not loved as He should; and the little lamp of her continuous love, which she should keep in homage to her God who dwells within her, without the pure oil is extinguished; and if – heavens forbid – she falls into grave sin, Our temple collapses and is occupied by thieves, Our enemies and hers, who profane it and make havoc of it. The second Temple – that is, God, Temple of the soul - is not exposed to dangers, the enemies cannot get close, passions lose life. In this Divine Temple of Ours, the soul is like the little Host that holds her Jesus consecrated within It, and with the perennial love that she draws, receives and feeds on, she forms the little lamp, alive, always burning, without ever becoming extinguished. This, Our Temple, occupies Its royal place, Its fulfilled Will, and It is Our glory and Our triumph. And the little Host – what does she do inside this Temple of Ours? She prays, she loves, she lives of Divine Will, she substitutes for my Humanity on earth, she takes my place of pains, she calls the whole army of Our works to form Our cortege. Creation, Redemption – she holds them as her own and she commands over them, and now she places them around Us like an army in act of prayer, of adoration, now like an army in act of loving Us and glorifying Us. But she is always at the head of them, doing whatever she wants Our works to do; and she always concludes with her refrain, so very pleasing to Us: ‘Your Will be known and loved, and may It reign and dominate in the entire world.’ So, all the yearnings, the longings, the interests, the cares, the prayers, of this little Host that lives in Our Divine Temple, are for Our Fiat to embrace all, put all the evils of creatures aside, and with Its omnipotent breath form Its place in the hearts of all, so as to make Itself life of each creature.

Can anyone ever perform an office more beautiful, more holy, more important, more useful to Heaven and to the earth, than this little Host who lives in Our Temple? Moreover, Our love, Our power, makes all the shows, all the industries, all the stratagems with one who lives in Our Will: It makes Itself small and encloses Itself in this soul in order to form Its life, and nothing is left of her but the guises to cover It; It makes Itself immense, as It is, and shapes Itself as sumptuous Temple, to keep her safe inside of It, and enjoy her company. One who does Our Will is always occupied with

Us, and We are always occupied with her. Therefore, be very careful to let yourself always be found in Our Will.”

After this, I continued to think about the Divine Volition, and my beloved Jesus added: “The sign that the soul lives in my Will is that all things, internal and external, are bearers of my Will. In fact, to say ‘I possess Its life’ and not to feel It is impossible; therefore she will feel It in the heartbeat, in the breath, in the blood that circulates in her veins, in the thought that forms in her mind, in the voice that gives life to her word, and so forth. So, the internal act, echoing on the outside, makes my Will to be found in the air that she breathes, in the water she drinks, in the food that she takes, in the sun that gives her light and heat. In sum, the internal and the external hold hands and form many acts, to form the life of my Will in them. One act alone does not form life, but continuous and repeated acts form the life.

Moreover, in my Will everything is present, as though in act of doing everything that has been done by Us, and, in It, the creature enters the power of Our present acts and does what We do; she remains invested by Our creative force, by Our love that always arises; she comprehends that it is precisely for her that It does everything, and – oh! how she loves, and how she wants to do everything for her Creator. On the other hand, outside of Our Fiat, what We have done is seen as past things, done for everybody, not for herself alone, therefore love does not awaken – it sleeps, it remains as though in lethargy, and thought of as a love far away, not in act.

Therefore, there is such a difference between one who lives in my Will and one who lives outside of It that there is no comparison that holds up. Therefore, be attentive, and thank Me for the great good I have done to you in letting you know what it means to live in my Will.”

Fiat!!!

**March 25, 1934**

***How prayer in the Divine Will becomes the mouthpiece of the acts done in Divine Fiat. How the Humanity of Our Lord possesses the generative virtue. How Divine Love consists in Its reproducing Itself in all and in each one.***

It seems that my poor mind cannot do without going in search of the acts done in the Divine Will. If it did so, it seems to me that I would lack the royal palace in which to reside, the food to nourish myself, the air to breathe, the step to be able to move freely within Its interminable boundaries. Ah! those are the acts of the Divine Will which, while I search, call me, and unifying themselves with me seem to whisper to my ear: “We are in your power, and with the power of these acts you have sufficient coins to ask for and impetrate the Kingdom of Our Supreme Fiat. In order to obtain a Divine Volition it takes divine acts, and as the creature lives in It Our acts extend around hers, and Our act holds her own as though in triumph, and asks together with her for the triumph, the dominion of Our Will upon earth.”

But while my mind enjoyed the enchanting sight of my little acts, surrounded by the seas of the divine acts, and my little love, encircled by the sea of the divine love, and with arcane and incessant voice they could but ask: ‘*Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven’, my Sovereign Jesus, surprising me, all love, told me: “My blessed daughter, how sweet, consoling, powerful it is to hear my Will with all Its acts, in the little act, love and adoration of the creature, asking for the Fiat reigning upon earth. It makes use of the little love of the creature as the mouthpiece, to make her resound in all of Its acts, to make her ask for Its Kingdom. It does not want to do it alone, but wants her concourse in order to do it. But do you want to know what this prayer serves for, which contains divine power, value and weapons that wage war against Us with incessant ways? It serves to call God



upon earth, for Him to live life in each creature; it serves to make my very Divine Will and all Its works pray that It may come to reign upon earth; it serves to prepare the place for the creature within God Himself. It is a divine, prodigious prayer, which knows how to obtain everything.”

After this, I continued my abandonment in the arms of Jesus. His Divine Heart throbbed so very strongly with love, with joys, with happiness and with sorrow; and my sweet Jesus added: “My daughter, all the acts of my Humanity possess the generative virtue; therefore, the mind thinks and generates holy thoughts, it thinks and generates light, knowledge, wisdom, divine cognitions, new truths; and while it generates it pours like a torrent into the minds of creatures, without ever ceasing to generate. So, each creature has in her mind the receptacle of these children of mine, generated by my mind; with the difference that some keep them honored, courted, giving them the freedom to produce the good they possess, while others have them without caring for them, and as though suffocated. My gazes generate gazes of love, of compassion, of tenderness, of mercy – I never lose sight of anyone. My gazes multiply for everyone, and – oh! the power of my gazes, with how much pity it pours over the human miseries! It is so great that, in order to place them in safety, it encloses the creature in my pupil, to keep her defended and surrounded with affection and unspeakable tenderness, such as to astound the whole of Heaven. My tongue speaks and generates words that give life, sublime teachings, it generates prayers, it speaks and generates wounds and arrows of love, to give the generation of my ardent love to all and make Myself loved by all. My hands generate works, wounds, nails, blood, embraces, to constitute Myself works of each one, balm to soothe their wounds, nails to wound them and purge them, blood to wash them, embraces to hug them and carry them in my arms as though in triumph. The whole of my Humanity generates continuously, to reproduce It in each creature. Our Divine Love consists precisely in this: reproducing Itself in all and in each one; and if We did not possess the generative virtue, this could not be a reality but only a way of speaking, while We do deeds first, and if We use the speaking, it is to confirm the deeds. More so, since my Humanity is inseparable from the Divinity which, by nature, possesses the generative virtue and remains over the creature like a Mother with Her arms opened, and generates Her life in them in an admirable way.

But do you know who receives the effects, the complete fruit, of this continuous generating of mine? One in whom my Will reigns, who not only receives the generation of my acts, but reproduces them in a admirable way.”

Fiat!!!

**April 28, 1934**

***How the Divine Will, in each act It does, calls all creatures in order to give the good which Its act contains. Example: the sun.***

I am always in my dear inheritance of the Fiat. I feel Its sweet empire that keeps me absorbed and so invested as to leave me no time to grieve over the privations of my beloved Jesus, alas, too painful for me. The multiplicity and infinity of Its continuous acts impose themselves on me, to keep me present and to share with me the good which they contain, and to tell me how much It loves me. “And you? How much do you love us<sup>6</sup>?”

So, my mind wandered and remained enraptured in seeing that It wanted to constantly give me from Its own, and therefore It wanted me present at Its acts. What goodness! What love!

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<sup>6</sup> the acts of the Divine Will

Then, my Sovereign Jesus, surprising me, told me: “My little daughter of my Will, your Jesus has the task of manifesting the secrets of my Divine Will, and Its love, which reaches the point of being incapable of and unable to endure, if It does not give of Its own to the creature, in a continuous manner. You must know that when my Divine Will does an act, It calls all creatures into Its act – It wants them all with Itself, to give to each one the good which that act possesses. So, all are enclosed within Its act, and receive the good of the divine inheritance; with this difference: that one who is there in Our Will voluntarily and out of love becomes the possessor of it, while for one who is not, that good is not lost, but waits for its heiress – who knows, she may decide to live life in Our Will, so as to give her the possession of it; nevertheless, out of Our generosity, fully divine, We give her the interest of the good assigned to her – that is, the effects – so that she may not die of hunger for the goods of her Creator. In fact, Our Will, by Its own nature, possesses the universal virtue, and therefore in each of Its acts It calls all, It embraces all, It involves all, and It offers Its divine goods to all.

Symbol and image of this is the sun, which, having been created by my Fiat with Its universal virtue, offers its light to all – it denies it to no one; and if anyone did not want to take the good of its light, the sun does not destroy the light that belongs to that person, nor can it destroy it, but it waits; and when that person decides to take the good of the light, it does not deny itself – it immediately gives itself; and until that one makes up his mind to take the good of the light directly, it gives him the interest by means of the other created things. In fact, in all created things the sun holds its prime act: to some it gives fecundity and maturation; to some development and sweetness – there is not one created thing to which the sun does not give something of its own. Therefore, the creature, in taking food, making use of the plants, takes the effects and the interests given to her by the light which belongs to her and which she, out of her will, does not take. My Will is more than sun; in all the acts It does, it calls all creatures, It keeps them all present, and offers Its divine goods to all of them.

Now, one who lives in Our Will, since she possesses, as her own property, the good that my Volition has given to her in each act, feels within herself the nature of good, because good is in her power. Goodness, patience, love, light, heroism of sacrifice, are at her disposal; and if she has the occasion to exercise them, she exercises them without effort; and if she does not have the occasion to exercise them, she still possesses them, like many noble princesses, which form the honor, the glory, of the properties that my Will has given to her. It happens as to the eye, which possesses the eyesight: if it is necessary for it to look, to help itself through the sight, it does so; if it is not necessary, it does not lose the vision, but keeps its eye as the glory and honor that its ‘seeing eye’ possesses. To possess my Will and not to possess the virtues as one’s own nature is almost impossible. It would be like a sun without heat, like a food without substance, like a life without heartbeat. Therefore, one who possesses my Will possesses everything, as gifts and properties which my Divine Volition brings with Itself.”

Fiat!!!

**May 6, 1934**

***Primary purpose of Redemption: to restore the life of the Divine Will in the creature. How God does minor things in order to give the place to His major works.***

I am under the gigantic waves of the Divine Fiat, which makes me see and experience how all things and all of Its divine acts take origin from the Divine Volition, and are all bearers of a Will so holy. So, the primary purpose of God, both in Creation and in Redemption, was no other intent than that of forming His palpitating life of Divine Will in each creature, and He wanted Its royal place in everything, and the transfusion of all things and of each act into His Will – and with justice, and with

reason: It being the Author of everything and of all, what is the wonder if It wants Its place, by right, in everything?”

Then, following the Divine Will in Its acts, I arrived at Redemption, and my beloved Jesus, making me pause and sighing, told me: “My daughter, yet, in Our mind the primary purpose of Redemption was to restore the Kingdom of the Divine Will in the creature. This was something Divine that We had placed in her – Our Will operating, the most noble, the most beautiful act, by virtue of which We loved the creature to folly, because she had something of Our own. We loved Our very selves in her, and therefore Our love was perfect, full and incessant; it was as if We could not possibly get away from her. We felt Our very Will that from within the creature imposed Itself to loving her; and if I came down from Heaven to earth, it was the empire, the power of my Fiat that called Me because It wanted Its rights, and Its noble and divine act to be restored and placed in safety. We would have lacked order and would have acted against nature if, in descending from Heaven, I had saved the creatures, but had not rescued Our Will and restored Our Kingdom in them – that which is Divine, Our most beautiful act which We had placed in them; beginning, origin and end of everything. But who is it that does not think of saving himself first, and then others? No one. And if he cannot save himself it is a sign that he will have neither the virtue nor the power to save others. By restoring the Kingdom of my Will in the creature I did the greatest act, an act that only a God can do – that is, securing my very life in the creature. And by saving Myself, all were placed in safety – no more dangers, because they had a divine life in their power, in which they would find all the goods they wanted.

Therefore, my Redemption, my life, my pains, my death, will serve to dispose the creature to so great a good, and as preparation for the great portent of the Kingdom of my Will in the human generations. And if the fruits, the life of It, cannot be seen yet, this says nothing, because in my Humanity there is the seed, the life of my Fiat, therefore this seed possesses the virtue of forming the long generation of many other seeds in the hearts, to regenerate in them the restoration of the life of my Will in the creatures. Therefore, there is no act done by the Supreme Being which does not come out of Our Will, and Its love is so great that It places Itself as life of Our act and, as life, It claims Its rights, for It wants to carry out Its life. Hence, how could I come to reign, were I not to give back these rights to my Will? In order to come to redeem, these rights were restored in my Celestial Mother, in my Humanity; and only because my Will had these first rights could I come to redeem, otherwise I would have found neither the way, nor the place in which to descend. And my Humanity took on the commitment with It, by dint of pains, of giving back to It these rights - of letting It reign in due time in the human family. You, therefore – pray, and united with Me, do not spare the sacrifice of your life for a cause so holy and divine, and of most heroic and great love toward all creatures.”

Afterwards, I remained concerned about what is written above, and I thought to myself: ‘How can it be that while He says that His primary purpose of His coming upon earth was the establishment of the Kingdom of the Divine Will - though Redemption was connected together with It - the fruits of Redemption can be seen abundantly, while of His Fiat reigning almost nothing can be seen yet?’ And Jesus added: “My daughter, it would be absurd and against the divine order not to give the primacy to Our Will, as in fact We did. I can say that first began the Kingdom of the Divine Will in my Celestial Mother, then in my own Humanity, which possessed all the fullness of the Supreme Will, and then came Redemption; and since the Queen of Heaven and I, by virtue of this Kingdom which We possessed in Its full vigor, represented the whole human family as the heads, to reunite all the scattered members, it is because of this that Redemption could come. It was precisely

from within the Kingdom of my Will that Redemption came out; if I and my Mother had not possessed It, It would have been a dream and would have remained in Our divine mind.

Now, I being the Head, the King, the Savior, and the true sacrificator of mankind, whatever is there in the Head, the members have a right over it; whatever the Mother possesses, the children have the right to inherit. Here then Redemption: the Head wants to heal the members and bind them by dint of pains and of death, so that they may avail themselves of the virtues of the Head. The Mother wants to reunite the children, make Herself known, to constitute them heirs of what She possesses. Here is the necessity of time, in such a way that, while Redemption came out of the Kingdom of my Will as prime act, Redemption will serve as powerful means in order to communicate to the members the Kingdom which the Head possesses – one and the other will hold hands. And besides, if I so much love, want and insist that creatures would have my Will alone as the sole principle in all things, I Myself, then, who possess the life of It, and was to descend from Heaven to earth, and it would cost Me so much – was I not to give primacy to my Will? Oh! my daughter, this says that my Will is not known in depth, while one act of my Will has more value than all creatures united together; and this is so certain, that it is from my Will that Redemption received life, while Redemption had no virtue to give life to my Will. My Fiat is eternal, It had no beginning, either in eternity or in time, while Redemption had Its beginning in time; and since my Volition has no beginning, and It alone can give life to everything, hence, by Its own nature, It holds primacy over everything; and there is nothing that We do in which We don't have, as Our primary purpose, that Our Will have Its life, dominating, operating and reigning. But you say that the fruits of Redemption can be seen, while nothing appears of those of the Kingdom of the Divine Will; this says that Our divine ways are not comprehended – We do minor things in order to give the place to Our major works, and to realize Our primary intent.

Listen to Me, my daughter: in Creation Our primary purpose was man, but instead of creating man first, We created heavens, sun, sea, earth, air, winds, as the dwelling in which to place this man, and so as to let him find everything that was needed to make him live. In the very creation of man, first We made the body and then I infused in him the soul, more precious, more noble, and containing more value than the body. Many times it is necessary to do minor things first, in order to prepare with decency the place for Our major works. What is the wonder, then, if in descending from Heaven to earth, Our primary purpose in Our divine mind was to constitute the Kingdom of Our Will in the midst of the human family? More so, since the first offense that man gave Us was directed precisely against Our Will, therefore with justice Our first intent was to be directed to rejoining the offended side of Our Will and to returning to It Its royal place. And after this would Redemption come; and Redemption came indeed in a superabundant way, with such excesses of love as to astound Heaven and earth. But why before? Because It was to serve to prepare, with decency, with decorum, with sumptuousness, with the endowment of my pains and of my very death, as Kingdom, as army, as cortege, to let my Will reign. In order to heal man my pains were needed; it took my death to give him life; yet, one tear of mine, one sigh of mine, one single drop of my blood would have been enough to save all, because everything I did was animated by my Supreme Will. I can say that it was my Will that ran within all my acts, in my most harrowing pains, to seek man and place him in safety. How, then, can the prime purpose be denied to a Will so holy, so powerful, which embraces everything, and there is no life nor any good without It? Therefore, the mere thinking that is absurd. So, I want you to recognize It in all things as prime act of everything; in this way you will place yourself in Our divine order – that there is nothing in which We do not give primacy to Our Will.”

Fiat!!!

**May 12, 1934**

***Extreme need of the abandonment in the Divine Will; the virtue of it. How we all revolve around God; only the human will keeps wandering about, and is the disturber of all.***

My abandonment in the Fiat is for me an extreme need of my poor heart, because it makes me feel Its Divine Paternity and Maternity, which keeps me clasped to Its bosom with Its arms of light, so as to pour Itself into me as most tender Mother who loves Her daughter with inseparable love – but so much, as to want to generate Her life within Her daughter. It seems it is a delirium, a divine passion of this Holy Mother, which renders Her all eye, all attention and care, all heart, and in continuous act of working, in order to be conceived, be born and make Her life grow within Her daughter, who is all abandoned in Her arms. So, abandonment in the Divine Will facilitates the cures, and renders feasible the cares of this Celestial Mother, for Her to form Her life, all of Divine Will, in the creature.

My beautiful Mama<sup>7</sup>, O please! do not detach me from your breast of light, that I may feel your life within me, which, retouching me continuously, may let me know how much You love me, Who You are, and how beautiful, lovable and adorable You are.

But while my mind was wandering in the total abandonment in the Divine Volition, my sweet Jesus, repeating His short little visit, told me: “My blessed daughter, the more one comprehends of my Will, the more one enjoys Its beauty and sanctity, and the more one shares in Its goods; and the abandonment in It destroys all obstacles and clasps the soul so tightly in Its arms, that without effort my Fiat can regenerate Its divine life in the creature. True and full abandonment says, with facts: ‘Do with me whatever You want - my life is yours, and I don’t want to know anything about it any more.’ So, the abandonment has the virtue of placing the creature at the mercy of my Divine Will. In fact, you must know that all things, and the very human nature, draw from the eternal motion of God, in such a way that everything revolves around Him. The whole of Creation, the breath, the heartbeat, the blood circulation, are under the empire of the eternal motion; and since everyone and everything receives life from this motion, they are inseparable from God; and as they have life, so do they revolve around the Supreme Being with a unanimous race. So, the breath, the heartbeat, the human motion – it is not in their power to breathe, to palpitate, to move; whether they want it or not, given the incessant motion of the Eternal One, they too feel the incessant act of breathing, of palpitating and of moving. It can be said that they live life together with God and with all created things, which revolve around Him without ever stopping.

Only the human will, as We had created it with the great gift of the free willing, that it might tell Us, freely, that it loved Us – not because it was forced, as the breath is forced to breathing, or the heart to beating and to receiving the motion of its Creator; but out of its wanted will, not forced, it might love Us and remain together with Us, to receive the operating life in Our Volition.... It was the greatest honor and gift We gave to the creature, and she, ungrateful, moves away from Our union and inseparability, and therefore from the union of all and of everything, and therefore she gets lost, she degrades herself, becomes debilitated, loses the one strength, and is the only one in the whole Creation to lose her race, her place of honor, her beauty, her glory, and goes wandering, shifted from her place that she has in Our Will, which calls her, longs for her to be at her place of honor. So, all have a place, even the human breath and heartbeat; and since everyone and everything has a place, they never lose life and their incessant motion – none of them feels poor, weak, but rich in the eternal motion of their Creator. Only the human will, because it does not want to be in the royal place of the Divine Volition is the lost one and the poorest of all; and because it feels poor, it feels unhappy, and is the disturber of the human family. Therefore, if you want to be rich, happy, never go down from

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<sup>7</sup> the Divine Will

your place of honor, which is inside Our Will; then will you have everything in your power – strength, light, and also my very Will.”

Fiat!!!

**May 20, 1934**

***How the Divine Will devours, as though in one single breath, all the acts done in It, and makes of them one alone. How the Divine Will forms the guises of the Humanity of Our Lord, and makes It present to the creatures.***

I felt so very poor in love, but with the will of wanting to love Him very, very much. I had received sweet Jesus sacramentally, and He was as though drowned with love; and I.. only a few little drops. Yet, He was asking me for love, so as to give me love. But, what to do to be able to match Him in some way? So I thought to myself: ‘My Celestial Mama wants me to love my Jesus and Hers very much. Well then, these little drops of love of mine I want to pour into Her seas of love; in this way I will give Him and tell Him: “I love You so much, that I love You as your Mama loves You”.’

