

Reflections On The “I Love You”

*From The Writings Of Luisa Piccarreta
“The Little Daughter Of The Divine Will”*

Letters Of Luisa #13

Sweet Jesus gave you everything to make of you a saint: call to religion, crosses, nourishment... And if you sin and are not holy, do you want to know the cause? Lack of union with Jesus. Union with Jesus floors all sins, **love kills all passions**, and abandonment in Him and trust are the nourishment in order to grow in sanctity. Here is the means to sin no more: to be united with Jesus, love Him, and always do His Will.

Letters Of Luisa #45

Now, my dearest Mother, I send you my wishes for the birth of the little King Jesus. It is easier to get what we want from the little ones, because they have no self-interest. Sometimes it is enough to give them a caress, a kiss, or to dry their tears, to obtain what we want. I believe that your Maternity will give all this to little Jesus, and He will give you His Most Holy Will as a gift for His birth. He could not give you a greater gift, because with It you will have sanctity and peace at your disposal; you will feel the Creative Virtue within you, **which has the virtue of transforming your acts - even a little “I love You” - into as many Lives of Love, which are incessantly in the act of loving the One who loves us so much.**

Letters Of Luisa #48

May good Jesus bind us in His Will so much as to no longer let us remember our own. Oh, how happy we would be. We would feel the divine seal in all our works; we would feel the breath of Jesus, the very power and love of Jesus, in our voice; and then, yes, we are able to say to Jesus: “I love You; I really do, because in your Will I have also your Love in my power. Therefore, not in my love do I love you, but in your Love, the only one worthy of You.” Jesus will not let Himself be won in love by His creature. He will love us very much, so much as to confuse us with love. In every beat of our heart, in every breath and thought, we will receive one “I love you” of sweet Jesus; so many of these “I love you’s” will come to us that we won’t be able to count them all.

Letters Of Luisa #104

The Saints, the Queen of Heaven and God Himself anxiously await the “I love You” of one who lives in His Will, because it is a new gain that they make. The “I love You” of the earth resounds in Heaven, in each Blessed, in the seas of the Celestial Mama, and says to all: “I love You, I love You...” One can say that Heaven and earth exchange the kiss of love and celebrate together. Therefore, may we take to heart living always in the Divine Will; in It we will form seas of love, seas of adoration, seas of glory, to give to our Creator...

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will: Meditation 1

As I became Mother of Jesus and your Mother, my seas of love doubled, and unable to contain them all, I felt the need to pour them out, and to be the first bearer of Jesus to creatures, even at the cost of great sacrifices. But, what am I saying – sacrifices? When one really loves, sacrifices and pains are refreshments; they are reliefs and outpourings of the love one possesses. Oh, my child, if you do not feel the good of sacrifice, if you do not feel how it brings the most

intimate joys, it is a sign that the Divine Love does not fill all your soul, and therefore that the Divine Will does not reign as Queen in you. It alone gives such strength to the soul as to render her invincible and capable of bearing any pain.

Place your hand upon your heart, and observe how many voids of love there may be in it. Reflect: that secret self-esteem, your becoming disturbed at every slightest adversity, those little attachments you feel to things and to people, that tiredness in good, that bother caused in you by that which is not to your liking, are equivalent to as many voids of love within your heart; voids which, like little fevers, deprive you of the strength and of the desire to be filled with Divine Will. Oh, how you too will feel the refreshing and conquering virtue in your sacrifices, if you fill these voids with love!

VOL. 8 - July 14, 1907

Everything in the soul must be love.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while, and without thinking, I asked: 'Lord, yesterday I went to confession; if I had died, since confession remits sins, would You not have brought me straight to Heaven?'

And He: "My daughter, it is true that confession remits sins, but the surest and most certain thing to be exempt from Purgatory is love. Love must be the predominant passion in the soul. Love - her thought, her word, her movements... everything, everything must be enveloped by this love. In this way, finding her all love, the Uncreated Love absorbs the created love within Itself. In fact, Purgatory does nothing but fill the voids of love that are present in the soul; and once It has filled these voids, It sends her to Heaven. But if these voids are not there, it is not something that belongs to Purgatory."

VOL. 8 - December 27, 1908

What passed between Baby Jesus and His sweet Mama when She would feed Him from Her breast. The 'I love You' of the creature is requited by the 'I love you' of the Creator.

I was meditating on when the Queen Mama would give Her milk to Baby Jesus. I was saying to myself: 'What must have passed between the Most Holy Mama and little Jesus in this act?' At that moment, I felt Him move in my interior, and I heard Him say to me: "My daughter, when I suckled milk from the breast of my most sweet Mother, together with milk I suckled the love of Her Heart - and it was more love than milk that I suckled. While suckling, I would hear Her say to Me: *'I love You, I love You, O Son'*; and I would repeat to Her: *'I love You, I love You, O Mama.'* And I was not alone in this; at my *'I love You'*, the Father, the Holy Spirit and the whole of Creation - the Angels, the Saints, the stars, the Sun, the drops of water, the plants, the flowers, the grains of sand, all of the elements, would run after my *'I love You'*, and repeat: *'We love You, we love You, O Mother of our God, in the love of our Creator.'*

My Mother could see all this, and would remained inundated. She could find not even a tiny space in which She would not hear Me say that I loved Her. Her love would remain behind and almost alone, and She would repeat: *'I love You, I love You...'* But She could never match Me, because the love of a creature has its limits, its time, while my love is uncreated, unending, eternal. The same happens to any soul when she says to me, *'I love You'*; I too repeat to her, *'I love you'*, and with Me is the whole Creation, loving her in my love. Oh, if creatures comprehended what good and honor they procure for themselves even by just saying to Me: *'I love You'*! This alone would be enough - a God beside them who, honoring them, replies: *'I love you too.'*

VOL. 10 - November 28, 1920

Lack of love has cast the world into a net of vices.

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw my always lovable Jesus. In my interior I felt myself all transformed in the love of my beloved Jesus; now I would find myself inside of Jesus - bursting into acts of love together with Jesus, loving as Jesus loved... but I am unable to say it, I lack the words; and now I would find my sweet Jesus in me, and I alone would burst into acts of love, while Jesus would listen to me, telling me: "Say it, say it - repeat it again; relieve Me with your love. Lack of love has cast the world into a net of vices." And He would remain silent in order to listen to Me, and I would repeat again the acts of love.

I will say the little I remember:

In every moment, in every hour,
I want to love You with all my heart.
In every breath of my life,
while breathing, I will love You.
In every beat of my heart,
Love, love, I will repeat.
In every drop of my blood,
Love, love, I will cry out.
In every movement of my body,
Love alone I will embrace.
Of love alone I want to speak,
at love alone I want to look,
to love alone I want to listen,
always of love I want to think.
With love alone I want to burn,
with love alone I want to be consumed,
only love I want to enjoy,
only love I want to content.
From love alone I want to live,
And within love I want to die.
In every instant, in every hour,
I want to call everyone to love.
Only and always together with Jesus
and in Jesus I shall live,
into His Heart I will plunge myself,
and together with Jesus, and with His Heart,
Love, Love, I will love You.

But who can say them all? In doing this, I felt myself divided into many little flames,
which then became one single flame.

VOL. 11 - April 23, 1912

The love with which Jesus loves us exists in each thing, inside and outside of ourselves, and He wants perfect return. In order to oblige us more, He reaches the extent of permitting guilt.

Finding myself in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while and told me: "My daughter, sometimes I allow the guilt in a soul who loves me in order to squeeze her more tightly

to Me, and to oblige her to do greater things for my glory. In fact, the more I give to her, permitting even guilt in order to endear her more to Me for her miseries - to love her more and to fill her with my charisms, the more I push her to do great things for Me. These are the excesses of my Love.

My daughter, my Love for the creature is great. Do you see how the light of the sun invades the earth? If you could make many atoms out of that light, in those atoms of light you would feel my melodious voice and, one after the other, they would repeat to you: *'I love you, I love you, I love you, ...'* in such a way that you would not have the time to count them; you would remain drowned inside love. I say to you *'I love you, I love you'* in the light that fills your eyes; *'I love you'* in the air that you breathe; *'I love you'* in the whistling of the wind which touches your hearing; *'I love you'* in the warmth and in the cold felt by your touch; *'I love you'* in the blood that flows inside your veins; *'I love you'* in the beating of your heart which tells you of my beats. I repeat to you *'I love you'* in every thought of your mind; *'I love you'* in each action of your hands; *'I love you'* in every step of your foot; *'I love you'* in every word, ... since nothing happens inside or outside of you without an act of my love toward you. One *'I love you'* from Me doesn't wait for another. And your *'I love you's'*? How many of them are for Me?"

I remained confused. I felt deafened inside and out - full chorus - by the *'I love you's'* of Jesus, while my *'I love you's'* were scarce and so limited that I said: *'Oh my lover Jesus, who could ever match You?'* But of what I have said, it seems that I have said nothing of all that Jesus made me understand.

Then He added: "The Divine Will - true Sanctity - is in doing my Will and in re-ordering all things in Me. Just as I keep all in order for the creature, in the same way the creature should order all things for Me and in Me. My Will keeps everything in order."

VOL. 11 - October 2, 1913

Then, having received Communion, I was saying to Jesus, *'I love You'*, and He told me: "My daughter, do you really want to love Me? Say: Jesus, I love You with your Will. And since my Will fills Heaven and earth, your love will surround Me everywhere, and your *'I love You'* will resound up there in the Heavens, and down to the bottom of the abysses. So, if you want to say: *'I adore You, I bless You, I praise You, I thank You'*, you will say it united with my Will, and you will fill Heaven and earth with adorations, benedictions, praises, thanksgiving - in my Will. These are simple, easy and immense things.

VOL. 11 - August 24 1915

One act in my Will contains all possible imaginable goods. You will find an image of this in the light of the Sun. The light is one, but this light multiplies itself in all the glances of creatures. The light remains always one, one single act, but not all the glances of creatures enjoy the same light. Some, of weak sight, need to put their hand before their eyes, almost not to be blinded by the light; others, blind, do not enjoy this light at all, but this is not due to a defect of the light, rather, to a defect in the sight of the creatures. Therefore, my daughter, if you desire to love Me for all, your love will flow in my Will, if you do this in It. And since my Will fills Heaven and earth, I will hear your *'I love you'* being repeated in Heaven, around Me, inside of Me, on earth, and it will multiply itself from every point, for as many acts as my Will can do. So, it can give Me the satisfaction of the love of all, because the creature is limited and finite, while my Will is immense and infinite.

VOL. 11 - November 1, 1915

Jesus wants to pour out His love with those who love Him. How the soul can return to Him a love similar to His own.

This morning my sweet Jesus didn't keep me waiting. He came, though panting and fidgeting; and throwing Himself in my arms, told me: "My daughter, give Me rest; let Me pour out my Love. If Justice wants Its outpouring, It can do it with all the creatures. But my Love can pour Itself out only with one who loves Me - with one who is wounded by my same Love and, delirious, keeps seeking to pour herself out within my Love, asking Me for more Love. And if my Love did not find a creature who would let Me pour Myself out, my Justice would ignite even more, giving the last blow to destroy the poor creatures."

As He was saying this, He kissed me again and again, telling me: "I love you, but with an eternal Love; I love you, but with an immense Love; I love you, but with an incomprehensible Love; I love you, but with a Love that will have no limits and no end; I love you, but with a love that you will never be able to match..."

Who can say all the titles with which Jesus was saying that He loved me? And for every title which He said, He waited for my answer. Not knowing what to say, and not having sufficient titles to match Him, I told Him: 'My Life, You know that I have nothing; and whatever I do, I take from You, and I leave it to You again, so that my things, remaining in You, may have continuous action and life in You, while I remain always a nothing. So, I take your Love, I make It my own and I tell You: 'I love You with an eternal and immense Love; with a Love that has no limits and no ends, and that is equal to yours.' And I kissed Him again and again. As I kept saying, 'I love You', Jesus became calm, took rest, and disappeared.

Then, He returned and showed His Most Holy Humanity beaten up, wounded, dislocated - all blood. I remained horrified, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, look: I keep in Me all the poor wounded ones, who are under the bullets, and I suffer together with them. I want that you too take part in these pains, for their salvation." And as Jesus transformed Himself into me, I felt...now grieving, now agonizing. In sum, I felt what Jesus felt.

VOL. 12 - March 28, 1917

The 'I love you' of Jesus. The immediate act done with Jesus.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus just barely made Himself seen - but so afflicted as to move one to pity. I said to Him: 'What is it, Jesus?' And He: "My daughter, unexpected things will arise and suddenly occur; revolutions will break out everywhere. Oh, how much worse things will get!" All afflicted, He remained silent. And I: 'Life of my life, tell me another word.' And Jesus, as though breathing on me, said: "*I love you*"; and it seemed that everyone and everything would receive new life from that '*I love you*'. I repeated: 'Jesus, one more word.' And He: "I could not tell you a more beautiful word than '*I love you*'. This '*I love you*' of mine fills Heaven and earth. It circulates through the Saints, and they receive new glory; it descends into the hearts of the pilgrim souls, and some receive grace of conversion, some of sanctification; it penetrates into Purgatory, and pours upon their souls like beneficial dew, and they feel refreshed by it. Even the elements feel invested by new life in fecundating, in growing. All perceive the '*I love you*' of your Jesus. And do you know when the soul attracts one of my '*I love you's*'? When, fusing herself in Me, she assumes the divine attitude and, dissolving herself in Me, she does everything I do."

And I: 'My love, many times it is difficult to maintain this divine attitude constantly.' And Jesus: "My daughter, what the soul can not always do with her immediate acts in Me, she can make up

for with her attitude of good will. I will be so pleased by her as to become the vigilant sentry of each one of her thoughts, words, heartbeats, etc., placing them inside and outside of Me as my cortege, looking at them with great love, as the fruit of the good will of the creature. Then, when the soul, fusing herself in Me, does her immediate acts with Me, I feel so much drawn toward her that I do what she does together with her, transforming her work into Divine work. I take everything into account, and I reward everything, even the tiniest things. Not one single act of good will remains defrauded in the creature."

VOL. 12 - July 2, 1918

As the soul abandons herself in Jesus, He abandons Himself in the soul.

I was saying to my beloved Jesus: 'Jesus, I love You, but my love is small; so I love You in your Love, to make it big. I want to adore You with your adorations, pray in your prayer, thank You in your thankgivings.' Now, while I was saying this, my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, as you placed your love in Mine in order to love Me, your love remained fixed in Mine, and it became longer and larger within Mine - and I felt I was being loved the way I would want the creature to love Me. And as you adored in my adorations, and prayed, and thanked, these remained fixed in Me - and I felt I was being adored, prayed and thanked with my adorations, prayers and thankgivings. Ah, my daughter, great abandonment in Me is needed! As the soul abandons herself in Me, I abandon Myself in her; and filling her with Myself, I Myself do all that she must do for Me. But if she does not abandon herself, all that she does remains fixed in her, not in Me, and I feel the work of the creature as full of imperfections and miseries - which cannot please Me."

VOL. 12 - January 9, 1920

Each created thing holds out the Love of God to man.

I was praying, and with my thought I was fusing myself in the Eternal Volition; and bringing myself before the Supreme Majesty, I said: 'Eternal Majesty, I come to your feet in the name of the whole human family, from the first to the last man of the future generations, to adore You profoundly. At your Most Holy feet I want to seal the adorations of all; I come to recognize You in the name of all as Creator and absolute ruler of all. I come to love You for all and for each one; I come to return love to You for all, because of each created thing, in which You placed so much love that the creature will never find enough love to repay You in love. But in your Will I find this love, and wanting that my love, as well as the other acts, be complete, full and for all, I have come into your Will where everything is immense and eternal, and where I can find love to be able to love You for all. So, I love You for each star You have created; I love You for all the drops of light and for all the intensity of heat which You have placed in the Sun...' But who can tell all that my poor mind was saying? I would be too long; therefore I stop here.

Now, while I was doing this, a thought told me: 'How is it, and in what way did Our Lord place rivers of love for the creature in each created thing? And a light answered my thought: "Indeed, my daughter, my Love poured out in torrents toward the creature in each created thing. I told you elsewhere and I confirm to you now that, as my uncreated Love created the Sun, It placed oceans of love in it. In each drop of light which was to inundate the eye, the step, the hand, and everything of the creature, my Love ran toward her; and almost pounding sweetly on her eye, hand, step and mouth, It gives her my eternal kiss and It holds out my Love to her. Together with light, runs the heat, and pounding on her again, a little more strongly, almost impatient for the love of the creature, to the extent of pelting her, I repeat to her more intensely

my eternal *'I love you.'* And if the Sun fecundates the plants with Its light and heat, it is my Love that runs to nourish man; and if I extended the heavens above man's head, studding it with stars, it is my Love that, wanting to delight the eyes of man, also at night, repeats to him my *'I love you'* in every sparkling of star... So, each created thing holds out my Love to man; and if it were not so, Creation would have no purpose; and I do nothing without purpose. Everything has been made for man; but man does not recognize it, and he has turned into sorrow for Me.

Therefore, my daughter, if you want to soothe my sorrow, come often into my Will and give Me, in the name of all, adoration, love, gratitude and thanksgiving for everything."

VOL. 13 – October 16, 1921

After this, He showed Himself all in flames. Jesus was burned and consumed in those flames, and could no longer be seen – I could see nothing but fire. But then I saw Him being reborn again, to remain once again consumed in fire... Then He added: "My daughter, I am burning - Love consumes Me. The Love, the flames that burn Me are such that I die of Love for each creature. It was not of pains alone that I died - but my deaths of Love are continuous. Yet, there is no one who gives Me his love for refreshment."

VOL. 14 - February 4, 1922

Love, wandering and rejected, bursts into sobs.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all panting - His breath was fire; and clasping me to Himself, He told me: "My daughter, I want refreshment for my flames; I want to pour my Love out, but my Love is rejected by creatures. You must know that in creating man I released a quantity of Love from within my Divinity which was to serve as primary life of the creatures, so that they might be enriched, sustained, strengthened, and helped in all of their needs. But man rejected this Love, and my Love has been wandering from the time man was created, and It keeps going round without ever stopping. Rejected by someone, It runs to someone else in order to give Itself; and as It is rejected, It bursts into sobs. So, lack of correspondence causes the sobbing of Love.

Now, while my Love goes wandering and runs to give Itself, if It sees someone who is weak or poor, It bursts into sobs and says to him: 'Ah, if you did not make Me go wandering; if you had given Me a place in your heart, you would have been strong, and you would lack nothing!' If It sees someone else who has fallen into sin, It bursts into sobs: 'Ah, if you had let Me enter into your heart, you would not have fallen!' For another one whom It sees dragged by passions, muddled with earth, Love cries and, sobbing, It repeats to him: 'Ah, if you had taken my Love, passions would not have life over you, the earth would not touch you, my Love would be enough for you in everything...' So, in each evil of man, small or big, Love bursts into sobs and continues to go wandering in order to give Itself to man. And when in the Garden of Gethsemani all sins presented themselves before my Humanity, each sin carried the sob of my Love. All the pains of my Passion, each blow of the lash, each thorn, each wound, were accompanied by the sob of my Love, because if man had loved, no evil could have come. Lack of love made all evils and even my very pains germinate.

In creating man, I acted like a king who, wanting to make his kingdom happy, takes a million and makes it circulate, so that whoever wants it may take from it. However, as much as it circulates, only a few take a few cents. Now, the king is anxious to know whether the peoples are taking the good he wants to do for them, and he asks whether his million is finished so as to put out more millions. But he is answered: 'Majesty, just a few cents.'

The king feels sorrow in hearing that his people is not receiving his goods, nor does it appreciate them. So, going out into the midst of his subjects, he begins to see some covered with rags, some sick, some starving, some shivering with cold, some homeless. In his sorrow, the king bursts into sobs, and says: 'Ah, had they taken my money I would see none of them dishonoring me, covered with rags, but rather, well dressed; nor would I see them sick, but healthy. I would see no one on an empty stomach and almost dead from starvation, but full. Had they taken my money, no one would be homeless; they could have very well built themselves a room in which to take shelter...' In sum, for each misfortune he sees in his kingdom, he has a sorrow, a tear; and he cries over his million which the ingratitude of his people rejects. However, the goodness of this king is so great that, in spite of all this ingratitude, he does not withdraw this million; he lets it continue to circulate, hoping that other generations may take the good which others have rejected, so that he may receive the glory of the good which he has done for his kingdom.

So I do: I will not withdraw my Love which has been released - It will continue to go wandering. Its sobbing will last still, until It finds souls who would take this Love of Mine up to the last cent, so that my crying may cease, and I may receive the glory of the dowry of Love which I released for the good of creatures.

But do you know who are the fortunate ones who will make the sobbing of my Love cease? The souls who will live in my Will. They will take all the Love rejected by the other generations; by the power of my Creative Will, they will multiply It as much as they want, and for as many creatures as have rejected It. Then will my sobbing cease, and the sob of joy will take its place; and Love, satisfied, will give to these fortunate ones all the goods and the happiness which the others did not want."

VOL. 16 - August 1, 1923

By virtue of the Divine Will, the whole Creation brings to us the "I love you" of Jesus, and in His Will we must give Him our own.

I was feeling very afflicted because today my Sun Jesus did not rise on my poor soul. Oh God, what pain it is to spend one day without sun! Always night! Now, as I was feeling pierced through my soul, I had the good of looking at the starry Heaven, and I said to myself: 'How is it, that my sweet Jesus no longer remembers anything about me? I don't know how the goodness of His Heart can tolerate not making the sun of His adorable Presence rise, when He told me that He could not be without coming to His Little Daughter, because little ones cannot be too long without their father. So many are their needs, that the father is forced to stay with them to watch them, guard them and nourish them... Ah, does He not remember when, carrying me outside of myself, leading me up there, beneath the vault of the heavens, in the midst of the celestial spheres, walking together with Him, I impressed my "I love You" in every star, in every sphere... Ah, I seem to see it in every star - my "I love You". Ah, it seems to me that those glitterings of Light that form around the stars, resound among themselves with my "I love You, Jesus". Yet, He does not listen to it, He does not come, He does not let His Sun rise, which, eclipsing all the stars with my "I love You", may make of them one with His own. And so, rising again in the midst of the celestial spheres, I impress a new "I love You, Jesus". O please, stars, cry out loudly, make my "I love You" resound, so that Jesus may be touched and come to His Little Daughter, to the little exiled...

Oh Jesus, come, give me your hand, let me enter into your Holy Will, that I may fill the whole atmosphere, the blue Heaven, the Light of the Sun, the air, the sea, everything - everything, with my "I love You", with my kisses; so that, everywhere You may be, if You look,

You may look at my *"I Love You"* and at my kisses; if you hear, You may hear my *"I love You"* and the smacking of my kisses; if You speak and breathe, You may breathe my *"I love You"* and my anguishing kisses. If You work, may my *"I love You's"* flow in your hands; if you walk and tread the ground, may my *"I love You"* and the roaring of my kisses be under your steps... May my *"I love You"* be the chain that draws You to me, and may my kisses be the powerful magnet that, whether You want it or not, force You to visit the one who cannot live without You."

