



*From the Writings of
The Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta
The Little Daughter of the Divine Will*

Divine Mercy and The Divine Will

Divine Will

Luisa Piccarreta was born on April 23, 1865 the Sunday after Easter (Divine Mercy Sunday), in Corato, Bari, to Nicola Vito and Rosa Tarantino, who had five daughters: Maria, Rachele, Filomena, Luisa and Angela. A few hours after Luisa's birth, her father wrapped her in a blanket and took her to the main church for baptism. Her mother had not suffered the pangs of labor: her birth was painless.

Divine Mercy

St. Faustina's Diary – 299. *I desire that the first Sunday after Easter be the*

Feast of Mercy.

Divine Will

Luisa, having accepted the role of victim, came to experience a most peculiar condition: every morning she found herself rigid, immobile, huddled up in bed, and no one could move her because of her weight, as if she were a large piece of lead, nor could they stretch any of her members, to raise her arms or move her head or legs as they were strongly stiffened no one was able to stretch her out,. Her body assumed a rock-like hardness. Her tiny frame grew so heavy that no one could lift it. In this death-like state, Luisa was totally paralyzed, although she retained consciousness and suffered excruciating pains. ***As we know, it required the presence of a priest who, by blessing her with the sign of the Cross with his thumb on the back of her hands Reciting at the same time the Trisagion prayer of the Byzantine liturgy “Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, Have Mercy on us.”*** This dispelled that corpse-like rigidity – then the body of Luisa came round and started to move, and her sister could lift her easily and with no strain, placing her in her usual and only position, sitting on her little bed.

Divine Mercy

St. Faustina’s Diary: 476. This prayer will serve to appease My wrath. You will recite it for nine days, on the beads of the rosary, in the following manner: First of all, you will say one Our Father and Hail Mary and the I Believe in God. Then on the Our Father beads, you will say the following words: “Eternal Father, I offer You the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Your dearly beloved Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and those of the whole world.” On the Hail Mary beads you will say the following words: “For the sake of His sorrowful Passion have mercy on us and on the whole world.” ***In conclusion, three times you will recite these words” Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us and on the whole world.***

Divine Will

Volume 6 – April 16, 1904

Jesus and God the Father speak about Mercy. – Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw a multitude of people, and in their

midst one could hear noises of bombs and gun shots. People were dropping dead or wounded, and those who were left would flee up to a palace nearby; but the enemies would go up there and kill them, more surely than those who remained outside. So I said to myself: ‘How I wish I could see whether the Lord is there in the midst of these people, so as to say to Him: ‘Have mercy – pity on these poor people!’ So I went round and round and I saw Him as a little Child; but little by little He kept growing, until He is the easiest means to take possession of that which one ardently loves.” Having said this, both shadow and voice disappeared. Who can say the pain I feel for not having seen my beloved Good?

Volume 4 – October 14, 1900

The dangerous scourge of the middle-class. Only innocence snatches God’s mercy and mitigates His just indignation.

...I felt myself outside of myself, and I saw unknown persons approaching, dressed as middle-class folk. On seeing them, the people were all horrified and screamed with fright and distress – especially the children; and they said: ‘If these set upon us, it is over for us.’ And they added: “Let the young girls hide! Poor youths, if they are caught in the hands of these!” So, turning to the Lord, I said: ‘Pity – mercy! Move this scourge away, so dangerous for miserable humanity! Let the tears of innocence move You to compassion!’ And He: “Ah, my daughter! Only because of innocence do I have regard for others; it alone snatches my mercy and mitigates my just indignation.”

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Volume 6 – July 29, 1904

Faith makes one know God, but trust makes one find Him.

Continuing in my usual state, as soon as I saw my adorable Jesus, I said to Him: ‘My Lord and my God.’ And He continued: “God, God, God alone. Daughter, faith makes one know God, but trust makes one find Him. So, without trust, faith is sterile, and even though faith possesses immense riches with which the soul can enrich herself, if there is no trust she remains always poor and lacking in everything.” While He was saying this, I felt myself being drawn into God, and I remained absorbed in Him like a little drop of water in the immense sea. As much as I looked, I could find no boundaries, either of height or of breadth; Heaven and earth, blessed and pilgrim souls, all were immersed in God. I could also see wars, like that between Russia and Japan, the thousands of soldiers who were dying and will die, and that by justice, also natural, the victory will be of Japan; and I saw that other European nations are plotting machinations of war even against nations of Europe. But who can say all that I could see of God and in God? So, to end it, I stop here.