Now, it seemed to me that the Sovereign Lady rejoiced and felt happy because Her daughter was loving Jesus with Her love; and He was even more content, for He felt loved by me with the love of His Mama. And, all content, He told me: “My little daughter of my Will, you must know that one who lives in my Fiat is never alone in her acts. She is incorporated into everything It has done, does and will do, both within Itself and in all creatures. So, in the love of my Mother I felt the love of my daughter, and in the love of the daughter the love of my Divine Mother. Oh! how beautiful were your tiny little drops of love, invested by the seas of love of my Mama. With one who lives in my Volition I feel Heaven flow in her acts, in her love, in her will; and I feel the creature in Heaven; and her acts, her love, her will, investing the Empyreum, invading all, and forming one single act, one single love, and one single will. And the whole of Heaven feels loved, glorified, in the creature, and she feels loved by all Heaven. In my Will everything is unity, separability does not exist, nor does any distance between places or times; centuries disappear in my Volition, and with Its power It devours everything in one single breath, and of everything It makes one continued act. What fortune for one who lives in my Will, as she can say: ‘I do what they do in Heaven, and my love is not dissimilar from their love.’ Only for one who does not live in my Will her acts are separable, they suffer loneliness, and are dissimilar from Our acts; in fact, not being invested by Its power, which has the virtue of converting into light whatever is done in It, hence, not being light, they cannot incorporate themselves with the acts of Our Will which, being inaccessible light, knows how to convert everything into light; and it is no wonder that light and light become incorporated with each other.”

Then, I abandoned myself in the arms of Baby Jesus (He made Himself seen in that way), and He, drowned with love, abandoned Himself in my arms, to enjoy the love of His Mama and mine, which I was giving to Him. And then He added: “My daughter, if you see Me as a little Baby, it is by virtue of my Divine Will, which possesses within Itself all the periods of my life down here – my tears, my pains, and everything I did. So, in each instant my Will repeats the different periods of my life, to give to the creatures its admirable effects; and now It forms Me as a Baby, to give them the fruits of my infancy, my love, so very tender, that I reach the point of crying, to have love from them, and receive their tenderness and compassion at my tears. Now It forms Me as a boy, with an enchanting beauty, to make Myself love and captivate them to loving Me. Now as a young man, to chain them with inseparable union; now Crucified, to have them repair and compassionate Me; and so with all the rest of the life of my Humanity down here. Oh! insuperable power and love of my Will!

What I did within the short round of thirty-three years - and finishing it up I went back to Heaven - my Will will be doing for centuries upon centuries, keeping my life ready, to give it to each creature.

Now, you must know that if the Holy Church has the great honor of having souls who have the good of seeing Me, of hearing Me speak, as if I were again living in their midst, it is all due to my Divine Will. It is my Will that forms my guises and makes Me as though present to creatures. My Humanity is enclosed within Its immensity and, by virtue of It, holds the present act, as if I were in act of being born, and It gives Me the guises of a Baby; I grow, and It gives Me the guises of a boy. The whole of my life lays in Its power, and whatever the form It wants to give Me, at whatever age It wants to show Me, It forms my guises and maintains my whole life as present act in the midst of creatures. My Will holds your Jesus as living, and according to their dispositions, so It shapes my guises and give Me to them, and It makes them feel how I cry, I suffer, I continue to be born and to die, and I burn with love for I want to be loved. What does my Will not do? It does everything. There is nothing over which It does not hold Its primacy, the preserving virtue and the perfect and continued balance, without ever ceasing, of all Our works. My daughter, to my sorrow I say this: that what is lacking is the knowledge of what my adorable Will does, the great good It constantly offers to creatures, and therefore It wants to be known. And because It is not known, It is neither appreciated nor loved, and creatures do not give It primacy over all Our works. While my Will is the primary fount, and all Our works are like many little fountains that receive and draw the life and the goods that they give to the creatures.

Oh! if they knew what Will of God means, and the good It offers to creatures, the earth would be transformed, and so drawn, as to remain with its gaze fixed on It, and on receiving Its perennial goods. But because It is not known, they don't give It a thought, and they disperse Its goods in part. In fact, whether they want or do not want, whether they know or do not know, whether they believe or do not believe, it is my Divine Fiat that gives life, motion and everything; It is the motive of all Creation. And this is why I so much yearn for It to be known – what It does and can do, all of Its divine history – to be able to abound with new gifts, and show off in love with greater abundance toward the creatures; so much so, that in order to do this I wanted the sacrifice of your life, a sacrifice I had not asked of anyone, a sacrifice that costs you so much; although you calculate this sacrifice when hindrances and circumstances arise. But I calculate it every day, I measure its intensity, its hardness, and the loss of daily life to which you submit yourself. Good daughter, this sacrifice of yours was necessary to my Will in order to make Itself known, to give Its knowledges; It wanted to make use of you as the channel through which to make Itself known, and of your sacrifice as the powerful weapon, to let Itself be conquered, reveal Itself, open Its womb of light and manifest Itself for what It is. More so, since by doing her human will, the creature rejected and lost the life of the Divine Will, therefore it was necessary that one creature would submit herself to the sacrifice of losing her life, losing any mastership over herself, so that my Will might be moved to making Itself known, so as to give back Its divine life. It is always so in Our operating: when We want to overabound more toward the creature, We ask for the sacrifice of one creature, as a pretext, and then We make known the good that We want to do; and this good is given according to the knowledges that they acquire.

Therefore, be attentive, and do not want to occupy yourself with useless thoughts on the reason for your state. It was necessary to Our Will, and that's enough; and you must be content, and thank It.”

Fiat!!!

**June 16, 1934**

***The human will, created as queen in the midst of Creation. How everything flows through the fingers of Our Creator.***

I continue my abandonment in the Divine Fiat. Its acts are for me like many nourishments; and as they nourish me, I feel the growth of Its life within me; Its strength, which is such that, imposing itself on my human will, conquers it and captivates it into its own, to say to it: “Let us live together, and you will be happy of my same happiness. I have come out into daylight, not to keep you far away, but together with Me, in my same Will. If I created you, it is because I felt the need to love you and to be loved; hence, your creation was necessary to my love, the place on which my Will can lean, like a tiny little field of mine. I want to make a show of my works, of my mastery; and this, in order to form and give vent to my love.”

Oh! Adorable Will, how lovable and admirable You are! So, You want me inside of You, to give life to your outpouring of love; but if You so much love for the creature to live in your Divine Volition, why did You not create us like the sky, the sun, without a will, that the creature would do whatever You want?

But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus, surprising me, all goodness, told me: “Blessed daughter, you must know that the most beautiful thing created by Us was the human will. Among all created things it is the most beautiful, the one that resembles Us the most, and because of this it can be called the queen among all, as in fact it is. All things are beautiful; beautiful is the sun which, with its vivifying light, gladdens and smiles at all; with its light it makes itself eye, hand and step of all. Beautiful is the sky, which covers all with its starry mantle. But as beautiful as are all created things, none of them can boast of having done for Us the littlest act of their own in order to love Us; there is no outpouring of a requital, everything is mute silence, and everything We do, We do on Our own; no echo responds to Us, in the face of the many seas of love which are present in all created things. Not even the littlest outpouring is given to Us. In fact, an outpouring is formed between two wills that possess a reason and know whether they are doing good or evil. Therefore, the human will was created as queen in the midst of Creation – queen of itself, outpouring of love with its Creator, queen of all created things. It can do, freely, a world of good, prodigies of value, heroism of sacrifices, if it places itself on the side of good; but if it puts itself on the side of evil, queen as it is, it can do a world of ruin, and can fall from the highest place down into to bottom of the greatest miseries. This is why among all things We love the human will – because We make it queen, it can tell Us that it loves Us, it can nourish Our outpouring of love, it can engage in a contest with Us – We, in loving it, and it, in loving Us. This is why We endowed it with such prerogatives, to the point of giving it Our likeness. It is nothing but a simple act, yet it is the hand, the foot, the voice of its human being. If the creature did not have a will, she would be like the beasts, the slave of all, without the imprint of the divine nobility. In Our Divinity, most pure spirit, there is not a shadow of matter, yet We invest everyone and everything, and We are the life, the motion, the foot, the hand, the eye, of all. The human life flows through Our fingers, as We are actor, spectator, breath and heartbeat of each heart; and what We are for everything and for everyone, the human will is for itself. It can be said that because of the prerogatives it possesses, it can reflect itself in Us, and We find Our little mirror in it; Our power, wisdom, goodness, love, can form its reflections in the simple act of the human will.

Oh! human will, how beautiful you have been created by your Creator! Beautiful is the sky, the sun – but you surpass them; and even if you had nothing else that is beautiful, only because you can tell Us that you love Us, you possess the greatest glory, the enchantment with which you can enrapture your Creator.”



Fiat!!!

**June 24, 1934**

***One who lives in the Divine Will feels the divine heartbeat in her works, knows Its intent, operates together with It, and is the welcome one in the Divine Fiat.***

I feel I am in the arms of the Divine Will, which, with an insuperable goodness, makes present to me everything It has done for love of the creatures, in order to receive the pleasure of making it known to me, and to receive, as renewed, the glory of everything It has done for love of us. And since It has done everything out of pure love, it seems It is not content if It does not feel known and loved back by the one who was the cause to make It operate so great a work, and of indescribable magnificence. But while my mind was wandering within the multiplicity of so many divine works, my always lovable Jesus, repeating His little visit, told me: “My little daughter, Our love, Our works, want to have life in the creature, they want to make themselves felt as palpitating, to give her the love and the fruits that Our works contain, which, as though giving birth within the creature, produce, they too, divine love and fruits.

Everything We have done is always in act, and We call the creature into the very act that We are performing, to make known to her Our works, how much love they contain, with how much wisdom and power they have been formed, and how, in everything We do, Our intent is always toward her. Nothing have We issued outside of Us which would not palpitate love and call the heartbeat of the creature to loving Us. We had need of nothing, because We possess within Ourselves, in Our own Divine Being, all possible and imaginable goods; and by possessing the creative virtue, as many goods do We want to create, so many of them are in Our power. Therefore, all Our external works were made for the creatures, to give them love, to make them know Who it is that has loved them so much, and, like stairways, let them come up to Us and give Us their little love. By one who does not know Us We feels robbed, and by one who does not love Us We feel betrayed.

Now, my daughter, do you want to know who receives Our heartbeat of the created things, Our intent, the knowledges, and gives Us her heartbeat and her requital of love? One who lives in Our Will. As the creature enters into It, with Its wings of light, like arms, It clasps her to Its bosom, and because It possesses Its incessant act, It says: ‘Look at Me, how I am operating. Or rather, let us do it together, that you may know what I do, my distinct love from one created thing to another; and you may receive all these degrees of my ardent love, in such a way as to cover you and keep you drowned with love; but so much, that you won’t be able to tell Me anything else but that you love Me, you love Me, you love Me...’. If you do not know it, you will not be able to receive the fullness of love, nor enjoy the fruits of Our works.’

Now I want to tell you another surprise: as the creature enters into Our Will, not only does she do what We did in Creation, in Redemption, in everything, and remains enriched in an admirable way with the works of her Creator, but she gives Us the new glory as if Our works were being repeated again. Everything We have done passes through the channel of the creature, for it is Our Will for this to happen, and by virtue of It We feel the glory being repeated to Us, as if We were stretching out a new heaven and were operating a new creation. And as We feel her coming into Our Volition, We welcome her, and overflowing with new love, We say to her: ‘Come, touch with your own hand what We have done. Our works are alive for you, not dead, and by knowing them you will repeat the new glory and the new requital of love.’ It is true that Our works sing Our praises and glorify Us of their own – or rather, We Ourselves sing Our own praises and glorify Ourselves continuously – but the creature in Our Will gives Us something more; she give Us her will operating

within Our works, her intelligence in order to know them, and her love to love Us. Hence, We feel the glory that a human will is repeating for Us the glory as if Our works were being repeated.

Therefore, always in my Divine Fiat do I want you, that you may receive Its secrets, and drink in large gulps Its admirable knowledges. By Its being known, the life is communicated, the works are repeated, and the goal is achieved.”

Fiat!!!

**June 29, 1934**

***Attentiveness, eye of the soul. How in the Divine Will there are no blind creatures. The magnet. The coinage of the divine image in our acts. How God makes Himself Prisoner of the creature.***

The Divine Will never leaves me alone. It seems It is constantly watching me in order to invest my little thought, my word, the littlest of my acts. But It wants my attention, It wants me to know that It wants to invest my acts, and that, as we look at each other, It gives and I receive. And if I am not attentive, It scolds me, but in a way so sweet that I feel my heart split; and It says to me: “Attentiveness is the eye of the soul who is able to recognize the gift I want to give and disposes her action to receive my investment. I do not want to give my goods to the blind; I want for you to see it and to know it. But do you know why? By seeing it, you appreciate my gift, and by being aware of it, you know it and you love it; and I make you feel, vividly, my light, my power, my love; and I feel, being repeated in your little thought, word and action, what my own Divine Will can do and how It is able to love. Therefore, the first thing I do to one who wants to live in It is to give her the eye with which to look at each other and know each other. Once We have known each other everything is done, the living in my Divine Will is assured with its full vigor.”

Then, my mind was wandering in a sea of light and of thoughts, and my sweet Jesus, surprising me, told me: “Ah! my daughter, the living in my Will is the living of Heaven, it is to feel in one’s soul the life of light, of love, the life of the divine action, the life of prayer. Whatever the creature does, everything for her is life palpitating within her acts. You must know that one who does the Divine Will and lives in It becomes the magnet of the divine acts; her little motion, thought and works remain magnetized, with a magnet so powerful as to magnetize her Creator, in such a way that this magnet draws Him so much that He cannot move away from the creature. Our Supreme Being feels His gaze being magnetized, and He is always fixed on looking at her; He feels the magnet to His arms, and He keeps her clasped to His bosom; the magnet to Our love, and We pour out so much as to reach the point of feeling that she loves Us as We love Ourselves.

Now, once the creature has formed this magnet over Us, Our love comes to excesses. As she forms her acts, even the littlest, We impress Our divine coinage on them and We make them pass as acts of Our own, with the imprint of Our supreme image, and We place them among Our divine treasures, as coins of Ours which the creature has given to Us. And if you knew what it means to be able to say that Our Supreme Being has received Our coins from the creature, which are guaranteed by Our image that We Ourselves have coined – your heart would explode out of pure love! Our giving to the creatures is a power that We have; as We possess everything, to give is nothing other than an outpouring of Our love. But to put the creature in the condition of being able to give to Us, and give Us Our own acts, not hers, coins with the imprint of Our image – this is the love that surpasses everything, such that, unable to contain it, in Our emphasis of love We say: ‘You have wounded Us, the magnet of your acts has captivated Us and has rendered Us sweet Prisoners in your soul. And We give you tit for tat by wounding you, captivating you and imprisoning you into

Ourselves. Therefore, my daughter, I want you all eyes, that you may look and know well what my Divine Will wants to do in you.”

Fiat!!!

**July 8, 1934**

***What it takes to form the life of the Divine Will in the creature. Veil that hides It. Exchange of life.***

The Divine Volition seems to be constantly watching me with a searching eye, to see whether Its adorable Will flows as prime act in the whole of my interior. And with an admirable and divine jealousy It invests everything, It surrounds everything, nor does It look at whether the act is small or great; but It looks at whether in it flows the life of Its Will. In fact, all the value and greatness of an act depends on whether the Divine Will is present inside of it; everything else, as great as it might be, is reduced to a veil, extremely thin, just enough as to cover and hide the great treasure, the incomparable life of the Divine Will.

Now, while my mind was all occupied by the Divine Will, my highest good, Jesus, who seems to take an unspeakable delight when He wants to speak about His Will, all goodness told me: “My blessed daughter, so that an act may be pleasing to Me and my Will may form Its complete life in it, the whole of the interior of the creature must be centralized in my Fiat: the will must want It; the desire must ardently desire what the will wants; the affections, the tendencies, must aspire and tend only to receiving the life of my Will into their act; the heart must love and enclose within its heartbeat the life of my Will; the memory, remember It; the intelligence, comprehend It. So, everything must be centralized in the act in which my Will wants to form Its life. Just as it takes a will, a desire, a heart, affections, tendencies, memory, intelligence, in order to form a life, otherwise it could not be called whole and perfect life, the same with my Divine Will, as It wants to form Its life in the act of the creature, centralized in the act or life that It wants to form; otherwise it could not be called whole and perfect life.

This is why, then, my Will wants everything: to be able to exchange the life of Its love in the love of the creature, Its divine desires and tendencies within hers, Its uncreated heartbeat in the created heartbeat, Its eternal memory in the finite memory. In sum, everything – It wants to be free in everything, to be able to form a life that is whole, not halved; and as the creature gives up of what is her own, so does my Divine Will make the exchange with what is Its own. Then is Its life fecund, and it generates, within the veil of the creature that covers it, love, desire, tendencies, memory, all of Divine Will, and there It forms the great prodigy of Its life in the life of the creature. Otherwise it could not be called life, but simple adhesion to my Will – not even in everything, but in part; therefore it would not be able to bring about either the effects or the goods that my Will possesses. An image of this would be the sun: if its light did not possess heat, sweetnesses, flavors, fragrances, colors, it would not be able to form the beautiful rainbow of colors, the variety of sweetnesses, the sublimeness of flavors and fragrances. If it gives them to the earth it is because it possesses them; and if it did not possess them, it would not be true life of light, but sterile light, without fecundity. The same with the creature: if she does not give to my Will the place of the whole of her interior, she will not be able to possess Its love that is never extinguished, the divine sweetnesses and flavors, and everything that forms the life of my Will.

Therefore, do not keep anything of yourself and for yourself, and you will give Us the great glory of having a life of Our Will upon earth, veiled by your mortal guises; and for you, the great good of possessing it. You will feel, flowing within your guises, like rapid sea, the happiness, the joys, the firmness of good, the love that always loves; the sweetnesses, the flavors, the conquests of

your Jesus will be yours too. Your guises will continue the office of pains down here, but will have a life of Divine Will that will sustain them, which will make use of them in order to carry out the life of Its divine conquests and victories within the human guises. Therefore, always forward in my Will.”

Fiat!!!

**July 15, 1934**

***One who lives in the Divine Will places herself in the condition of receiving and of being able to always give to her Creator. How one who prays disburses the money, forms the void, and acquires the capacity to possess what she asks for.***

I was doing my round in the Divine Will, and my little human will, lost within It, burned with the desire to braid all of Its acts, to make them my own, to be able to exercise lordship over everything and hold in my power an infinite glory, an eternal love, innumerable acts, one distinct from the other, that never end, so as to be able to always give love, glory and works to my Creator. As daughter of His Will, I feel the need to possess everything, so as to hold the love that never says enough, and divine acts worthy of the Supreme Majesty. And my always adorable Jesus, almost to confirm to me what I was thinking, told me: “My daughter, for one who does my Will and lives in It, everything is hers; if It gives Itself to the creature, It does not give Itself alone, but there It brings all of Its works, because they are inseparable from It. And It makes use of them in order to let the one who lives in It range freely within It, and be nourished, delighted, enriched, by Its immense riches, and so as to put my Will in the condition of being able to always receive from the creature. If my Divine Volition were not able to give everything, and always give, and always receive from one who lives in Its Will, it would not be a true happy life in It, because the substance of happiness is formed by the new surprises, by the exchanges of gifts, by the diverse and manifold works, each possessing the fount of the multiple joys that one offers to the other. And they attest love to each other, one pours into the other, and in this pouring of oneself they communicate secrets to each other, and the creature makes new discoveries of the Divinity and acquires more knowledges of the Supreme Being. Life in my Will is not a joke, but operating life, and of continuous activity.

Even more, you must know that there is nothing that was done by God, by the Saints or by anyone, which does not give itself to one who lives in my Volition, because there is nothing good that does not belong to It; and just as you feel the need to possess everything, so do all feel the need to give themselves to you. But do you know why they want to pass through the channel of the human will? To give the good that they possess, and to have the good and the glory of their acts doubled for their Creator. So, as you desire to trace them up, so do Our works and those of the whole of Heaven desire to be tracked down. They seem to say, one after the other: ‘Don’t skip me, take me into your power, unite us all together, so that one be the love of all, and the glory to the Supreme Will that delivered us from within Its womb, and gave us life.’ Therefore, the living in my Will is the prodigy of prodigies, is the unity of everything, is to possess everything, to receive and give everything; and since I want to always give to the creature, I ardently long for her into my Fiat, to be able to give what I want and render my desires fulfilled.”

