

One who Lives in the Divine Will pronounces his Fiat in every act he does and forms many Divine Lives. The difference between Living in the Divine Will and being resigned to It

III. “Thy Will Be Done on Earth as It Is in Heaven” (CCC)

2825 “Although He was a Son, [Jesus] learned Obedience through what He Suffered.”¹⁰⁴ How much more reason have we sinful creatures to learn Obedience—we who in Him have become children of adoption. We ask our Father to Unite our will to His Son’s, in order to Fulfill His Will, His Plan of Salvation for the Life of the world. We are radically incapable of this, but United with Jesus and with the Power of his Holy Spirit, we can surrender our will to Him and decide to choose what His Son has always chosen: to do what is pleasing to the Father.¹⁰⁵

From the Book of Heaven

V36 – Apr. 12, 1938 - “My blessed daughter of My Will, how many Wonders My Will can make in the creature, as long as she gives It the first place and all the freedom to Operate. My Will takes the will, the word, the act that the creature wants to do, as part of Itself—covers it with Its Creative Virtue, pronounces Its Fiat in it, and forms as many Lives for as many existing creatures. You were asking in My Will for the Baptism of all newborn babies that will come to the light of the day—and then, for Its Life to Reign in them. My Will did not hesitate for a instant; soon it pronounced Its Fiat and formed as many Lives from Itself for as many newborn babies coming to the light—Baptizing them, as you wanted, with Its First Light, and then giving each one of them Its Life. If these newborn babies, for lack of Knowledge, will not possess Our Life, this Life still remains for Us, and We will have many Divine Lives that Love Us, glorify Us, bless Us, as We do Ourselves. These Divine Lives are Our Greatest Glory, but they don't put aside the creature who gave Our Fiat the opportunity to form so many of Our Lives for these newborn babies who are coming to the light; rather, they keep her hidden in themselves to let her Love as they Love, and let her do what they do. Neither would they set the newborn babies aside; rather, they would give them so much attention, guard and defend them as to be able to Reign in their souls.

“My daughter, who can tell you how much We Love this creature who Lives in Our Will? We Love her so much that We leave Our Will in her power to let her do what she wants. If she wants to form Our Lives, We let her do that; if she wants to fill Heaven and earth with Our Love, We give her the Freedom to do it—so much

so, that she can make everyone say that they Love Us. We even hear the 'I love You' of one who Lives in Our Will in the little bird that trills and warbles and sings. If in the ardor of her love she wants to love more, she can enter Our Creative Act and delight herself with New Suns, Heavens and Stars, making Us say, Unceasingly, 'I Love you, I Love you,' and taking part in narrating Our Glory. In Our Will the sight is long and all attentive to see what she wants and how she can love Us more."

My God, how many Wonders, how many Surprises there are in Your Will. Its Sweet Enchantment is so great that not only does one remain captivated, but as if embalmed—Transformed in the Wonders of the Fiat in such a way that one doesn't know how to get out of It. So, I was thinking to myself: what is be the difference between one who Lives in the Divine Will, one who is resigned to the painful circumstances of life and one who doesn't do the Divine Will at all?

My sweet Jesus, coming back added: "My blessed daughter, the difference is so big that there is no comparison at all. One who Lives in My Will has Dominion over all and We Love her so much that We even let her dominate Ourselves. We are so pleased in seeing the little creature dominating Us that We feel unusual Joy, because We see that Our Will Dominates in the creature and she dominates together with Our Will. O!, how many times We let her win. Many times Our Joy is so Great that We let Our Will win in the creature instead of in Ourselves. Further, by Living in the Divine Will—being in continuous contact with It—she acquires Divine Senses. She acquires a long sight. Her light is so penetrating and clear, that she can even fix herself in God, in whom she sees the Divine Mysteries. She can touch Our Sanctity and Beauty, Loving them and possessing them. With this Eye of Light she can find her Creator everywhere—there's nothing in which she can't find Him. With His Majesty and His Love, He bundles the creature and makes her feel how much He Loves her. In feeling her love, He Loves her and, O! how Unspeakable the Joys on both parts—feeling His Love and loving Him in everything. She acquires Divine Hearing, and soon she hears what We want; she is always intent on listening to Us, and there is no need to repeat again and again what We want. A small sign is enough and all is done.

"She acquires a Divine Sense of Smell. By merely smelling she feels whether what is around her is Good, Holy and belongs to Us. She acquires Divine Taste—to the extent that she fills herself with Love and all that is Heaven. Finally, in Our Will she acquires Our Touch, so that all is Pure and Holy, and there is no fear that even the smallest breath may shade her—all Beautiful, lovely and pretty—the one who Lives in My Fiat.

“On the other hand, one who is only resigned does not live in continuous contact with Us. It can be said that she does not know anything about Our Supreme Being. Her sight is so weak and sickly, that it is painful for her even to look. She suffers from the last stage of myopia, and she can hardly see even the most necessary things. She can hardly hear, and how very much it takes to make her listen—if she listens at all. Her smell, taste and touch sense what is human. She feeds herself with earthly things—feels the touch of passions, and the sweetness of mundane pleasures. She doesn't even do My Will every day, but only in painful circumstances and encounters, when My Will offers her a suffering. O, poor creatures without My continuous Will. How weak they grow—so nervous and ill as to move to pity! How I pity them. Finally, one who is not even resigned—blind and with no sense of smell, loses the taste for every good. She is a poor paralytic who can't really help herself. She imprisons herself in a web of unhappiness and sins, and is not able to get out.”

FIAT!!!