

*Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows*  
*September 15*



*Consoling Our Blessed Mother in Her Sorrows*

*From the Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will  
And the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion*

*Seven Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother  
Prophecy of Simeon*

## Day Twenty-Three

### Lesson of the Mother Queen:

“My dear child, do not move from my side; follow Me everywhere. Forty days from the birth of little King Jesus are about to sound when the Divine Fiat calls us to the temple in order to fulfill the law of the Presentation of My Son. So, we went to the temple. It was the first time that we went out together with My sweet Baby. A vein of Sorrow opened in My Heart: I was going to offer Him as Victim for the salvation of all. We entered the temple, and first we adored the Divine Majesty; then we called the priest, and placing Him in his arms, I made the offering of the Celestial Baby to the Eternal Father - offering Him in sacrifice for the Salvation of all. The priest was Simeon, and as I placed Him in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and exulted with immense joy; and after the offering, assuming the attitude of prophet, he prophesied all My Sorrows. Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sounded over My Maternal Heart - thoroughly, with vibrating sound, the cruel tragedy of all the Pains of My little Son! But what pierced Me the most were the words that the holy prophet spoke to Me: "This Dear Baby will be the salvation and the ruin of many, and will be the target of contradictions."

If the Divine Will had not sustained Me, I would have died instantly of pure pain. But It gave Me Life, and used it to form in Me the Kingdom of Sorrows, within the Kingdom of Its Will. Therefore, in addition to the Right of Mother which I had over all, I acquired the Right of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Ah, yes, with My Sorrows, I acquired the little coin to pay the debts of My children, and also those of the ungrateful children.

Now, My child, *You Must Know* that in the Light of the Divine Will I already knew all the Sorrows I was to suffer - and even more than that which the holy prophet had told Me. But in that Act, so solemn, of offering My own Son, in hearing it being repeated to me, I felt so pierced that My Heart bled, and deep lacerations opened in My Soul.

Now, listen to your Mama: in your sufferings, in the painful encounters which are not lacking for you, never lose heart; but with heroic love let the Divine Will take Its Royal Place in your pains, that It may convert them into little coins of infinite value, with which you will be able to pay the debts of your brothers - to ransom them from the slavery of the human will, and make them enter again, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.”

### The soul:

Holy Mama, in Your pierced Heart do I place all my pains; and You know how they pierce my heart. O please, be my Mama, and pour the Balm of Your Sorrows into my heart, that I may share in Your same Destiny of using my pains as little coins in order to Conquer the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

## The Flight into Egypt

### Day Twenty-Four

### Lesson of the Mother Queen:

My dearest child, today the Heart of your Mama is swollen with love and with sorrow, so much so, that I cannot refrain from crying. You know of the coming of the Magi Kings, who caused rumor in Jerusalem, asking about the new King. And cruel Herod, for fear of being removed from his throne, has already given the mandate to kill my sweet Jesus, my dear life, together with all the other children.

My child, what pain! The One who has come to give life to all, and to bring into the world the new era of peace, of happiness, of grace...they want to kill Him! What ingratitude! What perfidy! Ah, my child, to what extent the blindness of the human will reaches! To the extent of becoming ferocious, of tying the hands of the Creator Himself, and of making itself the owner of the One who created it. Give Me your compassion, my child, and try to calm the crying of the sweet Baby. He cries because of human ingratitude, because, only a newborn, they want Him dead; and in order to save Him, we are forced to flee. Dear Saint Joseph has already been advised by the Angel to leave for a foreign land. Accompany us, dear child; do not leave us alone, and I will continue to give you my lessons on the great evils of the human will.

Now, you must know that as man withdrew from the Divine Will, he broke off with his Creator. Everything on earth had been made by God for him – everything was his; but man, by not wanting to do the Divine Will, lost all rights, and one could say that he did not know where to place his foot. So He became a poor exiled one, a pilgrim who could not have a permanent residence; and this, not only for the soul, but also for the body. All things became mutable for poor man; and if he did possess any fleeting thing, it was by virtue of the foreseen merits of this Celestial Baby. This, because the whole magnificence of Creation was destined by God for all those who would do His Will and live in Its Kingdom. All others, if they manage to take anything, are the true petty thieves of their Creator; and with reason: they do not want to do the Divine Will, but they want the goods which belong to It?