After this, I thought to myself: ‘But, what good comes to me, and what glory do I give to my God by always asking that His Will be known and take Its royal place, which is due to It, in the creatures? It seems to me that I am incapable of asking for anything else; it seems to me that Jesus Himself is tired of hearing me say the same story: “I want your Fiat as life, for me and for all”.’ But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus added: “My blessed daughter, you must know that when the creature prays incessantly to obtain a good, she acquires the capacity in order to possess that good; and by possessing it, she will have the virtue of making it possessed by others. Prayer is like the

disbursement of the money to buy the good that she wants; prayer forms the esteem, the appreciation, the love that is needed to be able to possess it. Prayer forms the void in the soul in which to enclose the good wanted, otherwise, if I want to give it, she will have no place to put it. And besides, you cannot give Me greater glory than asking Me that my Will be known and reign. This is my own prayer, it is the longing and beating of my Heart; these are my ardent yearnings; and you must know that my love for wanting to make my Will known is so great, that unable to hold it back, it pours upon you, and I make you say: *'Thy Fiat come, Thy Will be known.'* So, I am the one who is praying, not you; those are my outpourings of love, my loving outbursts, that feel the need to unify Me with the creature, so that I be not alone praying for so great a good. And to give more value to this prayer, I place in your power my works, the whole Creation, my life, my tears, my pains, that it may not be a prayer of mere words, but prayer given value by my works, life, pains, and tears of mine. Oh! how sweet does your refrain resound to my hearing, your loving singsong, echoed by my own: *'Thy Fiat come, Thy Will be known...'* And if you did not do so, you would suffocate my prayer in you, and I would be left embittered, and would remain alone, alone, praying. But I must tell you, still: do you know why you feel the need to trace all of my works and pains, to ask Me that my Will be known and reign? One who has known It and loves It, in view of the great good, cannot abstain from asking, repeatedly, that all may know It and possess It. Therefore, think that I am with you and I pray together with you, when you feel that you cannot do without praying for the triumph of my Will."

Fiat!!!

**July 20, 1934**

***Everything that comes out of God is all innocent and holy. How Creation is one act alone of Divine Will. Who the triumpher is in the space of the universe.***

My little intelligence feels the irresistible force of the Divine Volition that calls it, that wants it in the midst of all Creation, to let it see and comprehend the harmony, the order of all created things, and how each of them gives its tribute to its Creator. There is not one created thing, be it small or great, destined to occupy the great space of the atmosphere, that does not give its distinct tribute to the One who created it; and even though they have no reason and are mute, yet, by never changing their action, by never moving from the place in which God placed them, it is perennial glory.

So, I was thinking to myself: 'I too occupy the space of the void of Creation; but can I say that I am at my place, wanted by God? Does my human will do always one single act of the Will of God as all Creation does?' But while I was thinking of this, my beloved Jesus, surprising me, all goodness, told me: "My blessed daughter, everything that comes out of Our Supreme Being, is all innocent and holy, nor could any being or thing with the slightest stain, or not containing the utility of a good, ever come out of Our Sanctity and infinite Wisdom. All created things feel in their own nature the creative virtue and therefore the continuous tribute and the glory that is due to Us, because We delivered them out into daylight, and We can do nothing that is stained, even slightly, or anything that is useless. So, everything that is created by Us – everything - is holy, pure and beautiful, and from all of them do We receive the tribute, and Our Will Its fulfilled act. My daughter, there is not one created thing, be it animate or inanimate, which does not begin its life by fulfilling Our Will and giving Us its tribute. Indeed, the whole Creation is nothing other than one act alone of Our Will; It is already at Its royal place, and though unconsciously, yet It holds Its operating life of light in the sun, Its operating life of fortitude and might in the wind, operating life of immensity in the immensity of the space. My Will carries out Its life in each created thing, and holds everyone and everything upon Its lap, in such a way that no one can move, or make any motion, if It does not want it; and the veils

of the created things give Us the continuous tribute and the great glory of the great honor that they are dominated by Our Will.

Now comes the creature: who can say that, except for original sin, a newborn baby is not innocent and holy? And, once he is baptized, who can say that for a period of his life, until an actual sin enters into his soul, the child is not an act of my Will? And if he takes a step, if he speaks, if he thinks, if he makes his little hands move, as all these little acts are wanted and disposed by my Will, are they not tributes and glory that We receive? They might be unconscious, but my Will receives what It wants from that little nature. Sin alone is what makes one lose the sanctity, and puts the operating life of my Will out of the creature; in fact, if there is no sin, We carry her on Our lap, We surround her with Our Sanctity, and therefore she won't be able not to feel within herself the operating life of my Will.

See, then, everyone and everything takes origin and is born together with my Will as innocent, holy and worthy of the One who created them. But who preserves this innocence and sanctity? One who remains always at her place in my Will. She alone is the triumpher in the space of the universe; she carries the flag and reunites the whole army of Creation, to bring to God with speaking voice and with full knowledge, the glory, the honor and the tribute of everything and of everyone. Therefore, it can be said that my Will is everything for the creature – the very first act of her being born as well as the continuation of her preservation; nor does my Will ever leave her, either by way of love, or by way of grace; or by way of operating work, as with one who, voluntarily, lives and is aware of living in It. And if sin carries her away, not even then does It leave her, but It enwraps her with Its dominion within Its punishing justice. So, the creature and all things are inseparable from my Will. Therefore, take to heart my Will alone, recognize It as life, as the Mother that raises you and nourishes you, and wants to make of you Her greatest glory and honor.”

Fiat!!!

**July 24, 1934**

***How God has established all the truths that He must manifest on His Divine Will. How the Divine Will bilocates, repeats and grafts the divine life. How Creation has not ended, but continues.***

I was feeling all immersed in the Divine Volition; all the truths that had been manifested to me which regarded It were crowding my mind and wanted to speak, and speak again, to make themselves known. But, alas, their speaking was of Heaven, too high. I lack many of the terms to be able to repeat their celestial lessons. Only, I felt that they were bearers of ‘sanctity of Heaven’ and of divine joys.

But while I was feeling all immersed in the Fiat, my always lovable Jesus, with an unspeakable love, told me: “My little daughter of my Will, daughter of It as you are, I feel the need of love for my daughter to know Its secrets. If I did not do this often, I would remain drowned by the gigantic waves of love that are unleashed from Me; so, speaking to you of my Will is for Me refreshment, it is relief, it is balm, which mitigate my flames so that I may not remain suffocated and burned by my love. I am the Jesus-all-Love, and I manifest my greatest Love in speaking about my Divine Volition. But do you know why? The essence of Our Life is recognized by the speaking of my Will, and, in my word, my Fiat bilocates and repeats Our Life in the midst of creatures; nor is there greater glory for Us, or fullness of outpouring of Our excessive love, other than in seeing Our Life bilocated, in order to give Itself, graft Itself, centralize Itself in her as Our own dwelling, as much as the creature is capable of. It is one more Kingdom of Our Love and Will that We acquire.

Therefore, Our creative work has not ended, but continues, though not by creating new heavens and suns in the universe - no, no. Rather, Our Divine Fiat has reserved for Itself to continue the Creation by virtue of Its creative power; and as It pronounces Its Fiat of creating, bilocating, repeating Our Divine Life in the midst of creatures, there cannot be a more beautiful continuation of Creation. Therefore, pay attention and listen to Me.

Our Supreme Majesty has established *ab eterno* all the truths of the Divine Will that We have to manifest, and they remain like many queens within Our Divine Being, waiting with invincible love to set their way toward the earth so as to bring, as queens, the great good of these knowledges of Our Fiat to the creatures. And these will perform the role of teachers in order to form the creatures according to the truths that they announce. These queens, my truths, will give the first kiss of the life of the Fiat, and will be endowed with transforming virtues - transforming into the truth itself those who listen to it, and remaining with them, ready for their needs, to help them and instruct them. We will be all love for them, willing to give them whatever they want, as long as they listen to them and let themselves be guided and handled by them.

Now, of all the truths about Our Will, not all of them have yet come out, and those that are left are anxiously waiting to depart from within Our Divinity, to fulfill their office and be bearers and transformers of the good that they possess. And once all the truths We have disposed to issue are manifested, all together, these noble queens will assault Our Divine Being, and like an invincible army, with Our own divine weapons they will conquer Us and will obtain the triumph of the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth. Resisting them will be impossible to Us, and by conquering God, they will also conquer the creatures. This is why my speaking still continues - because not all the queens have come out of Our Divinity to fulfill their office. And since the speaking about my Will is continuation of the Creation from the Fiat that created the universe, just as, then, the creation of the universe was preparation for the creation of man, so today is my speaking about my Fiat nothing other than the continuation of Creation, to prepare the sumptuousness, the decorum, for my Kingdom and for those who will possess It. Therefore, be attentive and let nothing escape you, otherwise you would suffocate an act of my Will, and would force Me to repeat my lessons.”

Fiat!!!

**August 5, 1934**

***Love story of God; the Creation enclosed in man. Sorrowful notes in the divine love.***

I was doing my round in the acts of the Divine Will, and going from one work to another I reached the creation of man; and my sweet Jesus, making me pause, with an unspeakable love, such that He could not contain it, told me: “My daughter, my love makes Me feel the need to speak about the creation of man. Indeed, all Creation is pregnant with Our love, and It says so, though in a mute language; and if It does not speak, It says it with deeds and It is the greatest narrator of Our love toward man. And when in everything was Our love spread out, in such a way that he would not be able to find a single point left uncovered by Our love, running toward him and darting through him more than Sun; when the Creation was completed in everything - then did We create man. But before creating him, listen to the story of Our love toward him: Our Adorable Majesty had established to constitute man king of all Creation, giving him dominion over everything and making him the master over all Our works. But in order for him to be called a true king - with facts, not just words - he was to possess within himself everything that We had spread out in the Creation. Hence, for him to be king of the heavens, of the sun, of the wind, of the sea and of everything, he was to possess within himself a heaven, a sun, and so forth; in such a way that the Creation would be reflected in him, and he, possessing the same qualities, would reflect himself in the Creation and be the master of It. In

fact, if he did not have an eye full of vision, how could he enjoy the light of the sun and take of it as much as he wanted? If he did not have hands and feet to move around the earth and take whatever the earth produces, how could he call himself king of the earth? If he did not have the respiratory organ in order to breathe the air, how could he make use of it? And so with all the rest. Therefore, before creating man, We looked at all Creation in Our emphasis of love and We exclaimed: ‘How beautiful are Our works! But among all, We will make man as the most beautiful; We will centralize everything in him, in such a way that We will find Creation outside and inside of him.’ And as We kept on molding him, so We enclosed in him the heaven of reason, the sun of the intelligence, the rapidity of the wind in his thought, the expanse of the space, fortitude and empire in his will; motion in his soul, in which We enclosed the sea of graces, the celestial air of Our love, and all the senses of the body as the most beautiful flowering. Oh! man, how beautiful you are! But, not yet satisfied, We placed in him the great Sun of Our Will and We gave him the great gift of the word, so that, with deeds and with words, he might be the eloquent narrator of His Creator. He was Our image which We delighted in enriching with Our most beautiful qualities.

But, not yet satisfied with all this, We were taken by such exuberant love toward him, that Our immensity enveloped him completely, everywhere and in each instant; Our all-seeingness looked at him in all things and deep inside the fibers of his heart; Our power sustained him, carrying him everywhere on Our paternal arms; Our life, Our motion, palpitated in his heartbeat, breathed in his breathing, operated in his hands, walked in his feet, and reached the point of making Itself footstool under his steps. Our Paternal Goodness, in order to keep this, Our dear child, safe, placed him in the condition of not being able to separate from Us, nor We from him. What else could We do that We did not do? This is why We love him so much - because he cost Us much. We disbursed for him Our love, Our power, Our Will, and We placed Our infinite wisdom in action; and We wanted nothing other that he would love Us back, and that, freely, he would live in Our Will in everything, and that he would recognize how much We have loved him and done for him. These are Our loving demands. Who, cruel one, would want to deny them to Us? But, alas, there are those who want to deny them to Us, forming their sorrowful notes in Our love. Therefore, be attentive and let your flight in Our Will be continuous.”

After this, I continued my round in the Creation and, incapable of doing anything else, I offered to God the expanse of the heavens to adore Him, the sparkling of the stars as deep genuflections, the light of the sun to love Him. But while I was doing this, I thought to myself: ‘But, the heavens, the stars, the sun, are not animate beings, they have no reason. How can they do what I want?’ And my beloved Jesus, always benign, added: “My daughter, in order to create the Creation, Our ‘wanted and determined Will’ to create It was needed first; and when this, Our Will, wanted it so, It then converted what It wanted into works. So, in each created thing there is Our Will, wanted and operating, which remained always in the act of wanting and operating. Therefore, by offering to Our Supreme Majesty the heavens, the sun, and other things, one offers not the material and superficial thing that can be seen, but the very ‘wanted and operating Will of God’ present inside each created thing. And if they have no reason, there is a divine reason inside, and a ‘wanted and operating Will of God’ that animates everything; and by offering them to Us, one offers the greatest act, the holiest Will, the most beautiful works, not interrupted, but continuous, in which there are the most profound adorations, the love most perfect, the greatest glory that the creature can give Us by means of Our Will, wanted and operating in all Creation. And if the heavens, the stars, the sun, the wind, do not understand anything, my Will and yours understand the way we want to make use of them - and that’s enough.”



Fiat!!!

**September 24, 1934**

***How one who lives in the Divine Will becomes a member of It and acquires the inseparability with all the works of her Creator.***

I feel as if I were swimming within the immense abyss of the Divine Will, and since I am too little, I go about taking, and I can manage to take but tiny little drops of It; and the few I take remain inside of me, as well as inseparable from the Supreme Fiat, and they make me feel the inseparability with It and with all of Its acts. Oh! Divine Will, You love so much one who lives in You, that You do not want to do anything, nor can You do anything without engaging the one who already lives in You. The ardor of your love is so great, as to say: "What I do, you too must do, as you live in Me." It seems to me that You would render Yourself unhappy if You were not able to do and say: "What the creature does, I do; what I do, she does as well."

But while my mind was wandering within It and I felt the strong bonds of Its inseparability, my sweet Jesus, repeating His little visit to my soul, told me: "My little daughter of my Will, you must know that for one who lives in my Will, her inseparability from It is such and so great that there is nothing It does, either in Heaven or in all Creation, without letting one who lives in It take part in it. Just as the body possesses the inseparability with its members, and whatever one member does, all other members centralize themselves in the member that operates - they are aware of everything and all of them participate - in the same way, one who lives in my Will becomes a member of It, and as though naturally, on both sides they feel this inseparability, and whatever one does, the other does as well. Hence, my Volition in Heaven makes all happy, It beatifies, with Its smiles of love It enchants the whole Celestial Court and makes all feel unheard-of joys; while on earth, with one who lives in Its Will, It carries out Its operating life, It sanctifies, It fortifies, and acting as her conqueror, It makes in her as many conquests for as many acts, heartbeats, words, thoughts and steps as she does in It.

Now, Heaven, the Blessed, feel and take part in the operating and conquering life that my Will carries out on earth in the souls who live in It; they feel the inseparability of their acts, breaths and heartbeats, and the happiness of my conquering Will; therefore they feel the new joys, the beautiful surprises that my conquering Fiat knows how to give in the creatures; and since these are conquests of a Divine Will, the Blessed, who already live of It, feel as conquerors of Its gifts and works, and - oh! how many new seas of happiness they enjoy. And, behold, Heaven feels inseparable even from the breaths of the creature who lives in my Will on earth; and the creature, by virtue of It, feels the inseparability with the joys and happinesses of Heaven; the peace of the Saints is hers; the firmness and confirmation in good convert into her very nature; she feels the life of Heaven flow within her members more than blood inside her veins. Everything is inseparable for one who lives in my Will - inseparable from the heavens, from the sun, from the whole of Creation; there is nothing that can separate from her. It seems that everyone and everything say to her: 'We are inseparable from you.' My very pains that I suffered on earth, my life, my works, say to her: 'We are yours.' They surround her, they invest her, they take the place of honor and they bind themselves to her with inseparable bonds. And here is how the creature who lives in my Will feels always little: because, feeling the inseparability with so many works of Mine - of my love, great and innumerable, from my light and sanctity, she is the true tiny little one in the midst of all of my works. But, fortunate little one! - loved by all, as she reaches the point of giving beautiful new conquests and new joys to Heaven. Therefore if you want everything, live always in my Will and you will feel as the happiest creature."

Fiat!!!

**October 7, 1934**

***Reciprocal love between God and the creature. Exchange of action. Labyrinth of love in which one who lives in the Divine Fiat is placed. God, the Sower in the field of souls.***

I am under the eternal waves of the Divine Fiat, and my poor mind feels Its sweet enchantment, Its power and operative virtue which, investing me, makes me do what It does. It seems to me that with Its eye of light, It gives life and gives rise to everything, and with Its empire It rules over everything, It keeps everything into account - not a single breath escapes It. It gives everything and wants everything, but with such love as to seem incredible; and what is most stupefying is that It wants the creature to know what It does, so as to have her, inseparable, with Itself, and let her do what the Divine Will Itself does. I remained enchanted, and my littleness felt lost; if it wasn't for Jesus who stirred me by making me His little visit, I would have remained there, who knows for how long. Then, all goodness and love, He told me: "My good daughter, do not be surprised, everything is possible for one who lives in my Will. There is reciprocal love from both sides - God and the creature - but so great that the human littleness reaches the point of making the acts of God her own, and, as her own, she loves them so much that she would lay down her life in order to defend, love and give all the glory, the first place of honor, to one alone of these divine acts. God, in exchange, makes the acts of the creature His own, He finds His very Self in these acts, the display of His love, the height of His Sanctity; and - oh! how He loves them. And in this reciprocal love, they love each other so much as to remain imprisoned, One within the other; but a voluntary imprisonment, such that, while it renders them inseparable, they feel happy that God feels loved and finds His place inside the creature, and she feels loved by God and holds her own place within the Supreme Being. There is no greater happiness for the creature than to be able to say - and be certain of it - that she is loved by God; and there is no greater happiness for Us than to be loved by the one who was created by Us, and only to love Us and to fulfill Our Will.

Now, while the creature is found within her Creator, she would want everyone to love Him, to recognize Him, and by virtue of the Divine Fiat by which she is animated, she wants to give rise and recall all the acts of creatures within God, so as to be able to say to Him: 'I give You everything, and I love You for all.' Hence, together with the Divine Volition, she makes herself thought for each intelligence, gaze for each eye, word for each voice, heartbeat for each heart, motion for each work, step for each foot. What does one who lives in my Will not want to give Me? Everything and everyone. Therefore she says to my Will: 'I feel the need to possess your love, your power, to be able to have a love that says to You "I love You for all".' So, Our Will lets Us find in her the love and the requital of all the acts of creatures. Oh! my Will, what power you cast the soul into, and into what a labyrinth of love, the one who lives in You! It is such and so great that the human littleness feels drowned with love, and as a refreshment she feels the need to trace everyone, to speak her continuous refrain, 'I love You, I love You', as the outpouring of the great love that my Divine Will gives her. This is Life of Ours, all of love, Our history woven *ab aeterno*<sup>8</sup> - all of love; and so must be one who lives in Our Will; there is to be such accord between her and Us as to form one single act and one single love. Now, my blessed daughter, I want to let you know how We love the creatures, and Our continuous outpourings of love that We pour upon them. Our first act of Our happiness is love and to give love; if We do not give love We lack the breath, the motion and the nourishment for Our Supreme Being. If We do not give love - and it is by deeds that We love - We would stop the

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<sup>8</sup> From Eternity

course of Our Divine Life, which cannot be. Here is why Our devices, Our industriousness, Our stratagems of love are innumerable, and a love not only by words, but by deeds, and operating works without ever ceasing.

Now, just as in Creation We created a sun which, with its operating light and heat, gives light to all, transforms the face of the earth, and keeps sowing in each plant, color in some, fragrance in others, sweetness in some - there is nothing into which the sun does not cast its effect, almost like seed of maturation, so as to render all plants apt to nourishing man and giving him pleasure with many tastes, almost innumerable; in the same way, Our Supreme Being, reserving for Himself the noblest part of man, which is the soul, more than sun We<sup>9</sup> are fixed upon her interior, We dart through it, We mold it, and as We touch it, more than solar light We cast the seed of the thought into the intellect, the seed of the remembrance of Us into her memory, the seed of Our Will into hers, the seed of the word into her voice, the seed of the motion into her works, the seed of Our love into her heart; and so with all the rest. Now, if man is attentive to Us, working the field of his soul together with Us - as We never withdraw Our Divine Sun, day and night, more than tender mother, We remain upon him, now nourishing him, now warming him, now defending him, now working together, and covering him and hiding him in Our love - We will then make a beautiful harvest which will serve him to feed himself of Us, and sing the praises of Our love, of Our power and infinite wisdom. While, if he is not attentive to Us, Our divine seed remains suffocated, without producing the good it possesses; man remains on an empty stomach, without the divine nourishments, and We remain empty of his love. How painful it is to sow without reaping. But in spite of this, Our love is so great that We do not give up, We continue to dart through him, to warm him, almost like a sun that never tires of spreading its coat of light, even if it finds no plants or flowers in which to cast the seed of its effects. Oh, how much more good the sun could do if it did not find so many sterile lands, stony, and abandoned by man. The same for Us: if We found more souls who would pay attention to Us, We would give so many goods as to transform the creatures into living saints and faithful copies of Us.

But in Our Divine Will there is no danger that man would not receive Our daily sowing, or that he would not work together with his Creator in the field of his soul. Therefore, always in my Fiat do I want you; nor should you give a thought to anything else. In this way we will make a beautiful harvest, and you and I will have abundant nourishments, such as to be able to provide for others; and we will be happy of one single happiness.”

Fiat!!!