But who can say all my nonsense?

Now, while I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus came, all goodness, and showing me His opened Heart, told me: "My daughter, place your head upon my Heart and rest, for you are very tired. Then, we will wander around together in order to show you my *"I love you's"*, spread over the whole of Creation for you."

So I hugged Him, placing my head on His Heart to rest, as I felt extreme need of it. After a while, as I was still outside of myself, but always clinging to His Heart, He added: "My daughter, I want you, who are the Firstborn Daughter of my Supreme Will, to know how the whole Creation, on the wings of my Eternal Volition, brings my *"I love you"* to the creatures; and the creatures, on the same wings of my Will, making It their own, should give Me their *"I love You"* in return.

Look at the blue Heaven: there is not one point in it without the seal of my *"I love you"* for the creature. Every star and the glittering that forms its crown, is studded with my *"I love you's"*. Each ray of the sun, stretching toward the earth to bring Light, and every drop of Light, carry my *"I love you"*. And since the Light invades the earth, and man sees it, and walks over it, my *"I love you"* reaches him in his eyes, in his mouth, in his hands, and lays itself under his feet. The murmuring of the sea murmurs, *"I love you, I love you, I love you"*, and the drops of water are as many keys that, murmuring among themselves, form the most beautiful harmonies of my infinite *"I love you"*. The plants, the leaves, the flowers, the fruits, have my *"I Love you"* impressed in them. The whole of Creation brings to man my repeated *"I love you's"*.

And man - how many of my *"I love you's"* does he not have impressed in his whole being? His thoughts are sealed by my *"I love you"*; the beating of his heart, that beats in his chest with that mysterious *"Tic, tic, tic..."*, is my *"I Love you"*, never interrupted, that says to him: *"I love you, I love you, I love you..."* His words are followed by my *"I love you"*; his movements, his steps and all the rest, contain my *"I love you"*... Yet, in the midst of so many waves of Love, he is unable to rise to return my Love. What ingratitude! How grieved does my Love remain!

Therefore, my daughter, I chose you as Daughter of my Will, so that, as faithful daughter, you might defend the rights of your Father.

My Love absolutely wants the return of the love of the creature. In my Will you will find all my *"I love you's"*, and following them, you will impress your *"I love You"* in mine, for you and for all! Oh, how happy I will be in seeing the love of the creature fused with Mine! This is why I give you my Will in your power – so that one creature may return to Me that Love which I gave in Creation, defending the rights of my Love."

VOL. 16 – December 29, 1923

Afterwards, I received Holy Communion, and according to my usual way, I was calling all created things, placing them around Jesus, so that all might surround Him like a crown and give the return of love and of homage to their Creator. They all ran at my call, and I could see in clear notes all the love of my Jesus for me, in all created things. Jesus waited in my heart, with great tenderness of love, for the return of so much love; and I, flying over all and embracing all,

brought myself to the feet of Jesus, and said: 'My Love, my Jesus, You have created everything for me, and gave it to me as a gift; therefore everything is mine, and I give it to You to love You. So I say to You, "I love You" in every drop of light of the sun; "I love You" in the flickering of the stars; "I love You" in every drop of water. Your Will allows me to see your "I love you" for me even in the depths of the ocean, and I impress my "I love You" for You, in every fish that darts in the sea. I want to impress my "I love You" in the flight of every bird – "I love You" everywhere, my Love. I want to impress my "I love You" on the wings of the wind, in the moving of the leaves, in every spark of fire – "I love You" for myself and for all...'

The whole Creation was with me saying "I love You", but when I wanted to embrace all human generations in the Eternal Volition, to make all prostrate before Jesus, so that all might fulfill their duty of saying "I love You, Jesus" in each one of their acts, words and thoughts, they escaped me, and I got lost and didn't know how to do it. I said this to Jesus, and He: "Yet, my daughter, the living in my Will is exactly this: to bring the whole of Creation before Me, and in the name of all, give Me the return of their duties. No one must escape you, otherwise my Will would find voids in Creation, and would not be satisfied. But do you know why you do not find all, and many escape you? It is the power of free will. However, I want to teach you a secret - where to find them all: enter into my Humanity and you will find all of their acts as though held in custody; for these I took on the commitment to satisfy before my Celestial Father on their behalf. Go and follow all my acts, which were the acts of all; in this way you will find everything, and you will give Me return of love for everyone and for everything. Everything is in Me; since I did everything for all, in Me is the deposit of all; I render to the Divine Father the duty of love for all, and whoever wants it, can use it as way and means to ascend to Heaven."

I entered into Jesus, and I easily found everything and everyone. And following the works of Jesus, I said: 'I love you in every thought of creature; I love You in the flight of every gaze; I love You in the sound of every word; I love You in every heartbeat, breath and affection; I love You in every drop of blood, in every work and step,...

But who can tell all that I did and said? Many things one is not able to say; even more, what one says, is said very badly, compared to the way it is said when one is together with Jesus... So, saying "I love You", I found myself inside myself.

VOL. 16 - February 18, 1924

All created things have one single "I love you" from God for us, which, at the same time, is distinct in each one of them.

I was fusing myself in the Divine Will according to my usual way, in order to find all created things and to be able to give my love in return, for myself and for all. Now, as I was doing this, I thought to myself: 'My Jesus says that He has created everything for love of me and for love of each one. But how can this be if many created things I don't even know? So many fishes that dart in the sea, so many birds that fly in the air, so many plants, so many flowers, such great variety of beauty contained in the whole universe – who knows them? Just a little number of them. Therefore, if I don't even know them – especially I, who have been confined in a bed for years and years – how can He say that all created things have the mark and the seal of His "I love you" for me?'

Now, while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, in the act of pricking up His ears in order to listen to me, and told me: "Yet, my daughter, it is true that each created thing has a distinct love for you. It is also true that you do not know them all, but this says nothing; on the contrary, it reveals to you my love even more, and tells you in clear notes

that my "I love you" for you is both near and far from you, both hidden and unveiled. I do not act like the creatures, who, when they are close, are all love, but as soon as they move away, they become cold and are no longer able to love. My Love is stable and fixed; it is near as much as it is far, hidden and secret. It has one single sound, never interrupted: "I love you..."

See, you know the light of the sun, it is true. Indeed you receive its light and its heat as much as you want; but more light overshoots you - so much as to fill the whole earth. If you wanted more light, the sun would give it to you - even all of it. Now, all the light of the sun tells you my "I love you", from near and from afar. Even more, as it goes throughout the earth, it carries for you the little sonata of my "I love you". Yet, you know neither the paths that the light covers, nor the lands it illuminates, nor the people who enjoy the beneficial influence of the sun's rays. But even though you do not know everything that the light does, you are in that same light, and if you do not take it all, it is because you lack the capacity of being able to absorb it within you. Just because of this, you cannot say that all the light of the sun does not tell you, "I love you". On the contrary, it makes a greater display of love, because as it is invading the earth, it is narrating my "I love you" to all. The same thing for all the drops of water. You cannot drink them all, and enclose them within you; but just because of this you cannot say that they do not tell you my "I love you".

Therefore, all created things, whether they are known or not - all of them - have the mark of my "I love you", because all of them serve the harmony of the Universe, the decorum of Creation, the mastery of Our creative hand.

I acted like a rich and tender Father, who loves his son. Since the son has to leave the paternal House to take his position, the Father prepares a sumptuous palace with innumerable rooms, and each of them contains a certain something, which may serve his son. Now, since those rooms are many, the son does not always see them; even more, some of them he does not know, because no necessity to use them has occurred to him. But just because of this, can anyone perhaps deny that in each room there is a special love of the father for the son, since the paternal goodness has provided also for that which might not even be necessary to the son? So I did. This son came out from my womb, and I wanted him to lack nothing; even more, I created many different things - and some enjoy one thing, some another; but everything has one single sound: "I love you."

VOL. 17 - May 17, 1925

(Continuation of the previous chapter). Other ways to fuse oneself in the Divine Will; first, in return for Creation, and then for Redemption.

After I had the Confessor hear what is written above - with the date of May 10th - on fusing myself in the Divine Volition, he was not satisfied, and ordered me to continue to write about the way to fuse myself in the Holy Divine Volition. So, out of obedience, and for fear that my Jesus might be even slightly disappointed, I continue.

Now, I add that as that immense void comes before my mind, in fusing myself in the Supreme Volition, the little child begins her round again, and rising up high, she wants to repay her God for all the love He had for all creatures in Creation. She wants to honor Him as Creator of all things, and so she goes around the stars, and in each flickering of light I impress my "I love You" and "Glory to my Creator". In every atom of the light of the sun that comes down, my "I love you" and "Glory". In the whole expanse of the heavens, between the distance from one step to another, my "I LOVE YOU" and "GLORY". In the warbling of the bird, in the beating of its wings: "Love" and "Glory" to my Creator. In the blade of grass which sprouts from the earth, in the flower that blooms, in the fragrance that ascends: "Love" and "Glory". On the peak of the

mountains and in the depths of the valleys: "Love" and "Glory". I wander through every heart of creature as though wanting to enclose myself and shout from within, to every heart, my "I love you" and "Glory to my Creator". And then, as if I had gathered everything together in such a way that everything gives return of love and recognition of glory for all that God has done in Creation, I go to His Throne, and I say to Him: 'Supreme Majesty and Creator of all things, this little child comes into your arms to tell You that all of Creation, in the name of all creatures, gives You not only return of love, but also the just glory for the so many things You created for love of us. In your Will, in this immense empty space, I wandered everywhere, so that all things may glorify You, love You and bless You. And now that I have put in relation the love between Creator and creature, which the human will had broken - as well as the glory that everyone owed You, let your Will descend upon earth, that It may bind and strengthen all the relations between Creator and creature, and so that all things may return to the original order established by You. Therefore, hurry, do not delay any longer – don't You see how the earth is full of evils? Your Will alone can stop this current and save it – your Will, known and ruling.'

After this, I feel that my office is still not complete. So I descend to the bottom of that empty space, in order to repay Jesus for the Work of Redemption. And as though finding all that He did in act, I want to give Him my return for all the acts that all creatures should have done in waiting for Him and receiving Him upon earth. Then, as though wanting to transform all of myself into love for Jesus, I go back to my refrain, and I say: "*I LOVE YOU*" in the act of descending from Heaven to be incarnated, and I impress my "*I LOVE YOU*" in the act of being conceived in the most pure womb of the Virgin Mary. "*I LOVE YOU*" in the first drop of blood which was formed in your Humanity. "*I LOVE YOU*" in the first beat of your Heart, to mark all your heartbeats with my "*I LOVE YOU*". "*I LOVE YOU*" in your first breath; "*I LOVE YOU*" in your first pains; "*I LOVE YOU*" in the first tears You shed in the maternal womb. I want to return your prayers, your reparations, your offerings, with my "*I LOVE YOU*". "*I LOVE YOU*" in your birth. "*I LOVE YOU*" in the cold you suffered. "*I LOVE YOU*" in each drop of the milk you suckled from your Most Holy Mama. I want to fill with my "*I LOVE YOUs*" the clothes with which your Mama swaddled You. I lay my "*I LOVE YOU*" upon that ground on which your Mama placed You in the manger, as your most tender limbs felt the hardness of the hay – but more than of hay, the hardness of hearts. My "*I LOVE YOU*" in each of your wailings, in all the tears and sufferings of your childhood. I make my "*I LOVE YOU*" flow in all the relations and communications and love You had with your Immaculate Mama. "*I LOVE YOU*" in Her dearest kisses, in each word You said, in the food You took, in the steps You took, in the water You drank. "*I LOVE YOU*" in the work You did with your hands. "*I LOVE YOU*" in all the acts You did during your hidden Life. I seal my "*I LOVE YOU*" in each one of your interior acts and in the pains You suffered. I lay my "*I LOVE YOU*" upon the paths You covered, in the air You breathed, in all the sermons You made during your public Life. My "*I LOVE YOU*" flows in the power of the miracles You made, in the Sacraments You instituted. In everything, O my Jesus, even in the most intimate fibers of your Heart, I impress my "*I LOVE YOU*", for me and for all. Your Will makes everything present to me, and nothing do I want to leave, in which my "*I LOVE YOU*" is not impressed.

Your little Daughter of your Will feels this duty - as there's nothing else she can do - that You may have at least my little "*I LOVE YOU*" for everything You did for me and for all. Therefore my "*I LOVE YOU*" follows You in all the pains of your Passion, in all the spit, scorn and insults they gave You. My "*I LOVE YOU*" seals every drop of the Blood You shed, every blow You received, every wound that formed in your body, each thorn that transfixed your head,

the bitter pains of the Crucifixion, the words You pronounced on the Cross. Up to your last breath, I intend to impress my "I LOVE YOU". I want to enclose all your Life, all your acts, with my "I LOVE YOU". I want You to touch, see and feel my continuous "I LOVE YOU". My "I LOVE YOU" will never leave You – your very Will is the life of my "I LOVE YOU".

But do You know what this little child wants? That the Divine Will of your Father, which You loved so much, and which You did during all your Life upon earth, make Itself known to all creatures, so that all may love It and fulfill your Will, on earth as It is in Heaven. This little child would want to surpass You in love, so that You may give your Will to all creatures. Please, make this poor little one happy, who wants nothing but what You want: that your Will be known and reign upon all the earth.'

Now I believe that obedience will be happy in some way. Though it is true that in many things I had to make a few jumps, otherwise I would never end. Fusing myself in the Divine Volition is like a springing fount for me; and every tiny thing I hear and see, even one offense given to my Jesus, is occasion for me for new ways and new fusions in His Most Holy Will.

Now, I continue by saying that my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, to all you have said on fusing yourself in my Will, another application must be added – that of fusing yourself in the order of grace, in all that the Sanctifier – the Holy Spirit – has done and will do to those who are to be sanctified. Furthermore, while We - the Three Divine Persons - remain always united in working, if Creation is related to the Father, and Redemption to the Son – the "*Fiat Voluntas Tua*" was attributed to the Holy Spirit. And it is exactly in the "*Fiat Voluntas Tua*" that the Divine Spirit will display His Work. You do it when, in coming before the Supreme Majesty, you say: 'I come to give love in return for everything which the Sanctifier does to those who are to be sanctified. I come to enter into the order of grace, to give You glory and return of love, as if all had become Saints, and to repair You for all the oppositions and lack of correspondence to grace...'; and as much as you can, in Our Will you search for the acts of grace of the Spirit Sanctifier, in order to make your own - His sorrow, His secret moans, His anguishing sighs in the depth of the hearts, on seeing Himself unwelcome. And since the first act He does is to bring our Will as the complete act of their sanctification, on seeing Himself rejected, He moans with inexpressible moans. And in your childlike simplicity, you say to Him: 'Spirit Sanctifier, hurry, I implore You, I beg You, let everyone know your Will, so that, in knowing It, they may love It and welcome your prime act of their complete sanctification – which is your Holy Will!' My daughter, We - the Three Divine Persons - are inseparable and distinct, and in this way do We want to manifest to the human generations Our Works for them: while remaining united within Ourselves, each One of Us wants to manifest individually His Love and His Work for the creatures."

VOL. 17 - August 2, 1925

The "I love you" is everything. The work of Luisa with the Most Holy Mama.

I was praying and fusing myself in the Holy Divine Will. I wanted to wander everywhere, up to the Heavens, in order to find that Supreme "*I love you*" which is not subject to any interruption. I wanted to make it my own, so that I too might have an "*I love you*" which is never interrupted, and which might echo the Eternal "*I love you*"; and by possessing the source of the true "*I love you*" within me, I might have an "*I love you*" for each one and for all - for each motion, for each act, for each breath, for each heartbeat, and for each "*I love you*" of my Jesus Himself. And while I seemed to reach the womb of the Eternal One, making Their "*I love you*" my own, I kept repeating, everywhere and upon each thing, a lullaby of "*I love you's*" to my

Supreme Lord. Now, while I was doing this, my thought interrupted my "I love you", telling me: "What are you doing? You could be doing something else! And then, what is your "I love you"? How special could this "I love you" of yours really be?"

And my sweet Jesus, as though moving hurriedly in my interior, told me: "What are you saying? How special is for Me the "I love you" directed to Me?! My daughter, the "I love you" is everything! The "I love you" is love, it is veneration, it is esteem, it is heroism, it is sacrifice, it is trust toward the one to whom it is directed. The "I love you" is to possess the One who encloses the "I love you". The "I love you" is a little word, but it weighs as much as Eternity! The "I love you" encloses everything, involves everyone; it diffuses itself, it restricts itself, it rises up high, it descend down to the bottom, it impresses itself everywhere, and it never stops.

What, my daughter! How special can your "I love you" really be?! Its origin is eternal. In the "I love you" the Celestial Father generated Me, and in the "I love you" the Holy Spirit proceeded. In the "I love you" the Eternal FIAT made the whole creation, and in the "I love you" It forgave guilty man and redeemed him. Therefore, in the "I love you" the soul finds everything in God, and God finds everything in the soul. This is why the value of the "I love you" is infinite, it is full of life and of energy; it never tires, it surpasses everything and triumphs over everything. And so, this "I love you" directed to Me - I want to see it and hear it on your lips, in your heart, in the flying of your thoughts, in the drops of your blood, in the pains and in the joys, in the food you take - in everything. The life of my "I love you" must be long - long within you, and my FIAT which reigns in you will place on it the seal of the Divine "I love you".

After this, a Sun came before my mind, in a very high point. Its light was inaccessible. Continuous little flames came out from the center of it, each one containing an "I love you"; and as they came out, they placed themselves in order, around this inaccessible light. However, these little flames remained as though bound with a thread of light to that inaccessible light, which nourished the life of the little flames. These little flames were so many as to fill Heaven and earth. I seemed to see our God as the beginning and the end of everything; and in the little flames, the whole of creation, as a divine birth, of pure love.

I too was a little flame, and my sweet Jesus pushed me to take flight through each little flame, in order to place on them a double "I love you". I don't know how, I found myself outside of myself, wandering around, in the midst of those little flames, and impressing my "I love you" upon each one of them. But they were so many that I would get lost; however, a supreme force would make find again the order and the round of my "I love you".

VOL. 18 - October 4, 1925

Repeating the same good serves to form the water with which to water the seed of the virtues. Everything that Our Lord has done is suspended in the Divine Will, in waiting, to give itself to creatures.

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will of God according to my usual way, and while going around in It to place my 'I love You' upon all things, I wished that my Jesus would see or hear nothing but my 'I love You', or through this 'I love You' of mine. And while repeating the singsong of my 'I love You', I thought to myself: 'It shows that I am really a little child, who can say nothing but the little story she has learned. And then, what good comes to me by repeating 'I love You, I love You...' over and over again?' But while I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus came out from within my interior, showing my 'I love You' impressed everywhere in all of His Divine Person: on His lips, on His face, on His forehead, in His eyes, in the middle of His breast, on the back and in the center of the palms of His hands, on the tips of His fingers - in

sum, everywhere. And with a tender tone, He told me: “My daughter, aren’t you happy that none of the *‘I love You’s’* that come out of you go lost, but all remain impressed in Me? And then, do you know what good comes to you by repeating them? You must know that when the soul decides to do some good, to exercise a virtue, she forms the seed of that virtue. By repeating those acts, she forms the water with which to water that seed in the earth of her heart; and the more often she repeats them, the more she waters that seed, and the plant grows beautiful and green, in such a way that it quickly produces the fruits of that seed. On the other hand, if she is slow in repeating, many times the seed remains suffocated; and if it comes out at all, it grows thin and never gives fruit. Poor seed, without enough water in order to grow. My Sun does not rise over that seed, to give it fecundity, maturity and a beautiful color to its fruits, because it is not fecund. On the other hand, by always repeating those same acts, the soul contains much water with which to water that seed; my Sun rises over that seed every time It sees it being watered; and It delights so much, knowing that it has much strength in order to grow, that It makes its branches reach up to Me; and in seeing its many fruits, I pick them with pleasure, and I rest under its shadow.

So, repeating your *‘I love You’* for Me procures for you the water with which to water and form the tree of love. Repeating patience waters and forms the tree of patience; repeating your acts in my Will forms the water with which to water and form the divine and eternal tree of my Will. Nothing can be formed with one single act, but with many upon many repeated acts. Only your Jesus contains the virtue of forming all things, and the greatest things, with one single act, because I contain the creative power. But the creature, by dint of repeating the same act, forms the good she wants to do, bit by bit. Through habit, that good or that virtue becomes her nature, and the creature becomes the possessor of it, and it forms all of her fortune. This happens also in the natural order. No one becomes a teacher by having read the vowels and the consonants once or a few times, but by repeating them constantly, to the point of filling his mind, his will and his heart with all that science that is needed in order to be able to be a teacher to others. No one feels satiated if he does not eat, bite after bite, the food that is needed in order to be satiated. No one harvests the seeds if he does not repeat, who knows how many times, his work in his little field; and so with many other things. To repeat the same act is a sign that one loves, appreciates and wants to possess that very act which he does. Therefore, repeat, and repeat incessantly, without ever tiring.”

VOL. 18 - February 7, 1926

The Divine Will reigning in the soul raises her above everything; and loving with the love of a God, she can love all things with His very love, and is constituted possessor and queen of all Creation.

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition according to my usual way, and taking the eternal *‘I love you’* of my sweet Jesus, and making it my own, I was going around throughout the whole Creation in order to impress it upon each thing, so that everything and everyone might have one single note, one single sound, one single harmony – *‘I love You, I love You, I love You’* – for myself and for all, toward my Creator, who so much loved me. Now, while I was doing this, my lovable Jesus came out from within my interior, and pressing me to His Heart, all tenderness, told me: “My daughter, how beautiful is the *‘I love You’* of one who lives in my Will. I hear the echo of mine together with hers over all created things, therefore I feel the requital of love of the creature for everything I have done. And then, to love means to possess what one loves, or wanting to possess that which is loved. So, you love the whole Creation

because It is Mine, and I let you love It because I want to make It yours. Your repeated *'I love You'* for Me upon each created thing is the way and the right of possession – the right to possess them. In feeling loved, all Creation recognizes their master, and therefore they make feast in hearing your *'I love You'* being repeated upon them. Love makes one recognize what is one's own, and they give themselves only to those by whom they are loved; and my Will reigning in the soul is the confirmation that what is mine is hers. Now, when something is in common between two persons, highest accord is needed, one cannot do without the other; and here is the necessity of their inseparable union, of continuous communications on what to do with what they possess. Oh! how my Will reigning in the soul raises her above everything; and loving with the love of a God, she can love all things with His very love, and is constituted possessor and queen of all Creation.