Now, dear child, listen to how much this dear Baby and I love you: at the first dawn of His life, He goes into exile, and into a foreign land, in order to free you from the exile in which your human will placed you; to call you to live, not in a foreign land, but in your fatherland – the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat – which was given to you when you were created. Child of my Heart, have pity on the tears of your Mother, and on the tears of this sweet dear Baby - crying, We ask you never to do your will. But We beg you, We implore you: come back into the bosom of the Divine Will, which so much longs for you!

Now, dear child, in the midst of the sorrow for human ingratitude, and in the midst of the immense joys and happinesses that the Divine Fiat gave us and the feast that all Creation made for the sweet Baby, the earth became green and flowery again under our steps, to give homage to its Creator. The sun fixed on Him, and praising Him with its light, it felt honored to give Him its light and heat. The wind caressed Him; the birds, almost like clouds, alighted around us, and with their trills and songs, made the most beautiful lullabies for the dear Baby, to calm His crying and favor His sleep. My child, since the Divine Will was in us, we had power over everything.

So we arrived in Egypt, and after a long period of time, the Angel of the Lord told Saint Joseph that we should return to the house of Nazareth, because the cruel tyrant had died. So we repatriated to our homeland.

Now, Egypt symbolizes the human will – a land full of idols; and wherever Baby Jesus passed, He would knock down these idols and cast them into hell. How many idols does the

human will possess! Idols of vainglory, of self-esteem and of passion, which tyrannize the poor creature! Therefore, be attentive; listen to your Mama. I would make any sacrifice never to let you do your will; and I would also lay down my life, to give you the great good of living always in the bosom of the Divine Will.

**The soul:**

Most sweet Mama, how much I thank You for making me understand the great evil of the human will. And so, for the sake of the sorrow You suffered in the exile of Egypt, I ask You to free my soul from the exile of my will, and to let me repatriate to the dear fatherland of the Divine Will.

**Little Sacrifice:**

Today, to honor Me, you will offer your actions united with mine, in act of gratitude to the Holy Baby, praying Him to enter into the Egypt of your heart to change it completely into Will of God.

*Loss of the Child Jesus in the Temple*  
*Meditation Five*

**Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:**

“...After we had fulfilled our duty in the temple and celebrated the Passover, we prepared to return to Nazareth. In the confusion of the crowd, we were separated; I remained with the women, and Joseph joined the men.

I looked around to see whether my Jesus had come with Me, but, not seeing Him, I thought He had remained with his father Joseph. But what was not the surprise and the concern I felt when, as we arrived at the place at which we were to reunite, I did not see Him at his side! Unaware of what had happened, we felt such fright and such pain that we both remained mute. Overcome with sorrow, we went back hurriedly, anxiously asking those whom we met: "O tell us if you have seen Jesus, our Son, for we can not live without Him!"

Crying, we would describe His features: "He is all lovable; His beautiful azure eyes sparkle with light and speak to the heart; His gaze strikes, enraptures and binds; His forehead is majestic; His face is beautiful, of an enchanting beauty; His most sweet voice descends deep into the heart and sweetens all bitternesses; His hair, curly and like finest gold, renders Him striking and charming. All is majesty, dignity and sanctity in Him. He is the most beautiful among the sons of men!"

But in spite of our searching, nobody was able to tell us anything. The sorrow I felt was so cruel as to make Me weep bitterly, opening, every instant, deep gashes in my soul, which caused Me true spasms of death.

Dear child, if Jesus was my Son, He was also my God; therefore my sorrow was wholly within the divine order – that is, so powerful and immense as to surpass all other possible torments together.

If the Fiat which I possessed had not sustained Me continuously with Its divine strength, I would have died of shock.

Seeing that no one was able to give us information, I anxiously questioned the Angels who surrounded Me: "But, tell Me, where is my beloved Jesus? Where should I direct my steps in order to find Him? O, tell Him I can bear no more; bring Him into my arms on your wings! My Angels, have pity on my tears, help Me - bring Me Jesus!"

In the meantime, as every search had turned out in vain, we returned to Jerusalem. After three days of most bitter sighs, tears, anxieties and fears, we entered the temple. I was all eyes and looked everywhere, when, finally, overcome with jubilation, I saw my Son in the midst of the doctors of the law! He was speaking with such wisdom and majesty as to make those who were listening remain enraptured and amazed. Just in seeing Him, I felt life come back to Me, and immediately I understood the secret reason of His being lost.

