

How the Light of the Divine Will makes all other things lose life, gives Divine Freshness, and one who Lives in It is Confirmed in Good and Acquires the Right of Citizen of Heaven

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I am in the Arms of the Divine Will, though under the Press of the Privations of my most Sweet Jesus. Without Him hours are centuries, days are interminable, and – oh! how sadly I miss His Sweet and Lovable Presence, and I feel all the hardness of my long exile. But while I moan and sigh, the Divine Fiat makes Its Light flow over my sorrow, and mitigating it, It makes me Flow within the Eternal Waves of Its Acts to Unite mine with Its own, and make them One. Ah! it seems to me that It does not even give me the time to feel sorry for being without He Who Loves me so much, and Whom I Love. Its Light imposes Itself on everything, It Eclipses and Absorbs everything, It wants everything for Itself; nor does it permit one to lose time even on the holiest things, which is the Privation of Jesus. But while I was Swimming in the Sea of sorrow, my Dear Life, only like a flash that escapes, visiting my little soul, told me: ‘Good daughter, Courage, let yourself be guided by the Light of My Divine Will, which shall Know how to Convert the sorrows, the pains, My very Privations, into Perennial Peace and into Divine Conquests. The Nature of Its Light is Eclipsing, Corroborating, Fortifying, and wherever Its Light reaches, sorrow loses strength and life, and It changes it into Conquests and into Joys, because the Strength of Its Light surpasses everything, and there where It takes Its Place, all other things lose life. And if before the Light of My Divine Will one feels other effects and desires, it means that the Fullness of Its Light is not Full in the soul, nor does It Reign in her in an Absolute Way. Its Kingdom is Absolute Kingdom, not conditioned, therefore It has the Supreme Right to Absorb everything, to make all other things lose life, and to Convert everything into Divine Will.

You Must Know that each time the creature does her Acts in My Will, a Beneficial Dew Pours upon her, which Preserves in her the Divine Freshness, and gives her the Opium to everything that does not belong to It. And – oh! how Beautiful it is to see her always Fresh in her Acts, Fresh in her Love, in her sorrow, in Act of waiting to receive Its Dew, so as to receive the Opium in It, in order to convert the sorrow into Sweet Conquest of Divine Will. Freshness renders one Lovable, Attractive, whether a person or an object; no one likes old things, and this is why I Love so much one who Lives in My Divine Will – because I feel in her Our Divine Freshness, Our Sweet Fragrances. In sum, she gives of Our own, and your Jesus Encloses this beloved creature in His Heart, and I keep Forming her, Raising her all from My Will. So, this Noble Cohort of the Children of My Will shall be formed in My Most Holy Heart, like many little queens, daughters of the Great King.”

Then, continuing in my state of oppression because of the Privations of my Sweet Jesus, I was thinking to myself: ‘Yet, even though I am without the One who is more than my own life for me, still, I feel a profound Peace, nor do I fear anything or have any worry that it might be my fault that Celestial Jesus deprives me of Himself; nor do I have any fear that I might get lost. In my little soul I feel nothing other than a Placid Sea, such that, though It Murmurs, Its Murmuring is yet nothing other than *‘I love You’*; and this little *‘I love You’* of

mine asks You for nothing other than the Coming of the Kingdom of Your Divine Will upon earth. And without ever ceasing to murmur, very often I form my little Waves, so as to get away from my exile and Storm Heaven, to Enclose myself in my Celestial Fatherland. But, no - in vain; my Waves fall back into my Sea and I continue, placidly, to Murmur: *'I love You, I love You....'*, and I Engage Heaven and earth to ask You for Your Fiat. But while my mind was speaking nonsense, my Highest Good, Jesus, Claspng me in His Arms, all Tenderness, told me: "My Newborn of My Will, it seems that you are looking for some way how to trouble yourself; but I do not want it - I do not want storms in the sea of your soul, but Perennial Peace. The storms - that is, worries, fears, doubts, these the storms - would prevent the Continuous Murmuring of your placid *'I love You'*, that must always Run and Murmur to Conquer your Creator, that He may send His Will to Descend upon earth in order to let It Reign.

Now, *You Must Know* that for one who lets herself be Dominated by My Will and Lives in It, evils lose life. The fear of offending Me, the worries, the disturbances, lose the seed to be reborn; the soul and the body remain confirmed in Good. She finds herself in the conditions of the Blessed for whom evil has no more life, because in those Celestial Regions, in My Will, evil absolutely cannot enter. So, one who Lives in It can be Called and Acquires the Right of Citizen of Heaven; and if she finds herself on earth, she is like a Citizen lost from the Celestial Fatherland, kept there by My Divine Will for Its Great Designs and for the Good of miserable humanity. But even though she is on earth, she does not lose the Right to be Citizen of Heaven or to Live with the Same Properties of the Celestial Fatherland. And although she feels as if lost, yet by Right she must Possess Heaven in her soul, to Live not of earth, but of Heaven. Ah! the Living in My Divine Will Calls Heaven upon earth, and Its Light Writes on her forehead, with Indelible Characters: *'Perennial Love; Imperturbable Peace; Confirmation of all Goods; Daughter of the Supreme Being.'* Therefore, always in My Divine Will do I Want you, that you may enjoy the Properties of your Celestial Fatherland, which are: Continuous Love, Highest Peace, and Divine Will as Life of all the Blessed."

FIAT!!!