My daughter, it is in this happy state that I created man; my Will was to make up for all that was lacking in him, and to raise him to the likeness of his Creator. And this is precisely my aim upon you - to make you return to the origin, as We created man. Therefore, I do not want division between Me and you, nor that what is mine be not yours; but in order to give you your rights, I want you to recognize what is mine, so that, as you love everything and your *'I love You'* flows over all things, all of Creation may recognize you. They will feel in you the echo of the beginning of the creation of man, and delighting in it, they will yearn to be possessed by you.

I act for you like a king who is despised by his peoples, offended, forgotten; these peoples are no longer under the regime of the laws of the king; and if they observe any of the laws, it is force that imposes itself on them, not love. So, the poor king is forced to live in his royal palace, isolated, without the love, the subjection and the submission of the peoples to his will. But among many, he notices that there is one alone who maintains himself whole in letting himself be subdued, entirely and completely, by the will of the king. Even more, he repairs, he cries for the rebellious wills of the whole people, and would want to compensate the king by making himself act for each creature, so that he might find in him everything that he should find in all the rest of the people. The king feels drawn to love this one, and keeps him always under his eyes to see whether he is constant - and not for one day, but for a period of his life, because only constancy is what the king can rely upon, so as to be sure of what he wants to make of the creature. To sacrifice oneself, to do good for one day, is something easy for the creature; but to sacrifice oneself and do good for one's own life – oh! how difficult it is. And if it happens, it is a divine virtue operating in the creature. So, when the king feels sure about him, he calls him to himself into his royal palace, he gives to him all that he should give to the whole people, and putting the others aside, he makes the new generation of his chosen people come out from this one, which will have no other ambition than to live of the will of the king alone, all submitted to him, like many births from his womb.

Don't you think, my daughter, that this is precisely what I am doing for you? My continuous calling you into my Will, so that, not yours, but Mine may live in you; my wanting from you that you let Me find the note of your *'I love You'*, of your adoration for your Creator, of your reparation for each offense, upon all created things and from the first to the last man that will come – does this not say in clear notes that I want everything in order to give you everything, and that, raising you above everything, I want my Will to be restored in you, whole, beautiful, triumphant, just as It came out of Us in the beginning of Creation? My Will was the prime act of the creature; the creature had her prime act in my Will, and therefore It wants to do Its course of life in her. And even though It was suffocated at Its very first arising in the creature, It was not extinguished, and therefore It awaits Its field of life in her. Don't you want

to be Its first little field? Therefore, be attentive; when you want something, never do it on your own, but pray to Me that my Will may do it in you. In fact, that same thing, if you do it yourself, sounds bad, gives of human; but if my Will does it, it sounds good, it harmonizes with Heaven, it is sustained by a divine grace and power, it is the Creator that operates in the creature, its fragrance is divine; and rising everywhere, it embraces everyone with one single embrace, in such a way that all feel the good of the operating of the Creator in the creature.”

VOL. 19 – March 9, 1926

And my sweet Jesus added: “My daughter, I have won the little flame of your will, and you have won Mine. Had you not lost yours, you could not have won Mine. Now we are both happy – we are both victorious. But, look at the great difference which exists in my Will: it is enough to do an act, a prayer, an *‘I love You’* once, that, taking its place in the Supreme Volition, that same act, prayer or *‘I love You’*, remains always in the act of being done, without ever ceasing. In fact, when an act is done in my Will, that act is no longer subject to interruption: after it is done once, it is done forever, as if it were continuously being done. The operating of the soul in my Will comes to partake in the ways of the divine operating: when it operates, it does always the same act, with no need of repeating it. What will your many *‘I love You’s’* in my Will be, always repeating their refrain: *‘I love You, I love You...’*? They will be many wounds for Me, and will prepare Me to concede the greatest grace: that my Will be known, loved and fulfilled. Therefore, in my Will, prayers, works, love, enter into the divine order, and one can say that it is I Myself who prays, works, loves. And what could I deny to Myself? In what would I not delight?”

VOL. 19 – June 6, 1926

I was doing my acts in the Supreme Will according to my usual way, and I tried to trace everything that my Jesus, my Celestial Mama, the Creation and all creatures did. Now, while I was doing this, my sweet Jesus helped me by making present to me all of His acts which I omitted to trace, not having the capacity to do it. And Jesus, all goodness, would make his act present to me, telling me: “My daughter, in my Will all of my acts are all present, as though lined up together. Look – here are all the acts of my childhood; there are all my tears, my wailings; there is also when, as a little child, I picked flowers while walking through the fields. Come to place your *‘I love You’* on the flowers I pick, and on my hands that stretch out to pick them. It was you that I looked at in those flowers; it was you that I picked, as tiny little flower of my Will. Don’t you want, then, to keep Me company with your love in all my acts as a child, amusing yourself with Me in these innocent acts? Keep looking: there is when, a little child, tired from crying for souls, I would have some very short sleep; but before closing my eyes I wanted you, so that you might favor my sleep. First I wanted to see you kiss my tears by impressing your *‘I love You’* in each tear, and to have Me close my eyes to sleep with the lullaby of your *‘I love You’*. But, do not leave Me alone while I sleep – wait until I wake up, so that, just as you closed my sleep, you may open my vigil in your *‘I love you’*.”

My daughter, one for whom it was established that she would live in my Will was inseparable from Me, and even though at that time you were not there, my Will made you present and gave Me your company, your acts, your *‘I love You’*. And do you know what an *‘I love You’* in my Will means? That *‘I love You’* encloses an eternal happiness, a divine love, and for my tender age that was enough to make Me happy and to form a sea of joy around Me - enough to make Me put aside all the bitternesses that the other creatures gave Me. If you do not follow Me in all

my acts, there will be a void of your acts in my Will, and I will remain isolated, without your company. But I want your link with everything I have done, because, since one is the Will that unites us, as a consequence, one must be the act. But, keep following Me - look at Me here, when at my tender age of two or three years I would withdraw from my Mama and, kneeling, with my little arms stretched in the shape of the cross, I prayed to my Celestial Father that He would have pity on mankind, and in my open little arms I embraced all generations. My position was excruciating – so little, on my knees with my arms stretched out, crying, praying.... My Mama could not have endured seeing Me; Her maternal love that loved Me so much would have made Her succumb. Therefore, come, you who do not have the love of my Mama – come to sustain my little arms, to dry my tears; place an ‘I love You’ of your own upon that ground against which my little knees were leaning, so that it may not be so hard for me. And then, throw yourself into my little arms, that I may offer you to my Celestial Father as daughter of my Will. Even from that time I called you, and when I saw Myself alone, abandoned by all, I would say to Myself: ‘If everyone leaves Me, the newborn of my Will will never leave Me alone.’ Isolation is too hard for Me, therefore my acts await yours and your company.”

VOL. 19 – August 4, 1926

Then, afterwards, as though wanting to cheer Himself, making Himself seen with His usual pen of light in His hand, He told me: “My daughter, let us put everything aside – let us speak of the Kingdom of the Supreme Will, which interests Me so much. Don’t you see how I am always in the act of writing Its qualities, Its celestial laws, Its power, Its divine prodigies, Its enchanting beauty, Its infinite joys, the order and the perfect harmony that reigns in this Kingdom of the Divine Fiat - in the depth of your soul? First I make the preparations, I form in you all the properties of It, and then I speak to you, so that, by feeling Its properties within yourself, you may be the spokesperson of my Will, the crier of It, Its telegraph and the little trumpet which, with a shrill sound, may call the attention of those passing by to listen to you. The teachings I give you about the Kingdom of my Will will be like many electric wires, which are such that, when the appropriate communications are established and the necessary preparations are made, a single wire is enough to give light to entire cities and provinces. The power of the electricity, with rapidity greater than that of the wind, gives light to public and private places. The teachings about my Will will be the wires; the power of the electricity will be the Fiat Itself which, with enchanting rapidity, will form the light that will cast away the night of the human will, the darkness of passions. Oh, how beautiful the light of my Will will be! In seeing it, creatures will dispose the devices in their souls in order to connect the wires of the teachings, so as to enjoy and receive the power of the light that the electricity of my Supreme Will contains. Do you want to see what will happen? Look: I take one wire of my teachings linked to your soul, and you emit your voice within the wire. Say: *‘I love You, I adore You, I bless You...’* – whatever you want to say, and be attentive on looking.”

I said *‘I love You’*, and that *‘I love You’* changed into characters of light and the electric power of the Supreme Volition multiplied it, in such a way that that *‘I love You’* of light would go through the whole vault of the heavens, fix itself in the sun and in each star, penetrate into Heaven, fix itself in each Blessed, form its crown of light at the foot of the divine throne, and enter even into the bosom of the Supreme Majesty – in sum, wherever the Divine Will was, there it would form its electric light. And Jesus continued: “My daughter, have you seen what power the electricity of the Supreme Fiat has, and how it reaches everywhere? The electricity of the earth diffuses down below at the most – it does not have the power to reach even the stars; but

the power of my electricity diffuses down below, up high, in the hearts – everywhere; and when the wires are disposed, with enchanting rapidity it will make its way into the midst of creatures.”

VOL. 20 – November 4, 1926

Jesus, continuing, added: “My daughter, even before knowing that She was to be my Mother, my dear Mama had Her sea of sorrow, and this sea was the pain of the offenses against Her Creator. Oh, how She grieved! And then, this pain of Hers was animated by a Divine Will, which She possessed, and which contains the virtue of a spring: It has the virtue of changing everything that is done in It – the most little things, the drops of water, into unending sea. My Will does not know how to do small things, but all great. In fact, it was enough for Us to open Our mouth and say “Fiat” in order to extend a heaven whose boundaries cannot be seen - one “Fiat” to form a sun that fills all the earth with light; and many other things. This says in clear notes that if my Will operates or invests an atom – a little act - that atom, that little act, becomes a sea; and if It lowers Itself to do little things, It makes up for them with Its regenerative virtue, making of them such a great number that man cannot arrive at counting them all. Who can arrive at counting how many fish and how many species are in the sea? How many birds, how many plants fill the earth?

Therefore, the little “I love You” in my Will becomes sea of love; the little prayer turns into sea of prayer, the “I adore You” into sea of adoration, the little pains into sea of pains. And if the soul repeats her “I love You”, her adoration, her prayers in my Will, and suffers in It, my Will arises, forming immense waves of love, of prayers and of pains, which go to unload themselves into the unending sea of the Eternal One, in such a way as to place the love of God and that of the creature in common, because one is the Will of both One and the other. Therefore, one who lets herself be dominated by my Will, possesses so many seas for as many acts as she does in It; and while she does little, she has much. She has a Divine Will which delights in making of the little act of the creature a sea, and only with these seas can she impetrate the longed for Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. This is why Our newborn, the little daughter of my Will, was needed, so that, turning her little pains, her “I love You” and everything she does into seas that communicate with the sea of the Eternal One, she can have ascendancy to impetrate the Kingdom of my Will.”

VOL. 20 – February 19, 1927

This is why in these times, the wind, the water, the sea, the earth, the heavens, are all in motion more than ever, waging battle against the creatures as new phenomena occur - and how many more will occur - destroying people and cities: because in battles it is necessary to dispose oneself to suffer losses, and many times also on the part of the winner. There have never been conquests of kingdoms without battle, and if there have been, they have not lasted. **You fight with Me when, investing everything I did and suffered in my Humanity – that is, my tears, my most intimate pains, my prayers, my steps, my words, and even the drops of my Blood – you impress on them your ‘I love you’, and for each one of my acts, you ask for the coming of the Kingdom of my Supreme Fiat. Who can tell you of the fight you make with Me? You move my very acts to wage battle against Me, that I may surrender and grant you my Kingdom.**

Therefore, I fight with you, and you fight with Me. This fight is necessary – to you, in order to win my Kingdom; and to Me, in order to win your will and to begin the battle in the midst of creatures, so as to establish the Kingdom of my Supreme Will. I have my own Will,

and all of Its very Power, Strength and Immensity in order to win; you have my Will Itself and all Creation and all the good I did in Redemption at your disposal, in order to launch a formidable army to wage battle and win the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. See, each word you write is also a fight that you make against Me - one more soldier that joins the army, which must win the Kingdom of my Will. Therefore, be attentive, my daughter, for these are times of fighting, and it is necessary to use all means in order to win.”

VOL. 21 – April 22, 1927

Then, I followed the Supreme Will in the act in which the Divine Being was about to create man, so that I too, together with my first father Adam, might love Him with the same love with which he loved Him in the first instant of his creation. I wanted to receive that same Divine breath, that outpouring of love, in order to give it back to my Creator.

But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, all delighted, told me: “My daughter, for one who lives in My Will there is not one act of Ours at which she cannot be present, nor any act that We issued from Ourselves that she cannot receive. Here is My breath to you, and the outpouring of Our Love. How great was Our delight in this first act of the creation of man. We had created Heaven and earth, but We felt nothing new within Ourselves; but in creating man it was very different: it was a will that was being created, and this will was free, and in it We enclosed Our Will, as though putting It in a bank in order to collect the interest of Our Love, of the glory and of the adoration that befitted Us.

“Oh! how love overflowed within Us; how it trembled with joy in pouring into this free will—to hear it say: ‘I love You.’ And when man, filled with Our own, released from his breast the first word—‘I love You’—immense was Our delight, because it was as if he were giving Us the interest for all the goods We had placed in him. This free will, created by Us, was the depository of the capital of a Divine Will, and We would content Ourselves with a small interest, without ever demanding the capital back. Therefore, great was the sorrow for the fall of man, because he rejected Our capital, so as not to give Us Our small interest. His bank remained empty, and his enemy, banding with him, filled him with passions and miseries. Poor one—he went broke.

VOL. 22 – June 26, 1927

Then I continued my flight in the Divine Volition, and hovering over each thought and act of creature, over each plant and flower, and over everything, I impressed my *‘I love you’* and I asked for the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. But while doing this, I thought to myself: ‘What a long story in my poor mind, nor does it seem that I can get out of it – I must keep tracing all times, all places, all human acts, and even plants, flowers and everything, to impress an *‘I love you’*, an *‘I adore you’*, an *‘I bless you’*, a *‘thank you’*, and to ask Him for His Kingdom.’ But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, moving again in my interior, told me: “My daughter, do you think you are the one who does this? No, no – it is my Will that keeps tracing all of Its acts which It issued in Creation, beading each of Its acts, thoughts, words, steps, with Its *‘I love you’*; and this *‘I love you’* runs through each act and thought toward each creature. One who is in my Will feels this love of God spread everywhere. His love is hidden even in the plants, in the flowers, and even under the earth, in the roots; and unable to contain it, He rips the earth open, and beads plants and flowers with His *‘I love you’*, to manifest His ardent love toward the creature. And when my Will reigns in the soul, It wants to continue Its *‘I love you’* of Creation, and therefore It calls you to follow Its eternal love; and calling each thought and act, as

well as all created elements, Its says and makes you say *'I love you'*, and with Its very Will It makes you ask for Its Kingdom, so as to bind It once again in the midst of creatures. What enchantment, my daughter, to see your *'I love you'* united to that of my Will, flowing in each thought and act of creature and asking for my Kingdom; [to see] this *'I love you'* flowing in the might of the wind, extending in the rays of the sun, murmuring in the murmuring of the sea and in the roaring of the waves, impressing itself on each plant, and rising with the most beautiful adoration in the fragrances of the flowers; and, more than trembling voice, saying *'I love you'* in the sweet twinkling and sparkling of the stars - in sum, everywhere. One who does not live in my Divine Will does not hear this language of my eternal love in all of Its acts and in each created thing; but one who lives in It feels herself being called to love so many times for as many times as her Creator has loved her. All things speak with holy eloquence about my love. How ungrateful she would be, if she did not follow the speaking love of my eternal Fiat.”

VOL. 22 – July 10, 1927

I was doing the round in the Divine Will, and while my poor mind was going around through all created things impressing my *'I love you'* even on the highest mountains and in the deepest valleys, in the darkest abysses of the earth and in the deepest ocean of the sea – in sum, everywhere; while I was doing this, my poor mind was tortured by the privation of my sweet Jesus, and my poor heart was tormented, because as much as I called Him with my love, I could find Him no more. Oh, God! What pain! I thought to myself: ‘How is it possible that Jesus no longer listens to me? And while I fill Heaven and earth with my *'I love you's'*, none of my *'I love you's'* aims at Him to wound Him; and as it would make Him feel my wound, my torture, my torment, in feeling my very pains, so as not to feel them He would make up His mind to let Himself be found by the one who so much longs for Him?’ Ah! Jesus, how much it costs me to have known You and not to possess You, to love You and not to be loved back. These are pains that cannot be described – there are no words to express them. At that moment, my dear Jesus moved in my interior, and bursting into tears, sobbing – and His sob was so strong as to resound so penetrating to the ear of my body, that I too cried together with Him – told me: “My daughter, how can you believe that I am far away? How can you think that you are not loved back by your Jesus? **Each *'I love you'* of yours was one more wound to my Heart, which made Me say: ‘My daughter, you make your *'I love you'* resound everywhere for Me – from the mountains, from the valleys, from the sea, from the flowery fields, from the sun – from everywhere.’ And though hidden in you, I repeated: ‘I love you, my daughter’.** But I felt Myself cut to the quick when you thought that I did not love you back. This cannot be, my daughter; not to love in return is not the nature of your Jesus, nor am I able to do so; and if I am hidden in you without revealing Myself, it is my justice that hides Me and wants to punish the peoples with strong scourges. Oh! how many of them will pour upon the earth - and of all kinds, because they are irritating my justice very much. I hide from you so that it may follow its course.” Having said this, He kept silent and disappeared, and I was left feeling so bad that I could not stop crying.

VOL. 23 – January 29, 1928

Therefore, everything you do is nothing other than my echo which, resounding in you, makes you ask, in each one of my acts, for the Kingdom of my Will. This is why I make present to you each act of mine, each pain I suffer, each tear I shed, each step I take – because I love that, investing them, you repeat after each one of my acts: **‘Jesus, I love You, and because I love**

You, give me the Kingdom of your Divine Will.’ I want you to call Me in everything I do, to make resound for Me the sweet memory of my acts saying: ‘*Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven’; in such a way that, in seeing your littleness - the little daughter of my Will echoing all my acts and placing them around Me like an army, I may hasten to grant the Kingdom of my Will.”

VOL. 24 – April 26, 1928

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, and according to my usual way, I was investing all of Creation with my refrain: ‘I love You, I adore You, I bless You...’. And while doing this, I thought to myself: ‘What am I giving to my God with this long story of “*I love You’s*”? And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, a pure, holy and upright love is a divine birth. It comes from God and has the virtue of rising and entering into God so as to multiply these births from Him, and to bring God Himself to each creature who yearns to love Him. Therefore, when the soul is invested by this love and receives this birth, she can form other births for as many times as she says her ‘*I love You*’; in such a way that her ‘*I love You*’ flies before God; and the Supreme Being, looking inside the ‘*I love You*’ sent by the creature finds all of Itself in that little ‘*I love You*’, and feels It is being given all of Itself by her.

That little ‘*I love You*’ contains a prodigious secret; in its littleness it contains the infinite, the immense, the power, so much so, that it can say: ‘I give God to God’. In that little ‘*I love You*’ of the creature, the infinite Being feels all of Its divine qualities being sweetly touched, because since it is a birth from It, It finds all of Itself within it. This is what you give Me with your many ‘*I love You’s*’: you give Me Myself as many times. There is nothing more beautiful, greater and more pleasing you could give Me than to give Me all of Myself. My Fiat, which forms the life of your ‘*I love You*’ for Me in you, delights in forming many births from Us; so It keeps the rhythm of the ‘*I love You*’ in you, yearning always to mint the divine coin of your ‘*I love You*’ for each created thing. Then It looks to see whether all the things created by Us are beaded with the prodigious secret of your ‘*I love You*’. My daughter, We do not look at whether what the creature does is great or small; rather, We look at whether there is the prodigy of Our secret - whether her tiniest acts, thoughts and sighs are invested with the power of Our Will. This is all, and it is all for Us.

VOL. 24 – April 29, 1928

After this, I was continuing my round in the Divine Will, and repeating the refrain of the ‘*I love You*’, I was saying: ‘Jesus, my Love, I want to leave all of my being in your Fiat, so that I may find myself in all created things, to bead them with my ‘*I love You*’. Even more, I want to place my heart in the center of the earth, and as it beats, I want to embrace all of its inhabitants; and following all of their heartbeats with my ‘*I love You*’, I want to give You the love of each one of them. And as my heartbeat is repeated from within the center of the earth, I want to place my ‘*I love You*’ in all the seeds which the earth encloses in its womb; and as the seeds sprout and plants, herbs and flowers are formed, I want to place in them my ‘*I love You*’, that I may see them enclosed in my ‘*I love You*’ for Jesus...’ But as I was saying this, my thought interrupted the refrain of my ‘*I love You*’, telling me: ‘How much nonsense you are speaking. Jesus Himself must be tired of hearing your long singsong, ‘*I love You, I love You...*’

And Jesus, moving so very hurriedly in my interior, and looking at all Creation to see whether in all things, small and big, there was the life of my ‘*I love You*’, told me: “My daughter, what

wonder, what enchantment, to see all things beaded with your *'I love You'*. If all creatures could see all the plants, the atoms of the earth, the stones, the drops of water, beaded with your *'I love You'*, and the light of the sun, the air that they breathe, the sky that they see, filled with your *'I love You'*, and the stars, shining with your *'I love You'* – what amazement would not arise within them; what sweet enchantment would not draw the pupils of their eyes to look at your refrain and the long singsong of your *'I love You'*? They would say: 'How is it possible that she let nothing escape her? We ourselves feel beaded with her *'I love You'!*' And they would wander around checking and investigating everything, to see whether, in fact, nothing had escaped you, so as to enjoy the enchantment of your *'I love You'*. Now, if this marvelous enchantment remains unobserved by the terrestrial creatures, it is not unobserved in Heaven, and the inhabitants up there enjoy the enchantment and the marvels of seeing the whole Creation filled and beaded with your *'I love You'*. They feel their *'I love You'* harmonize with yours; they do not feel separated from the earth because love unites them together, forming the same notes and the same harmonies. Moreover, you must know that when all things, small and big, were created, I never tired of beading them with my repeated and incessant *'I love you's'* for you; and just as I did not tire of placing them, so I do not tire of hearing them being repeated by you. On the contrary, I enjoy that my *'I love you'* does not remain isolated, but has the company of yours; and as yours echoes in Mine, they fuse together and live a common life. Besides, love is never tired; rather, it is bearer of joy and happiness for Me."

VOL. 24 – May 30, 1928

My daughter, in creating man, I acted like a most rich father who, after his child is delivered to the light, would want to amuse himself with his little one by giving him all of his riches; and he says to him, continuously: 'Son, take whatever you want and as much as you want.' The little one fills his pockets and his little hands, but so much that, unable to contain them, he drops them to the ground; and the father, inciting him, says: 'Is this all you have taken? Come, take some more – take everything.' The child sees himself hampered; bravely he returns to take, but his capacity can take nothing else, and the father smiles and amuses himself with his little one. So I did with man: I gave him all of my riches as gift, and he, like a little child, was incapable of taking them all; and amusing him, I would say to him: 'Take – take, my son. Take much – take everything if you can; the more you take, the more I will enjoy and make feast.'