And now, a little word to you, dearest child. In this mystery, my Son wanted to give to Me and to you, a sublime teaching. Could you perhaps assume that He was ignoring what I was suffering?

On the contrary, My tears, My searching, and My cruel and intense sorrow, resounded in His heart. Yet, during those hours, so painful, He sacrificed to the Divine Will, His own Mama, the one whom He loves so much, in order to show Me how I too, one day, was to sacrifice His very Life to the Supreme Will.

In this unspeakable pain, I did not forget you, My beloved one. Thinking that it would serve as an example for you, I kept it at your disposal, so that you too, at the appropriate time, might have the strength to sacrifice everything to the Divine Will. As Jesus finished speaking, we approached Him reverently, and addressed Him with a sweet reproach: "Son, why have You done this to us?" And He, with Divine dignity, answered us: "Why did you look for Me? Did you not know that I came to the world to glorify my Father?" Having comprehended the high meaning of His answer, and adored in it the Divine Will, we returned to Nazareth.

Child of My Maternal Heart, listen. When I lost My Jesus, the pain I felt was so very intense; yet, a second one added to this – that of losing you. In fact, in foreseeing that you would have gone far from the Divine Will, I felt deprived of the Son and of the daughter at the same time, and so My Maternity suffered a double blow.

My child, when you are in the act of doing your own will rather than that of God, think that by abandoning the Divine Fiat, you are about to lose Jesus and Me, and to fall into the kingdom of miseries and vices. Keep then, the promise you made Me – to remain indissolubly united to Me – and I will grant you the grace of never again letting you be dominated by your will, but only by the Divine.

### **The soul:**

Holy Mama, I tremble in thinking of the abysses into which my will is capable of making me fall. Because of it, I can lose You, I can lose Jesus, and all the celestial goods. Mama, if You do not help me, if You do not surround me with the power of the light of the Divine Will, I feel it is not possible for me to live of Divine Will with constancy. So I place all my hope in You, in You I trust, from You I hope for everything. Amen.

### **Little Sacrifice:**

You will recite three Hail Marys to compassionate the intense sorrow I felt during the three days in which I was deprived of My Jesus.

## *The Meeting of Jesus and Mary on the Way of the Cross*

### *Day Twenty-Seven*

#### **Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:**

“I saw Him take the Cross upon His shoulders, exhausted and panting. And I, unable to refrain, hastened my step to give Him my last embrace and to dry His face, all wet with blood. But - no! There was no pity for Us! The cruel soldiers pulled Him by the ropes and made Him fall. Dear child, what harrowing pain, not being able to help my dear Jesus in so many pains! Every pain opened a sea of sorrow in my pierced Heart.

### *Eighteenth Hour of the Passion*

... Your Mama, Who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive your last gaze; and You feel Her pains, Her heart lacerated in Yours, moved and wounded by Her love and by Yours. You see Her pushing Her way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last good-bye.

But You are more transfixed in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of Your pains reproduced in Her by force of Love. If She lives, it is only by a miracle of Your Omnipotence. You move your steps toward hers, but you can hardly exchange a glance!

Oh, pang of Your Two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving prevent Mama and Son from exchanging the last good-bye. The torment of both is such that Your Mama remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain Her, while You fall again under the Cross. Then, Your Sorrowful Mama does with Her Soul that which She cannot do with Her Body, because She is prevented: She enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One Her own, and associating Herself in all Your pains, performs the office of Your Mother, Kisses You, Repairs You, Soothes You, and pours the Balm of Her Sorrowful Love into all Your Wounds!

## *The Crucifixion*

### *Day Twenty Seven*

Finally, I (Mary) followed Him to Calvary, where, amid unheard-of pains and horrible contortions, He was Crucified and lifted up on the Cross. Only then was it conceded to Me to be at the Foot of the Cross, to receive from His dying lips the gift of all My children, and the right and Seal of my Maternity over all creatures. Shortly after, amid unheard-of spasms, He breathed His last.

#### **The soul:**

Sorrowful Mama, Your words wound my heart; I feel I am dying upon hearing that it was my rebellious will that made You suffer so much. Therefore, I pray You to enclose it in the Wounds of Jesus, that I may live from His Pains and from Your bitter Sorrows.