**October 21, 1934**

***How the characteristic and property of the Divine Will is spontaneity. How all that is beautiful, holy and great is contained in It.***

I am always on the way in the Divine Fiat. My little intelligence never stays still – it runs and runs always, so that I may be present, as much as it is possible for me, together with the race of the incessant acts that the Divine Will does for love of creatures. To think that It loves me always, nor does It ever cease loving me, and I am not running within Its love, to love It back – no, I can't; I feel I would do wrong to It. Instead, I feel I am inside the maze of Its love, and without any effort I love It and I want to investigate Its love, to see how much more It loves me. And I remain surprised in seeing Its immense seas of love, and then my love, just tiny little drops, and what's more, drawn by Its own love.

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<sup>9</sup> Our Supreme Being

So, I am better off remaining inside Its own sea, saying to It: ‘Your love is mine, therefore let us love each other with one single love.’ In this way I calm down, and the Divine Volition is content. It is necessary to take of Its own, to be daring, otherwise one remains without giving anything, with a love so small that it dies on one’s lips.

But while my mind was pouring out nonsense, my sweet Jesus, my dear Life, making His short little visit, in a way that it seemed He took delight in listening to me, told me: “My little daughter, the love, the acts, the sacrifices that are spontaneous, with no strain, done by the creature for Me, are so pleasing to Me that in order to enjoy them more, I enclose them inside my Heart; and my contentment is so great that I keep repeating: ‘How beautiful they are! How sweet is her love! Ah, in them I find my divine way, my spontaneous pains, my love that loves constantly with no one forcing Me or begging Me to. You must know that one of the most beautiful characteristics that my Divine Will possesses by nature, as Its legitimate property and virtue, is spontaneity. Everything is spontaneous in It. If It loves, if It operates, if with one single act It gives life and preserves everything, It makes no effort, nor does It let Itself be begged by anyone. Its motto is: ‘I want, hence I do.’ In fact, an effort implies a necessity, while We have no need of anything, or of anyone. Effort implies lack of power, while We are powerful by nature and all hang upon Our power. In one instant We can do anything, and in another instant, if We want to, We can destroy everything. Effort says lack of love, while Our love is such and so great as to seem incredible. Hence, We created everything without anyone asking Us or saying anything to Us; and in the very Redemption, there was no law over Me, no one could force Me to suffer so much, even unto death, but my law was love and the operative virtue of my divine spontaneity; so much so, that the pains were formed in Me first, I gave them life, and then, investing the creatures, they would give them back to Me; and I, with that same spontaneous love with which I had given them life, so I received them. No one could touch Me had I not wanted it so. So, all that is beautiful, good, holy, great, is in the operating in spontaneous ways. On the other hand, one who operates and loves in a forced way, loses what is best, and his works and love can be called - and indeed are – lifeless; and as a consequence they are subject to mutability, while spontaneity produces firmness in good.

Now, my daughter, the sign that the soul lives in my Divine Will is her loving, operating and also suffering spontaneously; strain does not exist. My Will that keeps her with Itself communicates to her Its own spontaneity, so as to have her with Itself, within Its love that runs, inside Its works that never cease; otherwise it would be a bother for It to keep her inside Its womb of light without the characteristic of Its spontaneous way. Even more, the creature is all eyes to look at my Divine Fiat as she does not want to be left behind but wants to run together with It, to love with Its love and to be present inside Its works, in order to requite It and sing the praises of Its power and creative magnificence. Therefore, run, run always, and let your soul, with no effort, plunge itself into my Divine Volition, so as to go through Its ways together with It - loving ways, and filled with stratagems for love of creatures.”

Fiat!!!

**November 5, 1934**

***True love in the creature forms its own little place inside the Divine works, to be able to enclose the life of the Divine Will.***

I feel an irresistible force that never lets me stay still, and it seems that each created thing and all that my sweet Jesus has done and suffered, says to me: ‘I have created this for you, for love of you. And you? Don’t you want to put anything of your own for love of Me in what I have done for you? I have cried for you, I have suffered, I have died for you. And what about you? Don’t you want

to put something inside my tears, into my pains, in my death? The whole of my Being seeks you. And you? Don't you want to invest and search all of my things in order to envelop them and enclose them inside your 'I love You'? I am all love for you. And you? Don't you want to be all love for Me?'

I remain confounded, and my poor mind starts off the race of the acts done by the Divine Will, so as to be able to say: 'I too have put something of my own into your acts, be it even a little 'I love You' of mine; but in that 'I love You' I place the whole of myself.' But while I was doing my race, my sweet Jesus, surprising me with His short little visit, all goodness, told me: "My blessed daughter, you must know that true love in the creature puts Me in the condition of forgetting everything, and of disposing Myself to concede that my Will come to reign upon earth. Not that I suffer forgetfulness – this cannot be in Me, it would be a flaw – but rather, I take such delight in the true love of the creature, when I find that all the particles of her being tell Me that they love Me, and pouring out this love for Me, she invests Me and runs through my whole Being, in my works, and as though kneading herself with Me she makes Me feel her love everywhere and in every place. And I, to enjoy this love of the creature, I put everything aside, and as though forgetting about it, she inclines Me so much as to dispose Me and impose herself over Me, to give her surprising things and whatever she wants, and even the Kingdom of my Will. True love holds such power as to call my Will as life into the human being.

You must know that when I stretched out the heavens and created the sun, even then, in my all-seeingness, I saw your love running through the heavens, investing the light of the sun, and forming in all created things a little place for you to love Me. And – oh! how I rejoiced; and from that time my Will ran toward you and those who would love Me, so as to give of Itself as life, within that tiny little place of love. See, then, how my Will covered all centuries, It gathered them into one single point, all of them in act, and I found the place of love in which to put Its life, so as to continue It with all of Its divine majesty and decorum.

Then I came upon earth; but do you know where I found the little place in which to enclose my life? In the true love of the creature. From that time I already saw your love which, surrounding Me like a crown, invested my whole Humanity and flowed within my Blood, through each little particle of Me, almost being kneaded with Me. Everything was in act for Me, and as though present, and my tears found the little place in which to pour themselves; my love, my pains, my life, the refuge in which to remain safe; and my death found even the resurrection within the true love of the creature; and my Divine Will found Its Kingdom in which to reign. Therefore, if you want my Divine Will to come and reign as life in the creatures, let Me find your love everywhere, in every place and inside each thing; let Me feel it always. With it you will form the stake on which to burn everything; such that, consuming all that is not my Will, it will form the place in which my Will can be enclosed. Then will all my works find a receptacle, their hiding place from which to be able to continue the good and the operating virtue they possess. And so, on both sides, we will exchange places – you will find your little place in Me and in all of my works; and I will find it in you and in all your acts. Therefore, always forward in my Divine Will, to form the stake of love on which you will burn, as well as all the impediments that prevent Its reigning in the midst of creatures."

Fiat!!!

**November 18, 1934**

***Love of God in the Creation. The glory that Creation would have given Him had It possessed reason. The sacrifice that Love makes of Its glory; Its continuous cry. The army armed with love; exchanges of love between God and the creature.***

I am always in search of the acts that the Divine Will does continuously; and since It never lets Itself be found doing nothing, but always in operating act – oh! how beautiful it is to be able to say to my Creator that His Divine Fiat loves me so much that It is now stretching out the heavens, creating the sun, giving life to the wind and to all other things, because He loves me. And His love is so great, that He tells me – with deeds and with words: “For you I do this - not ‘did’, but ‘do’. For Us, creating Our works costs Us as much as preserving them.”

So, I was going around in the Creation, and the heavens, the stars, the sun and everything, seemed to come toward me with their refrain: ‘For you did our Creator create us, because He loves you. Therefore, come to love Him, who has loved you so much.’ I was wandering within created things, and my always lovable Jesus, coming toward me, making me pause, told me: “My little daughter of my Divine Volition, Our love in Creation was so great – and it still is – that if the creature paid attention she would remain drowned by Our love, and would be able to do nothing but love Us. Listen, my daughter, to what extent Our love reached for the creature: We created the Creation completely without reason. Oh! had We endowed It with reason, what glory would It not have given Us! A heaven always stretched out without ever moving from its place, because such was Our Will! A sun that, faithfully, while never changing, acts as the administrator of Our light, of Our love, of Our sweetness, of Our fragrances and of all Our goods, without ever changing its action, and only because so We wanted! If it had reason, what glory would it not have given Us? A wind that always blows, ruling within the great void of the universe; a sea that always murmurs... Had they possessed reason, how much glory would they not have given to Us? But, no! The cry of Our love cried out louder than Our glory, and almost prevented Us from giving reason to Creation; and crying out loudly it said to Us: ‘It is for love of the creature that We have created everything. Hence, to her give reason, that she may come into the heavens to requite Us with incessant love and perennial glory, because We stretched out a heaven over her head. And in each star, let Us hear her cry of love that loves Us with unmovable love. Let her come into the sun, and transforming herself into it, as if it were her own, let her requite Us with love of light, with love of sweetness, and give Us requital of love for the administration of Our goods that the sun gives to her.’

Therefore, We want the creature in all created things by right of justice, that she may give Us the requital that they would have given Us if all Creation had reason. This is why, then, We endowed her with reason, and We want Our Will to dominate her and hold Its royal place in her as It does in the Creation; so that, being unified with all created things, she might comprehend all of Our notes of love toward her, and would requite Us with her own notes of incessant love and of perennial glory. We never cease loving her, with deeds as well as with words, and she is obliged to love Us always and not to fall behind, but come toward Us and place her love upon Our same loving notes.

Furthermore, Our love that never says ‘enough’ wants to always give to the creature, nor is it content if it does not find new inventions of love in order to say to her: ‘I have loved you always, and with love operating.’ Therefore, Our Fiat placed inside each created thing and invested them with a love, one distinct from the other, so as to say to her: ‘I love you powerfully’; while in another it placed the sweetness of Our love, someplace else the loveliness, somewhere the gentleness, and somewhere else Our love that enraptures, that binds, that conquers, in such a way that the creature would not be able to resist Us. In sum, in each created thing We placed the weapon of Our distinct love. We can say that Our Fiat put out in Creation an army armed with love, with weapons, one more powerful than the other; and by endowing the creature with reason, she was to comprehend and receive these weapons of love by means of created things. And by remaining invested with these specialties of weapons of love, she would be able to tell Us, not only with words, but with deeds, just as We do: ‘I love You with powerful love; my love for You is sweet, it is lovable and gentle, so much so, that I feel myself languishing, I feel faint, I feel the need of your arms to sustain me; and,

upheld by You, I feel that my love enraptures You, binds You, conquers You. These are the same weapons of love with which You armed me, that are loving You, and are waging battle in order for us to love each other.’

My daughter, how much hidden love does Creation contain! And since the creature does not elevate herself into Our Will, does not come to live in It, in spite of her possessing reason, she comprehends nothing about It, and We remain without the requital due to Us by justice. And Our love – what does it do? With invincible patience it waits and continues to cry out that it wants to be loved by the creature, because for love of her it would have sacrificed an interminable glory, had it given reason to all Creation, for love of the creatures. Therefore, be attentive to live inside Our Divine Will, so that, by making Itself the revealer of Our love, It may equip you with the weapons to make Us loved, with the qualities of Our own love; and – oh! how content I will be; and you too will be content.”

Fiat!!!

**November 25, 1934**

***To live in the Divine Will is like the living between Father and son. The acts of the creature are visits to the Celestial Father. Divine abyss in which one who lives in the Divine Will is placed.***

I am always back into the celestial inheritance of the Divine Fiat. In each act I do it seems to me that I return into the arms of my Celestial Father – but, to do what? To receive a gaze, a kiss, a caress, a little word of love, one more knowledge of His Supreme Being, so as to be able to love Him more, and not only to receive, but also to give Him the requital of His Paternal tendernesses. In the Divine Volition nothing else is done other than God carrying out His Paternity with a love tender and unspeakable, as though He were waiting for the creature in order to rock her in His arms, to say to her: “Know that I am your Father, and you are my daughter. Oh! how I love the crown of my children around Me. With them around Me I feel happier, I feel I am Father, and there is no greater contentment than possessing a numerous offspring that shows their love and sonship toward their Father.” And by entering into the Divine Volition the creature does nothing other than act as the daughter of her Father. On the other hand, outside of the Divine Will the rights of Paternity and of sonship cease.

But while my mind was wandering amid the crowd of so many thoughts about the Divine Fiat, the Celestial Sovereign, Jesus, my dear Life, surprising me, with a love more than Paternal, in act of taking me into His arms, told me: “Daughter of Mine, my daughter, if you knew my yearnings, my longing, and how I wait and wait again to see you return into my Will, you would be more attentive to come back to It more often. My love reaches the point of rendering Me restless when I don’t see you leap into my arms, that I may give you my love, my Paternal tendernesses, and receive yours. But do you know when it is that you leap into my arms? When, seeing yourself as so very little, you want to love Me and don’t know how to love Me; you tell Me an ‘I love You’, and your ‘I love You’ forms the leap in order for you to fling yourself into my arms. And since you see that your ‘I love You’ is small, brave, you take my love and you tell Me an ‘I love You’ so very big; and I enjoy that my daughter loves Me with my love, and I greatly delight in exchanging my acts with those of the creature. After all, in my Will it is not to strangers that I give, such that I would have to use one weight and one measure; but I give to my own children, therefore I let them take whatever they want. So, each time you remember to let your acts flow in my Will, be it your prayer, your pains, your ‘I love You’, your work, those are little visits that you make to your Father – for you to ask for something, and for Him to say to you: ‘Tell Me, what would you like?’ And be sure that you will always obtain more gifts and favors.”

Jesus became silent, and I felt the extreme need to rest in His arms, to be restored from the so many privations of Him; but to my surprise, I saw sweet Jesus with a brush in His hands, painting in my soul with such admirable mastery, vividly, the acts of the Divine Will done in Creation and Redemption. And then, resuming His speech, He added: “My Will encloses everything, inside and outside of Itself, and wherever It reigns It knows not how to be, nor can It be, without the life of Its acts. Indeed, Its acts can be called the arms, the step, the word, of my Will; therefore, for my Will to be present in the creature without Its works, it would be like a broken life – which cannot be. This is why I do nothing other than portray, by brushstrokes, Its works, so that, there where the life is, Its works may be centralized. See then, in what a divine abyss lies the creature who possesses my Will: inside of her she feels Its life, together with all of Its works, centralized within her littleness, as much as it is possible for a creature; outside of herself she feels Its endlessness, whose boundaries cannot be seen; and because of the communicative force It possesses, she feels as though under a pouring rain that pours onto her Its works, Its love, the multiplicity of Its divine goods. My Divine Will encloses everything and wants to give everything to the creature. It wants to be able to say: ‘Nothing have I denied; everything I have given to one who lives in my Will’.”

Fiat!!!

**January 20, 1935**

***The living in the Divine Will makes the creature feel the Paternity of her Creator, and she feels she has the right to be His daughter. Three prerogatives that one who lives in It acquires.***

My poor mind wanders within the Divine Volition, but so much, that I cannot repeat what it comprehends, or what I experience inside that celestial dwelling of the Divine Fiat. I can only say that I feel the Divine Paternity which, with all love, waits for me to come into Its arms so as to tell me: “We are just like between children and Father. Come to enjoy my Paternal tendernesses, my loving traits, my infinite sweetnesses. Let Me be Father to you. There is no greater delight I experience than to be able to carry out my Paternity. And you, come without fear, come to give Me your daughtership; give Me the love, the tendernesses, of a daughter. My Will being one with yours, gives to Me the Paternity toward you, and to you It gives the right of daughter.”

Oh! Divine Will, how admirable and powerful You are. You alone have the virtue of rejoining any distance or dissimilarity with our Celestial Father. It seems to me that the living in You is precisely this: to feel the Divine Paternity, and to feel oneself as the child of the Supreme Being.

But while my mind was crowded by so many thoughts about It, my sweet Jesus, making me His short little visit, told me: “My blessed daughter, to live in my Will is precisely this: to acquire the right of daughter, and for God to acquire the supremacy, the command, the right of Father. It alone can unite together one and the other, and make of them one single life.

Now, you must know that one who lives in my Divine Will acquires three prerogatives. First: the right of divine life. Everything she does, it is life that she feels; if she loves she feels the life of love and, as life, she feels it flow within her mind, in her breath, into her heart, in everything. She feels the vital virtue that forms within herself, not only the act, which is subject to ceasing, but the continuation of an act that forms the life. If she prays, if she adores, if she repairs, she feels the incessant life of prayer, of adoration, of reparation – not human, but divine, which is not subject to interruption. So, each act done in my Will is a vital act that the soul acquires. In It everything is life, and the soul acquires the life of the good that she does in It. How great the difference between a good that possesses life, and a good or act such that, as she does it, the life of that act ends. As life, she holds it in her power and she feels the continuation of the life of that good. On the other hand, as act, she will not hold it in her power, nor will she feel the continuation of it; and whatever is not



continuous cannot be called life. And only in my Will can these acts full of life be found, because they have the divine life as their origin, which is not subject to ending and therefore it can give life to everything and to everyone. On the other hand, outside of It, all things, even the greatest works, find their end, and – oh! what a beautiful prerogative that only my Will can give: the soul feeling her acts changed into perennial divine life.

Now, after the first prerogative, the second one enters the field - that is, the right of property. But who endows her? Who constitutes her the owner? My same Will, because in It there is no poverty, everything is abundance – abundance of sanctity, of light, of graces, of love; and since she possesses these as life, it is right that she possess these divine properties as her own. So, she feels as owner of sanctity, owner of light, of grace, of love, and of all the divine goods. And only in my Will there is this ownership. Outside of It everything is given in measure, and without rendering them the owners. What difference between the two!

From the second prerogative the third arises: the right of glory. There is nothing she does, small or great, natural or supernatural, in which she is not given the right of glory – right to glorify, in each thing, even in the breath and in the heartbeat, their Creator; and the right to be glorified themselves, in the glory of the One who is such that there is no glory that does not come from Him. Therefore, in my Will you will find everything, and all at your disposal; and by right, not human, but divine, because my Will Itself loves to give you these, Its divine rights, loving the creature as Its own true daughter.”

Fiat!!!

**February 24, 1935**

***Reason, the eye of the soul, is the light that makes the creature know the beauty of her good works. What the rights of the Divine Will are. How in It there are no intentions, but acts.***

I am always in the arms of the Divine Will, and although amid the intense bitternesses of the privations of my sweet Jesus, which, more than sea, inundate my poor soul, Its light is inaccessible, and it is not given to me to be able to enclose it completely into my soul, or to comprehend it. It never leaves me; even more, surpassing the sea of my bitternesses, It makes use of them as victory and conquest It accomplishes over my poor human will. So, I was thinking to myself that all the value, all the good, it seems to me that it is all of the Divine Will, and nothing is left for me. But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus, my dear life, making me His short little visit, all goodness, told me: “My blessed daughter, you must know that We endowed the creature with reason, that she might know the good or the evil she would do; and in each act that she would do, if good, she might be endowed with new merit, new grace, new beauty and greater union with her Creator; if evil, she would suffer the penalty for it, a pain that would make her feel her weakness and her detaching herself from the One who had created her. Reason is the eye of the soul, and the light which, while leading the creature, makes her know the beauty of her good works, the fruits of her sacrifices; and which knows how to torment her when she does evil. Reason possesses this virtue: if the creature does what is good, her reason feels at its place of honor, and as king of the creature, it maintains the order, and by virtue of the merit she acquires, the creature feels strength and peace; while if she does evil, she feels all distraught, and the slave of her own evils.

Now, if the creature does her good acts in my Divine Will, by virtue of the reason she possesses, we give her the merit of the divine acts. Merit is given to her according to her knowledge, and depending on how her human will wants to operate. If it wants to operate in Our Will, it rises so high, leaving down below the plane of the human actions, however good; but rather, coming into Our Divine Volition, like a sponge it plunges itself into It, and remains soaked with Its acts of light, of

sanctity, of love, in such a way that its act disappears within Our own, while Our divine act appears anew. Therefore, by justice, divine merit must flow in it, and since all human prestige is lost in Our Divine Will, it may seem that the creature has done nothing; but that is not true: if Our Will operates, it is by virtue of the thread of the human will It has received into Its hands, which forms Its triumph and Its conquests over the act of the creature; as well as by virtue of the human reason, which voluntarily comes to surrender the rights received, as homage and submission to the One from whom it had received. And this is more than doing, because God has received the requital of the most beautiful gifts He gave to the creature – that is, reason and the will. With these the creature gives Us everything she can give Us, she recognizes Us, she strips herself of herself, she loves Us with pure love; and Our love is so great that We clothe her with Ourselves, We give her Our works, in such a way that We and she can say: ‘Let us do this together’. We will put Ourselves in a condition such that the creature will not be able to do anything without Our Will. And Our goodness is so great, that even when the creature does good in a human way, since reason always runs within any good, We give her the human merit, because it is Our usual way not to leave any good act of the creature without its reward. It can be said that We are all eyes over her to see what merit We can give her.”

After this He remained silent, and I continued to think of how this Divine Will is all eyes over us, loves Us so much and never leaves us for one instant; and my sweet Jesus continued, saying: “My daughter, my Divine Will is everything for the creature. Without It she would not be able to live even for one minute. All of her acts, motions and steps can be called spoon-feeding and child-bearing that my Will does and the creature receives; she feels them inside of her and does not know either who it is that feeds her, or who gives life to her life. So, for many it is as if my Will did not exist for them, and they do not give It the rights due and befitting to It. Therefore, it is necessary to know what these rights of my Divine Will are, so that, by knowing them, the creatures may requite It and know Who it is that gives life to their lives, such that they are nothing but the wrapping, or the statues, animated by It.