Am I not doing this with you, to the point of wanting to give you the Kingdom of my Divine Will? This is why I make you go around in the whole Creation, in the works of my Redemption, nor do I deprive you of the dominions of the Sovereign Queen of Heaven. And while you go around through Our works and dominions, I keep whispering to your ear: 'Take whatever you want, my little daughter.' **And to give you the right to it, I have you mark all of Our works and Our dominions with your *'I love You'*. In this *'I love you'* of yours which repeats its refrain, *'give me your Divine Fiat'*, it seems that *'Fiat'* and *'I love you'* are braided together, and I know that what you want and ask for is the greatest thing - a Divine Kingdom in which, not only you, but all those who will be in this Kingdom, may all be kings and queens.**

VOL. 24 – June 29, 1928

I was doing my usual acts in the Divine Fiat, and for each created thing I repeated my long singsong of my *'I love You'*; but while doing this, I thought to myself: 'I have become so used to it, that it seems I cannot do without saying, "*I love You, I love You...*".' Now, at that moment,

my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: “My daughter, this continuous *‘I love You’* of yours is nothing other than the continuity of the first *‘I love You’* said in my Divine Will which, pronounced one time, has the virtue of repeating, with facts, that which was said once. **The *‘I love You’* forms the heat, and my Divine Will forms the light which, invading the *‘I love You’*, forms the Sun, one more radiant than the other.** How beautiful is the life of the soul in my Divine Will! She acquires a long progeny - almost interminable. In fact, if she thinks, she delivers her thoughts within the divine mind, forming the long generation of her children in the mind of her Celestial Father; if she speaks, she delivers her words within the word of God, forming the long generation of the children of her word; if she operates, if she walks, if she palpitates, she delivers her works within the hands of her Creator, her steps within the divine feet, her heartbeats within the paternal Heart, forming the long generation of the children of her works, of her steps and of her heartbeats. What an endless generation one who lives in my Will forms for her Creator! She is the populator and the fecund mother that keeps the One who created Her always in feast, because each child is a feast that God feels being delivered within His womb by one who lives in His Will.”

VOL. 25 – October 7, 1928

Now I resume my speaking. At night, I remained alone with my Jesus in the Sacrament; my eyes were fixed on the little door of the Tabernacle. It seemed to me that the lamp, with its continuous flickering, was about to go out, but then it would revive again; and my heart gave a jump, fearing that Jesus might remain in the dark. And my always lovable Jesus, moving in my interior, clasped me in His arms and told me: “**My daughter, do not fear, for the lamp will not go out; and if it did go out, I have you, living lamp - a lamp which, with your flickering, more than with the flickering of the eucharistic lamp, tells Me: ‘I love You, I love You, I love You....’** Oh! how beautiful is the flickering of your *‘I love You’*; your flickering says love to Me, and uniting with my Will, from two wills we form one alone. Oh! how beautiful is your lamp and the flickering of your *‘I love You’*. It cannot be compared to the lamp that burns before my Tabernacle of love. More so since, my Divine Will being in you, you form the flickering of your *‘I love You’* in the center of the Sun of my Fiat, and I see and hear, not a lamp, but a sun burning before Me. My prisoner be welcomed. You have come to keep company with your Prisoner; we are both in prison – you, in bed, and I, in the Tabernacle. It is right that we be close to each other; more so, since one is the purpose that keeps us in prison – the Divine Will, love, souls. How pleasing will the company of my prisoner be to Me; we will feel it together, to prepare the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. But, know, my daughter, that my love has anticipated you; I was first in putting Myself, prisoner, in this cell, to wait for my prisoner and your sweet company. See, then, how my love was first in running toward you; how I have loved you, and I love you, for in so many centuries of imprisonment in this Tabernacle I never had a prisoner who would keep Me company, who would remain so very close to Me; I have always been alone, or, at the most, in the company of souls who were not prisoners, in whom I did not see my same chains. Now, finally, the time has come for Me to have a prisoner, to keep her constantly near Me, under my sacramental gazes - one whom the chains of my Divine Will alone keep imprisoned. A sweeter and more pleasing company could not come to Me. And so, while we are together in prison, we will occupy ourselves with the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and will work together, and will sacrifice ourselves together, to make It known to creatures.”

VOL. 25 – December 25, 1928

I was thinking about the birth of Baby Jesus, and I prayed Him to come to be born in my poor soul. And in order to sing His praises and form a cortege for Him in the act of His birth, I fused myself in the Holy Divine Volition, and flowing in all created things, I wanted to animate the heavens, the sun, the stars, the sea, the earth and everything with my *'I love You'*. I wanted to place all created things as though in waiting, in the act of Jesus' birth, so that all would say to Him *'I love You'* and *'we want the Kingdom of your Will upon earth'*.

Now, while I was doing this, it seemed to me that all created things would come to attention in the act of Jesus' birth, and as the dear Baby came out of the womb of His Celestial Mama, the heavens, the sun, and even the tiny little bird, as though all in chorus, were saying, *'I love You'* and *'we want the Kingdom of your Will upon earth'*. My *'I love You'* in the Divine Will flowed within all things in which the Divine Will had Its life, and therefore all sang praises to the birth of their Creator; and I saw the newborn Baby who, flinging Himself into my arms, all shivering, told me: "What a beautiful feast has the little daughter of my Will prepared for Me; how beautiful is the chorus of all created things saying to Me *'I love You'*, and wanting my Will to reign. One who lives in It can give Me anything, and can use all stratagems in order to render Me happy and make Me smile, even in the midst of tears. Therefore, I was waiting for you, to have a surprise of love of yours by virtue of my Divine Volition. In fact, you must know that my life on earth was nothing but suffering, operating and preparing everything that was to serve the Kingdom of my Divine Will, which must be Kingdom of happiness and of possession; therefore, it is then that my works will have their full fruits and will change for Me and for creatures into sweetnesses, into joys and into possession."

Now, while He was saying this, He disappeared from me; but after a little while He came back, inside a little cradle of gold, clothed with a tiny little garment of light. And He added: "My daughter, today is my birthday, and I have come to render you happy with my presence. It would be too hard for Me, on this day, not to render one who lives in my Divine Will happy, not to give you my first kiss and tell you *'I love you'* as a requital of yours, and, clasping you tightly to my little Heart, make you feel my heartbeats that unleash fire, and would want to burn everything which does not belong to my Will, while your heartbeat, echoing within mine, repeats for Me your pleasant refrain: *'May your Will reign on earth as It does in Heaven'*. Repeat it always, if you want to render Me happy and calm my baby crying. Look - your love has prepared for Me the gold cradle, and the acts in my Divine Will have prepared for Me the little garment of light. Aren't you happy?"

VOL. 25 – March 13, 1929

While my mind was wandering in the love of the Creator and of the creature, my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, in the first act of the creation of man, Our love overflowed so strongly and raised its flames so high, as to make its arcane voices heard, so strong and penetrating, that the heavens, the stars, the sun, the wind, the sea and everything felt invested by mysterious voices crying out over the head of man: *'I love you, I love you, I love you.'* These arcane and powerful voices called man; and he, as though stirred from a sweet sleep and feeling enraptured by each *'I love you'* of the One who had created him, also cried out in his surge of love - in the sun, in the heavens, in the sea and in everything: *'I love You, I love You, I love You, oh my Creator!'* Our Divine Will which dominated Adam did not let him lose anything, not even one *'I love you'* of Ours to which he would not respond with his own. It was lovely, a sweet enchantment, to hear him, as the power of Our Divine Fiat would take the *'I love*

You' of Our son, the dear jewel of Our Heart, upon the wings of Its light, and invading the whole Creation, he would make Us hear, in each created thing, his continuous '*I love You*', just like Our own. Our Divine Will does not know how to do broken and interrupted things, but continuous.

As long as Adam possessed his dear inheritance of Our Fiat, he possessed Its continuous act; it can be said that he competed with Us, for when We do an act, it no longer ceases; therefore, everything was harmony between him and Us – harmony of love, of beauty, of sanctity. Our Fiat let him lack nothing of all Our things. As he withdrew from Our Will, he lost the way in order to reach Our things, and formed many voids between himself and Us – voids of love, voids of beauty and of sanctity, and formed an abyss of distance between God and himself. And this is why Our Fiat wants to return into the creature as fount of life – to fill these voids and make him return, as a little newborn, into Its arms, and to give him Its continuous act, just as It created him.”

VOL. 26 – May 21, 1929

The Divine Will: light; love: heat. Divine nourishment and outpouring.

I am always back into my dear inheritance of the Divine Volition, and it seems to me that I go around gleaning within It; and Jesus, so very good, does not neglect to give me His beautiful lessons about each of those ears of grain which I keep gathering. But while I was going around, I kept repeating my refrain over each thing: 'I love You – and let my love be the sweet chain which, binding the eternal Fiat, may draw It - do violence on It, to make It come to reign upon earth.' Now, while I was doing this, my adored Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Divine Will is Light, Love is Heat. Light and heat are inseparable from each other, and form the same life; this is the necessity of the fusion of my Will and of my Love: a will which does not love is not operative, a love which has no will is without life. However, my Will has the first act; it can be said that Its light makes the heat arise. It does the first act and calls the life of love within Its light, forming one single thing. Who can ever separate the heat from the light? No one. However, the bigger the light, the stronger the heat; so, with a small light one can just barely feel the strength of the heat; a big light gives much heat and produces admirable effects. How many and what effects does the sun not produce, because its light is so great as to embrace the whole earth? It can be said that it is the king of the earth; with its light and with its heat it caresses everyone, it embraces everything and does good to all – and without asking anything from anyone. Why? First, because it does not need anything; second, because all would feel impotent to repay the sun for the great good it does to all the earth. So, this is why you feel within yourself two infinite powers, fused into one: my Divine Will and my Love; and the Light of my Volition makes you run to make you place your '*I love You*', which It unleashes from Its womb of Light, upon all created things, so as to see the whole Creation bejeweled by Its '*I love you*' and yours.

In addition to this, life needs nourishment; my Divine Will is Life, my Love is food. **Each '*I love You*' of yours is a sip of nourishment which you give to my Fiat within you, and each act of yours done in my Will makes the Life of It grow within you. Oh! how the Life of my Will delights and grows admirably in the creature when It finds much Divine Love. It can be said that my Fiat finds Its food, and my Love finds Its Life.**

VOL. 26 – June 14, 1929

I was continuing my round in the Supreme Fiat, and my little mind, arriving at Eden, was saying: 'Adorable Majesty, I come before You to bring You my small interest of my '*I love You*', 'I

adore You', 'I glorify You', 'I thank You', 'I bless You', to give You my small interest because You have given me a heaven, a sun, an air, a sea, a flowery earth, and everything that You have created for me. You once told me that each day you want to do the accounts with me and receive this small interest of mine, so that we may always be in agreement; and keep the whole Creation, given to me by You as little daughter of your Will, safe inside the little bank of my soul.' But while I was doing this, a thought told me: 'But, how can you satisfy an interest so great? And besides, how great at all is your 'I love You', 'I adore You', 'I thank You'?

But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told me: "My daughter, this was an agreement between Me and you – that I would put the whole Creation in the bank of your soul, and you would have to give Me the interest, filling It with your 'I love You', 'I adore You', 'I thank You'. And since I saw you hampered because of a capital so great, and fearing that you might want to reject this great gift from Me, in order to encourage you to receive it, I said to you: 'I am content with a small interest, and we will do the accounts every day here in Eden. In this way we will remain in agreement and always in peace, and you will not be worried that your Jesus has placed in your bank a capital so great.' And then, don't you know the value of an 'I love You' in my Divine Will? My Will fills the heavens, the sun, the sea, the wind – Its Life extends everywhere; therefore, as you say your 'I love You', 'I adore You' and everything else you might say, my Fiat extends your 'I love You' in the heavens, and your 'I love You' becomes more extensive than the heavens; your 'I adore You' extends in the sun, and it becomes larger and longer than its light. Your 'I glorify You' extends in the wind, and it wanders through the air, throughout the whole earth, and its moans, the blows of the wind, now caressing, now mighty, say: 'I glorify You'. Your 'I thank You' extends within the sea, and the drops of water and the darting of the fish say: 'I thank You'. And I see the heavens, the stars, the sun, the sea, the wind, filled with your 'I love You', with your adorations, and the like; and I say: 'How content I am that I placed everything in the bank of the little daughter of my Will – because she pays Me the interest wanted by Me. And since she lives in It, she gives Me a divine and equivalent interest, because my Fiat extends her little acts and renders them more extensive than the whole Creation.' And when I see you coming into Eden to give Me your small interest, I look at you and I see in you my Divine Will doubled – one in you, and the other in Me, while It is one; and I see Myself being paid the interest by my Will Itself – and I remain satisfied, and, oh! how content I am in seeing that my Fiat has given to the creature the virtue of making Itself be doubled, so as to let her satisfy her Creator.

VOL. 26 – June 27, 1929

After this, I was thinking to myself: 'How is this? In all the things that blessed Jesus has told me about His Divine Will, my poor person is always intertwined in the middle; only rarely, a few times, has He spoken only about His Supreme Fiat.' But while I was thinking about this, my sweet Jesus came out from within my interior and told me: "My daughter, it was necessary that I intertwine your person in the manifestations I have given you about my Divine Fiat: first, because each manifestation I gave you was bonds that I formed between you and my Divine Will; it was gifts and properties that I entrusted to you, such that, as you were endowed with them, the human family was being bound to the new acquisition of the Kingdom of It. **If I did not intertwine you in the middle, it would be neither bonds nor gifts that I would give, but simple news; and therefore, in order to give you a manifestation about my Divine Will, I would wait for an act of yours, a little pain of yours, and even just one 'I love You' of yours, so as to take the occasion to speak to you. I wanted of your own in order to give you of my**

own, and be able to give you the great gift of my Divine Volition.

VOL. 27 – October 15, 1929

After this, I felt an interior force within me that wanted to follow all the acts that the Divine Fiat had done in Creation and Redemption; but while I was doing it, I thought to myself: ‘What is the good I do in wanting to follow the Divine Volition in everything?’ And my beloved Jesus added: “My daughter, you must know that everything that my Divine Will has done both in Creation and in Redemption, It has done for love of creatures, and so that creatures, by knowing It, would ascend into Its act in order to look at It, love It and unite their act to Its own, so as to keep It company, **and place even just one comma, one point, one gaze, one ‘I love You’, on the so many works and divine prodigies that, in the ardor of Its love, my Fiat has done for all. Now, when you follow It in Its acts, It feels your company, It will not feel alone; It feels your little act, your thought that follows Its act, therefore It feels requited.** But if you did not follow It, It would feel the void of you and of your acts in the immensity of my Divine Volition, and with sorrow would cry out: ‘Where is the little daughter of my Will? I do not feel her in my acts, I do not enjoy her gazes that admire what I do, to say to me a “thank You”. **I do not hear her voice that says to me: “I love You”. Oh! how loneliness weighs upon Me.**’ And It would make you hear Its moans in the depth of your heart, saying to you: ‘Follow Me in my works – do not leave Me alone.’ So, the evil you would do would be to form the void of your acts in my Divine Will; while, if you do it, you would do the good of keeping It company; and if you knew how pleasing is company in operating, you would be more attentive. And just as my Divine Fiat would feel the void of your acts if you did not follow It, so would you feel the void of Its acts in your will, and you would feel alone, without the company of my Divine Will that loves to occupy you so much, as to make you feel no longer that your will lives in you.”

VOL. 27 - October 30, 1929

One who lives in the Divine Will can go around in all the works of God and acquires the divine rights.

The sweet enchantment of the Omnipotent Fiat keeps me as though eclipsed in It with Its light, and I can see nothing but all of Its acts, to place my ‘I love You’ as a seal upon each one of Its acts in order to ask for the Kingdom of Its Divine Will in the midst of creatures. Now, before my mind I saw a great wheel of light which filled the whole earth; and while the center of the wheel was all one light, many rays were sticking out around it for as many acts as the Divine Fiat had done, and I moved from one ray to another to place on them the seal of my ‘I love You’, to then leave it in each ray asking continuously for the Kingdom of Its Divine Will. Now, while I was doing this, my always lovable Jesus, coming out of my interior, told me: “My daughter, with one who lives in my Divine Will and forms her acts in It, these acts remain as the work of the creature, binding God to give her the rights of a Kingdom so holy, and therefore the rights to make It known and to make It reign upon earth. In fact, the soul who lives in my Fiat reacquires all the acts of It done for love of creatures. God renders her the conqueror not only of His Will, but of all Creation; there is not one act of It in which the creature does not place her act, be it even one ‘I love You’, one ‘I adore You’, etc. So, having placed something of her own, everything remains bound, and my Fiat feels happy because finally It has found the fortunate creature to whom It can give what It wanted to give with so much love from the very beginning of the creation of all the universe.

Therefore, by living in my Divine Will, the creature enters into the divine order, she becomes the

proprietor of Its works, and, by right, she can give and ask for others that which is her own. And since she lives in It, her rights are divine, and she asks by a right that is divine, not human. Each of her acts is a call that she makes to her Creator, and with His very divine empire, she says to Him: ‘Give me the Kingdom of your Divine Will, that I may give It to creatures, so that It may reign in their midst, and all of them may love You with divine love, and be all reordered in You.’ Now, you must know that every time you go around in my Will to put something of your own, it is one more divine right that you acquire to ask for a Kingdom so holy. This is why, as you go around in It, all the works of Creation come forward before you, and all those of Redemption line up around you, waiting for you, so as to receive, each one of them, your act, to give you the requital of the act of Our works; and you keep tracing them one by one, to recognize them, embrace them, to place your little ‘I love You’, and your kiss of love to make a purchase of them. In Our Fiat there is neither ‘yours’ nor ‘mine’ between Creator and creature, but everything is communion, and therefore, by right, she can ask for whatever she wants. Oh! how afflicted and sorrowful I would feel amid so many pains and acts of mine done while I was on earth, if the little daughter of my Divine Will did not even recognize them and did not try to place around my act the cortege of her love and of her act. How could I give you the right if you did not recognize them? And even less could you make them your own. Recognizing Our works is not only a right that We give, but possession. Therefore, if you want my Divine Will to reign, always go around in Our Fiat, recognize all Our works, from the smallest to the greatest, place your act in each one of them, and everything will be granted to you.”

VOL. 27 – November 30, 1929

Condition of man before sinning. How in each of His acts he looked for God, he found His Creator, he gave and received. How the human will is right for the soul.

I was beginning my round in the Divine Will according to my usual way, and wanting to reorder all created intelligences in order with God, from the first to the last man that will come to earth, I was saying: ‘I place my ‘I love You’ upon each thought of creature, so that, in each thought, I may ask for the dominion of the Divine Fiat over each intelligence.’ But while I was doing this, I thought to myself: ‘How can I arrive at pearling each thought of creature with my ‘I love You’?’ And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, with my Will you can do anything, and can reach anything. Now, you must know that, before sinning, in each thought he made, in each gaze, word, work, step, heartbeat, man gave his act to God, and God gave His continuous act to man. So, his condition was of always giving to His Creator, and of always receiving. There was such harmony between Creator and creature that, on both sides, they could not be without one giving and the other receiving, to then give his act again, be it even a thought, a gaze. Therefore, each thought of man looked for God, and God ran to fill his thought with grace, with sanctity, with light, with life, with Divine Will. It can be said that the smallest act of man loved and recognized the One who had given him life, and God loved him back by requiting him with His Love, and by making His Divine Will grow in each act of man, small and great. He was incapable of receiving the Divine Life all at once – he was too narrow, and God gave It to him sip by sip, in each act he did for love of Him, taking delight in giving him always, to form His Divine Life in him. Therefore, each thought and act of man poured into God, and God poured into him. This was the true order of Creation: to find His Creator in man, in each act of his, so that He might be able to give him His light and what He had established to give him. Our Divine Will, present in Us and in him, made Itself the bearer of one and of the other, and forming the full day in him, It placed in common the goods of both.

How happy was the condition of man when Our Divine Fiat reigned in him. It can be said that he was growing on Our paternal knees, attached to Our breast, from which he drew growth and his formation.

This is why I want that, in my Divine Volition, each thought of creature have your ‘I love You’ – to call back the order between Creator and creature. In fact, you must know that, by sinning, man not only rejected Our Fiat, but broke the love toward the One who had loved him so much; he put himself at a distance from His Creator, and a far away love cannot form life, because true love feels the need to be nourished by the love of the Beloved, and to remain so close as to be impossible for it to separate. So, the life of the love created by Us in creating man remained without nourishment and almost dying; more so, since every act he did without Our Divine Will was as many nights that he formed in his soul: if he thought, it was night that he formed; if he looked, spoke, and so forth – everything was darkness, which formed a dark night. Without my Fiat there can be no day nor sun; at the most, a few tiny little flames, which can hardly guide his step.

Oh! if they knew what it means to live without my Divine Will, even if they were not evil and did some good. The human will is always night for the soul, which oppresses her, embitters her, and makes her feel the weight of life. Therefore, be attentive, and let nothing escape you which does not enter into my Divine Fiat, which will make you feel the full day that will give you back the order of Creation. It will call back the harmony, which will place in force the continuous giving of your acts and the continuous receiving of your Creator; and embracing the whole human family, you will be able to impetrate that the order of the way in which they were created may come back, that the night of the human will may cease, and the full day of my Divine Will may arise.”

VOL. 27 – January 7, 1930

Then, I was following the acts of the Divine Will, accompanying them with my ‘*I love You*’; and I could comprehend the great difference in greatness and magnitude of the works of the Divine Fiat and of my little ‘*I love You*’. Oh! how small I felt, and truly just newly born before that Fiat which can do everything and embraces everything. And my lovable Jesus, clasping me in His arms, told me: “My daughter, one who lives in my Divine Will is my rich bank upon earth; and as you say your ‘*I love You*’, I invest it with my own, and from small it becomes great, it diffuses in the infinite, in such a way that the riches of my love become immeasurable, and I deposit them in the bank of your soul. And as you continue your acts, I invest them with mine, and I deposit them in your bank so as to have my divine bank upon earth. Therefore, your little acts done in my Divine Volition serve Me in order to give Me something to do, to make Our divine qualities, which are infinite, flow in your little acts, which are finite, mix them together and make of them as many acts of Ours, depositing them in the bank of your soul, so that Our bank may find in you Its Heaven.