Volume 6 – June 20, 1904

Victim souls are the daughters of Mercy.

After I struggled very much, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, human perfidy has reached such a point as to exhaust my Mercy on its part. But my goodness is so great as to constitute daughters of Mercy, so that on the part of creatures also, this attribute may not be exhausted. These are the victims who are in full ownership of the Divine Will, having destroyed their own. In fact, in these souls, the container given by Me in creating them is in full vigor, and since they have received the particle of my Mercy, being daughters, they administer it to others. It is understood, however, that in order to be able to administer the particle of my Mercy to others, they themselves must be in Justice.” And I: ‘Lord, who can ever be in Justice?’ And He: “One who does not commit grave sins and abstains from committing the slightest venial sins of his own will.”

Volume 7 – January 3, 1907

True trust reproduces Divine Life in the soul.

Continuing in my usual state, I saw blessed Jesus for just a little, and He told me: “My daughter, if one fears much, it is a sign that she relies much on herself, because in noticing nothing but weaknesses and miseries within herself, she naturally and justly fears. On the other hand, if one fears nothing, it is a sign that she relies on God, because by relying on God, her miseries and weaknesses are dissolved in God, and as she feels invested by the Divine Being, it is no longer she who operates, but God within her. So, what can she fear? Therefore, true trust reproduces Divine Life in the soul.”

Volume 9 – September 11, 1910

Jesus wants love, truth and rectitude from souls. A soul perfectly united to the Divine Will makes Mercy win over Justice.

Continuing in my usual state, it seemed that the confessor put the intention of making me suffer the crucifixion. After some hardships, benign Jesus concurred a little, and told me: “My daughter, because of the world I cannot take any more; many move Me to indignation, and snatch scourges from my hands by force.” And while He was saying this, there seemed to be a pouring rain that was causing damage to the vineyards. Then I prayed for the confessor, who seemed to be there present. I wanted to take his hands, to have him touched by Jesus, and it seemed that Jesus did it. I prayed Him to tell what He wanted from father, and Jesus said to him: “I want love, truth and rectitude. That which renders man most dissimilar from Me is not being armed with these prerogatives.” And as He said ‘love’, He seemed to seal all of his members, his heart, his intelligence, with love. Oh, how good is Jesus! Then afterwards, having told father what I wrote on the 9th, I remained doubtful, and I said to myself: ‘How I wish I would not have to write these things... if it is true that Jesus suspends the scourge to content me, or if it is my fantasy.’ And Jesus told me: “My daughter, justice and mercy are in a continuous fight, and the victories of mercy are more than those of justice. Now, when a soul is perfectly united with my Will, she takes part in my actions *ad extra*, and as she satisfies with her sufferings, mercy obtains its most beautiful victories over justice. And since I delight in crowning all of my attributes with mercy, even justice itself, in seeing Myself being importuned by the soul united with Me, in order to content her, I surrender to her, because she has surrendered all of her things in my Will. This is why I do not come when I

do not want to surrender – because I don't trust that I can resist without surrendering. So, what is your doubt?"

Volume 11 – August 20, 1913

One who lives in the Divine Will must have trust, simplicity and disinterest in giving to all. Her life and her work are ended, because the Divine Will consecrates her and transubstantiates her.

While I was praying, I saw my always lovable Jesus within me, and many souls around me, who were saying: 'Lord, You have placed everything in this soul!' And stretching their hands toward me, they said: 'Since Jesus is in you, and all His goods are with Him, take them and give them to us.' I remained confused, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, all possible goods are contained in my Will, and it is necessary for the soul who lives in It to be in It with trust, operating as owner together with Me. Creatures expect everything from this soul, and if they don't receive, they feel defrauded. But how can she give if she does not operate together with Me in complete confidence? Therefore, trust in giving; simplicity in communicating herself to all; disinterest for herself, to be able to live completely for Me and for her neighbor are necessary for the soul who lives in my Will. Such am I."