Now, Its rights are innumerable: right of creation, right of conservation, of continuous animation; everything It created and which serves the wellbeing of man constitutes Its right over him. Therefore, the sun, the air, the wind, the water, the earth and everything, have been created and given to man by my Will; hence, as many things as It gave him, so many more are the right It holds over him. My Redemption, the forgiveness after sin, my grace, the upright operating, are greater rights It acquires over him. It can be said that the creature is as though kneaded within my Will; yet, It is not known. What sorrow, not to be recognized!

Now, in order to obtain the triumph, the life, of my Will in the creature, it is necessary for her to know what It did and what It does for love of her, and what Its just rights are. Once she has known this, she will put herself in order with my Volition, she will feel Who it is that gives her life, Who moves within her motion, Who palpitates inside her heart; and while receiving from my Will the life that forms her life, she will give back to It, as homage, love and glory, that very life which my Will forms in her. And so will my Will receive Its rights - receiving back into Its womb of light everything that belongs to It and which, with so much love, It had given to the creature. In sum, It will feel the creature, whom It had created with so much love, being reborn anew in Its arms. Oh! if all knew the rights of my Will, Its ardent and constant love, which is such that while It gives her life, more than Mother, putting her out to the light of day, Its jealousy of love is so great, that It does not leave her for one instant, It invests her inside and out, above and below, to the right and to the left; and even if the creature does not know It or love It, with divine heroism my Will continues to love her and make Itself life and bearer of the acts of the creature. Oh! my Will, You alone know how to love with

heroic, strong, incredible and infinite love the one whom You created and does not even recognize You. Human ingratitude, how great you are!”

Then, I felt I could touch with my own hand the great love of the Divine Fiat, and I thought to myself: ‘How can one live in It? Perhaps by always placing the intention of living in It?’ And my always lovable Jesus added: “My good daughter, in the living in my Will there are no intentions. The intention is needed when acts cannot be done because that which has the virtue of giving life to all the good that the creature wants to do, is missing; and this is outside of the living in my Will; and to those I give the merit, not as acts, but as holy intentions. On the other hand, in my Will there is the vivifying, acting and operating virtue, in such a way that whatever the creature wants to do, she finds That which forms the life of her acts; she feels the vivifying force that vivifies her act and converts it into works. Therefore, in my Will all things change, all things possess the life: love, prayer, adoration, the good that one wants to do, and all the virtues, are full of life, hence not subject to ending or changing, because That which administers life to them keeps them with Itself, to live life together; and I give them the merit as works animated by my Will.

What difference between the intention and the works! The intention is symbolized by the poor, the sick, who, being unable to, would want at least with their goodwill to exercise charity, propagate what is good, and do who knows how many beautiful things. However, poverty and infirmity hinder them and render them almost like prisoners, unable to carry out the good that they want. On the other hand, the operating in my Divine Will is symbolized by a rich man who, having the riches at his disposal, gives no value to an intention, because if he wants to, he can do charity, he can go wherever he wants, he can do good to all, he can help all. Riches in my Will are such and so many, that the creature gets lost in It and, full-handed, she can take whatever she wants in order to help all; and, what’s more, without clamor or noise, almost like quiet light – she holds out the help, and withdraws.”

Fiat!!!

**March 10, 1935**

***Whatever is done in the Divine Will does not remain at the low level of the earth, but departs for Heaven, to take its royal place in the Celestial Fatherland.***

I am always back into the endless sea of the Divine Will, to take the little drops of It that nourish, preserve and raise the life of the Divine Will that I feel within me. So, each truth about It is a banquet that Jesus gives me – fully Celestial and Divine, to nourish me and the Supreme Fiat. Each truth is a hem of Heaven that descends into me, and surrounding me, He waits until I do my acts so as to take them up with Him to the Celestial Fatherland.

So, while I was wandering within Its divine light, my beloved Good, Jesus, repeating His short little visit, told me: “My blessed daughter, Heaven is always open for one who lives in my Will. My Will lowers Itself and does together with the creature whatever she does. It loves together, It works, It prays, suffers, adores, repairs and loves so much these acts done together with It, that It does not leave them at the low level of the earth, but takes them up with It into the Celestial dwelling, to let them take their royal place as conquests made in the low world, which belong to It and to Its beloved creature. Whatever is done in my Volition belongs to Heaven – the earth is not worthy to possess it. And – oh! the security, the happiness, that the creature acquires thinking that her acts are in the Divine Fiat’s power, and are present in Heaven as her properties, not human, but Divine, waiting for her, wanting to court her and form her throne of glory. The love, the jealousy, the identification that my Will feels with these acts done in It is so great, that It does not even leave them inside the creature, but keeps them with Itself as births of Its life and births of the creature, so as to enjoy them

and feel the delight of being loved, and as an anticipation It must give her of the glory in the Celestial Fatherland. These acts done in my Will act as narrators of the love story between the Creator and the creature, and there is no greater delight than hearing the narration of how much I have loved, how my love reaches the excess, to the point of lowering Myself, wanting to do what the creature does together with her. Not only this, but she narrates to Me her love, as she has received my act into her own; therefore a reciprocal love is formed between one and the other, that makes us mutually happy. Oh! how beautiful it is to see that while she is still crossing the exile, her acts are in Heaven, as conquests of Mine, which I made in the human will. And each taking their office, some love Me the way I can love, some adore Me with divine adorations, and some form for Me celestial melodies, to sing hymns to Me, praise Me and thank Me for the great portent of the operating of my Will. Therefore, be attentive and let nothing escape you in which you do not call my Will, so that the acts you do may be animated by my Divine Will.”

Then, I continued to think about the Supreme Fiat. Many thoughts were crowding my mind, and my lovable Jesus added: “My daughter, the creature was created by Us fully in order with Us, therefore it is her sacrosanct duty, in everything she does, to call the One who created her, to give Him dominion and the royal place that is due to Him by right inside her act. In this way would the act of the creature receive the honor of possessing within itself a strength, a light, an act, which are Divine. It is Our Will for her to be filled completely with the Divine Being; and if she does not do so, she denies a right of Ours, she puts Us out of her acts; and her acts remain as human acts emptied of divine strength and light, with such thick darkness that her intelligence sees many black shadows, such that only gropingly can she take a few steps. Just pain, for one who can turn on the light but does not do it, one who can call upon strength and does not call; and while still making use of the preserving and acting act and work of God, she puts it out of her act.

Now, it is Our decree that no one can enter into Heaven if his soul is not filled up to the brim, all with Our Will and Our love – a little void of these is enough for Heaven not to open to the creature. Here then, the necessity of Purgatory – to be emptied, by dint of pains and of fire, of everything that is human, and be filled, by dint of longing, of yearning and of martyrdoms, with pure love and with Divine Will, so as to be able to enter the Celestial Fatherland; but still, without acquiring, in spite of so many pains, either any merit or any additional glory, but only to meet the necessary condition in order to be admitted into the Celestial dwelling. On the other hand, had they done this on earth, by calling Our life in all their acts, each act would be a greater glory, one more beauty, sealed by the works of their Creator. Oh! with how much love are these souls received, who in their acts have given the place to the divine act. In meeting with Us, We recognize Ourselves in the creature, and she recognizes herself in Us; and recognizing each other, the happiness on both sides is such and so great, that the whole of Heaven remains astounded in seeing the joys, the glory, the beatitudes that the Supreme Being pours over this fortunate creature. Therefore, always in my Will and in my love do I want you, so that love may burn up whatever does not belong to Me, and my Will, with Its brush of light, may form Our act inside your act.”

Fiat!!!

**March 19, 1935**

***The Divine Will and the human will, two spiritual powers. How easy it is for one who wants to possess It as life. How Jesus does not teach nor wants impossible things.***

I feel as though I am being swept into the eternal waves of the Divine Volition. I feel Its continuous motion, murmuring continuously as life. But what does It murmur? It murmurs love and gives love to all, It murmurs and gives happiness, It murmurs and fortifies, It murmurs and gives

light, It murmurs and gives life to all, preserves all and forms the act of all, invests everything, envelops and hides everything within Itself, so as to give Itself to all and receive everything. Oh! Power of the Divine Volition – oh, how I wish to possess You as life inside my soul, live in You, to know no other life but Yours. But, oh! how far away I am from this. It takes too much to get to live of Divine Will.

But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus, my dear Life, surprising me, all goodness, told me: “My blessed daughter, tell Me – what do you want? Do you want my Will to reign and live in you as life? If you truly want this, everything is done. In fact, Our love and ardent desire for the creature to possess Our Will as life, to make her live of It, is so great that as soon as her human will truly wants it, so does Our own fill the human volition with Our Supreme Volition, to form in it Its life and live in her as in Its own center.

You must know that the Divine Will and the human will are two spiritual powers: the Divine, immense, of an unreachable power; the human, small power. But, however small, it does have its power. And since both are spiritual, one can pour itself into the other and form one single life. All the power is in the wanting, and, it being a spiritual power, it has the capacity to be able to place inside of itself the good it wants, and also the evil. So, whatever the will wants, that is what it finds within itself. If it wants self-esteem, glory, love of pleasures or riches, it will find inside the will the life of self-esteem, of glory, the life of pleasures, of riches; and if it wants sin, even sin will form its life. Even more so, if it wants the life of Our Will into its own – wanted, commanded by Us with such great longing – if it truly wants It, it will have the great good of possessing Our Will as life. And if it were not so, the sanctity of living in my Will would be a difficult sanctity, and almost impossible, while neither do I know how to teach difficult things, nor do I want impossible things. On the contrary, it is my usual way to facilitate, as much as it is possible for the creature, the most difficult things and the hardest sacrifices; and if needed, I put something of my own so that the small power of her will may be sustained, aided, animated by the invincible power of Mine, and in this way render easy the good or the life of my Volition that the creature wants to possess. And my love is so great, that in order to facilitate her even more, I whisper to the ear of her heart: ‘If you really want to do this good, I Myself will do it together with you, I will not leave you alone, I will place at your disposal my grace, my strength, my light, my sanctity; it will be the two of us doing the good you want to possess.’ Therefore, it does not take too much to live of my Will; the ‘too much’ is in wanting it, but if the creature makes up her mind and wants it, firmly and perseveringly, she has already won my Will and has made It her own.

Oh! how many things can the human will enclose. It being spiritual power, that collects much and disperses nothing, it resembles the light of the sun: how many things does the sun not enclose while one can see nothing but light and heat? Yet, the goods it encloses are almost innumerable, and it shows how as soon as it touches the earth, so does it communicate admirable goods. Yet, one sees nothing but light. Such is the human will: how many goods can it not enclose if it wants to? It can enclose love, sanctity, light, reparation, patience, all of the virtues, and even its Creator Himself. Being spiritual power, it has the virtue and capacity of enclosing everything it wants; and it has not only the power to enclose the good it wants, but that of being transmuted into the good it encloses. So, the human will changes into the nature of the good it wants; and even though it might not do many of the things it truly wants, in the will they remain as though done, and it shows how, when the occasion arises to do that good it wanted, by possessing the life of it, with promptness, with all love, without hesitating a bit, it does that good it had been wanting to do for a long time. This is symbolized by the sun which, finding neither the seed nor the flower, it does not give the good of maturing the seed, or the good of coloring the flowers; but as soon as it is given the chance to touch them with its light, by possessing the life, it immediately gives maturation to the seed, and color to

the flowers. The human will possesses, with indelible characters, everything it does and wants to do; and if the memory forgets, the will loses nothing, it contains the deposit of all of its acts, unable to disperse anything. Therefore it can be said that the whole of man is in his will: if the will is holy, even the most indifferent things are holy for him; but if it is evil, maybe even good itself changes for him into a perverted act.

So, if you truly want my Divine Will as life, it does not take too much; more so, since united to yours there is Mine that wants it, there is a power that can do anything; and on your part it will show by deeds if in all things you will conduct yourself as the possessor of a Divine Will. Therefore, be attentive, and let your flight be always continuous in the Supreme Fiat.”

Fiat!!!

**April 12, 1935**

***One who lives in the Divine Will lays down her remains, reduces herself to nothing, and the All forms Its life within that nothing. How the Celestial Queen loved us in Her Conception. Prodigies that the Divine Volition did in Her.***

I feel I am the little atom, or rather, the ‘nothing’ dissolved in the All of the Divine Volition. Oh, how this All, within the ‘nothing’ of the creature, feels Its Life being free, Its Power operating, Its virtue creating, such that whatever It wants It can do inside this ‘nothing’. It can be said that this ‘nothing’ is the amusement of the Divine Fiat which, with Its dominion, invests it, attracts it, captivates it, fills it; and the ‘nothing’ lets It do anything, and not one thing does it disperse of the goods it receives.

Now, while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, making me His short little visit, told me: “My daughter, when the soul lives in my Divine Will, she lays down her remains, she empties herself of everything, in such a way that what is left is the pure ‘nothing’, and my Volition invests it, fills it with the All, dominates it, and forms in it prodigies of sanctity, of grace, of beauty, worthy of Its creative power. But, what’s more, in this void of the ‘nothing’ It generates Its love and there It forms Its divine life, and It becomes dominator of the ‘nothing’ and of Its very divine life formed in It. And, oh! Its love for this ‘nothing’ reaches such extent as to render it dominating at the same time together with the Supreme Fiat. And since its dominion comes to it from the All it possesses, it feels Its same dominating virtue and dominates the very Divine Will. So, they are both<sup>10</sup> dominating, but with highest accord, possessing one same love and one same Will. The human will feels its life within Mine and does nothing if it does not feel my operating act that wants to operate, in order to do it together. And my Will feels my Life within its life, and with Its dominion It imposes Itself over the ‘nothing’, so as to let it operate within the All. Therefore, as soon as the creature makes up her mind, with firm will, of wanting to live in Mine, my Volition gives the start of forming Its life in it.

There is no will which does not possess its life, through which it carries out its goodness, its power, its sanctity, the fullness of its love. Life is the manifestation of the will it possesses, it is the garment that covers it, it is the sound of its voice, it is the narrator of its wonders, of its infinity, of its power. Therefore, my Divine Will is not content with making the creature live in It – the ‘nothing’ within the All. No, no, only then is It content when It encloses the All inside the ‘nothing’, forming in it Its life dominating and operating, and doing whatever It wants inside that ‘nothing’. This is why, when I speak to you about my Will, it is your Jesus that speaks to you, because I Myself am the life of It, Its representative, the narrator of my Fiat, which I hide within Me. Hence, the greatest prodigy is

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<sup>10</sup> the ‘nothing’ and the All

to form my Divine Life in the nothingness of the creature; and my Will alone has this virtue, because by possessing the creative power, It can create Itself, Its life, in one who wants to receive It. Now, by possessing my life, the soul takes part in my sanctity, in my love, and, oh! how beautiful it is to hear that the ‘nothing’ says together with the All: ‘Love! Glory!’ And with the dominating force it feels, it diffuses itself within the divine acts and dominates together with my Will. For Us there is no greater contentment: to hear the ‘nothing’ operating and dominating in Our Divine Being. Therefore, be attentive to live always in my Will.”

After this, I continued my round in the Divine Will, and as I arrived at the Immaculate Conception, my sweet Jesus made me pause, telling me: “My daughter, I want to make you penetrate deeper inside the Immaculate Conception of my Most Holy Mother; Its prodigies, how She loved Her Creator, and how for love of Us She loved all creatures. The little Queen, in the act of being conceived, began Her life together with the Divine Will, and therefore together with Her Creator. So, She felt the strength, the immensity, the ardor of the Divine Love; and these were so great that She felt dissolved, drowned in love, as to be unable to do nothing other than love the One who so much loved Her. She felt loved, but so much, to the point of being given His Will into Her power, to be kept as Her own life. This can be called the greatest love of God, the love most heroic, the love which alone can say: ‘I have nothing left to give you – I have given you everything.’ And the little Queen made use of this life in order to love Him back for as much as She was loved. She would not lose one instant without loving Him, and trying to match Him in loving.

Now, Our Divine Will which possesses the All-seeingness of everything, hid nothing from Her, It made all human generations present to this Holy Creature, and each sin they had committed and would commit; and even from the first instant of Her conception, the Celestial Little One, who knew no other life than the Divine Will alone, began to grieve with divine sorrow over each sin of creature, so much so as to form around each of their sins a sea of divine love and sorrow. My Will, which knows not how to do small things, formed inside Her beautiful soul seas of sorrow and of love for each sin and for each creature. Therefore, the Holy Little Virgin, from the very first instant of Her life, was Queen of Sorrow and of Love, because Our omnipotent Will gave Her such sorrow and love, that if It had not sustained Her with Its power, She would have died for each sin, and be consumed with love so many times for as many creatures as would exist. And Our Divinity began to receive, by virtue of Our Will, divine sorrow and divine love for all and for each one. Oh! how We felt satisfied and repaid for all; and by virtue of this divine sorrow and love We felt inclined toward all. Her love was so great that, lording it over Us, She would make Us love those whom She loved, so much so, that as soon as this excelling Creature came to light, the Eternal Word ran, to come and look for man, and save him. Who can resist the operating power of Our Will in the creature? And what can It not do and obtain when It wants it? Oh, if all knew the great good We did to the human generations by giving them this Celestial Queen! It was She who prepared Redemption, who conquered Her Creator, and was the bearer of the Eternal Word upon earth. Oh! all would cling to Her Maternal knees, to implore from Her that Divine Will, whose life She possesses.”

Fiat!!!

**May 14, 1935**

***One who does the Divine Will has no need of the law. One who lives in It gives work to all - to the Celestial Father, to the Celestial Mother, and also to Jesus.***

I am in the arms of my adorable Divine Volition, though immersed in the pain of the privation of my blessed Jesus. Hours are centuries without Him. What pain! What a continuous death, with no pity and no mercy. Justly does He punish me, because too ungrateful and uncorresponding have I

been. But, O please! My Love, hide my miseries inside your wounds, cover me with your Blood. I unite my pains to Yours, that they may cry out, together, 'Pity! Forgiveness!' over this poor creature. But without You I can endure no more.

But while I was pouring out my sorrow, my sweet Jesus, moved to compassion for my long martyrdom, like flash that escapes made me His short little visit, and told me: "My blessed daughter, do not become alarmed, my Divine Will places everything in your power, in such a way that you can say: 'Everything is mine.' My pains, my wounds, my Blood – everything is yours. So, you have no need to ask Me for them - but take them, to use them for your needs. This is so true, that one in whom my Divine Will reigns, has no need of the law, but feels within herself her own nature changed into divine law. Just as by nature she feels the force of her breath, of her heartbeat, so does she feel the force of the law, as substantial to her life. And since my law is law of love, of sanctity, of order, thus she feels within herself the nature of love, of sanctity, of order. Wherever my Will reigns, Its love is so great that It transforms the goods It wants to give to the creature into her very nature, that she may be the owner of them. No one can take them away from her, and I Myself make Myself the custodian of the gifts in nature conceded to this creature."

Sweet Jesus became silent, and my mind kept swimming in the sea of the Divine Will; and resuming His speech, He added: "My daughter, you must know that one who lives in my Will gives everyone work to do. My Celestial Father, seeing His creature in His Divine Volition, places Himself around her to form the work of His image and likeness; more so, since finding His Will in her, He finds the adaptable material suitable to receive His work, to form the most beautiful image that resembles Him. And, oh! His contentment, for with His work He can produce His own images.

She gives work to the Celestial Mother, because finding my Divine Will in the creature, She finds one who keeps Her company, who receives Her Maternity as daughter; She finds one to whom She can communicate Her fecundity, Her acts done in my Volition; She finds one in whom She can form Her model and Her faithful copy. And, oh! the contentment of this Celestial Mother, Her zealous work, Her cares, Her Maternal attentions, as She can act as true Mother and can give Her inheritance. And since the Will of the Mother and of the daughter are one, She can make Herself understood and place Her graces, Her love, Her sanctity in common. In Her work She feels happy, because She finds one who courts Her, who resembles Her and lives of Her same Divine Will. Those who live in It are Her favorite daughters, Her beloved ones, Her secretaries. It can be said that by virtue of my Divine Volition, they possess a powerful magnet which attracts the gazes of this Celestial Mother so much, that She cannot move them away from upon them. And the great Lady, to keep this creature safe, works by placing around her Her virtues, Her sorrows, Her love and the very life of Her Son.

But this is not all. I, your Jesus, as I see that the soul has put her will aside to live of Mine, I get down to work in order to form my members. My Head is Holy and I feel the need for holy members upon which to place my Head and therefore be able to communicate Its virtue to them. And who can ever form for Me these holy members if not my Will? Therefore my work is incessant for one who lives in my Will; it can be said that I put Myself on guard inside and outside of her, so that no one may enter and interrupt my work; and in order to form these members I repeat the work of being newly conceived in order to regenerate them; I am reborn in order to make them be reborn; I cry, I suffer, I preach, I die, to communicate my vital and divine humors to these members, that they may be fortified and divinized, worthy of my Head Most Holy. And, oh! my contentment, that, though I am working, I repeat my Life and I form the repeaters of It. What would I not do and give in one who lives in my Will? My Will encloses Me in the creature to let Me work and make Me form



members worthy of my creative hands; and as the soul receives my work, I feel happy and repaid of the work of Creation and Redemption.