VOL. 28 – March 24, 1930

Then, I continued to follow the acts in the Divine Fiat, and I thought to myself: ‘I am always back to the start, repeating – always repeating the long story of my acts in the Divine Volition, the long singsong of my ‘*I love You*’. But what are the effects of it? Oh! if I could obtain that the Divine Will be known and reign upon earth, at least it would be for me so much the better.’ But while I was thinking of this, my beloved Jesus clasped me to His Divine Heart, and told me: “My daughter, firmness in asking forms the life of the good that is asked for; it disposes the soul

to receive the good that she wants, and moves God to give the gift that is asked for. More so, since with the many repeated acts and prayers that she has done, she has formed within herself the life, the exercise, the habit of the good that she asks for. God, won by the firmness of her asking, will give her the gift; and finding in the creature, by virtue of her repeated act, as though a life of the gift that He is giving her, He will convert the good asked for into her nature, in such a way that the creature will feel herself as the possessor, and victorious in feeling transformed into the gift she has received. **Therefore, your asking incessantly for the Kingdom of my Divine Will forms in you Its Life; and your continuous ‘I love You’ forms in you the Life of my Love. And since I have given you the gift of both one and the other, you feel within yourself as if your nature felt nothing other than the vivifying virtue of my Will and of my Love.** Firmness in asking is the assurance that the gift is yours. And asking for the Kingdom of my Divine Will for all, is the prelude that others can receive the great gift of my Supreme Fiat. Therefore, continue to repeat, and do not tire.”

VOL. 28 – April 1, 1930

Then, I was following the acts of the Divine Fiat in the Creation, and it seemed to me that all were palpitating with the love of their Creator toward the creatures. The heavens, the sun, the air, the wind, the sea and all created things are in perfect accord among themselves, so much so that, even though they are distinct among themselves, yet they live as though fused together. And this is so true, that wherever there is the light of the sun, within the same space there is air, wind, sea, earth; but each one has its distinct heartbeat of love toward the creature. But while I was thinking of this and other things, my lovable Jesus, clasping me in His arms, told me: “My daughter, Our Love in Creation was exuberant, but always toward man. In each created thing We placed as many acts of love for as many times as the creature was to make use of them. Our Divine Fiat, which maintains the balance in all Creation and is perennial life of It, as It sees that the creature is about to use the light of the sun, puts Our Love in exercise, to make the creature encounter It in the light that she receives. If she drinks, Our Love makes Itself be encountered, so as to say to her while she drinks: *‘I love you’*. If she breathes the air, Our Love says to her, repeatedly: *‘I love you’*. If she walks, the earth says to her, under her steps: *‘I love you’*. There is not one thing that the creature may take, touch and see, in which Our Love does not make Its happy encounter with the creature by saying to her: *‘I love you’* – to give her love. But do you know what the cause is of so much insistence of Our Love? To receive, in each thing that the creature may take, the encounter of her love. So, the infinite Love wanted to meet with the finite love and form one single Love, so as to place in the creature the balance of Its Love. And since the creature makes use of created things without even thinking that Our Love comes to meet her in the things that she takes, to hear Our repeated refrain: *‘I love you, I love you’*, and she makes use of them without having a glance for the One who is sending them to her, the love of the creature remains unbalanced, because, not meeting with Our Love, it loses the balance and remains disordered in all its acts, because it has lost the divine balance and the strength of the Love of its Creator. Therefore, be attentive with your requital of love, to repair Me for so much coldness of creatures.”

VOL. 28 – April 12, 1930

Then, while I was going around in the Creation, my beloved Jesus, coming out from within my interior, told me: “My daughter, all created things say love, but the sun, which with its light and with its heat has the supremacy over everything, is the sower of my Love. As it rises in the

morning, so it begins its sowing of love; its light and its heat invest the earth, and as it moves from flower to flower, with its pure touch of light it sows the variety of colors and of fragrances, and it pours the seed of love, of the different divine qualities and of its loving fragrances. As it moves from plant to plant, from tree to tree, with its kiss of light it pours, in one place the seed of the sweetness of Divine Love, in another the variety of Our loving flavors, in another the substance of Divine Love. In sum, there is not one plant, flower, herb, which does not receive the seed of Our Love that the sun brings to it. It can be said that it spends its day sowing love and irradiating all the earth, mountains and seas with its light; everywhere it sows the love of the eternal light of its Creator. But do you know the reason for this continuous sowing, never interrupted, which the sun does of Our Love over the face of the earth, and in so many ways? Perhaps for the earth? For the plants? Ah no! All for the creatures. Oh! yes, for love of them, and to have the requital of their love. And, oh! how wounded and embittered We remain when We see that creatures make use of flowers, fruits and other things without recognizing that in everything they take there is the seed of Our Love, which through the sun We have poured over each created thing. **And after so much love, an 'I love You' is denied to Us."**

VOL. 28 – May 2, 1930

Then, I continued my round in the Creation, to follow the Divine Fiat in all created things, and everywhere I tried to place my usual *'I love You'*, to requite It for Its such great love spread in the whole universe. But my mind wanted to interrupt my race of my continuous *'I love You'* by saying to me: 'But, is there in me the life of this *'I love You'* that I keep repeating always?' But while I was thinking this, my sweet Jesus, clasping me to Himself, told me: "My daughter, you have forgotten that an *'I love You'* in my Divine Will has the virtue that, after it is said once, it never stops saying *'I love You, I love You...'*. The *'I love You'* in my Divine Will is life, and, as life, it cannot cease to live – it must have its continuous act. My Fiat does not know how to do finite acts, and everything that is done in It by the creature acquires continuous life; and just as the breath, the heartbeat, the continuous motion are necessary in order to live, so do the acts done in my Divine Will, having their origin in It, change into life, and, as life, they acquire the continuation of the act itself, without ever ceasing. Therefore, your *'I love You'* is nothing other than the continuation of your first *'I love You'*. As life, it wants the nourishment in order to grow; the breath, the heartbeat, the motion, in order to live; and by your repeating your *'I love You'*, it feels the heartbeat, the breath, the motion, and it grows in the fullness of love, and it serves to multiply as many lives of love for as many *'I love You's'* as you say. If you knew how beautiful it is to see all Creation strewn with as many lives of love for as many *'I love You's'* as you say! So, one *'I love You'* calls and demands with insistence another *'I love You'*. And this is why you feel a need, a necessity of love, to follow the race of your *'I love You'*. True good never remains isolated; more so in my Divine Will, since, It being life that has no beginning and no end, everything that is done in It is not subject either to ending or to being interrupted. Therefore, one *'I love You'* serves to maintain and call to life another *'I love You'*; these are steps of life of love that the creature takes in my own Volition. Therefore, do not stop, and continue the race of your *'I love You'* to the One who so much loves you."

VOL. 28 – July 9, 1930

My little intelligence feels the extreme need of the Divine Will, because It alone is my support, my strength, my life. Oh! Divine Will, O please! do not abandon me; and if I, ungrateful, have not been able to follow your flight, your light, O please! forgive me, and fortifying my weakness,

absorb into Yourself the small atom of my existence, and may it live dissolved in You, to live only and always of your Supreme Will. But while my mind was wandering in the Divine Fiat, my sweet Jesus, making His little visit to my soul, told me: “My daughter, courage, I am with you - what do you fear? If you knew the beauty, the value that the human will acquires when it enters and has continuous dwelling in the Divine Fiat, you would not lose one instant of living in It. You must know that as the human will enters into the Divine, Our light invests it and embellishes it of a rare beauty. The soul remains so identified, that she does not feel a stranger with her Creator; on the contrary, she feels that she is all of the Supreme Being, and the Divine Being is all hers; and with the freedom of a daughter, without fear and with enrapturing trust, she rises into the unity of the Will of her Creator, and, in this unity, the atom of the human will emits her *‘I love You’*. And while she forms her act of love, all the Divine Love runs, surrounds, embraces, transmutes Itself into the *‘I love You’* of the creature, and makes it so great, for as great as is Our Love. And We feel in the little *‘I love You’* of the creature the fibers, the life of Our Love; and We give it the value of Our Love, and feel in the little *‘I love You’* the happiness of Our Love. This little *‘I love You’* no longer goes out from within the unity of Our Volition; and while it remains, it spreads so much within the orbit of the Fiat, that it does nothing but follow the Divine Will everywhere; and so with all the other acts which she intends to do in Our Will. You must think that a creative Will enters into the act of the creature, and therefore It must do worthy acts, as those which a Divine Will knows how to do, and which are befitting to It.

VOL. 28 – August 12, 1930

Then, I continued to follow the acts of the Supreme Fiat, to be able to follow, with my acts of love, the incessant and interminable Love of my Creator. And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, if you knew how sweet to Me is your love, because I hear Our echo in yours, Our divine fibers; and as they raise your love into Our own, it runs and runs so sweetly within Our Love, by saying to Us: ‘I want to love You as much and in the same way as You have loved me. For as many times as You have told me that You have loved me, so I too want to say it.’ And Our delight is so great, wanting the creature to act as the repeater of Our Love, that We expand so much the love of the creature, as to feel within all Our Love the sweet sound of her love. More so, since in everything We have done for the creatures, the first motive, the first act, has been love; and since Our Love, without Our Will, would have been like fire without light; and Our Will, without Our Love, would have been like light without heat, therefore what gave life to Our Love was the Fiat. So, what moved Us was love, but what gave and gives life to everything is Our Divine Will. This is why one who wants to find true life must come into Our Will, in which one will find the fullness of Our Love, and the soul will acquire the prerogatives of Our Love, which are: fecund love, love that rises, love that embraces everything, love that moves everything as love, love insuperable and without end, love that loves and conquers everything. Therefore, when I hear you run from one created thing to another to place in them your *‘I love You’*, and over each human act, to invest them with your *‘I love You’*, I hear the sweet sound of your love within Our own, and I love you more.”

Then He added with a most tender tone: “My daughter, Our Love toward creatures is so great, that in each act she does, Our Love runs to love her, and Our Will to form the life of her act. So, in each thought that she forms in her mind, it is an act of love that We send to her; and Our Will offers Itself to form the life of her thought. In each word that she pronounces, in each beat of her heart, in each step that she takes, there are as many acts of Our Love that run toward her; and Our Fiat offers Itself to form the life of her word, the beating of her heart, the step of her feet.

Therefore, the creature is kneaded with Our Love, she lives under the sweet storm of Our Love, over her hangs Our incessant Love that loves her so much, and Our Fiat that runs rapidly to give life to each of her acts, be it even the smallest. Oh! if creatures knew how much We love them, how so inclined We are toward them, to love them always, always, as to let not even one thought of hers escape Us, in which We do not send her Our special and distinct Love - oh! how they would love Us; and Our Love would not remain as though isolated, without the love of the creatures. Our Love descends continuously toward the creatures, and their little love does not deign to rise toward their Creator. What sorrow, my daughter, to love and not to be loved. And this is the reason why, when I find a creature who loves Me, I feel her love harmonizing with Mine; and as my Love descends toward her, so does her love ascend toward Me. I abound so much for her, with graces, with favors and with divine charisms, as to astonish Heaven and earth.”

VOL. 28 – October 18, 1930

Then, I continued my acts in the Divine Volition, with my usual refrain: *‘I love You, I love You* in everything You have done for love of Us.’ But while I was doing this, I thought to myself: ‘Blessed Jesus must be tired of my singsong *‘I love You, I love You’*. So, why say it?’ And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, true love, accompanied also by the words *‘I love You’*, never brings Me tiredness, because, I being a complex of love and a continuous act of love, as I never cease to love, when I find my Love in the creature, I find Myself; and the sign that her love is a birth from my Love is when it is continuous. An interrupted love is not the sign of Divine Love; at the most, it can be a love of circumstances, an interested love, such that, as these cease, love ceases. And also the words *‘I love You, I love You’*, are nothing other than the air that my Love produces in the creature, which, condensed within her, produces as though many flashes of little flames toward the One whom she loves. And I, when I hear you say *‘I love You, I love You’* - do you know what I say? ‘My daughter is flashing in the air of her love toward Me, and one flash does not wait for another.’ And besides, all continuous acts are those which have the virtue of preserving, nourishing and growing the life of creatures. See, also the sun rises every morning and has its continuous act of light; nor can it be said that by rising every day it tires men and the earth; rather, the complete opposite – all long for the rising of the sun, and only because it rises every day does it form the nourishment of the earth. Day after day, it keeps nourishing, little by little, the sweetness in the fruits, until it makes them reach perfect maturation; it nourishes the varied tints of colors for the flowers, the development for all the plants; and so with all the rest. A continuous act can be called perennial miracle, though creatures do not pay attention to it; but your Jesus cannot do without paying attention, because I know the prodigious virtue of an act never interrupted. Therefore, your *‘I love You’* serves to preserve, nourish and grow the Life of my Love in you; if you do not nourish It, It cannot grow, nor receive the multiplicity of the sweetnesses and the variety of the divine colors which my Love contains.”

VOL. 29 – February 15, 1931

Then, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Fiat, and unable to do anything else, I kept saying my little “I love You” in the Divine Acts. Not only this, but I was saying to myself: “My Jesus, my Love, may my ‘I love You’ flow in Your heartbeat, in Your breath, on Your tongue, in Your voice, and even in the littlest particles of Your adorable Person.” But while I was doing this, my dear Life, making Himself seen, made me place my “I love You” in His Heart, inside

and outside of His whole Divine Person. And He enjoyed it so much, that He incited me to repeat as many “I love You’s” as I could, so as to be able to find the well-liked “I love You” in His whole Being.

And then, clasping me to Himself, He told me: “My daughter, love is life, and when this love comes out of the soul who lives in My Will, it has the virtue of forming in God Himself the life of love. And since the substance of the Divine Life is love, the creature, with her love, forms in God another Divine Life, and We feel inside of Our very Selves Our Life formed by the creature. This Life that, with her love, united to Our Will—because it is Our Will that administers to her the power, such that the creature can reach the point of forming the very Divine Life, all of love, within God—this Life is the triumph of God and the triumph of the creature. And in act of triumph We take this Divine Life that the creature has formed within Our very Selves, and We give It for the good of all creatures as the precious gift that the little daughter of Our Will gives to all; and We anxiously await her to come with her love to form more Divine Lives within Our Supreme Being. My daughter, Our Love is not sterile; on the contrary, It has the seed of generating continuous life; so, as you were saying ‘I love You’ in My heartbeat, in My breath, so I generated another heartbeat, another breath—and so with all the rest, in such a way that I felt within Myself the new generation of your ‘I love You’ that formed the new Life of My Love; and—oh! how happy I felt, thinking that My daughter was forming for Me, inside of Me, My very Life within Me, all of love. If you knew how moving is this act of the creature, that with her love gives God to God.... Oh! how it enraptures Us; and feeling enraptured, We give more Love, to have the contentment of making her repeat Our new lives of love. Therefore, love, love very much, and you will make your sweet Jesus happier.”

VOL. 29 – March 16, 1931

Then, I was continuing my “I love You” in the Divine Fiat, and was thinking to myself: “But, is my love pure?”

And my beloved Jesus added: “My daughter, in order for you to be able to give Me a pure love, a glance to your interior says everything: if your heart palpitates, yearns for, desires only My Love; if your hands operate only for love of Me; if your feet walk only out of love; if your will wants only My Love; if your intelligence seeks always the way to love Me; your ‘I love You’ with the word—do you know what it does? It gathers all together the whole complex of the love that you have inside yourself, and makes it one, and forms an act of pure and complete love for your Jesus. So, your word does nothing other than make known its extension of the love that you have inside yourself. But if inside not everything is love, since the pure fount is missing inside, there can be neither pure nor complete love.”

VOL. 29 – April 4, 1931

My abandonment in the arms of the Most Holy Supreme Will continues; and even though I feel myself under the thick clouds of inexpressible bitternesses, that take away from me the beauty of the Divine Light, and if I feel it, it is behind these clouds—yet, as I say my “I love You” and do my acts in the Fiat, the thunder is formed; and unleashing the lightning, it rips the clouds open, and through those rips the refulgent light enters into my soul and brings me the light of the truth that Jesus wants to manifest to His little creature. It seems to me that the more I repeat my “I love You,” the more often I thunder and lightning; and these lightnings, piercing the clouds, wound my highest Good, Jesus, who, wounded, sends me His Light as herald of His little visit to His embittered daughter.

So, while I was in this state, my beloved Jesus came in a pitiful and afflicted state; He had His arms broken from the grave offenses received; and throwing Himself into my arms, He asked me for help in so many pains. I was unable to resist, and while clasping Him in my arms, I felt His pains being communicated to me—but so many, as to feel myself dying; so I fell into the abyss of my painful state. Fiat!... Fiat!... But the thought of being able to relieve Jesus with my little pains gave me peace. And although Jesus had left me alone in the pains, later He came back and told me: “My daughter, true Love can do nothing, nor can It suffer, if It does not share it with she who loves Me. How sweet is the company of dear ones in the pains. Their company mitigates My pains, and I feel as if they were giving life back to Me; and to feel life being given back to Me by dint of pains is the greatest love that I find in the creature; and I give her My Life again in exchange. So, the love is so great, that they exchange the gift of life, one for the other. But do you know who drew Me into your arms to ask you for help in My pains? The continuous thundering of your ‘I love You,’ that, making bolts of lightning, drew Me to come to throw Myself into your arms to ask you for relief.

“Moreover, you must know that My Divine Will is Heaven, your humanity is earth. Now, as you keep doing your acts in It, you take Heaven; and the more acts you do, the more room you take in this Heaven of My Fiat; and while you take Heaven, My Will takes your earth, and Heaven and earth are fused together and remain dissolved, one within the other.”

VOL. 29 – July 17, 1931

But while my poor mind wandered in this Divine Air, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, all the good acts that the creature does in My Divine Will rise to God, because It has the Divine Power to draw up, into the Celestial Fatherland, what is done in Its Volition; and then, with Its same Power, It makes them fall back like beneficial rain over the same creature, in such a way that if the creature loves, blesses, adores, thanks, praises, God requites her with new rain of love, of blessings, rain of thanksgivings, because He felt Himself being loved and thanked by the creature, and bursting into rain of praises, He praises her before the whole Celestial Court. **Oh! how Our Divine Goodness awaits the adoration, the pleasant ‘I love You’ of the creature, to be able to give to Our Love the vent of being able to say to her: ‘Daughter, I love you.’** Therefore, there is not one act that the creature does for Us, for which Our Tenderness, all paternal, does not give to her multiplied requital.”

VOL. 29 - September 12, 1931

True love forms the stake on which to consume oneself in order to make Him whom one loves live again. The day of Jesus in the Eucharist.

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues; and while I was doing my acts, I thought to myself: “But, is it true that my sweet Jesus likes the continuity of my little acts?”

And Jesus, making Himself heard, told me: “My daughter, a broken love can never give of heroism, because by not being continuous, it forms many voids in the creature, that produce weakness, coldness, and are almost in act of extinguishing the little flame that was lit. And therefore it takes away from her the fortitude of love, that, with its light, makes one comprehend Who it is that one loves, and with its heat it maintains lit the little flame that produces the heroism of true love; so much so, that she feels happy to give her life for Him whom she loves. A continuous love has the virtue of generating in the soul of the creature Him whom she always loves; and this generation is formed in the center of her continuous love.

“See, then, what an incessant love means: to form for oneself the stake on which to consume and

burn oneself; to be able to form, on that stake, the Life of your beloved Jesus. One can say: 'In continuous love I consume my life to make live again Him whom I incessantly love.' Oh! had I not always loved the creature, and if I did not love her with a love that never says 'Enough,' I would never have descended from Heaven to earth to give her My Life with so many pains and heroism for love of her. It was My continuous Love that, like sweet chain, drew Me and made Me do the heroic act of laying down My Life in order to purchase hers. A continuous love can reach anything, it can do anything, it facilitates everything, and it knows how to convert everything into love.

"On the other hand, a broken love can be called love of circumstances, interested love, vile love, that can reach the point, if the circumstances change, of denying and maybe even despising Him whom it loved. More so, since only the continuous acts form life in the creature, she, as she forms her act, in her very act arises the light, the love, the sanctity, the grace, according to the act that she does. Therefore, an interrupted love and good cannot be called either true love, or true life, or true good."

Then He added with a more tender tone: "My daughter, if you want your Jesus to accomplish in you His loving designs, let your love and your acts be continuous in My Will. In fact, when My Will finds continuity, It finds Its way of Divine Acting, and remains engaged in the perennial act of the creature; and It hastens to do what It has established for her, finding, by virtue of her incessant acts, the space, the necessary preparations and the very life in which It can form Its admirable designs and accomplish Its most beautiful works. More so, since each act done in My Will is one more re-tying that is formed between the Divine Will and the human; it is one more step that she takes in the Sea of the Fiat, it is a greater right that the soul acquires."

VOL. 30 – November 16, 1931

Then, I continued my acts in the Divine Volition, and my littleness wanted to embrace everything in my embrace of love, to be able to make my little love run in all things and everywhere. But while I was doing this, my sweet Jesus added: "My daughter, to love means to possess, and wanting to make the beloved person or object one's own. To love means bond, whether of friendship or of kinship or of relationship, according to the greater or lesser intensity of the love. So, if between the creature and God there is no void of Divine Love, if all his acts run toward God to Love Him, if they have their Origin in Love and in Love they end, if he looks at all things that belong to the Supreme Being as his own—this says Love of son toward his Father, because in this way one does not go out, either of the Divine Properties or of the House of the Celestial Father.

"In fact, True Love constitutes a Right in the creature—Right of Relationship, Right of Participation in the Goods, Right to be Loved. Each of his acts of Love is a vibrating note that palpitates in the Divine Heart; and with its sound it says: 'I Love You—Love me.' And the sound does not cease if he does not hear the note of his Creator that, echoing the sound of the soul, answers to him: 'I Love you, O son.' O! how We await the 'I love You' of the creature, to let him take his place in Our Love, to have the sweet pleasure of being able to say to him: 'I Love you, O son,' and so be able to give him a greater Right to Love Us and to belong to Our Family.

"A broken love, and one that does not make Our Things its own, nor does it defend them, cannot be called love of son; at most, it can be love of friendship, love of circumstance, love of interest, love of necessity, that does not constitute a right, because only sons have the Right to Possess the Goods of the Father, and the Father has the Sacrosanct Duty, even by Divine and human Laws,

to make his children possess His Goods. Therefore, Love always, so that you may find, in all your acts, the Love, the Encounter, the Kiss of your Creator.”

VOL. 30 – January 24, 1932

Then, I continued my acts in the Divine Will, where everything It has done in Creation is all in Act, as if It were now Creating It, to give It to the creature as display of Its Love; and since I am too small, I cannot take all created things together, and I go little by little, up to where I can reach. And the Divine Love awaits me in each created thing, to repeat and duplicate the Creating Act and say to me: “See how much I Love you—for you I Created them, for you I keep the Creating Act in act, to tell you, not only with Words, but with Deeds: ‘I Love you!’ I Love you so much that I am drowned with Love, I fidget, I rave, for I want to be loved; so much so, that by Creating the Creation before you, I prepared for you the way, all Love; by maintaining the Creating Act in act, I say to you in each instant: ‘I Love you’ and ‘I want Love.’”

