

*The Soul Forms the Beauty of her
Rainbow of Love in her Works
If the Soul Answers the Call of the Divine
Fiat it Gives her the Gift of Its Works*

June 30



III. Contemplative Prayer (CCC)

2716...*Far from being passive, such attentiveness is the obedience of faith, the unconditional acceptance of a servant, and the loving commitment of a child. It participates in the “Yes” of the Son become servant and the Fiat of God’s lowly handmaid.*

Ecclesiastes 8:5

He that keepeth the commandments shall find no evil. The heart of a wise man understandeth time and answer.

From the Book of Heaven

V35 – Nov. 12, 1937 - *“It happens as to the sun whose light and heat are greater and more intense than all the precious effects contained within it. They cannot be seen, but it is certain that the sun possesses these effects. In fact, if its light touches the flower, it gives color to it, painting like an artist the variety of beauties of the colors, so as to form the sweetest enchantment for the human generations. If it touches the plants and the fruits, it gives the variety of sweetnesses and tastes. This shows how the sun is not only light and heat, but it hides other goods inside its womb of light. Such is the creature who Lives in Our Will. As she loves and adores, she forms the beauty of her rainbow of love in her works; the variety of joys and sweetnesses of her good acts, which she jealously hides within her womb. My Will is the hiding place for love and for all that the creature does in It, forming the most Beautiful ornament to Our Divine Works, and the sweet enchantment of Our Eyes. And We are so pleased that We show this to the whole Celestial Court, to let them delight together with Us.*

“Therefore, the creature cannot give Us greater glory than following Our Acts of Creation, because in doing so she unites herself to Our same Purpose. She braids herself to Our Love and We feel her kissing Our Love, while We kiss her own, making One Single Love out of it. What Joy, what Happiness, having the creature together with Us, Loving Us and doing all that We want to do!

V35 – Jan. 16, 1938 - *“Daughter of My Will, you must know that only your Jesus knows all the secrets of My Fiat because, as the Word of the Father, I Glorify Myself in becoming the Narrator of all that It has done for the creature. Its Love is Exuberant. It called you in everything It did, both in the Works of Creation and in the Works of Redemption. And if you listened to Its Call by saying: ‘I’m here. What do you want?’ It would give you the Gifts of Its Works. If you didn’t answer, It would keep calling you always, until you would listen.*

“So, if It Created Heaven, It called you in that blue vault, saying: ‘My daughter, come and see how Beautiful is the Heaven I’ve Created for you. I Created It to make you a Gift. Come and receive this Great Gift. If you don’t listen to Me I cannot give it to you, and you leave Me here, calling you constantly, holding the Gift in My Hands. But I won’t stop calling you until I see you possessing My Gift.’

“Heaven has such a great expanse that the earth is like a little hole compared to it. Therefore, everyone has his own place—one Heaven for each; and I call everyone by name to give them the Gift. But what is not the Pain of My Will in calling again and again without being heard, while they look at Heaven as if it

were not a Gift for them? This Will of Mine Loves so much that, as It Created the sun, It called you with Its voices of Light, going in search for you, and for all, to give it as a Gift. Therefore, your name is written in the sun, with characters of Light—there is no way I can forget it. And as its light descends from its sphere to reach you, it is calling you always.... It is not satisfied in calling you from the height of its sphere, but Loving you more and more, it wants to go down to the bottom, to tell you by means of light and heat: ‘Receive My Gift. I Created this sun for you.’ And if It is heard, how festive It becomes, seeing that the creature possesses the sun as her own property—as a Gift received from her Creator.

“My Will calls you everywhere and in every place. It calls you in the wind: now with authority, now with moans, now as if wanting to cry, to move you to listen, so that you may receive the Gift of this element. It calls you in the sea, through its murmuring, to tell you: ‘This sea is yours. Take it as a Gift from Me.’ Even in the air you breathe, in the singing little bird, It calls you to say: ‘I give you everything as a Gift.’

“Now, if the soul responds to the call, the Gift is Confirmed. If she does not respond, the Gifts remain suspended between Heaven and earth. In fact, if My Will calls, it is because It wants to be called, to maintain the exchange between Itself and the creatures—to make Itself known and to make Incessant Love arise between Itself and the one who Lives in Its Fiat. It is easier to hear Its many Calls, only for those who Live in the Divine Will, since at the same time It calls her from within Its Works, It also makes Itself heard in the depth of her soul—calling from both sides.

“What more should I tell you about the many times I called you and still call you in all the Acts of My Humanity? I was Conceived, and I called you to give you the Gift of My Conception. I was Born, and I called you more strongly, to the extent of crying, moaning and wailing; to move you to compassion so that you might answer Me soon—to give you the Gift of My Birth, of My tears, moans and wailings. If My Celestial Mama swaddled Me in bandages, I called you to swaddle you together with Me. In sum, I called you in every Word I said, in every step I took, in every Pain I suffered, in every drop of My Blood; I called you even in My last Breath on the Cross, to give you everything as a Gift. And to keep you safe, I placed you with Me in the hands of My Celestial Father.

“Where didn’t I call you, to give you all that I did, to pour out My Love, to make you feel how much I Loved you, to let the sweetness of My enrapturing Voice descend into your heart—a voice that enraptures, Creates and Conquers; to hear

your voice telling Me: 'Here I am. Tell me, Jesus, what do you want?' as return for My Love and as a promise to accept My Gifts, so that I could say: 'I have been heard. My daughter recognized Me and loves Me...'

"It is true that these are Excesses of Our Love, but Loving without being recognized and loved... nobody could endure or continue to live. Therefore, we will continue Our follies of Love—Our Stratagems—to give course to Our Life of Love."

"Then He added, with even more intense emphasis of Love: "My daughter, Our sighs are so many—so great Our anxiety for the desire to have the creature always with Us, that we want always to give her of Ourselves. But do you know what We want to give her? Our Will. By giving her Our Will there is no Good We do not give to her. So, having her as though drowned in Our Love, Beauty, Sanctity and so forth, We say: 'We have given you so much, and you—you give Us nothing?' The creature, confused because she has nothing to give Us—and even if she has something, it is Ours—looks at her will and gives it to Us as the most Beautiful homage to her Creator. And do you know what We do? If she gave Us her will in every instant, each time We would give her the merit, as if she had a will for each time she has given it to Us. And We give her Our Will for each time she gave Us her own, Redoubling each time Our Sanctity, Our Love, etc."

FIAT!