Now, the Angels, the Saints, in seeing the Celestial Father, the Sovereign Queen and their King, all intent on working in this creature, they too want to help Us in the work; and lining themselves up around the fortunate creature, they work by defending her, they drive away the enemies, they free her from dangers, and form walls of fortitude, so that no one may bother her.

See then, how one who lives in my Divine Will gives work to all, and all occupy themselves with her.”

Fiat!!!

**May 26, 1935**

***Fear, human virtue; love, divine virtue. How trust captivates Jesus. One who does the Divine Will is present with all the divine works and remains confirmed in It.***

Though I feel abandoned in the arms of the Divine Volition, I feel my mind filled with apprehension and fears, but I offered them to my sweet Jesus, that He would invest them with His Fiat and would change them for me into peace and love. And He, making me His short little visit, all goodness, told me: “My blessed daughter, fear, be it even holy fear, is always human virtue, it breaks the flight of love and gives rise to dread and hardship in walking on the way of good; it causes one to always look to the right and to the left, reaching the point of fearing the One who so much loves her; it takes away the sweet enchantment from the trust that makes her live in the arms of her Jesus; and if she fears too much, fear disperses Jesus and causes her to live of herself. On the other hand, love is divine virtue, and with its fire it possesses the purifying virtue to purify the soul from any stain; it unites her and transforms her into her Jesus, and gives her such trust as to let herself be captivated by her Jesus. The sweet enchantment of trust is such and so great that they captivate each other, so much so, that one cannot be without the other; and if she looks, she looks only to love the One who so much loves her. So, the whole of her being is enclosed in love; and since love is the inseparable child of the Divine Will, it therefore gives the first place of dominion to my Divine Will. My Will extends within all the acts of the creature, both human and spiritual; It ennobles everything, and even though the human acts remain in the shape and matter with which they were formed, and they undergo no external change, all the change lies in the depth of the human will, because everything she does, even the most indifferent things, is changed into divine and confirmed by the Divine Will. Its crafting is incessant, and It extends Its dwelling of peace over everything that the creature does.

Therefore, banish all fear. In my Will neither fear nor dread, nor lack of trust, have any reason to exist; they are things that do not belong to us, and you must do nothing other than live of my love and of my Will. You must know that one of the purest joys that the creature can give Me is trust in Me. I feel her as my daughter and I do with her anything I want. I can say that trust reveals Who I am – the immense Being, my goodness unending, my mercy with no limits; and the more trust I find, the more I love her and the more I abound toward creatures.”

Then, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Volition, and I prayed It to pour Itself into my poor soul and to make me rise again fully in the Divine Fiat Oh! how I wish to be one single act of Divine Will! And my sweet Jesus, resuming His speech, told me: “My daughter, you must know that all created things and everything I did and suffered in Redemption run toward the creature, to say to her: ‘We bring you the love of your Creator, so as to receive your own. We are His messengers that, while descending down below to the earth, rise up again, to bring, as though in triumph, your little love to our Creator.’ But do you know what great good comes to you? You remain confirmed

in His love and in His works, in His life, in His pains, in His tears – in everything. So, my daughter, you are present and run in all Our works; Our Will brings you everywhere; and We remain confirmed in you. An exchange of acts and of life takes place: the creature in the Creator, and the Creator in the creature, as she becomes the repeater of the divine acts. Greater grace I could not give, nor the creature receive – this conformation in Our works reproduces all Our goods in her. Our sanctity, goodness, love, and Our attributes, are transmitted into her; and We, captivated, contemplate her, and in Our emphasis of love We say: ‘Beautiful, holy, perfect, is Our Being in Our immensity, light, power, wisdom, love, goodness with no end. But also beautiful also is it to see this, Our immensity of attributes, enclosed in the creature.’ Oh! how she glorifies Us and loves Us. She seems to say to Us: ‘I am little, nor can I enclose or contain the whole of your immensity, but just as You are, so am I - your Divine Will enclosed You inside of me, and I love You with your same love, I glorify You with your light, I adore You with your sanctity. I can give You anything because I possess my Creator.’

What can my Divine Will not do in the creature, when she lets herself be dominated by It? Anything. Therefore, be attentive, if you want to have everything and give everything.”

Fiat!!!

**May 31, 1935**

***How the Divine Power has no limits. Certainty of the coming of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. How Redemption and the Kingdom are inseparable.***

I am in the arms of my lovable Jesus who surrounds me so much with His Holy Volition, that I would not be able to live without It. I feel It inside of me, dominating over the whole of my interior with Its sweet empire; and with an unspeakable love It makes Itself life of my thought, of my heartbeat and breath, and It thinks, palpitates, breathes together with me. And It seems to say to me: “How happy I am that you feel, you know, that the life of your thought, of your heartbeat, of all of yourself, is I. You feel Me inside yourself, and I feel you within Me. We are both happy, the two of us, to be one. This is my Will – that the creature feel and know that I am there together with her. I lower myself to all of her acts, and I do them together with her, to give her the likeness of my life and of my divine acts. How much it grieves Me when they put Me aside and do not recognize my dominion, and that I am the One who forms their life.”

Meanwhile, I was thinking to myself: ‘It seems impossible to me that this Kingdom of the Divine Will may come. How can It come if evils abound in a horrifying way?’ And my sweet Jesus, displeased, told me: “My blessed daughter, if you doubt it, you do not believe and recognize my power that has no limits, such that when I want something, I can do anything. You must know that in creating man, Our life was placed in him, and he was Our dwelling. Now, if We do not bring to safety this life of Ours, with Its decorum, with Its dominion, with Our full triumph, making Ourselves known, that We are present in this dwelling, so that the creature would feel honored to be dominated and inhabited by a God – if We do not do this, it would mean that Our power is limited, that its might is not infinite, that it has no power to save itself, and even less can it save others. While, on the contrary, true good, the power that has no limits, serves and brings to safety itself first, and then it pours into others. Now, by coming upon earth, suffering and dying, I came to bring man to safety, that is, my dwelling. Would it not seem strange to you too that while I was saving the dwelling, the Owner, the Inhabitant of it, would be left without His rights, without dominion, and without the power to reach safety Himself? Ah, no, no, my daughter, it would be absurd and without the order of Our infinite wisdom. Redemption and the Kingdom of my Will are one single thing, inseparable from each other. My coming upon earth came to form the Redemption of man, and at the same time

it came to form the Kingdom of my Will in order to save Myself, to take back my rights which by justice are due to Me as Creator. And in Redemption I exposed Myself to so many humiliations, to unheard-of pains, unto dying Crucified; I submitted Myself to everything, to bring my dwelling to safety and restore in it all the sumptuousness, the beauty, the magnificence with which I had formed it, so that it might be worthy of Me once again.

Now, when it seemed that everything was over and my enemies were satisfied for they had taken my life, my power which has no limits called my Humanity back to life, and by rising again, everything rose together with Me – the creatures, my pains, the goods acquired for their sake. And as my Humanity triumphed over death, so did my Will rise again and triumph in the creatures, waiting for Its Kingdom. Had my Humanity not risen again, had It not had this power, Redemption would have failed, and one could doubt that it was truly the work of a God. It was my Resurrection that made Me known for Who I was, and placed the seal over all the goods that I came to bring upon earth. In the same way, my Divine Will will be the double seal, the transmission into creatures of Its Kingdom, which my Humanity possessed. More so, since it was for the creatures that I formed this Kingdom of my Divine Will within my Humanity. Why not give It then? At the most, it will be a matter of time, and for Us the times are one single point; Our power will make such prodigies, lavishing upon man new graces, new love, new light, that Our dwellings will recognize Us, and they themselves, of their own spontaneous will, will give Us dominion. So will Our life be placed in safety, with its full rights in the creature. With time you will see what my power knows how to do and can do, how it can conquer everything and knock down the most obstinate rebels. Who can ever resist my power, such that with one single breath, I knock down, I destroy and I redo everything, as I best please?

Therefore, you - pray, and let your cry be continuous: ‘May the Kingdom of your Fiat come, and your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven.’”

Fiat!!!

**June 6, 1935**

***How one who lives in the Will of God holds God Himself in his power. The Queen of Heaven goes around through all nations to bring Her children to safety.***

My poor mind continues its flight in the interminable light of the Divine Volition. There is not one thing, either in Heaven or on earth, which is not a birth from It, and everything and everyone have something to say about the One who generated them. Even more, they never tire of narrating Its eternal origin, Its unreachable sanctity, Its love that always generates, without ever ceasing, Its Fiat that always speaks – speaks to the mind, speaks in the heart, speaks on the tongue; and now It speaks with articulate voices, now with moans, now in supplication, now with might, now with such sweetness as to touch the hardest and most obstinate hearts. My God, what power does your Will contain! O please! make it so that I may live always of It.

But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus, making me His short little visit, with an unspeakable goodness, told me: “My daughter.... my Will! My Will! It is everything, It does everything, It gives everything. Who could ever say he has not received everything from It?”

You must know that the creature herself possesses so much of sanctity for as much as she is in order, in relationship with my Will. She elevates to union with God insofar as she is united with It; her value, her merits, are measured by the relations she has kept with my Will. So, the whole foundation, the basis, the substance, the origin of the goods in the creature depend upon how many acts she has done of my Will, and on how much she knows of It. Hence, if in all of her acts she has

let my Will enter, she can say: ‘Everything is holy, everything is pure and divine in me’; and We can give her everything, even Our life in her power. On the other hand, if she has done nothing of my Will, and knows nothing, We have nothing to give her, because she deserves nothing, because she lacks the seed to be able to generate the good that belongs to Us; therefore she has no right to receive the pay from her Celestial Father. If she has not worked in Our field, We can say: ‘I do not know you.’ So, if she has done nothing or not even something of my Will, Heaven is closed for the creature – she has no right to the Celestial Fatherland. This is the reason why We insist so much that Our Will be done always, that It be known – because We want to populate Heaven with Our beloved children; and since everything came out of Us, We want everything to return into Our divine bosom.”

Then, after this, I continued to think of the Divine Will, and I prayed that It would hurry, and with Its omnipotence, that can do anything, surpass all the obstacles and make Its Kingdom come and Its Will reign on earth as It does in Heaven. But while I was thinking of this, before my mind my sweet Jesus showed so many gloomy and horrifying things in the face of which even the hardest hearts were shaken, and the most obstinate were flooded. Everything was terror and fright. I remained so afflicted as to feel myself dying, and I prayed that He would hold back so many scourges. And my beloved Jesus, as though having pity on my affliction, told me: “My daughter, courage, everything will serve for the triumph of my Will. If I strike, it is because I want to restore. My love is so great, that when I cannot win by way of love and of graces, I try to win by way of terror and fright. The human weakness is such that many times it pays no heed to my graces, it plays deaf to my voice, it laughs at my love. But it is enough to touch its flesh, or take away the things necessary to the natural life, that it lowers its pride, it feels so humiliated as to become a rag; and I make of it whatever I want. Especially if they do not have a perfidious and obstinate will, a chastisement is enough - seeing themselves on the brink of the sepulcher - that they return into my arms.

You must know that I always love my children, my beloved creatures, I would turn Myself inside out so as not to see them struck; so much so, that in the gloomy times that are coming, I have placed them all in the hands of my Celestial Mama – to Her have I entrusted them, that She may keep them for Me under Her safe mantle. I will give Her all those whom She will want; even death will have no power over those who will be in the custody of my Mama.”

Now, while He was saying this, my dear Jesus showed me, with facts, how the Sovereign Queen descended from Heaven with an unspeakable majesty, and a tenderness fully maternal; and She went around in the midst of creatures, throughout all nations, and She marked Her dear children and those who were not to be touched by the scourges. Whomever my Celestial Mama touched, the scourges had no power to touch those creatures. Sweet Jesus gave to His Mama the right to bring to safety whomever She pleased. How moving it was to see the Celestial Empress going around to all places of the world, taking creatures in Her maternal hands, holding them close to Her breast, hiding them under Her mantle, so that no evil could harm those whom Her maternal goodness kept in Her custody, sheltered and defended. Oh! if all could see with how much love and tenderness the Celestial Queen performed this office, they would cry of consolation and would love She who so much loves us.

Fiat!!!

**June 10, 1935**

***Rain of love that Our Lord pours upon the creature from within the created things, and how He bilocates in her and sees Himself matched in His love.***

I was doing my round in the acts of the Divine Will; but while I was doing this, I felt a rain of acts of love pouring upon me from my sweet Jesus. So, as I went round in the sun, in the heavens, in

the wind and in all other created things so did a multiplicity of acts of love pour upon me. To be loved by God is the greatest happiness, it is the most beautiful glory that can be found in Heaven and on earth; and I too felt the extreme need to love Him; and - oh! how I would like to be Jesus Himself so that I too can make for Him my rain of love. But, no, I felt the great distance, because in Him it was real works that were made, while I, poor little one, had to make use of His works in order to tell Him that I loved Him. So, all my love was reduced to the will, and because of this I felt afflicted for I was not loving Him as Jesus could love me.

But while I was thinking about this, my Highest Good, Jesus, with an indescribable love and goodness, told me: "My blessed daughter, do not afflict yourself. Don't you know that I have the power to remedy everything and to let Myself be matched in love by the creature? When it is about her wanting to love, I never render her discontent, because love is one of my passions. And do you know what I do to make one who loves Me content? I bilocate Myself and take my place in each created thing, and I pour love upon her; then I take my place in the creature and I give her the virtue of pouring her love upon Me. She makes the love I give her her own, and by right she can give it to Me as if it were her own; and I feel the contentment that she loves Me as I have loved her. And even though I know it is my own, I don't care about this, I am not stingy, but I care about whether in her will she wants to love Me as I love her, and if she could, she would do what I have done for her. This is enough for Me, and I am happy to be able to say to her: 'You have loved Me as I have loved you.'

Moreover, you must know that I created the whole universe to give it as gift to the creature, and I remained inside each created thing pouring love upon her. Now, with one who recognizes this gift as a great love from her Creator, the gift is hers, the rain of Our love is her own; therefore, in giving it back to Us, she loves Us with her whole being, and We feel matched in love by the creature and conquered by her love; and We give it back to her again to find the continuous exchange of Our love and of hers. And if you knew how happy I am and how my love is wounded in hearing you repeat that you want to love Me! And you love Me in each created thing, you love Me in my conception, in my birth, in each of my baby tears - I feel them pearled with your love; each pain, each drop of my Blood - I feel the life of your love. And I, to repay you, in each thing I did during my life down here, I do nothing other than form rain of love for you. Oh! if you could see how much love I pour upon you... It is such and so great that, taken by the folly of my own love, I embrace and kiss my love in you; and in seeing that you feel my embraces and my kisses, how happy I am; and I await yours to be repaid and requited of so much love."

Then, I continued my abandonment in the Supreme Volition, and was going around within the expanse of the heavens, which serves as pavement and footstool of the Celestial Fatherland, and as vault for the pilgrims down here. It seemed to me that that azure vault performed a double office: it served as a sumptuous pavement for the Blessed, and as royal vault for the pilgrim souls, unifying one and the other, together, so that one might be the will and the love of all. Therefore, prostrating myself together with the heavens, I called those up there and those from the earth to adore my Creator, prostrating ourselves all together, so that one might be the adoration, the will, the love of all. Then, while I was doing this, my sweet Jesus added: "My daughter, the first duty of the creature is to adore the One who created her. The first act that says sanctity is duty. Duty calls for order, and order gives rise to the most beautiful harmony between Creator and creature - harmony of will, harmony of love, of manners and of imitation. Duty is the substance of sanctity, and since all created things possess and hold as though by nature the imprint of true adoration, the creature, united with them, can pay the most perfect adoration to the One who created her. So, each created thing is a profound adoration that they send to He who created them; and the creature, uniting together, by virtue of Our Will, places them all in adoration, giving to God the duty of each one. And rising above all, she brings Us everyone and comes to palpitate in Our heartbeat and to breathe in Our breath. Oh! how sweet and

pleasing is this heartbeat and breath within Our own; and We, in exchange, palpitate in her heart and breathe within her breath, giving her the divine heartbeat and breath as life, inheritance and growth of Our Supreme Being in her. And here is how, with the duty of adoration, arises the first duty of the act of creation – that of giving life to her Creator within her soul, giving Him the dominion, the freedom to be formed, to palpitate and breathe, filling her with love, so that I can say, by deeds: ‘This creature is the bearer of her Creator, and she lets Me do whatever I want, so much so, that I possess her heartbeat. She has nothing of her own - what is hers is Mine, and what is Mine is hers. I hold my place of love in her, and she holds her place of honor within Mine. Hence, Heaven and earth exchange the kiss of peace and of permanent union.’”

Fiat!!!

**June 17, 1935**

***How God, by giving us the human free will, placed Himself at our disposal, feeling the creature, adapting Himself to her, as though being in need of her. Loving conditions in which God put Himself for love of the creatures.***

I was doing my round in the Divine Volition, and I paused in everything that my Celestial Mama had done in the Divine Will. My God, what surprise – this Divine Fiat, bilocated, multiplied, operating, forming such enchantment of beauty, of grace, of works, as to stupefy not only Heaven and earth, but God Himself, as He sees Himself enclosed in the Sovereign Queen and operating as God in Her as He operated within Himself. And, oh! how I wished I could give to God, on my part, all that glory that the Sovereign Lady gave Him in all those acts that the Divine Will had done in the sacrarium, in the hiddenness, within the veils of the Immaculate Lady.

But while I was thinking of this, my Highest Good, Jesus, surprising me with His short little visit, told me: “My little daughter of my Divine Volition, there is no greater prodigy, nor greater goodness and love, or boundless magnanimity on Our part, than to descend to the low level of the human will and operate in it as the God that We are, as if We were operating within Ourselves. And behold, in Our infinite wisdom, taken by excess of love toward the creature, We gave her the little human free will, independent from all. By giving her this free will, We placed Ourselves at her disposal - if she wanted for Us to descend into her littleness and lowliness to operate as God, and for Our Will to do in her what It can do in Our Supreme Being. This was the greatest prodigy, and the love which no other love could equal – giving the human will to the creature, almost to remain subject to her, as though wanting to depend on her in the good that We want to operate in her and in the works that We must carry out. Is this not an insuperable finesse of love? And then, giving her this will for her free willing, so that the creature might be able to say to Us: ‘You have come into my home, and I must come into your home. Hence, You do whatever You want in me, and You will let me do whatever I want in You.’ This was the agreement that We set between her and Us, and by giving her the free will, she could tell Us that she was giving Us something that was in her power. Is this not a magnanimity, a love, that surpasses everything, that only Our Supreme Being could do and wanted to?”

But this is not all. Our love gazed fondly at this free will of the creature and formed as many centers in order to bilocate itself in them, and form as many kingdoms of dominion in which We were to show off Our divine works, multiplying them to infinity, without restriction, without limits, operating in these centers as God, as if We were operating within Ourselves. More so, since in the small human wills Our love showed off more, used more power, because it takes more art to restrict Our immensity within the small circle of the human wills, almost putting a limit to Our power, to lower it unto the low level of the human volition. And then, feeling the creature with Us in what We

had to do, because We want her operating together with Us, almost adapting herself to Us, and We adapting Ourselves to her; and Our love is so great as to adapt itself also to her human ways... This gives Us more to do, Our love pours out more and loves unto the excesses this human will that gives it its royal place, its free dominion. On the other hand, in operating outside of the human circles, who doesn't know that We can do anything and We have an immensity that can reach anything, a power with no limits – if it wants it, it can do anything – a wisdom that disposes everything, a love that loves all and envelops all even if it is not loved back? Our Supreme Being is free, It has need of no one and can do whatever It wants; and since We can do anything, We do not work in doing the greatest works – it is enough to want it, and in one instant We do everything. On the other hand, when We want to operate in the creature, as though being in need of her, We must attract her, We must tell her how much We love her and what We want to operate. We don't want a forced will, therefore We want her to know it and spontaneously open the doors to Us, feeling honored to give Us the operating place within her will.

In such conditions did Our love put Us in the creation of man – it loved him so much as to reach the excess of giving him the free will, so that he might be able to say: 'I can give to my Creator.' Could Our love love him more? This is why the glory, the honor that the creature gives Me when she lets Me operate in her will is so great, that no one can comprehend it – it is Our same glory and honor that she gives Us; in all her acts runs Our life, Our love. She can say: 'I give God to God.' This is the highest point that the creature can reach; it is the most excessive love that a God can reach.

Oh! if the creatures would comprehend the love, the great gift that I gave them by giving them a free will! I elevated her above the heavens, the sun, the entire universe. I can do whatever I want over anything, without anyone knowing anything; but with the creature I lower Myself, I ask her with love for a little space within her will, to be able to operate in her and do good to her. But, alas! many deny it to Me and render my Will inoperative within their human will. My sorrow is infinite in the face of such great ingratitude of theirs.

Now, who would you admire more: a king who operates within his royal palace where he holds everything in his power - command over all, doing good to all, his palace equipped for anything the king wants to do; or a king who descends unto the low level of a hovel and carries out the same action he would do in the royal palace? Would it not be more admirable, would it not be a greater sacrifice, a love more intense, to operate as king in the little hovel rather than in the royal palace? In the palace all things are suited to let him operate as king, while in the hovel the king must adapt himself to it, and be so ingenious as to be able to do the same actions he would do in his palace.

So We are: to operate in the Royal Palace of Our Divinity, to do great things, is Our own nature; but to do them in the hovel of the human will gives of the incredible, it is the greatest excess of Our love.”