VOL. 30 – January 30, 1932

I was following the Acts of the Divine Fiat, and it seemed to me that in each of Its Acts that I followed It prepared for me Its blowing Breath of Love, which It contained within Itself and longed to unleash from Itself, to make it a prisoner inside my little soul. And I, feeling Its Love, from within Its same Love, unleashed my love toward the One who so much Loved me, and I longed for Its New blowing Breath of Love, to say to It, with more intense affection: “I love You.” It seemed to me that the Desire of the Divine Will to be loved is so great, that It Itself places in the soul the dose of Its Love, to make Itself Loved, and then It waits for the love of the creature, to be able to say to her: “How happy I am that you Love Me.”

VOL. 30 – April 23, 1932

“These Rebirths and Lives form the most Beautiful Harmony in the fortunate creature who had the Good of acquiring them. So much is Our Pleasure, that Our Gaze is always fixed in looking at her, Our ears always intent in listening to her. The Power of Our Will calls Our continuous Attention. And as she tells Us ‘I love You,’ so We repeat to her ‘We Love you, We Love you, O daughter!’ As she repairs Us, so We clasp her to Our Heart. As she thanks Us, praises Us, and blesses Us, so We repeat to her ‘We Thank you’ because she thanked Us, ‘We Praise you’ because she praised Us, ‘We Bless you’ because she blessed Us. We can say that We place Ourselves in a contest with her. The Heavens and earth are astonished that the Creator places Himself in contest with His beloved creature. Therefore I want you always in My Will, because in It you give Us something to do and something to say, and you form Our outlet of Love.”

VOL. 31 – August 7, 1932

So, continuing my state of oppression because of the privations of my sweet Jesus, I thought to myself: “And yet, even though I am deprived of He who is more than my own life to me, still I feel a profound Peace, nor do I fear anything, nor have I any fear if it is through my fault that the Celestial Jesus deprives me of Himself, nor have I any fear that He might be able to lose me. I feel nothing else in my little soul than a placid sea, that although it murmurs, yet its murmur is nothing other than ‘I love You.’ And this little ‘I love You’ of mine asks You nothing other than that the Kingdom of Your Will come on earth, and without ever ceasing to murmur, I make my little waves, again and again, in order to free myself from my exile and take Heaven by storm so as to enclose myself in my Celestial Fatherland. But what! in vain; my waves fall into my sea, and I placidly continue to call out: ‘I love You, I love You!’ and I pledge Heaven and earth to

ask You for Your Fiat.”

But while my mind blundered, my Highest Good Jesus, clasping me in His arms, all tenderness told me: “My Newborn of My Will, it seems you go searching how to disturb yourself, but I do not want it. I do not want tempests in the sea of your soul, but Perennial Peace. **The tempests—that is, the fears, the frights, the doubts, they are tempests—would impede in you the continuous murmur of your placid ‘I love You’ that must run and murmur always in order to Conquer your Creator, so that He send His Will to descend on earth in order to let It Reign.**

VOL. 31 - August 21, 1932

Desire and need of Jesus that He hear the “I love You” of the creature. How His Love remains bankrupt. Love, the blood of the soul. Anemia that exists in the world.

I was going around in the acts of the Divine Will, and O! how I would want to give the exchange of my acts with Its Acts. And being too little and incapable of being able to do equivalent acts in order to exchange Its Acts, I put forth my little “I love You,” because even though it is little, Jesus wants it, He awaits it in order to tell me: “The Newborn of My Will has put Our Acts in hers, so they are no longer alone, but have the company of her for whose sake they were Created. And this was and is Our Will—to give the field of action to the creature in Our same Acts in order to be able to say to her: ‘We Love and Operate in one single field.’”

But I thought to myself: “What great thing is this little ‘I love You’ of mine that Jesus wants and Loves so much?”

And my beloved Jesus, all goodness, told me: “Little daughter of My Volition, you must know that I Love your ‘I love You,’ and I am always in the act of waiting for it. I Love you always, nor do I ever cease Loving you. And if you stop loving Me, I feel that I give you My continuous Love, and you do not give it to Me, and My Love feels as though robbed by you. On the contrary, when My ‘I Love you’ runs and finds yours prompt to give to Me and to receive My ‘I Love you,’ Mine feels repaid. And it happens that your ‘I love You’ gives Mine no time, nor does Mine give yours any time. A race, a contest of Love occurs between Creator and creature. More so, when I see that you are about to tell Me ‘I love You,’ My Will invests your ‘I love You’ to make it from little, Great; and I find My Love in yours. How could I not Love and want it?”

“Daughter, they are My usual Stratagems, My Industries, because I give in order to receive. This is My Commerce: I Love, I give Love in order to receive Love. And when I am not Loved, My Commerce is bankrupt, and since My Passion is Love, I neither tire, nor do I draw back. I begin all over. I repeat, I repeat the Industries; I abound with Stratagems and with Tenderness in order to redo My bankrupt Love in the creature. O! if you knew how wounded and sorrowful My Heart is when I say ‘I Love you,’ and she does not hear My Call that I make her in order to have hers.

“In addition to this, you must know that Love is the blood of the soul, and My Will the Life. And just as in the natural order life cannot function without blood, and blood cannot circulate if there isn’t a life—and according to the abundance of blood, so one enjoys health—the same in the supernatural order. The soul and My Divine Will cannot function without the blood of Love. However more Love there is, so much more will the soul feel strong, robust, and active in operating. Otherwise, she will suffer anemia and end in consumption.

“So, when there is not enough blood of Love, My very Will, for however much it is Life, becomes sick and inoperative in the soul, because she lacks the blood of Love in order to

function. All virtues are made anemic, and patience, strength, sanctity, all these virtues are seen faded, changed into defects. Therefore, there is much anemia in the world, because it lacks the pure blood of My Love, and accordingly they go toward a terrible consumption that brings them to ruin in the soul and in the body.

“This is why I Love your ‘I love You’ so much, and I want it in all My Acts, in all created things, and in every act of the creature in order to be able to form much blood as antidote and remedy to the anemia that exists, and this will be preparatory to the Kingdom of My Will. Therefore I feel the need of your love. It is true that it is little, but I do not look at whether it is little or great, rather I look at whether it was done in the Power of My Will, which makes the littlest acts Great for Me, and invests them with such Beauty as to enrapture Me. Therefore it is enough for you to know that I want it, it pleases Me, and makes Me content, for you to do it, whether I see it as being little or great. And this ‘I love You’ of yours I want in the heartbeat of your heart, in the air that you breathe, in the heavens, in the sun, in sum, in everything. O! how I would want to see that your ‘I love You’ invests Heaven and earth, creatures and Creator.”

VOL. 31 – August 28, 1932

“To a saying so sweet I take Rest, and at the same time I watch over and conserve My Labor, and I prepare other Labors to do. And do you know what is the first Labor that I do after rest? I start My Labor by saying to the creature a sweet ‘I Love you’ of Mine. I want to begin My Labor with My Love so that the creature, feeling herself wounded and captivated by the Irresistible Strength of My Love, lets Me do, and gives Me the field of action in her soul. I always start there. Before My Labors, I ask for the sacrifice by way and by means of Love. My Love makes her happy, invests her, absorbs her, inebriates her and before My Love, inebriated as she is, she lets Me do what I want and arrives at sacrificing her own life to Me, because one ‘I Love you’ of Mine going forth from the depth of My Divinity, contains the Immensity that finds itself as though everywhere, the Infinity that never ends, the Power that can do all, the Wisdom that disposes everything. Everything that exists feels the Strength of My ‘I Love you,’ and everything says it together with Me.

“The heavens, with the whole Celestial Court, say it; the stars say it, and their twinkling changes into ‘I Love you.’ The sun, the wind, the air, the water, say, ‘I Love you.’ Because I having said it, My ‘I Love you’ has resounded in everything and as through everything. And everyone says it together with Me, and the creature feels under the rain of an Immense ‘I Love you,’ and feeling drowned by My Love she lets Me do; she dares not breathe, and lends herself to letting Me fulfill My Most Beautiful Works. And although she also feels the need of telling Me ‘I love You,’ yet she sees that she is too little before Me, because she cannot hold the weapons of Immensity, Power and Infinity. But she does not want to remain behind, so she uses the industry of saying it in the Power of My Will, and O! how much I enjoy it, and it pushes Me not only to the Labor, but to repeat a direct and Special ‘I Love you’ of Mine, because it is true that I Love everyone. My Love never ceases for anyone, but when I want to do special Labors, New Works, Designs more distinct, I am not content with My general Love, but I add a Special and distinct Love, that while it serves to fascinate the creature, serves as material, as earth in which to form My Labor and extend My Works. Therefore, let Me do, I know when the Labor, Word, Silence, and Rest are necessary.

VOL. 31 – September 18, 1932

“You must know that this is Our Divine Office: from the height of Our One and Only Act that

We never interrupt, Our Light, Love, Power and Goodness descends, and Retraces all the acts, the heartbeats, the steps, the words, the thoughts, in order to mold them, invest them, and Seal them with Our Love. We feel the irresistible need of Love to go in search of everyone and everything, and We do not let anything escape Us, not even a heartbeat, without giving it an ‘I Love you’ of Ours. And they do not love Us. On the contrary, there are some who flee from under the rain of Our Love. But in spite of all this We continue, We do not stop, because Our Divine Nature is Love and must Love. And We feel the Contentment, the Happiness that Our Love gives Us by Loving her, that It has the virtue to Love everyone, to extend itself to everyone and everywhere. Nor would Happiness be Full in Us, if Our Love could suffer from being unable to Love everyone, nor would It stop if It does not see Itself reciprocated.

“The same for you, continue to love Us for everyone, and to overwhelm everyone in Our Love, and even though all your intent is not obtained, you will hear the notes of Our Felicitating Love, because you want to love Us for everyone.”

VOL. 31 – October 30, 1932

You must know that everything that is done in Our Will is so Great, that the creature is incapable of being able to possess it and to restrict it in herself. Therefore she feels the need to make use of the same Will in which she has worked in order to keep the deposit. **Even more, because everything that the creature has done in Our Volition, even the little ‘I love You,’ the little offerings of her actions, her littleness at the mercy of Our Will, are nothing other than Posts that she takes in Our Will.** And however many more Posts she takes, so many more Rights she acquires, and she feels in herself the Divine Strength that continuously Enraptures her, gives her the flight in order to let her life be formed completely in the Divine Will, and since this way of Living must be for all creatures, this was the Purpose of Our Creation. But to Our greatest bitterness We see that almost all live in the depths of their human wills.

VOL. 31 – December 16, 1932

So, I continued my round in the Divine Volition, according to my usual way I animated all created things with my little “I love You,” and I wanted to leave it impressed in all things so that it would be voice and would ask for the Kingdom of the Divine Will on earth.

And blessed Jesus, surprising me again, told me: “My little daughter of My Volition, you must know that so much is the Yearnings, the Delirium that I want to Love and be Loved by creatures, that hidden, without being noticed, I place in the depth of their souls a dose of My Love. According to their disposition, so I increase the dose, and feeling My Love in themselves, they tell Me from the heart: ‘I Love You. I Love You.’ In feeling Myself Loved, I Triumph in the Love of the creature.

“So, every ‘I Love You’ of hers, is a Triumph that I make; and although I placed My Love hidden in it, I pay no attention to the fact that it was a crafting of Mine in order to be Loved. Rather, I pay more attention to the fact that it has passed through her channel, that is, from her will, from her voice. And feeling Myself Wounded, I look at it as Love that comes to Me from the creature. So, every ‘I Love You’ of yours is an additional Triumph that you make for your Jesus, and since you seek to cover Heaven and earth, animate and inanimate things, with your ‘I Love You,’ I look at everything dusted by the beauty of the Love of the creature, and remaining enraptured, I say with all the emphasis of My Love: ‘Ah yes! how content I am, already I am Loved.’ And while I Triumph in her Love, she triumphs in My Love.”

Having said this, He was silent. And so much was the ardor of His Love, that almost

fainting He sought rest in my arms. And afterwards, as refreshed, He repeated with stronger emphasis: "My dearest daughter, you must know that what I want and interests Me the most, is that I want to make known that I Love the creature. I want to say to the ear of every heart: 'Child, I Love you.' And I would be content if I heard Myself responded to with My same little refrain: 'Jesus, I love You.'

"I feel the irresistible need to Love and be Loved. O! how many times I remain suffocated in My Love, because while I Love, not feeling that they love Me, My Love does not find its Outpouring, and I remain drowned in My own Love. Here is why I Love your 'I love You' so much. As you say it, it takes the form of a refreshing little flame, that coming into My Great Fire of Love brings Me refreshment. And spreading itself as beneficent dew on the flames that burn Me, quiets My Love, My Deliriums, My Loving Yearnings, because if I have been Loved, I can give Mine, and being able to give Mine, My Love pours out.

"My daughter, Heaven and earth are full and swollen with My Love, and there is no point where My Love does not feel the need of overflowing, in order to go down and run, and run in search of hearts in order to tell them Its little word: 'Child, I Love you, I Love you so much; and you, tell me that you Love Me.' And It is all ears to hear if the creature says that she Loves It. If this is affirmed, It feels Its Love reassured in her, and It takes Its sweet rest there. On the other hand, if It is not affirmed, It runs, It goes around Heaven and earth, nor does It stop if It does not find who tells It that she loves It.

"Now, every 'I love You' of the creature is an outlet to My Love that, entering into Mine, incorporates itself into My own Love, and has the virtue of rending it, while it remains completely what it is, and forming fissures, it forms the ways in order to pour out My Love; but this love is then pure, when it is animated by My Will. Do you see, therefore, what your long sing-song of your 'I love You' is? These are so many outpourings that you give to your Jesus, and they call Me to rest in your soul. Therefore, I want you always to say your 'I love You' to Me. I want to see it in all the things that I have done for you. I Love to always, always hear it, and when you do not say it to Me, Yearning I say: 'Alas! not even the little daughter of My Will gives Me the continuous outlet in her little love.' And I remain all afflicted, and I await your dear little refrain: 'I love You. I love You.'

"Love Me, My daughter, Love Me. Have pity on My Wounded Heart that Yearns, Yearns, is Delirious, and, Agonizing, asks for your love. And Yearning, I embrace you, I clasp you strongly, strongly to My Heart in order to let you feel how I Burn with Love, so that feeling My Flames, you would be moved to pity for Me and Love Me. O please! make Me content, Love Me. When I am not Loved, I feel thwarted in My Love, and so I arrive at Deliriums. And when a compassionate heart is moved to have pity on Me and she Loves Me, I feel My misfortune changed into Happiness. And then, every 'I love You' of yours is nothing other than a little firewood that you cast into the Immense Ocean of My Love, that converting into a little flame, increases love a degree more for your Anguishing Jesus."

VOL. 31 - January 14, 1933

The page of life. Creation, Celestial Page. The 'I love You,' punctuation of these pages. The Craftsman and Divine Writer.

I was doing my usual going around for all Creation, in order to encounter the Divine Will Dominating in it, and to exchange Him with my love for His such great Love for me in Creating so many things for my Love, and it seemed to me that each created thing was waiting to receive the Seal of my 'I love You.' This was a right, a tribute, a little sign that they demanded from the

earth for that Will that had given so much to all creatures, that formed their Actor and Conservator.

But while I did this, it seemed that my sweet Jesus, with His own Hands, took my 'I love You' and put it as Seal on those created things to which I had directed it, and setting them aside, He waited, that the work of my 'I love You' to all the other created things would follow. And I, marveling to myself in seeing the Interest of Jesus, His waiting, thought to myself: "But what great thing is my little 'I love You,' that it arrives at forming the occupation and Interest of Jesus?"

And He, lingering in order to speak to me, told me: "My blessed daughter, do you want to know what thing your 'I love You' is? It is as the punctuation to the handwriting. A handwriting without punctuation is seen as confusion, without exact ideas, without expressions, formed in a way that one who reads it does not find the true sense. It can have those ideas that she wants, beautiful or ugly, as she pleases, but lacking punctuation, one can call it a writing without true value, and with clear notes it speaks of the ignorance and the little value of who has written it.

"And yet, how great is a period, a comma, a question mark, and all the rest of punctuation? One can say it is nothing compared to the work of the extension of a handwriting. Such is your 'I love You'; it is the punctuation of your life, of your words, works, steps, and even of your heart. The punctuation of your 'I love You' casts order in all your acts; it places exact ideas, it gives the most Beautiful expressions, and lets you know Him for whose Love the page and the handwriting of your life was formed.

"But this is still nothing. This period, this little comma of your 'I love You' rises on high and punctuates Our Divine Page, Our Celestial Handwriting of the whole of Creation. What is the whole of Creation if not Our Divine Page put forth by Us? And Our Celestial Handwriting is impressed on the whole Page of Creation, punctuated with such Order and Harmony, with the most exact Ideas, with the most Beautiful and moving Expressions, made with such Value of Artistry, that no other craftsman can imitate. Now, your 'I love You' Unites to the Divine Punctuation, and punctuating it, one knows the Value of Our Handwriting, she learns to read Our Page, she understands with exact Ideas how much We have done for her Love, and she receives the most Beautiful and moving Expressions of her Creator, and she gives Us the little tribute, she pays Us the little income that We, with Love of Justice, await from the creature.

"Not only this, since the 'I love You' has the virtue, naturally, of converting into Light, with all Love I take these periods and commas of your 'I love You,' and I put your little Light on Our Divine Punctuation, and looking at the whole Creation, I feel such Contractions of Love, because I see the punctuation of the Little Daughter of My Volition United to Our Celestial Punctuation.

"But tell Me, My daughter, why do you say 'I love You,' and want to invest all created things, My own Acts, with your 'I love You'?"

And I: "Because I love You and I want to be Loved by You."

And He: "Therefore, because you love Me and say 'I love You' to Me—and is this not the Greatest of My Contentments, My sighs, My anxieties, My deliriums, to be Loved by the creature?—now know that to every 'I love You' of yours, I whisper to the ear of your heart 'I Love you,' and I place My Celestial Punctuation on the page and handwriting of your life. Aren't you content with this?"

And I: "My Love, it is not enough for me, no. I am not content with Your Punctuation alone, because being little and good at nothing, I do not know how to do anything else, but You

know how to do everything. In order to make me content I want that You Yourself form my page and the handwriting of my life.”

And Jesus: “Yes, yes, I will content you. And I say to you that I am doing it. Now know that in order to have a written page, paper, ink, pen, all the materials are needed first in order to form a written page. If one of them is lacking, the writing cannot have life. Now the paper is My Divine Will that, as foundation of everything, must form the page of Life. See, I can say that My Will extended Itself as Foundation of the whole of Creation, more than paper, in order to receive Our Distinct Handwriting of Our Incessant Love in which We Re-Poured, more than indelible handwriting, Our Divine Qualities and Works, Our Handwriting being formed by Incessant Works and Love.

“Therefore, the soul must possess My Divine Will as Foundation of everything. But this is not enough, Incessant Love is also needed in order to form the ink to write on this paper of light. But paper and ink are not sufficient in order to form the handwriting, because the pen of holy works, the variety of sacrifices, the circumstances of life, are needed in order to form the pen and thus write with ordered handwriting the most Beautiful and moving Expressions that now make one cry, and now fill the heart with Joy, in such a way that one who will be able to read them, will feel Transformed and Re-Given the Life of Good that that page possesses.

“And I, Divine Craftsman and Writer, when I find paper, ink, and pen, as I formed and wrote the Page of Creation, so, to My Greatest Delight, I occupy Myself to form and write the Page of this creature, perhaps more Beautiful than the very Page of the Creation. Therefore, always have paper, ink, and pen ready, and I promise you to write the page of your life, in which you will see that I alone have been He who has formed and written it, and so you will remain content, and I content.”

VOL. 31 – February 12, 1933

“You must know that Our Love is so Great, that all creatures swim and are inside of this Immense Sea of Our Love. And as if We were not contented with so much Immensity of this Love of Ours, Our Supreme Being acts as a fisherman and goes fishing for the little tiny drops of love from creatures, their little acts, their little sacrifices, the pains suffered for Our Love, and one ‘I love You’ from the heart that she has told Us. We fish for all from inside Our same Sea in order to take the Contentment, the Happiness of being reciprocated with love by the creature. And We crave it so much, that We make of it Our daily fishing and prepare Our Celestial Table.

“True Love has the virtue of transforming things; it places a sweet Enchantment to Our Divine Pupils, and renders the little loving acts of creatures Beautiful, gracious, and pleasant to Us, in a way that Enraptures Us, wounds Us, and makes Us Happy. We make Ourselves Kidnapers making of her Our most welcome Conquest. Therefore, if you want to make Us Happy and be Bearer to your God of Joys and of Happiness—love, always love, don’t ever stop loving Us. And in order to be more secure, enclose all of yourself in the Divine Fiat, that will let nothing escape from you that is not Love for your Creator.”

VOL. 32 - April 2, 1933

How the Breath and Heartbeat of God is the “I love you”; His love is Generative and Operating. The greatest Prodigy is enclosing His Life in the creature.

My little soul feels the extreme need of Living in the arms of the Divine Fiat, and since I am just newly born, I am weak and I do not know how to take one step alone, and if I would want to try to do it, I would take a false step, and risk the danger of doing some evil to myself.

Therefore fearing for myself, I abandon myself even more in Its arms, telling It: “If You want something done, let us do it together, because by myself I do not know how to do anything.” And then I feel in myself a continuous love, a Motion, a Breath that is not mine, but so fused together that I do not know how to tell well if it is mine or if it is not mine.

And while I was preoccupied, my Sovereign Jesus, surprising me, all Goodness told me: “My blessed daughter, you must know that Our Divine Being is nothing other than a Substance all of love, such that as a consequence everything that is inside and outside of Us, everything is love. Therefore Our Breath is love, and the air that We breathe is love. Our Heartbeat is love, and while We Palpitate love, it forms the circulation of Pure love in Our Divine Being with a course that never stops, and this circulation, while it conserves Our Life in the Pure and Perfect Equilibrium of Love, it gives Love to everyone and would want Love from everyone. And everything that is not Love does not enter into Us, nor can it enter, nor will it find the place to put itself; the fullness of Our Love would burn everything that was not Pure and Holy Love.

“But who directs this Life of Ours all of Love? The Light, the Sanctity, the Power, the All-Seeingness, the Immensity of Our Will that fills Heaven and earth with Our Supreme Being in a way that there is no place where It does not find Itself, because It does not know how to do anything other than Love and give Love. But it is not a sterile love and Will, no, no! It is Fecund, and it Generates continuously. It is Operating, and inside of one single Breath of Love It forms the most Beautiful and Marvelous Works, the most Unheard-of Prodigies, so much so that all the human sciences feel themselves ignorant before Our Littlest Work, and confused they are dumbfounded.