### *Twenty First Hour of the Passion*

You turn Your languid gaze to Your Mama. She too is more than dying because of Your Pains; and the Love that tortures Her is so great as to render Her Crucified like You.

## *Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross*

### *Day Twenty – Seven*

All nature wore mourning, and cried over the death of its Creator. The sun cried, obscuring itself and withdrawing, horrified, from the face of the earth. The earth cried with a strong tremor, ripping open in various places, for the sorrow of the death of its Creator. All cried: the sepulchers by opening, the dead by rising; even the veil of the temple cried with sorrow, and was torn. All lost joy, and felt terror and fright. My child, your Mama remained petrified with sorrow, waiting to receive Him into my arms, to close Him in the sepulcher.

Now, listen to Me in my intense sorrow: with the pains of my Son I want to speak to you of the great evils of your human will. Look at Him in my sorrowful arms, how disfigured He is! He is the true portrait of the evil the human will does to the poor creatures. My dear Son wanted to suffer so many pains in order to raise this will again - fallen into the abyss of all miseries; each pain of Jesus and each one of my sorrows called it to rise again in the Divine Will. Our love was so great that in order to place this human will in safety, We filled it with our pains, up to the point of drowning it, and enclosing it inside the immense seas of my sorrows, and of those of my beloved Son.

Therefore, on this day of sorrows for your sorrowful Mama - and all for you - in return give Me your will, into my hands, that I may enclose it in the bleeding wounds of Jesus, as the most beautiful victory of His Passion and death, and as the triumph of my most bitter sorrows.

### *Twenty-Third Hour of the Passion*

My dead Jesus, I see that your disciples hasten to depose You from the Cross. Joseph and Nicodemus, who have remained hidden until now, with courage and without fearing anything, now want to give You an honorable burial. So they take hammers and pincers, to perform the sacred and sad unnauling from the Cross, while Your pierced Mama stretches out Her Maternal Arms to receive You on Her Lap.

## *The Burial of Jesus*

### *Twenty-Fourth Hour of the Passion*

My sorrowful Mama, I see that You dispose Yourself to the final sacrifice of having to give burial to your lifeless Son Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the Will of God, You accompany Him, and You place Him in the sepulcher with your own hands. But as You compose those limbs and are about to give Him the last good-bye and the last kiss, You feel your Heart being torn from your breast because of the pain. Love nails You to those limbs, and by force of love and sorrow, your life is about to fade together with your lifeless Son. Poor Mama, how shall You go on without Jesus? He is your Life – your All. Yet, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. You will have to fight against two insurmountable powers:

Love and Divine Will. Love nails You, in such a way that You cannot separate from Him; the Divine Will imposes Itself and wants the sacrifice. Poor Mama, how shall You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! O please, Angels of Heaven, come to raise Her from the stiffened limbs of Jesus, otherwise She will die!

But, oh portent, while She seemed to be extinguished together with Jesus, I hear Her voice, trembling and interrupted by sobs, say: *"Beloved Son, O Son, this was the only relief which was left to Me, and which halved my pains: your Most Holy Humanity - pouring Myself out on these wounds, adoring them, kissing them. Now this too is taken away from Me, because the Divine Will wants it so; and I resign Myself. But know, Son, that I want it and I can not. At the mere thought of doing it, my strengths leave Me and life runs away from Me. Oh please, O Son, so that I may have life and strength to be able to depart, allow Me to remain all buried in You, and to take for Myself your Life, your pains, your reparations, and all that You are. Ah, only an exchange of Life between You and Me can give Me the strength to make the sacrifice of departing from You!"*

So determined, my afflicted Mama, I see that You go through those limbs again, and You place your head in the head of Jesus. Kissing it, You enclose in It your thoughts, and You take for Yourself His thorns, His afflicted and offended thoughts, and everything He suffered in His Most Holy Head. Oh, how You would want to animate the Intelligence of Jesus with your own, to be able to give life for life! You now begin to feel revived, by having taken the thoughts and the thorns of Jesus into your mind.

Sorrowful Mama, I see You kiss the lifeless Eyes of Jesus, and I feel pierced in seeing that Jesus no longer looks at You. How many times His gazes filled You with Paradise, and made You rise again from death to life; and now, not seeing Yourself gazed upon, You feel like dying! Therefore You place your eyes in those of Jesus, and You take for Yourself His eyes, His tears, and His bitternesses in seeing the offenses of the creatures, and the many insults and scorns.