Fiat!!!

**July 8, 1935**

***Inseparability of one who lives in the Divine Will with her Creator. The Queen of Heaven together with Jesus in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament. The children of the Divine Will will be suns and stars that will crown the Celestial Sovereign.***

It seems to me that I can't find rest if I do not abandon myself in the arms of the Divine Will, which flings me into Its endless sea where I find what It did for love of the creatures. And now I pause at one point, now at another of Its multiple works; and I admire them, I love them, I kiss them, and I thank the Divine Will for such great magnificence and so many loving industries toward us,

miserable creatures. But while going around, to my surprise, I found myself before the Great Lady, our Queen and Mother, the most beautiful work of the Sacrosanct Trinity. I remained here, contemplating Her, but I have no words to be able to say what I comprehended. And my beloved Jesus, with an unspeakable sweetness and love, told me: “My daughter, how beautiful is my Mama. Her empire extends everywhere, Her beauty enraptures and chains all; there is not one being that does not bend its knees to venerate Her. So was She made for Me by my Divine Will. It made Her inseparable from Me, in such a way that there was no act I did which the Sovereign Queen did not do together with Me. The power of that Divine Fiat, pronounced by Me and by Her, which made Me be conceived in Her virginal womb, giving life to my Humanity - that Fiat, always identical; and each time I operated, the Divine Fiat of my Mother held the right within my Divine Fiat to do what I was doing.

Now, you must know that when I instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Her Divine Fiat was together with Mine, and together We pronounced the Fiat that the bread and the wine be transubstantiated into my Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. Ah! just as in being conceived I wanted Her Fiat, so did I want It in this solemn act which gave origin to my Sacramental Life. Who would have had the Heart to put my Mama aside in an act in which my love showed off with such exuberant excesses as to seem incredible! Rather, not only was She together with Me but I constituted Her Queen of the love of my Sacramental Life; and She, with love of true Mother of Mine, offered Her womb to Me again – Her beautiful soul, to keep Me defended and sheltered from the horrendous ingratitude and enormous sacrileges which, alas, I would receive in this Sacrament of love.

My daughter, this is my purpose: I want my Divine Will to be life of the creature, so as to keep her together with Me, to let her love with my love, operate in my works. In sum, it is the company of the creatures that I want in my acts - I do not want to be alone. And if it were not so, why call the creature into my Will, if I were to remain an isolated God, and she, alone, without taking part in Our divine works? And not only in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament, but in all the acts I did during the whole course of my life, by virtue of the one Will by which we were animated, whatever I did, my Mama did as well. If I performed miracles, She was together with Me operating the prodigy; I felt in the power of my Will the Sovereign of Heaven calling the dead to life together with Me. If I suffered, She was together with Me, in pain. There was not one thing in which I did not have Her company, and Her operating and Mine fused together. This was the greatest honor that my Fiat gave Her: the inseparability with Her Son; the unity with His works. And it was the greatest glory that the Virgin attested to Me; so much so, that I placed, and She received, the deposit of the works done in Her Maternal Heart, jealous in keeping even the breath. This unity of Will and of works ignited such love between Us as to be enough to set the whole entire world aflame and consume it with pure love.”

Jesus became silent, and I remained in the seas of the Celestial Sovereign. But who can say what I comprehended? And my Highest Good, Jesus, continued, saying: “My daughter, how beautiful is my Mama - Her majesty is enchanting. Before Her Sanctity the Heavens lower themselves; Her riches are endless and incalculable; no one can be said to be similar to Her. This is why She is Lady, Mother and Queen. But do you know what Her riches are? Souls. Each soul is worth more than an entire world. No one enters into Heaven if not through Her and by virtue of Her Maternity and of Her sorrows. So, each soul is a property of Hers, and this is why, indeed, She can be given the name of true Lady. See then, how rich She is; Her riches are special, are full of lives, speaking, loving, singing the praises of the Celestial Lady. As Mother, She has Her innumerable children; as Queen, She will have Her people of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. These children and this people will form Her most refulgent crown – some as suns, others as stars, they will crown Her august Head with such beauty as to enrapture the whole of Heaven. So, the children of the Kingdom of my Divine Will will be those who will render to Her the honors of Queen; and transforming into



sun, they will form for Her the most beautiful crown. This is why She longs intensely for the coming of this Kingdom - because after Her refulgent crown with which the Most Holy Trinity crowned Her, She awaits the crown of Her people who, proclaiming Her Queen, would offer to Her their life transformed into Sun as attestation of honor and of glory.

Oh! if they comprehended what it means to live in my Will, how many divine secrets would be revealed, how many discoveries they would make about their Creator. Therefore, be content with dying rather than not live in my Will.”

Fiat!!!

**July 14, 1935**

***Certainty of the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth. Mighty wind to purify the generations. The Queen of Heaven, placed at the head of this Kingdom.***

My mind is always back into the interminable sea of the Divine Volition which, in murmuring, smiles with love to the creature and wants her smiles of love. It does not want for her to remain behind and not give It tit for tat. Not doing what the Divine Will does while one lives in It is almost impossible. But who can say what the creature feels in this divine sea? The purity of Its kisses, Its chaste embraces which infuse in her celestial peace, divine life, and such fortitude as to conquer God Himself. Oh! how I would love for everyone to experience it - to come to live in this sea... Surely they would never again get out of it.

But while I was thinking this, I said to myself: ‘But, who knows who will see this Kingdom of the Divine Fiat when It comes? Oh! how difficult it seems.’ And my beloved Jesus, making me His short little visit, told me: “My daughter, yet It will come. You measure what is human, the sad times that enwrap the present generations, and this is why it seems difficult to you. But the Supreme Being holds the divine measures, which are so extensive that what seems impossible to the human is easy for Us. We need to do nothing but a mighty wind, which will be so strong that they will let themselves be carried away by the currents of the wind, which will purify the sickly air of the human will; it will make a heap of all the sad things of these times, and will disperse them like dust swept by a mighty wind. Our wind will be so strong, mighty and operative, that it will not be easy to resist it. More so, since its waves will be crammed with graces, with light, with love, which will drown the human generations; and they will feel transformed. How many times a strong wind sweeps away entire cities and transports people, trees, soil and water to other places, and perhaps far away, without their being able to oppose it? Much more so will Our divine wind do – wanted, decreed by Us, with Our creative power. And besides, there is the Queen of Heaven who with Her empire prays continuously for the coming of the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth. And when have We ever denied anything to Her? Her prayers are mighty winds for Us, which We cannot resist; and the very strength of Our Will that She possesses is for Us empire, command. She has all the right to impetrate It, because She possessed It on earth and She possesses It in Heaven; hence, as possessor, She can give what is Hers; so much so, that this Kingdom will be called the ‘Kingdom of the Celestial Empress’. She will act as Queen amid Her children on earth; She will place at their disposal Her seas of graces, of sanctity, of power; She will put to flight all the enemies. She will raise Her children on Her lap, She will hide them within Her light, covering them with Her love, nourishing them with Her own hands, with the food of the Divine Will. What will this Mother and Queen not do in the midst of this Kingdom – Her children and Her people? She will give unheard-of graces, surprises never before seen, miracles that will shake Heaven and earth. We will give Her all the free field, that She may form for Us the Kingdom of Our Will upon earth. She will be the guide, the true model, and It will

also be the Kingdom of the Celestial Sovereign Queen. Therefore, you too, pray together with Her, and in due time you will obtain the intent.”

Fiat!!!

**July 21, 1935**

*The most intimate and most painful pains of Jesus are His waiting; His inventions, delirium and devices of love.*

I am in the arms of the Divine Will, but with the nail inside my heart of the privation of my sweet Jesus. I wait and wait, and the mere waiting is the pain that tortures me the most. Hours seem centuries to me, days are interminable; and if, God forbid, the doubt shows up that my dear Life, my sweet Jesus, will never come again, oh! then I don't know what happens to me – I want to get rid of myself, and of the very Divine Will that keeps me imprisoned on this earth, and with rapid flight go off to Heaven. But not even this is given to me, because Its chains are so strong, that they are not subject to breaking; and I feel myself being bound more tightly, so much so, that I can just barely think about this, and I end up with a more intense abandonment in the Supreme Fiat.

But while I was delirious and could endure no more, my always lovable Jesus came back to His little daughter, making Himself seen with a wound in His Heart that poured out Blood and flames, as though wanting to cover all souls with His Blood and burn them with His love; and all goodness, He told me: “My daughter, courage, your Jesus is suffering too, and the pains that give Me more suffering are the most intimate, which make Me shed Blood and flames. But my greatest pain is the continuous waiting. My gazes are always fixed on souls, and I see that one creature has fallen into sin, and I wait and wait for her return to my Heart, to forgive her; and not seeing her coming, I wait with the forgiveness in my hands. That waiting renews my pain and forms such torment for Me as to make Me pour out Blood and flames from my pieced Heart. The hours, the days that I wait seem like years to Me. Oh! how hard it is to wait.

But, let us move on. My love loves the creature so much, that in delivering her to the light of day, I establish how many acts of love she must do to Me, how many prayers, how many good works she must do; and this, to give her the right to be loved always by Me, and to be granted the graces, the aids in order for her to do good. But the creatures use this to form for Me the pain of waiting. Oh! how much waiting from one act of love to another, if they even do it for Me. How much listlessness in doing what is good, in praying, if they do it at all. And I wait and wait, I feel the restlessness of my love that makes Me delirious, the yearnings... and it causes Me such an intimate pain, that if I were subject to dying, I would have died so many times for as many as I am not loved by the creatures.

In addition to this, there is my long waiting in the Sacrament of my love. I wait for all, I reach the point of counting the minutes, but, no! - in vain do I wait for many. Others come with such icy coldness as to increase the harsh martyrdom of my waiting to the utmost degree. Few are those who were waiting for Me as I was waiting for them, and only with these do I feel relieved; I feel as though repatriated into their hearts, and I give vent to my love and find a refreshment to the harsh martyrdom of my continuous waiting. To some it may seem that this pain is nothing, while it is the greatest, which constitutes the hardest martyrdom. And you yourself can say how much it costs you your waiting for Me; so much so, that if I had not come to put an end to it and to sustain you, you could not have endured.

Moreover, there is another waiting, even more painful – the longing, the ardent desire, the prolonged yearning for the Kingdom of my Divine Will. It is about six thousand years that I have been waiting for the creature to re-enter into It. I love her so much that I want, I long to see her

happy; but in order to obtain this we must live of one single Will; and so, each act opposed to my Will is a nail that pierces Me. But do you know why? Because it renders her more unhappy and dissimilar to Me; and I, seeing Myself in the immense ocean of my happinesses, while my children are unhappy, oh! how I suffer; and while I wait and wait, I remain around them, I abound with graces and with light upon them, so that they themselves may run, to live life together with Me; and with one single Will, their lot will be changed; we will have common goods, and happiness without end.

The other pains give Me some respite, but the pain of waiting never ceases for Me, it keeps me always on the lookout, it makes Me use the most excessive devices, it makes Me form such inventions of love as to leave Heaven and earth astounded. It makes Me reach the extent of praying the creature, begging her not to keep Me waiting any longer, for I can take no more - it is too heavy for Me.

Therefore, my daughter, unite yourself together with Me, waiting for the Kingdom of my Will, and in the face of all the waiting that creatures make Me suffer, there will be at least the two of us, and your company will give Me relief in a pain so harsh.”

Fiat!!!

**September 28, 1935**

***The divine love invests each act of the creature. How God in all of His works calls all and does good to all. How the divine life is formed in the creature; how it is nourished and raised.***

I was following the acts of the Divine Will, which transported me into an interminable sea of light, in which It made present to me with how much love God had loved the creature. It is so great, that if the creature could comprehend it, her heart would explode with pure love, unable to resist the impetus, the stratagems, the industries, the finesses, of this love of God. Too little as I am, these flames devour me, and my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, to sustain me, told me: “My blessed daughter, let Me give vent to my love, listen to Me. You must know that the creature has always been with Us, in Our divine mind; she has always kept her place within the bosom of her Creator, and each of her acts, thoughts, words, works and steps were sealed *ab æterno* with a special love of Ours. So, in each of her acts there is the chain of many acts of love of Ours which envelop the act, thought, etc. of the creature; and this, Our love, gives life and nourishes the repetitions of all of her acts; and - oh! how beautiful she is in Our divine mind, because she is formed by the continuous breath of Our love – wanted love, not forced, not a love of necessity, but rather, generative virtue of Our Supreme Being that always generates and places Its continuous love upon Its works. This is the virtue of Our omnipotent Fiat – that if It did not generate new works and did not maintain the continuous act of loving, It would feel as though suffocated in Its own flames and paralyzed in Its continuous motion.

Now, wanting to issue the creature from Our divine bosom, We let her walk her little way in time, and Our love does not stop assailing, investing, courting all her acts with its special love. If this were missing, the generative, vivifying and moving force of the human being would be missing. Oh! if the creatures knew that in each of their thoughts runs a distinct love of Ours, and so in their words and works, and even in their breath and heartbeat - oh! how they would love Us and would not profane with unworthy acts Our love so great. See then, how your Jesus loves you and knows how to love you. Therefore, learn from Me how to love Me. This is the prerogative of Our love: to always love everything that has come out of Us; to make all the acts of the creature arise from within Our love.”

Jesus became silent, and I remained to think about the excess of the divine love; and my beloved Jesus added: “My daughter, keep listening to Me: Our love is so great, that in each work

that We do We call everyone, as if they were one alone, in order to give to each one the good of the work that We do. We would not operate as God, if Our acts did not have the virtue of being able to give themselves to all, to give the good that they contain. Listen then: my conception in the womb of a Virgin was the greatest work of the whole history of the world. By Our Fiat just wanting it so, It incarnated Itself, without anyone one forcing Us, or deserving it, and with no need on Our part. The need was Our love, and only because it wanted it so. It was an act so great as to enclose and embrace all, and it contained so much love as to seem incredible, so much so, that Heaven and earth are still astounded and enraptured, and all felt invaded by so much love as to be able to feel my Life conceived within all. See then, where my love leads Me – to be conceived in each soul, in each instant and always; conceived once, I conceive always. Is this not like being conceived in the consecrated Host, in each act of creature that loves Me and does my Divine Will?

Now, this is not all yet, until my love gives unto excesses as to be able to say: ‘Do you see how much I have loved you? I had nothing left to do and to give you in order to love you. Aren’t you happy?’ Listen to where I reach: just as in the womb of the Holy Virgin I breathed through Her breath, warmed by Her warmth, nourished by Her blood, so do I expect the breath, the warmth, the growth from the creature that possesses Me in order to develop my Life. But do you know in what constraints my love puts Me? When the creature loves Me, she gives Me breath, she gives Me warmth; each good she does, if she prays, if she suffers for Me, if she adores Me and glorifies Me, she makes Me grow, she gives Me motion and contributes to form Me inside her soul. So, if she does not love Me and gives Me nothing, I feel out of breath, with no warmth or nourishment, and I do not grow. Alas! in what conditions does my love put Me, and the ingratitude of the creature!

Now, if she gives Me the good of letting Me grow, in such a way as to let Me fill her soul completely with my Life, then do I carry out my Life in her, I walk in her feet, I work in her hands, I speak in her voice, I think within her mind, I love inside her heart, and I receive my contentment. How happy I am! Nothing is left of the creature other than a veil that covers Me – I am the Master, the Actor, I form my field of action, I can do whatever I want; my Divine Will repeats Its omnipotent Fiat continuously; my love has received its conception, it goes into follies for it has formed its life in the creature. Therefore, there is nothing I do, whether in Creation, in Redemption, in the Sanctification, in my Sacramental Life, or in Heaven and on earth, in which my love, with rapid flight, does not run to give to all the good that I do, the sanctity of my works. Hence, no one can say: ‘He did not do this for me. This good I have not received.’ If then, ungrateful, they do not receive it, it’s all their fault, but my part is not lacking to anyone. But see where my love reaches: even if they do not let Me grow, leaving me without the breath of their love, the nourishment of my Will, and they make Me shiver with cold because their wills are not with Me, and I remain even without clothing, like the most perverted and abject, because their works are not upright and holy, and are far from pleasing Me alone, whom they should serve in order to clothe Me – yet, I do not leave; bearing such great human ingratitude and waiting with invincible patience and preparing a surprise of love, a grace that would strike man more, to have him give Me what is necessary to let Me grow in his soul, because at any cost I want to form my life in the creature. I use all arts to obtain my intent, and many times I am forced to lay hand to the scourges, to make Myself known – that I am present in her soul.

My daughter, compassionate Me and repair for such great human ingratitude. I am everything for them, I give them continuous breath and heartbeat, motion, warmth and nourishment; and they, ungrateful, deny Me that which I give to them, after I gave them the great honor of making of them my living temple, my royal palace upon earth. What pain, what sorrow! Therefore, I recommend to you – don’t leave Me without the breath of your love; give Me at least what is needed to let Me grow;

let my Will be your life, so as to let Me dwell in your royal palace with decorum and with the sumptuousness that your Jesus deserves.”

Fiat!!!

**October 4, 1935**

***All the glory, the love, is in being able to say, with facts: I am a continuous act of the Will of my Creator. Necessity of the diversity of offices and of actions.***

I was doing my round in the Divine Will, in order to trace all of Its acts done in Creation, to place my little *‘I love You’* and unite myself with all created things to glorify my Creator and be able to say: ‘I am at my place of honor, I am doing my office, I am a continuous act of Divine Will. I can say that I am nothing, I do nothing, but I do everything, because I do the Divine Will.’

But while I was thinking this, my Highest Good, Jesus, making me His short little visit, all goodness, told me: “My blessed daughter, each created thing occupies a distinct office, and even though the will of all is one, not all of them, however, do the same thing. It would not be order, nor virtue of Divine Wisdom if one created thing repeated what another does; but since one is the Will that dominates them, the glory It receives from one, another gives Me as well, because all the substance they possess and the good and the value with which they are invested is the fact that they can say: ‘I am a continuous act of the Will of my Creator. Greater glory, honor and virtue He could not give me than for me to be an act of Divine Will.’ This is so true, that the little blade of grass, with its littleness, the little space it occupies of the earth, seems to do nothing, no one looks at it; yet, because so did my Will want it, nor does it try to do more than what a blade of grass can do, by doing my Will, it matches the glory that the sun gives Me, which, with such majesty, lords it over the earth, so much so, that it can be called continuous miracle of all Creation. And since all created things are united among themselves, the sun, with all its majesty, with its light, kisses and warms the little blade of grass, the wind caresses it, the water waters it, the earth gives it its little place in which to form its life. Yet, what is a blade of grass? One can say: nothing. But because it possesses my Will, it will have its virtue of doing good to the human generations. In fact, I having created everything out of love and to do good to the creatures, all of them hold a secret virtue of giving the good that they possess.

See then, how everything is in doing my Will - never go out of Its divine and interminable boundaries. By just doing my Will, though it may seem that one does nothing, it is not true – the creature already finds herself together with the divine operating, and can say: ‘What God does, I do as well.’ Does this seem nothing to you? God does everything, and the soul takes part in everything. So, it is not the diversity of the actions or the offices that can make the creature say that she does great things, but it is my Will that gives them value, It nullifies them, It puts them in the divine order and places Its image on them, as the seal of Its works.

As for the diversity of offices and actions, it is rather order and harmony of my infinite Wisdom. Also in Heaven there are diverse choirs of Angels, diversity of Saints – one is martyr, another is virgin, another is confessor. Upon earth my providence maintains many different offices – one is king, another is judge, another priest; some form the people, some command, some others are dependent. If all did one single office, what would be of the earth? A complete disorder. Oh! if all understood that my Divine Will alone knows how to do great things; though they may be small and insignificant, oh! how they would all be happy, and each one would love the little place, the office in which God put them; but since they let themselves be lorded over by the human will, they would want

to give of themselves, do some great action, which they cannot do. And so they are always discontent of the condition or the place in which my Divine Providence put them for their good.

Therefore, content yourself with doing little united with my Will, and not something great without It; more so, since It being immense, It will find in you all of Its acts, and you will find yourself in Its love, inside Its power, into Its works, in such a way that you will not be able to do anything without It, and It won't be able to do anything without you. Here is how, then, with the living in my Will, such prodigies run together as to seem incredible: the 'nothing' of the creature at the mercy of the All; the 'nothing' prey to a Will that can do anything. What will It not do of this nothing? It will make works worthy of a Supreme Fiat. Hence, the act most beautiful, most solemn, most pleasing to Us is the 'nothing' of the creature, given to Us freely, to let Us do whatever We want."

Fiat!!!

**October 7, 1935**

***One who does not live of the Will of God forms his living Purgatory on earth, and in prison. The Divine Love. A mighty storm; heart-rending scenes.***

My poor mind feels the need to pour itself into the Divine Volition as into its own center; and flinging itself into It, it feels the divine breath, heartbeat, love and life as its own. Who could say he can live without breath, without heartbeat? No one. In the same way, my poor soul would form its own most harrowing purgatory without the Fiat, and my human will would cast me into the abyss of all evils. But while I was thinking of this, my beloved Jesus, surprising me, all tenderness, told me: "Blessed daughter of my Will, how happy I feel that you have understood that you cannot live without my Fiat. One who does not live in It not only forms her own living purgatory, but hinders all of my goods prepared for her; she shuts them into my Heart, and causing Me spasms of pain, forms the purgatory to my love. She suppresses my flames, without the relief of being able to communicate my breath, my life; therefore I feel my breath being suffocated, my life hampered, without the good of being able to communicate Myself to the creature.