“Now listen to Me, good daughter, to the Great Prodigy of Our Life in the creature that no one else, for whatever love and power that he could have, can boast of saying: ‘I can Bilocate myself; and while I remain what I am, I can form another Life of mine inside of a person who I Love.’ It would be mad and absurd to say it. Neither Angel, nor Saint, has this Power, only your God, your Jesus has this Power, because Our Being is Fullness, is Totality, is everything and fills everything. And in the Immensity in which It finds Itself that envelopes everything, It Breathes, and with a simple Breath We form Our Divine Life in the creature. And Our Will Dominates her, nourishes her, and makes her grow, and forms the great Prodigy of enclosing Our Divine Life in the little circle of the soul of the creature.

“This is why your continuous ‘I love You’ is Ours. It is the Breath of Our Life, it is Our Heartbeat that does not know how to Palpitate other than ‘I Love you, I Love you, I Love you.’ This serves to maintain Our Life that does not know how to do anything other than Love, give Love and want Love. Therefore while this ‘I Love You’ is Ours, it is Our Breath and also yours, because while We give you Love, you give Us love, and fused together Ours is woven with your ‘I love You.’ They meet each other, become one with each other, and one ‘I Love You’ alone is felt, while they are two, that enrapturing each other in turn, form one alone. But who feels this Life Alive and Palpitating in her? One who Lives in Our Will. She feels Ours, and We feel hers, and we Live together. All the other creatures keep It suffocated, and they live as if they did not have It. And My Love gives and does not receive. And I Live in them with a Sorrowful and Delirious Love, without anyone knowing that I am in them. Therefore be attentive and let your ‘I love You’ be continuous, because it is nothing other than the outlet of Mine.”

VOL. 32 - April 16, 1933

How in all created things, God always has something to say to us: “I Love you.” How in all

the Acts of His life, Jesus enclosed Love, Conquests, Triumphs.

I was doing my round in the Divine Volition. I feel that I am the little tiny butterfly that always goes around and within Its Light and Its ardent Love, hoping that I would go around so much, even to such that I would remain burnt and consumed by Its Divine Light, as to feel myself one single thing with His Most Holy Will. And since the first point of departure is Creation, in which while I go around I always find New Surprises of Love, so I remained amazed by it.

And my highest Good Jesus, in order to make me comprehend all the more, told me: “My daughter, how welcome to Me is your sojourn in the Acts that Our Supreme Being did in Creation. And therefore I feel Myself as enraptured and constrained by My Love to narrate to you Our Story of Love that We had in the Creation, and in all the rest that We have done only and for Pure Love toward creatures. Coming into Our Acts is the same as coming into Our House; and not telling you anything about the so many things that We have to say would be as sending you away fasting, which Our Love does not know how to do, nor does it want to do. Therefore, you must know that Our Fiat Pronounced Itself and It extended the azure vault, and Our Love embroidered it with stars, placing in each star an Act of continuous Love toward creatures, such that every star says: ‘Your Creator Loves you, nor can He ever cease Loving you. We are here, nor do we move out of place even a little in order to always have something to tell you: “I Love you, I Love you.”’

“But pass on. Our Fiat Created the sun, filled it with so much light as to be able to give light to the whole earth, and Our Love, placing itself in competition with the sun, filled it with so many Effects that they are Innumerable: Effects of sweetness, variety of beauty, of colors, of tastes, that the earth, only because it was touched by this light, receives as life these admirable Effects and its admirable and incessant singsong: ‘I Love you with my Love of sweetness, I Love you and I want to make you Beautiful, I want to embellish you with My Divine Colors, and if I embellish the plants for you, I want to make you even more Beautiful.’

“Know in this light I descend even to you in order to tell you with pleasure ‘I Love you.’ I take pleasure in Loving you, and am all ears in order to hear ‘I love You’ said to Me by you. I can say that the sun is filled with My continuous and repeated ‘I Love you,’ but alas! the creature does not give any thought to it. Nor does she pay attention to receiving this Love of Ours, Incessant in so many ways and various forms, that it would be enough to drown her and to consume her with Love. But We do not stop, We continue on. Our Fiat Created the wind, and Our Love filled it with Effects, such that the freshness, the gusts, whistling, moans, and howls of the wind are repeated ‘I Love you’s’ that We say to the creature. And in the freshness We give her Our Refreshing Love; in the gusts We blow on her with Our Love, even to moaning and howling with Our Ruling and Incessant Love, and so on for the rest. The sea, the earth, were Created by Our Fiat; the fish, the plants that the sea and earth produce are the Effects of Our Love that Powerfully and repeatedly say ‘I Love you in all created things, I Love you as through all, I Love you within you, and so much is My Love, O please! do not deny Me your love.’ And yet it seems that they have no ears to listen to Us, nor heart to love Us, and therefore when We find one who listens to Us, We hold her as the outlet of Our Love, and as the Little Secretary of the story of Creation.”

Having said this, He was silent. And I continued in the Acts of the Divine Will. And arriving at those of the Redemption, my beloved Jesus added: “My blessed daughter, listen still to My long Story of Love. I could say that it is an Interminable chain of Incessant Love, never interrupted. After all, I Created the creature in order to Love him, in order to keep him United

with Me, and not Loving him would go against My Will Itself. I would act against My own Nature that is all Love. And then I Created him because I felt the need of revealing My Love, and of letting him hear the sweet continuous whisper 'I Love you, I Love you, I Love you.'

VOL. 33 - *December* 10, 1933

The first word that Adam pronounced. What the First Lesson that God gave him was. The Divine Will Operating in man.

I am always the little tiny ignorant one of the Supreme Being, and when the Divine Volition plunges me in Its Seas, I see that hardly the vowels, if that, do I know about His Adorable Majesty. And my littleness is so much, that hardly do I know how to swallow some little drop of the so much that the Creator possesses. So, going around in the Works of the Divine Fiat, I stopped in Eden in which was made present to me the Creation of Man, and I thought to myself: "What could be the first word that Adam said when he was Created by God?"

And my Highest Good Jesus, visiting me with His brief little visit, all Goodness, as if He Himself wanted to tell it to me, told me: "My daughter, I also feel the desire to tell you what was the first word pronounced by the lips of the first creature Created by Us. You must know that no sooner did Adam feel Life, motion, reason, than he saw his God before him and he understood that He had formed him. He felt in himself, in his whole being, still fresh, the impressions, the touch of His Creative Hands. And grateful, in an impetus of Love he pronounced his first word: 'I Love You my God, my Father, Author of this my life.' But it was not only the word, but the breath, the heartbeat, the drops of his blood that flowed in his veins, the motion, his whole being united together said as in chorus: 'I Love You, I Love You, I Love You.'

"In fact, the first Lesson that he learned from his Creator, the first word that he learned to say, the first thought that had life in his mind, the first heartbeat that formed in his heart, was: 'I Love You, I Love You.' He felt himself Loved, and he Loved. I could say that his 'I Love You' never ended, it was so long that only then was it interrupted when he had the disgrace of falling into sin. So Our Divinity felt wounded in hearing on the lips of man 'I Love You, I Love You.' It was the same Word that We had Created in the organ of his voice that said to Us: 'I Love You.' It was Our Love, Created by Us in the creature, that said to Us: 'I Love You.' How not to remain wounded? How not to exchange him with a larger, stronger, Love, Worthy of Our Magnificence?

"As We heard 'I Love You' said to Us, so We repeated to him 'I Love you.' But in Our 'I Love you' We let the Operating Life of Our Divine Will flow in his whole being. In fact, We enclosed in man, as within one of Our Temples, Our Will, such that It was enclosed in the human circle, while It remained in Us so that It could work great things and It could be the thought, the word, the heartbeat, the step and the work of man. Our 'I Love you' could not give anything more Holy, more Beautiful, more Powerful, that alone could form the Life of the Creator in the creature, than Our Will Operating in him. And O! how pleasing it is to Us to see that Our Will has Its place of Actor. And the human volition, dazzled by Its Light, enjoyed its Paradise. And giving It full Liberty, it let It do what It wanted, giving It the Primacy in everything and the place of honor that is befitting to a Volition so Holy.

"See, therefore, the beginning of the Life of Adam was an Act, with his whole being, full of Love toward God. What a sublime Lesson—how the beginning of Love would run in the whole operation of the creature. The First Lesson that he received from Our Supreme Being in exchange for his 'I Love You,' was that while We¹ tenderly Loved him, responding to his 'I

Love You,' We gave him the first Lesson on Our Divine Will. And while We instructed him We communicated to him Its Life and the Infused Science of what Our Divine Fiat means. **And every time he said 'I Love You' to Us, Our Love prepared for him other more Beautiful Lessons about Our Volition. He remained enraptured and We delighted Ourselves in conversing with him, and We made Perennial rivers of Love and of Joys flow over him such that the human life became enclosed by Us in Love and in Our Will.** Therefore, My daughter, there is no greater Sorrow for Us, than seeing Our Love as broken in the creature, and Our Will obstructed, suffocated, without Its Operating Life, and as subordinate to the human volition. So be attentive, and in all things have Love and My Divine Will for beginning."

VOL. 33 – February 4, 1934

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and finding everything that had been done in It, the little atom of my soul goes around, and around again in order to also give my little 'I love You' for everything that It had done in the round of Eternity for the Love of all creatures.

And my beloved Jesus stopped me in the waves of Interminable Love of the Conception of my Celestial Mama, and all goodness He told me: **"Little daughter of My Volition, your 'I love You,' for however little, wounds Our Love, and from those wounds that it makes Us, it gives Us the occasion of making Our Hidden Love come forth and of making it Revealer of Our Intimate Secrets and of how much We have Loved the creatures.** Now you must know that We Loved all mankind, but We were constrained to keep hidden in Our Divine Being all the Immense Ardor of Our Love, because We did not find in them either the Beauty that enraptured Our Love, or Love that, wounding Us, would make Our Love come out in order to inundate them so as to make itself known, to Love them and make itself Loved. Rather, they were so absorbed in the lethargy of faults as to make Us horrified only to look at them.

"But Our Love burned; We Loved them, and We wanted to make Our Love reach everyone. How to do it? We must use a great invention of Our Love in order to reach this, and here is how: We called to Life the little, tiny Virgin Mary and Creating Her All Pure, All Holy, All Beautiful, All Love, without original sin, and making Our own Divine Will Conceived together with Her so that between Her and Us there would be free access, Perennial and inseparable Union.

VOL. 33 - October 7, 1934

"There is no greater happiness for the creature than being able to say, and be certain of, being Loved by God. And there is no greater happiness for Us than being Loved by one who was Created by Us only in order to Love Us and to complete Our Will. Now the creature, while she finds herself in her Creator, would want that everyone would Love Him, that they would recognize Him. And in virtue of the Divine Fiat with which she is animated, she wants to make arise and call again all the acts of creatures in God in order to tell Him: 'I give You everything, and I Love You for everyone.' Therefore together with the Divine Volition she makes herself the thought of every intelligence, the look of every eye, the word of every voice, the heartbeat of every heart, the motion of every work, the step of every foot. What thing does the one who Lives in My Will not want to give Me? Everything and everyone.

VOL. 33 – November 25, 1934

But while my mind was lost in the crowd of so many thoughts about the Divine Fiat, Sovereign Celestial Jesus, my dear Life, surprising me with a Love more than Paternal, in the act of taking

me in His arms, told me: “My daughter, My daughter, if you only knew what are My anxieties, My yearnings, and how I wait and wait again to see you return into My Will, you would be more attentive to returning there more often. My Love arrives at rendering Me restless when it does not see you jump into My arms in order to give you My Love, My Paternal Tendernesses, and to receive yours. But do you know when you jump into My arms? When seeing yourself tiny, tiny, you want to Love Me and you do not know how to Love Me, you tell Me an ‘I love You,’ and your ‘I love You’ forms the jump in order to throw yourself into My arms. And since you see that your ‘I love You’ is little, daring, you take My Love and you tell Me a great, great ‘I Love You.’ And I enjoy that My daughter Loves Me with My Love, and I delight Myself so much as to exchange My Acts with those of the creature. After all, in My Will it is not to strangers that I give, that I must use the weight, the measure, but I give to My children, therefore I let them take what they want. In fact, every time I remind you to make your acts, your prayer, your sufferings, your ‘I love You,’ your labor, flow in My Will, they are little visits that you make to Your Father in order to ask for something, and He in order to tell you: ‘Tell Me, what do you want?’ And be certain that you will always obtain other gifts and favors.”

VOL. 33 – October 13, 1935

I felt, according to my usual way, all abandoned in the arms of my sweet Jesus, who felt the need of pouring out His ardent Love. To speak of His Love is an outlet; to make understood in what sufferings, straightens, shackles His Love puts Him, is for Him the greatest relief. And O! how excruciating it is to hear Him with a suffocated voice, in tears, afflicted, in an undertone say: “Love Me, Love Me. I want nothing other than Love. Not to be Loved is the greatest of My Sorrows.... And why am I not Loved? Because My Will is not done. It is the Bearer of My Love and It makes Me Loved by the creature with Divine Love. And I, feeling My Love, feel Myself freed from the intensities of My Flames, and I feel the sweet refreshment, the rest, the relief in My own Love that the creature gives Me.”.....

.....“Now, who can tell you how much I suffer in not seeing Myself Loved, how My Love remains tortured by human ingratitude. I arrive at even making her offenses Mine in order to grieve as if they were Mine, even to doing the penitence of them owed by her. I take on My Shoulders all her evils, in order to change them into Good. I make her Mine, all Mine, even to giving her a place in My Humanity as a member very dear to Me. I keep devising always New Inventions of Love in order to let her feel how I Love her. And not seeing Myself Loved—what suffering, what Sorrow. Therefore, My daughter, Love Me! Love Me! When I feel Loved My Love finds its rest, and its Loving tortures, changed into sweet refreshments.”

VOL. 33 - October 20, 1935

Love and the Divine Will are on par with each other; Love forms the prime adaptable material in order to form the Life of God in the creature.

My poor mind feels the need of resting in the Divine Volition, of feeling itself Loved by the One who alone knows how to Love it; it feels Life in Him and the greatest Happiness with His sweet company. But while it feels the need of being Loved, it feels the ardent fever to Love Him, and would want to be consumed with Love, to come forth from the exile in order to be able to Love with Perfect Love in Heaven. My Jesus, when will You have compassion on me!

But while I thought this my beloved Jesus, repeating His brief little visit, told me: “My daughter, Love and Will of God are on par with each other, they never separate, and they form one single Life. In fact, My Will Created, Operated, so many things, but It Created and Operated

Loving. Nor would it have been Works Worthy of Our Infinite Wisdom, if We did not Love what had been Created by Us. Therefore every created thing, even the littlest, possesses the source of Our Love, and it has a sigh, a heartbeat, a continuous voice: Love. I am Divine Will and I am Holy, Pure, Powerful, Beautiful. I am Love and I Love, nor will I ever cease Loving, in so far as everything is not converted into Love.

“See, therefore, My daughter, My Divine Will first Loved and then It Created what It Loved. Love is Our Breath, Our Heartbeat, Our Air. And since air is communicative and there is no person or thing that can flee from air, so Our Love, True Air, invests everyone, Loves everyone and everything. With Right It wants to lord over everything and It wants to be Loved by everyone. And It feels taken away from It the Breath, the Heartbeat, the Air, the Life, when It is not Loved, and they hinder Its Communicative Virtue.

“Now, if the creature does My Will and she does not Love, one cannot say with deeds that she does My Will. Perhaps it will be Will of God by circumstance, by necessity, by time, because only the Divine Love has the Unitive Virtue that Unites and centralizes everything in My Divine Will in order to form Life. Then lacking My Love that alone knows how to render and Transmute the creature into adaptable material in order to form of her the Life of the Divine Will, she would be like a hard object that cannot receive any impression of the Supreme Being. And My Love that, like cement, can fill all the wounds of the human volition, renders her moldable in a way that It can give the form that It wants, and Imprint Itself as Seal of the Divine Life.

“Therefore, Will of God and Love are inseparable. If you will do My Will you will Love, and if you Love you place My Will in safety in you. The one and the other give each other a hand. My Will Creates, Love lends Itself as material in order to undergo the Creating Act so as to put forth Our Most Beautiful Works. Therefore, when We are not Loved We become delirious, We feel Our arms broken, Our Creative Hands do not find the material in order to form Our Life in the creature. So We run together in Loving each other. We always Love and We are both Happy. Rather, if you will Live in My Volition, I will place My Love at your disposition and you will have in your power heroic and Incessant Love that never says ‘enough.’”

VOL. 34 - January 1, 1937

The feast that the Queen of Heaven prepared for Her Son Jesus at His birth. How Love attracts, Transforms, and embellishes.

I was thinking about the Incarnation of the Word and the Excesses of Love of the Divinity, that seemed seas that, enveloping all creatures, wanted to make felt how much they Loved them in order to be Loved in return. And investing them inside and outside, they continuously murmur without ever stopping: “Love, Love, Love, Love we give and Love we want.” And our Celestial Mother, feeling Herself wounded by the continuous cry of the Eternal One, who gave Love and wanted Love, was seen all attentive in order to reciprocate Her dear Son, the Incarnate Word, by Her forming a surprise of Love. Now, at that moment, the Celestial Infant went forth from the Maternal Womb, and I, O! how I yearned for Him. And throwing Himself into my arms, all in feast He told me: “My daughter, do you know? My Mama prepared the feast for Me at My Birth. But do you know how? She was aware of the Seas of Love that descended from Heaven in the descent of the Eternal Word. She heard the continuous cry of God who wanted to be Loved in return, Our anxieties and ardent sighs. She heard My moans in Her Womb. She often heard Me cry and sob, and My every moan was a Sea of Love that was sent to every heart in order to be Loved. And not seeing Me Loved, She cried, even to sobbing. But every tear and

sob Redoubled My Seas of Love in order to Conquer creatures by way of Love. But then these Seas converted for Me into sufferings, and I made use of the sufferings in order to convert them into other Seas of Love for however many sufferings they gave Me. “Now, My Mama wanted to make me smile at My Birth, and to prepare the feast for Her Baby Son. She knew that I cannot smile if I am not Loved, nor take part in any feast if Love does not flow there. Therefore, Loving Me as True Mother, and possessing Seas of Love in virtue of My Fiat, and being Queen of all Creation, She envelopes the sky with Her Love and She seals every star with ‘I Love You, O Son, for Me and for all.’ She envelopes the sun in Her Sea of Love and imprints on every drop of light Her ‘I Love You, O Son,’ and She calls the sun to invest Her Creator with its light, and warming Him He would feel in every drop of light the ‘I Love You’ of His Mama. She invests the wind with Her Love and in every breeze She seals the ‘I Love You, O Son,’ and then She calls it so that with its puffs She caresses Him, and He would hear in every puff of wind: ‘I Love You, I Love, O, My Son.’ “She envelopes all the air in Her Seas of Love, so that breathing, the breath of Love of My Mother would be felt. She covered all the evils with Her Seas of Love, every darting of the fish, and the sea murmured ‘I Love you O My Son,’ and the fishes darted, ‘I Love You, I Love You.’ There was nothing She did not invest with Her Love. And with Her Empire of Queen She commanded that everyone would receive Her Love, in order to re-give to Her Jesus the Love of His Mama. Therefore every bird, some trilled love, some chirped, some warbled love. Even every atom of earth was invested by Her Love. The breath of the beasts came to Me with the ‘I Love You’ of My Mother. The hay was invested by Her Love. Therefore there was nothing that I could see or touch, that I did not feel the Sweetness of Her Love.

“With this She prepared for Me the Most Beautiful Feast at My Birth, Feast all of Love. It was the reciprocation of My Great Love that made Me find My sweet Mother, and it was Her Love that quieted My crying. It warmed Me while I was frozen by the cold in the manger, more so because I found in Her Love the Love of all creatures, and for each one She kissed Me, She clasped Me to Her Heart, and She Loved Me with the Love of Mother for all Her children. And I, feeling in each one Her Maternal Love, felt Myself Love them as Her children and as My dear brothers.

“My daughter, what can Love, animated by an Omnipotent Fiat, not do? It acts as magnet and draws Us in an irresistible way, It removes every dissimilarity, with Its Heat It Transforms and Confirms she whom He Loves. Then It embellishes in an incredible way, that the Heavens and earth feel themselves enraptured to Loving her. Not to Love a creature who Loves Us is impossible for Us. All Our Divine Power and Strength are rendered impotent and weak before the conquering strength of one who Loves Us.

“Therefore, you also give Me the Feast that My Mother gave Me in being Born. Envelop the Heavens and earth with your ‘I Love You, O Jesus.’ Do not let anything escape in which your Love does not run. Make Me smile, because I was not Born one single time, but I am always Reborn, and many times My Births are without smile and without feast, and only My tears, sobs, whimpers, and a cold that makes Me tremble and numbs all My members, remains for Me. Therefore clasp Me to your heart in order to warm Me with your Love, and with the Light of My Will you will form the clothes in order to dress Me, in this way you also will make the Feast for Me, and I will make it for you by giving you New Love and New Knowledge about My Will.”

VOL. 35 – August 9, 1937

My flight continues in the Divine Volition. He awaits me with so much Love that He takes me

in His arms of Light and says: “My daughter, I Love you, I Love you. And you, tell me that you love Me, so I can place My big ‘I Love you’ on your little ‘I love You’ and, spreading it in the Immensity of My Fiat, I make everyone and everything Love you, while you love Me for everyone and everything. I am the Immensity and I like to give to creatures and to receive from them My Immense Love. I give and receive the harmonies, the various notes, the sweetness, and the enchanting and enrapturing sounds contained in My Love. When My Will Loves, the heavens, the sun, the whole of Creation, the Angels and the Saints—all of them Love together with Me. They are all attentive in waiting for the ‘I Love you’ from the One to whom they directed their ‘I love You.’ So, on the wings of My Will, I send your ‘I love you’s’ to all, so as to repay them for their love for you, United to My Love. If one loves, it is to be loved in return. Not having love returned is the hardest pain—a pain that makes one delirious. It is the most transfixing nail, which can be pulled out only by the medicine—the balm of returned love.”

Then, I was thinking to myself: “My God, who could ever repay You for Your great Love? Ah, maybe only the Queen of Heaven can claim the merit of having repaid Her Creator in Love... And I? And I...?” I felt oppressed.

And my always adorable Jesus, making His short little visit, all Goodness said: “Daughter of My Will, don’t worry. For the soul who Lives in My Will there is Perfect Harmony in Love. By possessing Its Life in the creature, My Will Redoubles Its Love; so when It wants to Love, It Loves within Itself and within the soul, since It possesses her life. In My Will, Love is in Perfect Harmony—Joys and Happiness of Pure Love are always in full force.

“Our Paternal Goodness for the soul who Lives in Our Will is so Great that We count her breaths, heartbeats, thoughts, words and movements, to return them with Our Own and fill them up with Love. In Our Emphasis of Love we say to this creature: ‘She loves Us and We must Love her.’ And while We Love her We show off such Gifts and Graces as to astonish Heaven and earth.

“We did the same with Our Queen; We displayed so much... but do you know what this showing means? We are looking at Ourselves, and We want to give all that We are and all that We possess.