Then He added: "My daughter, it happens to one who does my Will as to a grafted tree: the power of the graft has the virtue of destroying the life of the tree which receives the graft. Therefore, one can no longer see the fruits and the leaves of the first tree, but those of the graft. And if the first tree said to the graft: 'I want to keep at least a little branch, so that I too will be able to give some fruits, in order to make everybody know that I still exist,' the graft would say: 'You have no more reason to exist after you submitted yourself to receive my graft. Life will be all mine.'

In the same way, the soul who does my Will can say: 'My life is ended. I will no longer produce my works, my thoughts, my words, but the works, thoughts and words of the One whose Will is my Life.' Therefore, I say to the one who does my Will: 'You are my life, my blood, my bones,....' The true, real, sacramental transformation takes place, not by virtue of the words of the Priest, but by virtue of my Will. As soon as the soul decides to live in my Volition, my Will creates Myself within the soul; and as my Will flows in the will, works and steps of the soul, she undergoes as many of my creations. It happens just as to a pyx

full of consecrated particles: there are as many Jesuses for as many particles – one for each particle. In the same way, by virtue of my Will, the soul contains Myself in her whole being, as well as in each particle of it. One who does my Will fulfills the true eternal Communion – a Communion with complete fruit.”

Volume 17 – December 24, 1924

The pain of death was the first pain which Jesus suffered at His Conception, and which lasted for His whole life. In the Incarnation God placed Himself at the mercy of His creatures. Firmness in operating.

My days are ever more sorrowful. I am under the hard press of the hard privation of my sweet Jesus, which is upon me like a deadly iron, to kill me continuously. But as it is about to arm the last blow in order to finish it, it leaves it suspended above my head; and I await this last blow like a relief, to go to my Jesus – but I wait in vain! And I feel my poor soul, and also my nature, being consumed and melted. Ah! my great sins do not make me deserve to die! What pain! What a long agony! O please! my Jesus, have pity on me! You who are the only one who knows my harrowing state – do not abandon me, do not leave me at the mercy of myself.

Now, while I was in this state, I felt I was outside of myself, within a most pure light; and in this light I could see the Queen Mama and the little Baby Jesus inside Her virginal womb. Oh! God, in what a sorrowful state was my lovable little Baby! His little Humanity was immobilized; His little feet and hands were immobile, without the slightest motion; there was no room, either to open His eyes, or to breathe freely. His immobility was such that He seemed to be dead, while He was alive. I thought to myself: ‘Who knows how much my Jesus suffers in this state! And how much His beloved Mama suffers, in seeing Baby Jesus so immobilized within Her very womb!’

Now, while I was thinking of this, my tiny little Baby, sobbing, said to me: “My daughter, the pains I suffered in this virginal womb of my Mama are incalculable to the human mind. But do you know what the first pain was, which I suffered in the first act of my Conception, and which lasted for my whole my life? The pain of death. My Divinity descended from Heaven as fully happy, untouchable by any pain and by any death. When I saw my little Humanity being subject to death and to pains for love of creatures, I felt the pain of death so vividly, that I really would have died of sheer pain, if the power

of my Divinity had not sustained Me with a prodigy, making Me feel the pain of death and the continuation of life. So, for Me it was always death: I felt the death of sin, the death of good in the creatures, and also their natural death. What a cruel torment this was for Me, during my whole life! I, who contained life and was the absolute Lord of life itself, was to subject Myself to the pain of death. Don't you see my little Humanity immobile and dying in the womb of my dear Mama? And don't you yourself feel, within yourself, how hard and excruciating is the pain of feeling oneself dying, without dying? My daughter, it is your living in my Will that makes you share in the continuous death of my Humanity."

So, I spent almost the whole morning close to my Jesus, inside the womb of my Mama; and I saw that, as He was in the act of dying, He would regain life, to then abandon Himself to dying again. What pain, to see Baby Jesus in that state!