But I see, my pierced Mama, that You kiss His Most Holy Ears, and You call Him over and over again, saying: *"My Son, how can it be that You no longer listen to Me – You, who would hear my slightest motion? And now I cry, I call You, and You do not hear Me? Ah, love is the most cruel tyrant!"*

*You were more than my own life for Me, and now I will have to survive so much pain? Therefore, O Son, I leave my hearing in Yours, and I take for Myself what You have suffered in your Most Holy hearing, and the echo of the offenses that resounded in it. Only this can give Me life – your pains, your sorrows!"* And as You say this, the pain and the grip on your Heart is so great, that You lose your voice and remain motionless. My poor Mama, my poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! How many cruel deaths You suffer!

But the Divine Will imposes Itself and gives You motion; and You look at His Most Holy Face, You kiss it, and exclaim: *"Adored Son, how disfigured You are! Ah, if love did not tell Me that You are my Son, my Life, my All, I would no longer recognize You, so unrecognizable You are! Your beauty was transformed into deformity; your cheeks into bruises, and the light, the grace of your Face – which was such that seeing You and remaining beatified was the same thing - has turned into paleness of death, O beloved Son. Son, how You are reduced! What an awful crafting sin has made upon your Most Holy Limbs! Ah, how much would your inseparable Mama want to give You back your original beauty! I want to fuse my face in Yours, and take for Myself your Face, and the slaps, the spit, the scorns, and everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Face. Ah, Son, if You want Me alive, give Me your pains; otherwise I will die!"*

And your pain is so great that it suffocates You, it breaks your speech, and You remain as though lifeless on the Face of Jesus. Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to comfort my Mama; Her sorrow is immense – it inundates Her, it suffocates Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength. But the Divine Will, breaking through these waves, gives life back to Her.

You are now at the Mouth of Jesus, and in kissing it, You feel your lips embittered by the gall which so much embittered His mouth; and sobbing, You continue: *"Son, say a last word to your Mama. How can it be that I will no longer be able to listen to your voice? All of the words You have spoken to Me in life, like many arrows, wound my Heart with sorrow and with love. And now, seeing You mute, they put themselves in motion once again within my lacerated Heart; they give Me many deaths, and would want to snatch, by force, a last word from You. But not receiving it, they torment Me, and they say to Me: 'So, You will no longer hear Him; You will no longer hear His sweet accent, the melody of His creative word!'*

*He created as many Paradises in Me as words that He spoke. Ah, my Paradise is finished, and I will have nothing but bitternesses! Ah, Son, I want to give You my tongue in order to animate Yours. Give Me that which You suffered in your Most Holy Mouth – the bitterness of the gall, your ardent thirst, your reparations and prayers; and so hearing your voice through them, my sorrow will be more bearable, and your Mama will be able to live through your pains."*

Tormented Mama, I see You hasten, because those who surround You want to close the sepulcher. Almost flying, You take the Hands of Jesus between yours, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and placing your hands in His, You take for Yourself the pains and the piercings of those Most Holy Hands. Then You fly over the Feet of Jesus, looking at the cruel torture which the nails have made in them; and as You place your feet in them, You take for Yourself those wounds, and You offer Yourself to run toward sinners in the place of Jesus, in order to snatch them from hell.

Anguishing Mama, I see You give the last good-bye to the pierced Heart of Jesus. Here You pause. It is the last assault to your Maternal Heart; You feel It being torn from your breast because of the vehemence of love and pain and, alone, It runs to place Itself in the Most Holy Heart of Jesus. And You, in seeing Yourself without a heart, hasten to take His Most Holy Heart into yours - His Love rejected by many creatures, His many ardent desires not fulfilled because of their ingratitude, and the pains and piercings of that Most Holy Heart, which will keep You crucified for the rest of your life. In looking at the wide wound, You kiss it, You lap up the Blood;

and feeling the Life of Jesus in Yourself, You have the strength to fulfill the bitter separation. Then You embrace Him, and You allow the sepulchral stone to close on Him.

