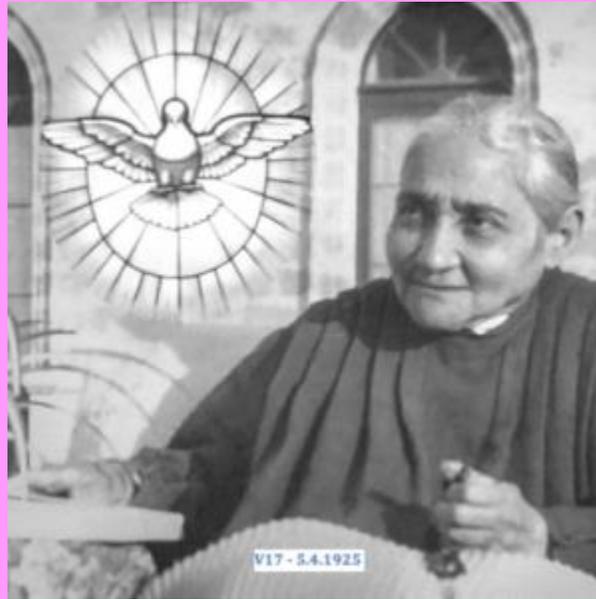


*All Times and Places are Luisa's
She Takes Eternity in her Power*



From The Book of Heaven

V22 - 6.8.27 - “My daughter, for one who does My Will and lives in It, all times and all places are hers. My Supreme Will loses nothing of what It does, and with Its own unique power, It does the act and It preserves it within Itself, intact and beautiful, just as It did it. So, one who lives in My Supreme Will finds in It the order of all Its acts, as if It were doing them at that very instant; and the soul, uniting herself with It, does what My Volition is doing.

“This is all the delight, the satisfaction, the glory of My Will—that while Its acts are eternal, the littleness of the creature who lives in It takes Eternity in her power, and finding the Acts of her Creator as though in act, she repeats with Him, she loves, she glorifies the endlessness of the Acts of He who created her, and so a contest of works, a contest of love and of glory is formed between them. Therefore, the times of Creation are at her disposal, as well as the place of the terrestrial Eden; she has the times of My Incarnation, of My Passion, and Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary are not far from her. Past, distance, do not exist for her, but everything is present and near.

“Even more, *You Must Know* that My Will gives the unity of everything to the soul, and just as My Will, while being one, does everything, in the same way, the soul who possesses the Divine Unity encloses within herself the thoughts of all, the words, works, steps and heartbeats of all, as if they were one alone, in such a way that My Will finds in her all generations and the single acts of each one, just as It finds them within Itself. Oh! how the steps of this chosen creature can be recognized—how sweet is her treading.

“She goes before her God, but she never goes alone—she carries the treading of the steps of all within her steps. Her voice contains the notes of all human voices, and—oh! what a beautiful harmony she forms in Our Will. Her heartbeat unleashes little flames for as many creatures as have come out to the existence of life. Oh! how she delights Us—we amuse ourselves together, she is Our dear jewel, the reflection of Our works, the image of Our Life. This is why I want My Will to reign in the creature—to fill her with all of Its acts.

In fact, when It does not reign, the void of Its acts is formed in her, and—oh! how terrible is the void of a Divine Will in the creature. It is like a dry land, full of rocks, without sun and without water, that is terrifying to look at. And how many there are of these voids in the creature; and when I find one who lives in My Will, I make feast, for I can fill her with all the acts of My Will.”

Then, I was thinking about what is written above, and my Jesus added: “My daughter, Our Love is perfect in all Our works, and since it is perfect, We lose nothing of what We do, and therefore Our works serve as triumph, glory and everlasting crown of Our Divine Being, and whatever is done in the perfection of Our perfect Love is not subject either to being lost, or to losing its wholeness and beauty.

“How different is the work of the creature because she lacks the perfect love for her works. She operates and puts her works out—she has neither the virtue nor the space in order to preserve them within herself, and this is why she loses many of her works; and since they lack the life and the love of the one who has formed them, the human works do not have the virtue of remaining beautiful, intact and ever new, just as they were made.

“Therefore, with the soul who lives in Our Divine Will, We delight in showing her all Our Acts, that appear as though being all present and in the act of being done. And We say to the soul: ‘Repeat Our Act, so that what We do, you may do as well, so as to place the Act of the Creator in common with the creature.’

“It happens as to someone who possesses many beautiful things, but keeps them under lock and key in separate rooms—no one knows that he has so many things of varied beauty. Now, a second person wins the favor of the first one, he proves to be faithful to him, nor is he capable of moving one comma of his will. He captures the heart of the first one, who feels his heart crack, because his love toward that person leads him with an irresistible force to show him the goods he possesses, and the variety and rarity of so many precious things. Therefore he opens the secret rooms and says to him: ‘I feel divided in love if I do not make you aware of my secrets, if I do not let you see what I possess, so that we may enjoy and possess together.’ Those things seem all new to the second one, because he had never seen things of that kind, but for the first those were ancient things.

“The same happens for one who comes to live in Our Will: the doors are opened, Our secrets are revealed, she is made aware of all Our most beautiful works. To keep secrets with her, to hide Our Acts, would be a weight upon Our Heart, it would be as though keeping her like a stranger. Oh! how this would afflict Us. In fact, true and perfect love admits neither secrets nor separation of works and of goods; on the contrary, what is Mine is yours, what I know, you know as well. Even more, you must know that My Will forms the echo of Its works, of Its love, of Its word, in the soul in whom It reigns, in such a way that, on hearing Its echo, the soul repeats the work, the love and the word of the Divine Fiat.”

FIAT!!!