Then, after this, at night, I was thinking about the act in which the sweet little Baby came out of the maternal womb to be born into our midst. My poor mind wandered within a mystery so profound and all love; and my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, stretched out His little hands to embrace me, and said to me: "My daughter, the act of my birth was the most solemn act of the whole Creation. Heaven and earth felt plunged into the most profound adoration at the sight of my little Humanity, which kept my Divinity as though enclosed within walls. So, in the act of my birth, there was an act of silence and of profound adoration and prayer: my Mama prayed, and remained enraptured by the power of the prodigy which was coming out of Her; Saint Joseph prayed; the Angels prayed; and all Creation felt the strength of the love of my creative power being renewed upon them. All felt honored and received true honor, because the One who had created them would make use of them for what was needed for His Humanity. The sun felt honored, in having to give its light and heat to its Creator; it recognized the One who had created it – its true Lord, and made feast for Him and paid Him honor by giving Him its light. The earth felt honored, when it felt Me lying in a manger; it felt touched by my tender limbs, and exulted with joy with prodigious signs. All Creation saw their true King and Lord in their midst; and feeling honored, each one wanted to perform its office for Me: the water wanted to quench my thirst; the birds, with their trills and warblings, wanted to cheer Me; the wind wanted to caress Me; the air

wanted to kiss Me – all wanted to pay Me their innocent tribute. Only men, ungrateful, even though all felt something unusual within themselves – a joy, a powerful strength – were reluctant; and suffocating everything, they did not move. And even though I called them with tears, with moans and sobs, they did not move, except for some few shepherds. Yet, it was for man that I was coming upon earth! I was coming to give Myself to him, to save him, and to bring him back to my Celestial Fatherland. Therefore, I was all eyes to see whether he would come before Me in order to receive the great gift of my divine and human Life. So, the Incarnation was nothing less than placing Myself at the mercy of the creature. In the Incarnation I placed Myself at the mercy of my dear Mama; as I was born, Saint Joseph too was added, to whom I gave the gift of my Life. And since my works are eternal and not subject to ending, this Divinity, this Word who descended from Heaven, never withdrew from the earth, so as to have the occasion to give Himself continuously to all creatures. As long as I lived, I gave Myself in an unveiled manner; then, a few hours before dying, I made the great prodigy of leaving Myself in the Sacrament, so that, whoever wanted Me, could receive the great gift of my Life. I paid no attention either to the offenses they would give Me, or to their refusals to receive Me. I said to Myself: ‘I have given Myself – I do not want to withdraw, ever. Let them do to Me whatever they want – I will always be theirs, and at their disposal’.

Daughter, this is the nature of true love – of the operating as God: firmness, and not to withdraw at the cost of any sacrifice. This firmness in my works is my victory and the greatest glory of mine; and this is the sign to know whether the creature operates for God: firmness. The soul looks no one in the face – neither pains, nor herself, nor self-esteem, nor creatures – even though it may cost her her life; she looks only to God, for love of whom she set herself to operate; and she feels victorious in offering the sacrifice of her life for love of Him. Not being firm is of the human nature and of the human way of operating. Not being firm is the operating of passions, and with passion. Mutability is weakness, it is cowardice, and it is not of the nature of true love. Therefore, firmness must be the guide in operating for Me. So, in my works I never change; whatever the events might be, once it is done, it is done forever.”

Volume 17 – September 2, 1924

How much harm distrust causes in the soul.

I was feeling very oppressed, but all abandoned in the arms of Jesus, and I prayed Him to have compassion on me. But while I was doing this, I felt I was losing consciousness and I saw a little girl, weak, pale, and all engrossed in deep melancholy, coming out from within me. And blessed Jesus, going toward her, took her in His arms and, moved to pity, pressed her to His Heart; and with His hands He touched her forehead, marking her eyes, her lips, her breast, and all the members of the little girl, with signs of the cross. And as He was doing this, she would regain strength, acquire color and stir herself from that state of melancholy. And Jesus, seeing that the little girl was reacquiring strength, would clasp her more tightly to Himself, to strengthen her more, and He said to her: “Poor little one, what a state you are in! But do not fear, your Jesus will make you come out of this state.”