## *From the Book of Heaven*

**V30 – Dec. 8, 1931** - “My daughter, Our Celestial Mama holds Primacy over all the good acts of creatures. She, as Queen, has the Mandate and the Right to make the withdrawal of all their acts into Her Acts. Her Love of Queen and of Mother is so great, that as the creature disposes herself to form her act of love, from the height of Her Throne She makes a Ray of Her Love descend, She invests and surrounds their act of love to place in them from Her own, as Prime Love. And as it is formed, She takes it up within Her same Ray of Love into the fount of Her Love; and She says to Her Creator: ‘Adorable Majesty, in My Love that always springs for You, there is the love of My children fused within My own, that I, with Right of Queen, have withdrawn into My Sea of Love, so that You may find, in My Own, the love of all creatures.’

“If they adore, if they pray, if they repair, if they suffer, from the height of Her Throne descend the Ray of the Adoration, the Ray of Her Prayer, the Ray of Her Reparation; She unleashes the vivifying Ray from within the Sea of Her Sorrows, and She invests and surrounds the adoration, the prayer, the reparation, the sufferings of creatures. And when they have done and formed the act, the same Ray of Light takes them up unto Her Throne, and they fuse within the fount of the Seas of the Adoration, of the Prayer, of the Reparation, of the Sorrows of the Celestial Mama. And She repeats: ‘Majesty Most Holy, My Adoration extends in all the adorations of creatures, My Prayer prays in their prayer, repairs with their reparation, and, as Mother, My Sorrows invest and surround their pains. I will not feel Myself Queen if I do not run and place My Prime Act over all their acts; nor will I enjoy the sweetnesses of Mother if I do not run to surround, help, compensate for, embellish, fortify all the acts of creatures, so that I may be able to say: “The acts of My children are one with Mine; I hold them in My Power before God in order to defend them, help them, and as the sure pledge that they will reach Me in Heaven.’

“Therefore, My daughter, you are never alone in your acts—you have the Celestial Mama together with you, who not only surrounds you, but nourishes your act with Her Light of Her Virtues, to give it Life. In fact, you must know that the Sovereign Queen, even from Her Immaculate Conception, was the First and Only Creature who formed the Link of Connection between the Creator and the creature, broken by Adam. She accepted the Divine Mandate to bind God and men, and She bound them with Her Prime Acts of Fidelity, of Sacrifice, of Heroism, of making Her will die in each of Her Acts—not once, but always, to make that of God Live again. From this sprang forth a Fount of Divine Love that cemented God and man and all their acts. So, Her Acts, Her Maternal Love, Her Dominion of Queen, are cement that runs—that cements the acts of the creatures to render them inseparable from Her Own, unless someone, ungrateful, would refuse to receive the cement of the Love of his Mama. Therefore, you must be convinced that around your patience there is the Patience of the Queen Mama that surrounds, sustains and nourishes yours; around your pains Her Sorrows surround you, sustaining and nourishing, like balsamic oil, the hardness of your pains.”

**V33 – Apr. 12, 1933** - “Now, Our Divine Will that possess the All-Seeingness of everything, hid nothing from Her, It made present to this Holy Creature all the human generations, each sin that they had done and that they would do. And even from the first instant of Her Conception, the tiny Celestial One who knew no other life than only the Divine Will, began to be sorrowful with the Divine Sorrow for each sin of the creature, so much so that She formed around each sin of theirs a Sea of Divine Love and Sorrow. My Will does not know how to do little things; It formed in Her beautiful Soul Seas of Sorrow and of Love for each sin and for every creature. Therefore the Holy Little Virgin, even from the first instant of Her life, was Queen of Sorrow and of Love, because Our Will that can do everything, gave Her such Sorrow and Love that if It had not sustained Her with Its Power, She would have died for every sin, and many times consumed with Love for how many creatures would exist. And Our Divinity began to have, in virtue of Our Will, the Divine Sorrow and Divine Love for everyone and for each one.

“O! how We feel satisfied and repaid for everything, and in virtue of this Divine Sorrow and Love, We feel inclined toward everyone. Her Love was so much, that ruling over Us, She made Us Love those whom She Loved, so much so that as this Sublime Creature came to Light, the Eternal Word ran in order to come to seek man and save him. Who can resist the Operating Power of Our Will in the creature? And what can She not do and obtain for however much She wants? O! if everyone only knew the Great Good that We made to the human generations by giving them this Celestial Queen—it was She who prepared the Redemption, who Conquered Her Creator, and who was the Bearer of the Eternal Word on earth—O! everyone would press themselves around Her Maternal knees in order to implore from Her that Divine Will that She possesses the Life of.”

*Fiat!!!*