Now, you must know that there is nothing I did which does not have as my primary purpose that of making her live of my Will. The Creation serves precisely for this - making the creature live of my Will; and because she does not, she suffocates this life of Mine in the created things. My very coming upon earth was the life of my Will that I came to give her. Even more, you must know that as soon as the soul decides that she wants to live in my Will, my Most Holy Humanity takes Its place in her; my Blood, like pouring rain, pours upon her; my pains, like impregnable wall, surround her, fortify her, embellish her in such an admirable way as to captivate this Divine Will of Mine to live in her. My very death forms the continuous resurrection of the soul to live in It. So, the creature feels regenerated continuously in my Blood, in my pains, in my love, and even in my breath, in which she finds sufficient grace in order to live of my Divine Will. In fact, I place everything at her disposal; just as I kept my Most Holy Humanity at the disposal of my Divine Volition, so do I place It inside and outside the creature, to give life to my Will in her.

Now, until she decides to live in It, my Blood does not rain down because it has nothing to regenerate into divine; my pains do not form the wall of defense because the human will forms the continuous collapse of my works, and renders my death as though powerless for her rising again completely in my Will. And so my Life, my pains, my Blood, if the soul does not live of my Will, remain at the door of the human will, waiting with invincible patience to enter, to assail her from all sides, to give her the grace of living of my Will; and unable to enter, everything remains suffocated in Me – my Blood, my pains, my Life – and oh! how I suffer in seeing that she gives Me no freedom to

give her the good I want. My love tortures Me; my pains, my wounds, my Blood, my works, like many pitying voices, tell Me constantly: ‘This creature hinders us, she renders us useless and as though lifeless for her, because she does not want to live of Divine Will.’ My daughter, how painful it is to want to do good, being capable of doing it, and not doing it.”

After this, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Volition, which transported me outside of myself; and – oh! how horrifying it was to look at the earth! I would have wanted to withdraw into myself so as not to see anything, but my sweet Jesus, as though wanting me to see scenes so heart-rending, made me pause and told me: “My daughter, how painful it is to see such great human perfidy. One nation deceiving another, and both dragging each other’s poor peoples into torment and into fire. Poor children of Mine... You must know that the storm will be so strong that it will happen as when a mighty wind transports rocks, soil and trees with its force, in such a way as to leave the area totally emptied, so much so, that new plants can more easily be placed there. In the same way, this storm will serve to purify the peoples, and to make the serene day of peace and of fraternal union arise. You – pray, that everything may serve for my glory, for the triumph of my Will, and for the good of all.”

Fiat!!!

**October 13, 1935**

***The love of Jesus is so great, that He feels the need to pour Himself out with the creature. He, in the middle, between His Celestial Father and the creatures, remains struck for love of them.***

I was feeling all abandoned, according to my usual way, in the arms of my sweet Jesus, who felt the need to pour out His ardent love. To speak about His love is an outpouring; to make us comprehend in what pains, constraints, hindrances, His love puts Him is the greatest relief for Him. And – oh! how tormenting it is to hear Him with His voice suffocated in crying, fatigued, whispering: “Love Me, love Me, I want nothing but love. Not to be loved is the greatest of my sorrows... And why am I not loved? Because they don’t do my Will. My Will is the bearer of my love, and lets the creature love Me with divine love; and I, feeling my love, feel relieved from the intensity of my flames and I feel the sweet refreshment, the rest, the relief of my own love that the creature gives Me.”

Now, while I was thinking of this, my Highest Good, Jesus, visiting my little soul, made Himself seen enveloped in His own flames, and told me: “My daughter, if you knew in what constraints my love puts Me... Listen to Me: my Celestial Father was Mine, I loved Him with such intensity of love that I would consider Myself happy to lay down my life so that no one would offend Him. I was one with Him – my very Life; I could not be without loving Him, nor did I want to. Our divine virtue formed one single love with my Celestial Father, therefore I was inseparable from Him. From the position of my Humanity creatures were Mine, incorporated in Me; I could say that they formed my very Humanity – how not to love them? It would be like not loving one’s own life. Oh! in what conditions, entanglements, hindrances, did my love put Me! I loved my Father - to see Him offended was the greatest of my martyrdoms; and I loved the creatures – they were my own, I felt them inside Me, and yet, there was no offense they did not give, nor ingratitude they did not commit. My dear Celestial Father justly wanted to strike them, get rid of them; and in-between one and the other I remained struck by the One whom I loved so much, suffering their pains, feeling sorry for them. And while with the Father I too was offended, I still loved them to folly and laid down my life to save each creature. I could not subtract Myself from my Celestial Father, nor did I want to, because He was Mine and I loved Him; even more, it was my duty, as His true Son, to give Him back all the glory, the love, the satisfaction that all creatures owed Him; and although struck by

indescribable pains, I Myself wanted to let Myself be struck, because I loved Him, and I loved those for whose sake I was being struck. Ah! Only my love, because it is divine, knows how to form such loving inventions, such hindrances as to be incredible; and it forms the heroism of true love, so much so, that one ends up burned, consumed, on the stake of love for His beloved ones, whom He kept as though incorporated within Himself, as they formed His very life. Ah! in what constraints my love puts Me. It fills Me so much, that I feel the need of an outpouring, issuing from Myself surprising works, pains, light, graces, to give vent to my love; and it is such and so great that I remain always inside and outside the creature, to serve her; and now I serve her with light, in the sun, to be able to communicate this outpouring of love; now I serve her in the air, to let her breathe; now I serve her in the water, to quench her thirst; now in the plants, to nourish her; now in the wind, to caress her; in the fire, to warm her; there is nothing done by Me, whether in Creation or in Redemption, in which my love, unable to contain itself within itself, did not come out to make an outpouring of love toward the creatures.

Now, who can tell you how much I suffer in seeing that I am not loved back! How my love remains tortured by human ingratitude! I reach the point of making her sins my own, to grieve over them as if they were mine, unto making the penance that is due. I take upon my shoulders all of her evils, to change them into good; I make the creature my own, fully mine, to the point of giving her a place inside my Humanity, as a member most dear to Me; I keep inventing ever new devices of love to make her feel how much I love her; and seeing Myself unloved – what pain, what sorrow! Therefore, my daughter, love Me! Love Me! When I feel loved, my love finds its rest, and its torments of love are changed into sweet refreshments.”

Fiat!!!

**October 20, 1935**

***Love and Divine Will go hand in hand. Love forms the raw material adaptable to form the Life of God in the creature.***

My poor mind feels the need to rest in the Divine Volition, to feel loved by He alone who knows how to love it. It feels the life in It, and the greatest happiness with Its sweet company; but while it feels the need to be loved, it feels the ardent fever for loving It, and would want to be consumed with love and get out of the exile, so as to be able to love It with more perfect love in Heaven. My Jesus, when will You have compassion on me?

But while I was thinking this, my beloved Jesus, repeating His short little visit, told me: “My daughter, Love and Divine Will go hand in hand, they never separate, and form one single life. So, my Divine Will created, did many things, but It created and operated while loving; nor would they have been works worthy of Our infinite wisdom, if We did not love what was being created by Us. Therefore, each created thing, even the smallest, possesses the fount of Our Love, and has a continuous sigh, heartbeat, voice: ‘Love. I am Divine Will and I am holy, pure, powerful, beautiful. I am Love and I love, nor will I ever cease loving, until I convert everything into Love.’

See then, my daughter, my Divine Will loved first and then It created what It loved. Love is Our breath, Our heartbeat, Our air; and just as air is communicative and there is not one person or one thing that can escape from the air, in the same way Our Love, true air, invests all, adorns everyone and everything, by right It wants to lord it over everything and wants to be loved by all. And It feels Its breath, Its heartbeat, Its air, Its life being taken away when It is not loved, and Its communicative virtue is hampered. Now, if the creature does my Will but does not love, it cannot be said with facts that she does my Will; it might perhaps be Will of God of circumstance, of necessity, for a time, because only the Divine Love possesses the unifying virtue that unites and centralizes everything in



my Divine Will, so as to form the life of It. Moreover, if my Love is missing, which alone is capable of rendering and transforming the creature into adaptable material, to make of her the life of the Divine Will, she would remain like a hard object, which cannot receive any impression of the Supreme Being. It is my Love that, like cement, can fill up all the cracks of the human will, and can render it soft, in such a way as to give it the shape It wants and be impressed in it as the seal of the Divine Life. Therefore, Divine Will and Love are inseparable; if you do my Will, you will love, and if you love you place my Will in safety within you. One and the other hold hands: my Will creates, Love offers Itself as material to receive the creating act, so that We can issue Our most beautiful works. This is why, when We are not loved, We become delirious, We feel Our arms being broken, Our creative hands cannot find the material with which to form Our life in the creature.

So, then, let us run together in loving each other, let us love always, and we will be happy, on both sides. Even more, if you live in my Will, I will place my Love at your disposal, and you will have in your power the heroic and incessant Love, that never says enough.”

Fiat!!!

**October 27, 1935**

***How the Divine Will descends into the human act and creates Its life palpitating in it. How It anticipates Purgatory for one who lives in It.***

I feel in me the power of the Supreme Volition, but so much, that It wants me to undergo, in my little acts, the power of Its divine act; and while It wants it, It wants to be called by the creature, It does not want to be an intruder, nor enter by force, but It wants the creature to know it. And the human will, giving its kiss to the Divine Volition, surrenders its place to the operating of It, and places itself as cortege of the divine act, feeling honored that a Divine Will has operated in its act.

My mind was wandering, and – oh! how many things it comprehended; but I am incapable of repeating them with words. And my beloved Jesus, all goodness, told me: “My blessed daughter, you have not understood yet what it means that my Will is operating in the human act of the creature. It descends into the human act with Its creative power, with Its majesty, with Its light and with Its lavishness of innumerable graces; and pouring into the human act, It makes use of Its power and creates Its own act in it; and the human act remains as the material It used to create Its act. To create means that It creates as many acts as It wants to create, and sometimes It creates so many of them, for as many creatures as are disposed, who can receive Its act, which contains unheard-of prodigies of graces, of light, of love; it contains the palpitating and creating life of a Divine Will. This is why, then, having to do an act so great, It does not want to do it without the creature knowing it, and without her longing, wanting, calling It, to receive into its act the creating Will of so Holy and Mighty a Volition. What a difference, my daughter, from one who does good, prays, because he feels the duty to do so, or the necessity imposing it, or he suffers because he cannot free himself. As good as they may be, these are always human acts without the virtue of multiplying themselves for as many as one wants; they do not possess the fullness of goods, or of sanctity, or of love; and many times they are a brawl of most vile passions, because the creative power of one who creates what is good is missing, one who knows how to get rid of anything that does not belong to his sanctity.

So, the soul who lets my Divine Will operate in her act gives It the field for continuous creation, and – oh! how glorified and loved It feels, because It can create whatever It wants in the act of the creature. It feels the sovereignty, Its dominion, Its royalty being recognized, loved and respected. Therefore the Heavens tremble and all stand at attention and in act of profound adoration when they see my Divine Will creating in the act of the creature.

Oh! if the creatures knew what it means to live in my Divine Volition, they would compete among themselves to live in It, and It would be populated with the children of my Will. And since in my Will the human will feels incapable of operating, it would do nothing other than receive the continuity of acts of Divine Will; and it is the continuation of the acts of a good that forms the order, the harmony, the diversity of beauties, forming the enchantment and the formation of the life and of the good that one wants to acquire. Isn't Our very Life a continuous repetition? We love always, We maintain the conservation of the universe, and with this We maintain the order, the harmony, the life of the universe. Oh! if We did not always repeat, even just for one instant, one would see chaos in all things. Therefore, always repeat your continuous refrains in my Will, always receive my Will into your acts, so that It may repeat in you Its creating act, and in this way It will be able to form, not only the act, but the fullness of Its life."

After this, I was thinking about everything that regards the Divine Will, and I said to myself: 'Is it possible that the creature can reach such extent?' And my sweet Jesus, returning to speak, told me: "My daughter, you must know that as soon as the creature truly decides that she wants to live in my Divine Will, and at any cost never to do her own, my Fiat, with an unspeakable love, forms the seed of Its life in the depth of the soul. This has such power, such sanctity, that it does not grow if it does not reorder the soul first, freeing her of her weaknesses, miseries and stains, if there is any. It can be said that It forms an anticipated Purgatory, purging her of anything that might prevent that a life of Divine Will be formed in her. In fact, my Will and sins cannot exist or live together; at the most, there might be some apparent weakness, which is purified at once with Its light and heat. My Will always holds the purifying act in Its hands, so that there may be no hindrance in the soul that might prevent It, not only from growing, but from carrying out Its acts in the acts of the creature. Therefore, the first thing that my Will does is to get Purgatory out of the way, making the creature go through It in advance, so as to be more free to let her live in It and to form Its life as It best pleases. So, if the creature dies after an act, determined and wanted, of wanting to live in my Volition, she will take flight toward Heaven; even more, my Will Itself will carry her in Its arms of light as Its triumph, as a birth from Itself, and as Its dear child. And if it were not so, one could not say: 'Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven.' It would be a way of speaking, not a reality. In Heaven, because my Will reigns in It, there can be neither sins nor Purgatory; so on earth, if It reigns in the soul, there can be neither sin nor fear of Purgatory. My Will knows how to rid Itself of everything, because It wants to be alone in Its place, ruling and dominating."

Fiat!!!

**November 4, 1935**

***One who lives in the Divine Will possesses her Jesus in a perennial way, and He repeats the miracle He performed in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament, of receiving Himself.***

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, but the more I walk within Its sea, the more I feel the need of Its life in order to continue to live; and having received Holy Communion, I felt the need to love Him. But my poor 'nothing' did not have sufficient love in order to love He who so much loves me; my love was so scarce, that I felt ashamed in the face of the love of Jesus, who had so much of it, that its boundaries cannot be seen. Yet, I wanted to love Him. And my sweet Jesus, encouraging me, told me: "My blessed daughter, do not lose heart, one who lives in my Will keeps her 'nothing' within the All; and wanting to love Me, she loves Me with my own love. I find in it my powerful, wise, attractive, immense love, in such a way that this 'nothing' of the creature takes Me from all sides, and I feel bound by her love, which is my own love, in such a way that I cannot escape

from her; and now she wounds Me; now she darts through Me, to the point of making Me feel faint; and I feel the need to rest in the arms of her love.

But this is not all. One who lives in my Will possesses your Jesus in a perennial way, because my Will has the virtue of forming, raising and feeding my life in the creature; and as she receives Me in the Sacrament, I find another Jesus – that is, Myself, loving Me, adoring Me, thanking Me, repairing Me. I can say that I repeat the great miracle I did in instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist, when I communicated Myself – that is, your Jesus received Jesus. Receiving Myself was the greatest honor, the satisfaction most complete, the requital of the heroism of my love; nothing I lacked of everything that was due to Me in my Sacramental Life – a God matched God Himself. I could say that what I gave was given back to Me. Now, for one who lives in my Will it is impossible not to possess her Jesus, therefore, as she receives Me in the Sacrament, I can say: ‘I am going to find Myself in the creature; and I find that which I want – my Life, which, unifying with hers, forms one single life. I find my royal dwelling, I find the love that always loves Me, I find the requital for the great sacrifice of everything I do and suffer in my Sacramental Life.’ My excessive love leads Me with an irresistible force to repeat the miracle of receiving Myself; but I can only do this in the creature in whom my Divine Will reigns.”

Fiat!!!

**November 17, 1935**

***Everything that is done in the Divine Will takes its place in God.***

I feel I am in the arms of the Divine Will. It seems to me that It waits for me in order to operate in my little act, to give me rest within Its works, and also to be able to rest. And my sweet Jesus, surprising me with His short little visit, told me: “My daughter, as the creature operates in my Will, so do her acts take their place in Our Divine Being. Our goodness is so great, that it keeps many voids in order to receive all the human acts that possess the creative virtue in Our Volition. They come to their Creator all festive, and fill these voids that Our love keeps on purpose, formed within Us, so as to be able to say, with facts: ‘These are Our acts. Whatever We do, the creature does as well.’ Of all that is done in Our Will nothing remains outside of Us, nor could it remain outside; if it could be so, it would be as if Our Life were subject to separate, which cannot be, because We possess not only the inseparability of Our Supreme Being, but also that of all Our acts and of those who live in Our Volition. We have room for all of them, and We make of everything one act alone.

Now, these acts find in Us not only their place of honor, but perennial life and their rest; and We feel the happiness, the joy, that the creature is enclosed within her act. By her doing it in Our Will, We feel that Our Fiat loves Us, glorifies Us, delights Us, beatifies Us in the act of the creature, as We deserve. Oh! how happy We feel! To feel happiness is Our own nature, but in feeling the happiness that the creature can give Us, We feel the requital of the work of Creation. And do you think it is trivial that We give to the creature the virtue of being able to delight her Creator? The joy We experience is such and so great, that We abandon Ourselves in the arms of the creature, and clasping her between Our arms, We rest in her, and she rests in Us. And only when she surprises Us with more acts of hers, then is Our rest interrupted, to enjoy the happiness that she brings Us. So, We do nothing other that go from happiness to rest, and from rest to happiness. Blessed is the creature who, living in Our Divine Will, can delight He who possesses the ocean of infinite joys and happinesses without end.”

Fiat!!!

**November 24, 1935**

*True love always calls the Beloved and encloses Him within itself. How without the Divine Will everything is veiled. Example.*

My poor mind finds itself under the mighty waves of the Divine Volition – mighty, but peaceful with happiness, so much so, that the poor creature feels small and incapable of receiving them all. And while I was following the acts of the Fiat, I arrived at the moment of the creation of man, and was thinking to myself with how much love was innocent Adam capable of loving the Lord, before sinning. And my beloved Jesus, surprising me, told me: “My daughter, he loved Me as much as it is possible for a creature. He was a complex of love, not even a fiber of his was empty of the love toward His Creator. He felt, vividly, the life of His Creator palpitating in his heart; and true love calls the Beloved in each instant, and giving Him his life with his love, he receives back as life the One whom he loves.

Now as the creature loves, the Divine Will finds Itself in her, and this facilitates Its ruling, nothing opposes Its dominion, Its noble place is that of a dominating King, and It forms Its longed-for Kingdom within her. When the creature loves Me as much as she can, no void of God can be found in her; but rather, with her love she encloses Me in the center of her soul, in such a way that I cannot get out, nor can I free Myself of her. And if I were able to leave – which I never do – she would come after Me, without our being able to separate – either I from her, or she from Me – because I Myself am love. Therefore, one who truly loves Me can say: ‘I have conquered He who created me. I have Him inside of me, I possess Him, He is fully mine, no one can take Him away from me.’

Now, my daughter, love in Adam before sinning was perfect, total. My Will had Its life, in such a way that he felt It more than his own life. As soon as he sinned, the life of my Fiat withdrew, but left to him Its light, because without It he could not live, he would have returned to nothing. In creating him We acted like a father who places his goods and his very life in common with his son. Now, the son disobeys, he rebels against his own father, and the father with sorrow is forced to put him out of his house, no longer allowing him to possess either his goods in common, or his life. But his love is so great, that even from afar he does not let the necessary things, or the means of strict necessity, to be lacking to him, because he knows that if the father withdraws, the life of the son is ended. So did my Divine Will: It withdrew Its life, but left Its light as help, support and as the necessary means so that Its son would not perish completely.

Now, by withdrawing Its life, all things and works of God remained veiled for man. He himself – his intelligence, his memory, his will being veiled – remained like those poor unhappy dying ones who, the pupils of their eyes being covered by a thin veil, can no longer see the life of light clearly. My very Divinity, in descending from Heaven to earth, veiled Itself with my Humanity. Oh! if the creatures possessed my Will as life, immediately they would have recognized Me, because my Will Itself would have revealed Who I was. My Will in the creature and that same Divine Volition in Me, immediately would have recognized and loved each other, and the creatures would have thronged around Me, nor would they have been able to separate from Me, recognizing Me, underneath my likeness to their guises, as the Eternal Word, He who loved them so much, and had clothed Himself like one of them. So, I would have had no need to manifest Myself; but my Will, residing in them, would have revealed Me; nor would I have been able to hide. But, instead, I had to tell them Who I was – and how many did not believe Me? Therefore, until my Will reigns in the creatures, everything is veiled. The very Sacraments, which, more than a new Creation I left in my Church with so much love, are veiled for them. How many surprises, how many beautiful secrets and

marvelous things does a veiled pupil prevent them from comprehending, from seeing, from enjoying. More so, since it is the human will that forms this veil and prevents them from seeing things as they are in themselves.

Only my Will reigning in the creatures as life will remove this veil, and all things will be revealed. Then will the creatures see the caresses that We give them by means of created things, and the kisses, the loving embraces. In each created thing they will feel Our ardent heartbeat loving them; they will see Our Life flowing in the Sacraments, to give Itself continuously to them, and they will feel the need to give themselves to Us. This will be the great prodigy that my Divine Will will do: to tear all the veils, abounding with unheard-of graces, taking possession of souls as Its own life, in such a way that no one will be able to resist It; and so It will have Its Kingdom upon earth.”

Jesus, hurry, and fulfill everything You say and want, and may your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven.

**Deo Gratias**

**Always and in each instant**