While this was happening, I thought to myself: ‘Who is this little girl who came out of me and whom Jesus loves so much?’ And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, this little girl is your soul, and I love her so much that I cannot tolerate seeing you so melancholic and weak. This is why I have come – to infuse in you new life and new vigor.” On hearing this, crying, I said to Him: ‘My Love and my Life, Jesus, how I fear that You might leave me! How shall I go on without You? How shall I be able to live? To what a deplorable state will my poor soul be reduced? What a harrowing pain is the thought that You might leave me! A pain that lacerates me, takes peace away from me and puts hell into my heart! Jesus, have pity, compassion, mercy on me, a little child! I have no one; if You leave me, everything is over for me!’ And Jesus, resuming His speaking, added: “My daughter, calm yourself, do not fear; your Jesus does not leave you. I am jealous of your trust, and I do not want you to even slightly distrust Me.

See, I love so much that souls be with Me in full trust, that many times I hide some defect or imperfection of theirs, or some lack of correspondence to my grace, so as not to give them any occasion to not be with Me in full trust. In fact, if the soul loses trust, she remains as though separated from Me and all huddled within herself; she places herself at due distance from Me, and remains paralyzed in her surge of love, and therefore paralyzed in sacrificing herself for Me. Oh! how much harm does distrust cause! It can be said that it is

like the spring frost that blocks the vegetation of the plants; and many times, if it is strong, frost can even make them die. In the same way, distrust blocks the development of virtues, and puts freezing cold into the most ardent love. Oh! how many times, because of lack of trust, my designs and the greatest sanctities are blocked. This is why I tolerate some defects rather than distrust – because those can never be so harmful. And besides, how can I leave you, if I have worked so much in your soul? Take a look at how much I had to work.” And while saying this, He showed a sumptuous and great palace, worked by the hands of Jesus in the depth of my soul. And then He resumed His speaking: “My daughter, how can I leave you? Take a look at how many rooms – they are almost innumerable; as many knowledges, effects, values and qualities as I have made known to you in my Will, so many rooms have I formed in you in which to deposit all those goods. There is nothing left but to add some more varieties of some more different colors in order to portray more rare beauties of my Supreme Will, to give more prominence and honor to my work. And you fear that I might leave such a great crafting of mine? It costs Me too much. There is my Will involved in it; and where my Will is, there is life – life not subject to death. And your fear is nothing but a little bit of distrust on your part. Therefore, trust Me, and we will get on well, and I will accomplish the work of my Will.”

Volume 22 – August 15, 1927

...I continued my round in the Supreme Volition, and since I had first offered the first acts of Adam when he possessed the unity with the Supreme Will, so that I too might unite myself to those perfect acts which he did at the beginning of Creation, and then I had moved on to unite myself with the heroism of Abraham, I thought to myself: ‘What divine wisdom! Of Adam it is only said that he was the first man created by God, that he sinned and cast the human family into the maze of all evils; and then nothing else is said about him in the many years he lived. Could Our Lord not return to make some other test and ask of him some other sacrifice in order to test his faithfulness? And while Adam is put into oblivion, He calls Abraham, and after testing him and finding him faithful, He puts him on display, makes him the head of the generations, and he is spoken about with so much glory and honor.’ Now, while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told

me: “My daughter, these are the dispositions of my infinite Wisdom. It is my usual way that when I ask of the creature a small sacrifice for her good and, ungrateful, she denies it to Me, I no longer want to trust her, I dismiss my designs to raise her to great things, and I leave her like a creature put into oblivion, which no one points to because of either great works or heroism, whether for God, for herself or for the peoples. Then, you must distinguish what I wanted from Adam – the little sacrifice of depriving himself of a fruit – and it was not granted to Me. How could I trust him and ask of him a greater sacrifice? On the other hand, I did not ask of Abraham a fruit as sacrifice, but first I asked him to go into a foreign land in which he was not born – and he promptly obeyed Me; and then I wanted to trust him more, I lavished grace upon him, and I asked of him the sacrifice of his only son, whom he loved more than himself – and he promptly sacrificed him to Me. From this I knew he was up to it, and I could trust him – I could entrust everything to him. It can be said that he was the first repairer to whom the scepter of the future Messiah was entrusted, and therefore I raised him to head of the generations, to God’s great honor, as well as his own and of the peoples.

Volume 30 – November 4, 1931

How trust forms the arms and the feet of the soul. How God continues the work of the creation in the soul that does his Will. The Divine Will, cement of the human will.

My Jesus, center and life of my little soul, my littleness is so much, that I feel the extreme need; that you, my love, hold me pressed between your arms, and that my great weakness moves you to pity. I am tiny and you know that the little ones, they need bands in order to reconfirm the limbs, and the milk of the mama in order to feed and to grow; and I feel the need alive, that you might wrap me with the bands of love, and pressing me to your divine breast, you give me for food the milk of your Divine Will in order to feed and to raise me. Hear, O Jesus, I feel the need of your life in order to live; I want to live of you, and then you will write, not I, and you can write that which you want and how you want. Therefore the assignment is yours, not mine, and I will only lend you my hand, and you will do all the rest. Thus we understand each other, O Jesus. Whence abandoning myself in the arms of Jesus, I felt whispered in my ear, the sweetest, who said to me:

“My little daughter, how much more you will abandon yourself in me, so much more you will feel my life in you, and I will take the post of primary life in your soul. You know that true trust in me forms the arms of the soul and the feet in order to climb up even to me and to press me so very strongly as to not be able to release myself from her. So that one who doesn't have trust has neither the arms nor feet, hence she is a poor cripple. Therefore your trust will be your victory over me, and I will hold you pressed in my arms, attached to my breast in order to give you the continuous milk of my Divine Will.

“Now you should know that every time that the soul does my Will I recognize myself in the creature. I recognize my works, my steps, my words, my love. It happens that the Creator recognizes himself, and his works in the creature, and the creature working in the Creator recognizes herself in him. This recognizing each other, God and the soul, it calls forth the first act of the creation and God goes out from his rest and continues the work of the creation with this creature that lives and works in my Volition. Because our work doesn't end; there was only a pause for rest, and the creature with doing our Will calls us to work; but a sweet call, because for us work is new happiness, new joys and prodigious conquests. Hence we don't do other than continue our outlets of love, of power, of goodness and of inarrivable wisdom, which has beginning in the creation. And the creature feels that her God doesn't rest for her, but he continues the labor of his creative work. And as the creature works in our Volition, thus she feels a beginning over her soul of the rain of the working love of God, his power and wisdom that doesn't remain inactive, but that he labors in her soul.

“Oh, if you might know the satisfaction, the pleasure that we feel when the creature calls us to work! With calling us she recognizes us, with calling us she opens the doors to us, gives us the dominion and gives us all the liberty to do that which we want in her soul. Hence we will do a work worthy of our creative hands. Therefore do not ever let our Divine Will escape, if you want that our work be continuous. He will be yours and our spokesman where you will introduce your voice in order to call us, and we will hear the sweet whisper to Our ear and we will immediately descend in our own Volition in your soul in order to continue our work. Because you should know that continuous acts form life and complete works, that which is not continuous can be called effects of my Volition, not life that is formed in the creature, and the effects

fade away little by little and she remains fasting. Hence courage and trust, and always ahead in crossing over the sea of the Divine Will.”

After this I was following the acts that my highest good Jesus had done in his Humanity when he was upon the earth, and making himself felt he added:

“My daughter, my human Will didn’t have one act of life, rather it remained in the act of receiving the continuous act of my Divine Will, that I possessed as Word of the celestial Father. Hence all the acts and sufferings, prayers, breaths, heartbeats of mine that I did, my human will undergoing the life of the Divine Will it formed so many knots in order to retie human wills to mine; and since these human wills were as residences, some collapsed, others damaged and others reduced in rubble, my Divine Will, working in my Humanity with my acts prepared the helps in order to sustain the collapsed ones, in order to cement the damaged ones and in order to raise again over the same rubble the destroyed residences. I did nothing for myself, I didn’t have any need; I did everything in order to redo, to rehabilitate human wills. My only need was love and that I wanted to be loved in return.

“Now in order to receive all my helps and all my sufferings and works as working works, speaking voices and helping messengers, the creature must unite her will to mine, and immediately she will feel herself retied with mine, and all my acts will lend themselves around her to do their offices in order to sustain, to cement and to raise the human will again. No sooner than she unites herself and decides to do my Divine Will, then all my acts as trained army put themselves at the defense of the creature, and form the safety boat in the tempestuous sea of life. But for one who doesn’t do my Will I could say that she receives nothing, nor can she receive, because He alone is the provider of all that which I did for love for the love of the creature.”