“Dissimilarity would cause Us pain. The creature, seeing herself dissimilar from Us, would not be with Us with the trust of a daughter, and with that confidence that comes from sharing the same Goods and the same Gifts. This disparity would be an obstacle to forming One Single Life and Loving each other with One Single Love. On the other hand, to Live in our Divine Will is exactly this: One Single Will, One Single Love—common Goods. In all that may be lacking within the creature We give of Ourselves to compensate her in everything, and to say: ‘What We want, she wants too. Our Love and her love are One Single Love—and as We Love her, she Loves Us.’

“My daughter, is it that We lack the Strength to elevate the creature to the level of Our Image—to make her possess Our Goods so that she may Live in Our Will? My Celestial Mother, from the moment She existed, possessed the Life of My Divine Fiat. We Love each other with One Love, and We Love the creature with a twin Love.

VOL. 35 – September 20, 1937

“We look at these Acts of Ours, and we hear in them the Eternal Prayer of Our Love; Our Adoration—all of Love; Our Eternal Works of Love; and, O, how We remain glorified and delighted, because the creature can say: ‘My prayer, my adoration and my acts are Eternal—they are Invested with Your Eternal Love. **They have been made so by Your Divine Will; so I**

Love You as You Love me.’ This is precisely Our folly, Our delirium of Love: We want to Operate and Love within the creature as We Operate and Love within Ourselves. But only Our Reigning and Operating Will inside her can reach such an extent. In fact, if We lower Ourselves, it is not to lose Our Divine Being in what is limited; rather, it is to elevate the creature to Infinity, and to give her of Ourselves; Sealing her small acts—even her breathing and her motion—with Our Eternal Love. So, We feel within her Our Eternal Breathing of Love and Our Motion, which does not move without unleashing Love. Therefore, the whole of Creation was nothing other than an Outpouring of Love. We wanted to get acquainted with Our Works, and with the creatures that We gave to light, so We would Love each other with One Single Love. My daughter, what a suffering, not having been understood by the creatures. Because of this, We cannot receive the good of telling them Who We are, to make Ourselves known; and how We are nothing other than Love. We want to give Love, to receive Love. How I wish that everybody knew this!”

VOL. 35 – November 12, 1937

Then I was following the Acts of the Divine Volition in Its Works, and I was thinking to myself: “What would be a greater glory for God, to follow the Acts of Creation or those of Redemption?”

And Jesus, coming back, added: “My daughter, both of them are greatly pleasing to Me. But there is a difference. In the Works of Creation the creature finds Our Majesty in feast while Creating many things with the Primary Purpose of serving Our Will Reigning within her. All created things had to serve as a deposit for her return of Love, adoration and glory toward Us. All created things speak of Our Love toward the creatures, and the creature, through them, was supposed to Love her Creator. You must know that each one of your ‘I love You’s,’ that you hide in the sun, in Heaven and in the other created things, is a jewel for Us. We Love them, We kiss them, We hug them and delight in them—We feel glorified and repaid for all that We have done. Do you think We remain indifferent to your many ‘I love You’s’ with which you invested the Creation? Not at all! We look at them, one by one, as Our Jewels. They give Us the Glory we had during Creation. Therefore, let Our Feast continue; and if these ‘I love You’s’ cannot be seen other than by Ourselves, it is because Our Will, Immense also in the Creation, eclipses with Its Light your ‘I love You’s,’ keeping them jealously hidden inside Its Womb.

“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!

“Now, in Redemption the Purpose is different: it’s the guilty man that we go searching for. In the Creation, all was a feast—Our Works were smiling at Us, with Joy, Love and Glory. Instead, in the Redemption—sufferings, bitterness, tears, remedies, medicines to restore man.... But the creature, by entering Our Will, can invest all My Pains, bitterness and tears with her tender and compassionate ‘I love You’s,’ hiding within them her jewel ‘I love You’s.’ So, in kissing these jewels, not only will I feel comforted, sustained and accompanied by the one who Lives in My Will, but in the jewels of her ‘I love You’s’ I will also find the one who dries My tears, one who shares My Pains—one who defends Me. Therefore, I want you always in My Will; so, whether in feast or in sufferings, I will always keep you with Me.”

VOL. 35 – November 29, 1937

Then, Jesus continued: “My good daughter, Our Love is such that, everywhere and in every place—even in the most tiny blade of grass, in the air that the creature breathes, in the water she drinks; even underneath her steps, as she treads the ground—We send Our Voices, Our spasming cries of Love—‘I Love you, I Love you, I Love you!...’ But Our Love can’t find Peace, feeling that It’s not listened to by the creature, and not hearing her repeating: ‘I love You, I love You...’ And in Our delirium of Love We say: ‘O...is anybody listening to Us? O...! Nobody is saying to Us ‘I love You, I love You’. Why then say ‘I Love You, I Love You,’ if nobody returns it to Us? To whom do We say ‘I Love you...’ to the air, to the wind, to the empty space? Our ‘I Love you’ doesn’t know where to go—where to lean—if it doesn’t find the ‘I love You’ of the creature to receive it and return it with her own, so that her love may find refuge inside Our Immense Love, leaning on It, and growing more and more.’

“When the creature listens to Our ‘I Love you’ and returns it, in Our Emphasis of Love—as if reconciled by her love, We say: ‘Finally, we’ve been heard. Our Love found one to go to, a place for refuge. We have been recognized. We found one who says “I love You.”’ Then Our Love makes a feast. But when We cannot find one who says ‘I love You,’ We don’t find one who recognizes Us, who listens to Us—one who loves Us. How hard it is to Love, not being loved! How I wish that everybody knew that with My Love I sustain them, I hug them, I Love them and I make them breathe; I Love them and I give them a heartbeat; I Love them and I give them speech; I Love them and I give them the step; I Love them and I give them motion, thinking, food, water.... All that they are and receive is the effect of My flowing Love. So, isn’t not loving Me a horrible ingratitude? It is making Our Love a Martyr—because We Loved, and We are not loved.”

After this, I was thinking to myself: “But how can the creature know when our Lord tells her His repeated and continuous ‘I Love you,’ so that she may return them with her own?”

And my sweet Jesus added: “It is indeed very easy to know it, if the creature possesses the Divine Will as her own Life. The Divine Will gives her Its Divine Hearing, that makes her listen when her Creator tells her, ‘I Love you.’ And It gives not only the Divine sense of Hearing, but also Its Divine Word, so that as the Hearing listens, the Word says, ‘I Love you;’ or better still, even before It says to her, ‘I Love you,’ she already feels she is about to receive the ‘I Love you’ of her God. So, she makes her ‘I love You’ meet the Divine ‘I Love you,’ almost so as to engage in a contest with her Creator.

“My Will wants to give everything to the creature who Lives in It. It gives her Its arms to hug her, Its steps to run after her. As We feel Our Divine Nature which is all Love, and Our need to

Love—to the extent that, if it were possible to prevent Us from Loving, We would suffocate, losing the Breath of Our Divine Life; since Our Breathing, Motion and Our very Will are Love for Us, and it is impossible for Us not to Love—in the same way, one who possesses Our Will feels the need to love Us—to always love Us. Therefore, only My Will can put Order between the Creator and the creature, keeping her constantly aware of Our Love and Sanctity—putting her in communication with Our Supreme Being.”

VOL. 35 - December 18, 1937

All that is done in the Divine Will acquires Life, and these Lives swim and float in the Seas of Love of the Divine Volition.

I am prey to the Divine Volition. It does nothing other than unleash Seas of Light and Love from Itself, but It seems unsatisfied until It sees Its Life of Light and the little love of the creature being poured out of herself—meeting, kissing and Loving each other with one Love. O, how It celebrates! And in Its emphasis of Love, says: “The Life of My Will is inside and outside of the creature. I possess her. She is all mine.”

And I was thinking: “Doesn’t the little love of the creature disappear within the Immense Sea of Divine Love?”

My adorable Jesus, returning to visit my little soul, as if inundated within His Flames of Love, told me: “Daughter of My Will, each thing that the creature does, keeping My Will as principle and Life—no matter how small it might be—contains one Divine Life. Therefore, in the endless Sea of My Will and of My Love, one can see many little Lives of Love and Light swimming and floating, having taken their place inside Our Sea. O, how repaid We feel, because what she gave Us in her little love, is Life of Love, and what she gave Us in doing her acts, is Life of Light. They have been formed in the center of the Life of Our Fiat, which possesses the True Life; and therefore Lives are the things that come from It. My Fiat Creates them first, forming them within Itself; then, It puts them out, delivering them from Its Divine Womb.

“Therefore, each ‘I love You’ possesses the Life of Love; each adoration possesses the Life of Divine Adoration; each exercised virtue possesses—one, the Life of Divine Goodness, one the Wisdom, one the Fortitude, one the Power, one the Sanctity.... Since they are little Lives, that have received Life from Our Life, they don’t know how to be alone. So they run and come to continue their little Lives inside Our Endless Seas. O, how they Love Us! They may be small, but We know that the creature can only give us little things, because the big ones—Immensities—are Ours. The creature doesn’t even know where to put them, if We were to give them; so it is necessary for them to take refuge in Us. And We, seeing her in Our Seas, feel repaid with that Love that We want from the creature.”

I remained thinking about what Jesus was saying, and He added: “Do you want to see it, to convince yourself of what I’m telling you?” In that moment, Jesus made me see His Endless Seas Investing Heaven and earth—and the little love of the creature, and all the rest done in His Divine Will, as many little but Beautiful Lives swimming inside these Seas. Some remained on the surface to fix their gaze on their Creator; some would run into His arms—one hugging Him, another kissing Him; another one was diving into the sea. In sum, they were doing a thousand caresses and loving stratagems for the One from Whom they had received Life.

The Supreme Being was looking at them, but with such Love as to call the whole Celestial Court to celebrate together with Him, saying to all: “Look at them; how Beautiful they are! These Lives formed by the acts of the creature—and by My Will—are My Glory, My Triumph, My Smile; the echo of My Love, of Our Harmony and Happiness!” I could see all these Lives in the

sun, in the stars, in the air, in the wind and in the sea. Each 'I love You' was a Life of Love, that was running to take Its place of honor inside the Divine Seas. What Enchantment! What Beauties! How many Unspeakable Surprises! I remained mute... and I didn't know what to say. And Jesus: "My daughter, did you see? How many Rare Beauties of Life My Will can do! Its Love and Its Jealousy are such that It keeps them inside Its own Sea.

"But that is not all, My daughter. I want to tell you another Surprise. For the creature who Lives in My Will, one 'I love You' does not wait for another. With the Life of Love contained in those prodigious 'I love You's,' one runs ahead, one behind; one flies to take its place inside Our endless Sea. They compete among themselves—one runs faster, another wants to put itself ahead; another wants to be the first one to throw itself in Our Arms; another one makes a jump far ahead to lock itself inside Our Divine Womb.... Life cannot be still. These small Lives—no matter how small—have a breath, a heartbeat, a step and a voice. They are all eyes to watch Us. They breathe Love and give Us Love—they palpitate with Love, and have Our same Step, since We move and walk because We Love. Their voices speak always of Love, and they Love so much that they always want to hear about Our Story of Eternal Love.

"These little Lives never die—they are Eternal with Us. The 'I Love You'—the Acts in My Will populate Heaven. These little Lives spread themselves everywhere: in the entire Creation, in the Saints and in the Angels. How many of them run around the Queen! They want their place everywhere, to the extent of descending into the hearts of the creatures on earth, saying among themselves: 'How can our Creator be inside human hearts without Our little Life of Love? Ah, no, no! We are tiny—we can enter into them and Love our Creator for them.'

"These little Lives are the enchantment of all Heaven. They are the Greatest Wonders of Our Supreme Being—the true ones, who repay Us for our Eternal Love. Their follies of Love are so unusual, that by only looking at them, it is known that they are Our Daughters—Lives formed and Created by Our Divine Volition."

Who can tell my surprise? And Jesus: "Don't be surprised. Even My Life down here did nothing other than release Life from Myself, to the extent that My Steps still walk after everyone—they never stop. All centuries will have the Life of My Steps. My mouth is still speaking, because each one of My Words contained one Life that is still speaking. Only those who do not want to listen cannot hear My Voice. My tears are Full of Life and are always in the Act of being shed upon the sinner—to touch him, make him repent and convert him, as well as upon the upright and good souls—to embellish, and to move their hearts in order to love Me. Each pain—each drop of My Blood are distinct Lives of Mine that contain—and so form, Strength for the pains of all the creatures, and the bath for all their sins. These are the Prodiges of My Will.

"Wherever It Reigns with Its Natural Creative Virtue, over each trifle—even a tiny one, It Creates Life to make Us Loved. You must be convinced that, having such great Love, We just cannot be without somebody who Loves Us. Therefore Our Will, which thinks about everything and knows how to do everything, Creates many Lives out of the acts of the creature who Lives in It. It compensates for Our Love, and renders less restless Our anxiety of Love and Our Eternal delirium for desire of Love. Therefore, Live always in Our Will. Love always, and you will be the enchantment of all Heaven and Our Perennial Feast—and We will be yours. We will celebrate each other."

VOL. 35 - January 7, 1938

One who Lives in the Divine Volition forms the refuge for the Life of the Divine Will. The 'I

love you' as refreshment for the Divine Love. How God feels obliged toward one who Lives in His Will.

My poor mind was flowing in the Divine Volition, and I could see the anxiety, the desires and the Happiness It feels in seeing whether the creature wants to Live together with It, to Love It with Its own Love and, if she cannot do more than this, to enclose Its anxiety and ardent sighs within her soul, to say: "I am here with You. I will never leave You alone. I will calm Your anxiety of Love and make You happy..."

But as I was thinking this, my dear Jesus, my sweet Life, visiting my little soul with such great Love, as if His Adorable Heart was ready to explode, told me: "My dearest daughter, Heaven, earth and all the creatures are completely wrapped, as though enclosed within the Intensity of Our Love. Our Volition flows with such rapidity in every fiber, in every atom, in every instant—with such speed and Fullness that nothing remains, not even a breath, that is not Life of Our Will. Our Love Loves ardently, but with such ardor that It feels the need of someone to bring a little refreshment to the Immensity of Its Love.

"Now, do you want to know what can give relief to the Intensity, Totality and Fullness of Our Love? The 'I love you' of the creature. And the more she says it, the more refreshments she brings to Us. This 'I love you' enters into Our Flames; it breaks Them, it raises Them, it soothes Them, and as the sweetest refreshment she says: 'I love you, I love you. You Love because You want Love, and I am here to love you...' This 'I love you' finds its way inside Our Intensity, forming its own little place—the little space in which to place its 'I love you.' Therefore, the 'I love you' of the creature is the support for Ours—Our Refreshment, the quiet for Our Love, that It may rave too much. My daughter, to Love, not being loved, is like trying to obstruct the course of Our Love, restraining It within Ourselves—making Us feel all the Pain and the hardness of Our unreturned Love. So We go in search of one who loves Us. Her 'I love you' is so sweet and refreshing for Us that who knows what We would give her to have it.

"See then, how We find the refuge for Our Life in the one who Lives in Our Will. We do nothing other than exchange Our Lives continuously: she gives Us her life, and We give her Ours. In this exchange of Life, We find the one who can receive Our Life; giving Us her own, so We can give of Ourselves and do whatever We want—We feel like God, as We are. Therefore, Living in Our Will serves Us as a refuge—a theater for Our Works, refreshment for Our Love and return for the entire Creation. Since there is nothing We don't find in this creature, We Love her so much that We feel obliged to give her whatever she wants. For each additional act she does in Our Will, she ties Us more and adds more chains. And do you know what she gives to Us to make Us feel obliged? Our Life, Our Works, Our Love and Our very Will. Do you think this is trivial? Everything that she gives Us is so exuberant that if it weren't for Our Power, which can give anything, We would lack the means to repay her. But Our Love, which never lets Itself be won and surpassed by the love of the creature, goes in search of New devices—inventing New stratagems—to the extent of giving back Our Life many times; to fulfill Its obligation toward Its beloved creature.

"In Its Emphasis of Love, It says: 'How Happy I am that you Live in My Will! You are My Joy and My Happiness; so much so, that I feel as if obliged to give you air to breathe, and feeling obliged, I Breathe together with you. The sun brings you its light in My Hands; but I don't leave you alone—I remain with you. Therefore, there is nothing—water, fire, food, and all the rest—that I do not bring you with My own Hands, because I feel obliged; and I want to remain with you to see how you take it—I want to do everything by Myself...' And if, as she takes, she tells me, 'I take everything in Your Will because I love you. I want to Love You and Glorify You

with your own Will,' ...O, who can tell you, then, of the relief she gives Me as she tries to repay Me. And I let her—but I always come back with My Love Surprises. Therefore, please, make me happy by Living always heart-to-heart and synchronized with My Will, and we'll be Happy and Joyful together—you and I."

VOL. 35 – January 10, 1937

I was doing the round in the Divine Fiat—and O, how I yearned that no Act might escape me, of all that It has done, both in the Creation and the Redemption. I feel that I lack something if I don't recognize all that It did, loving it, kissing it, squeezing it to my heart, as if it were mine.

The Divine Volition would remained displeased if one who Lives in It did not know all of Its Acts, and if It couldn't find the little 'I love you' from Its beloved one, in everything It did. There is nothing It did not do for this creature.

VOL. 35 – February 26, 1938

"Therefore, for the creature who Lives in Our Will, her members are Ours, and Our members are hers. They keep Our Supreme Being in communication with the creature, and We become for her, more than blood that circulates in the veins of her soul; the continuous Heartbeat of Love, as we Palpitate in her heart; the Divine Breathing, as we Breathe in her soul. And Loving this creature with Excessive Love, We put into circulation her little love and her acts inside Our Divine Being. We are Jealous of her heartbeat and of her breath, so We enclose them inside of Ours. Nothing comes out of her that does not remain locked within Ourselves, to repay her with Our Love, and to hear her delightful and sweet refrain: 'I love You, I love You, I love You....' So, in one who Lives in Our Will, We see the continuous chain that never breaks; and Our Love has Its ledge on which to lean, to be able to say—Incessantly: 'I Love you, I Love you, I Love you....'

"When Our Love does not find the love of the creature, It remains suspended and shouts in Pain, as if It wanted to deafen the creature, telling her: 'Why don't you love Me? Not loving Us is the most cruel wound for Us.' But this is not all. If Our Love doesn't reach Excess, It is not satisfied. Do you want to know why We made of the Creation many members that had to serve as Our members as well as members of the creature? We placed in each created thing Our Gifts, Our Sanctity and Our Love as the Bearers of what We wanted to give to her, and as deliverers of what she would do for Us. All created things are crammed with and depository of all that we wanted to give her. Heaven, with its variety of stars, symbolizes the many of Our New and Distinct Acts, that We wanted to give her; the sun symbolizes Our Eternal Light, with which We want to inundate her, and the heat and its effects represent Our Love, that almost wants to drown her to make her feel how much We Love her, while its effects are the various Beauties with which We wanted to Invest her. In every blow of the wind We placed Our Kisses and Our Loving Caresses, and in its impetuous waves Our Ruling Love, to sweep her into Our Love with Our squeezes and hugs, so as to render her inseparable from Us. In sum, each created thing possesses Our Gifts to be given to the creature. But who takes them? Only those who Love in Our Will. I can say that all created things are filled with Our Gifts, but they cannot give Them—they cannot be Their Bearers, because they do not find one who Lives in Our Divine Fiat, which has the Virtue and the Power of putting her in communication with all Our Works—more than her own members—and with her very Creator—more than her own life.

VOL. 35 – March 28, 1938

My poor mind goes always in search for the Acts done by the Divine Volition. It seems that as I look for Them, They await me in order to be found, **because these Acts yearn to be found by the creatures, to receive her 'I love You,'** and to let her know how much They Love her; while the soul feels as though repatriated in the Acts of her Creator, immersed in the Sea of Joys and Happiness.

VOL. 35 – April 4, 1938

After this, He added, all moved: “My daughter, the one who Lives in My Will is the creature desired by everyone, because all feel loved by her. Her love runs to all, embraces all, places itself in the hearts of all, to make Us loved by all. Even the most tiny ‘I love You, I adore You, I bless You’ of the creature who Lives in Our Holy Will, has the right to be enclosed within all. Even the Saints and the Angels feel honored to give a place within themselves to the most tiny ‘I love You’ from this fortunate creature—and so they love Us with this ‘I love You.’ What will not be her Joy when she comes to the Celestial Fatherland and will see her ‘I love you’ in all the Blessed who love her God? All this happens in the most simple way: since Our Will is everywhere, anything done in It takes its place everywhere, and acquires the continuous Act of Loving always. Therefore, even the sun, the heavens, the stars—the entire Creation—will possess these Acts in order to Love Us and bless Us.”

VOL. 35 – April 10, 1938

Then, He added: “My daughter, this is why, in Our Love, We feel an intense need that the creatures know Us—and Our Works. If they don’t know Us, We remain as if set aside from them, even though We Live inside and outside them; and while We are aware of anything they do and think—Loving them in each one of their acts—not only do they not Love Us, but they do not even recognize Us. What Pain! If they do not recognize Us, Love cannot arise; and if Love is missing, We don’t have a place for Our Works, nor can Our Love find a refuge in which to pour Itself out and take shelter. Everything remains suspended. Therefore, We want to find the ‘I love You’ of the creature in Our Works, so that, arming it with Our Power, We can lean Our Greatest Works on it. O, how Happy We are in finding her little ‘I love You’ as the shelf for Our Works. It is a Sorrow for Us to Operate without finding a place for Our Works—it seems as though the Life of Our Works were missing. Our Operative Love remains repressed—suffocated.... We are able to do, and cannot do, and only because the creature, ungrateful, does not recognize Us, nor does she love Us.

VOL. 36 – May 2, 1938

One can say that each flower and plant carries the kiss, the ‘I Love you’ of its Creator to the one who is looking at it and takes it. This is why Our Supreme Love expects that, in everything, the creature recognizes Us and sends to Us her ‘I love you’—but We wait in vain.

VOL. 36 – May 15, 1938

“Further, in My Will nothing gets lost. For whoever Lives in It everything is counted: breaths, heartbeats, **the little ‘I love you,’** all things done in It remain written with indelible characters of Light and form the very Life of My Will. Often the Gifts I have given to the creature as well as her acts, remain hidden as her property in the depth of her will. She feels as if she has not done anything. But that is not true. At the right time these acts will show their light inside that soul—brighter than the sun—and Sanctity is there in Its place of honor; Virtues are all there ready to

act heroically in case of need. My Will knows how to maintain harmony and Its Divine Order. Wherever It Reigns and whatever It does acquires the Seal of Eternity. Therefore Live in It and do not worry about anything. My Will will take care of you better than you would yourself.”

VOL. 36 – July 18, 1938

“The wind is waiting for you, for your voice to flow in its whispers, waiting to feel your whispering Love toward its Creator. O! how honored it feels when all see, in the impetuosity of the wind, your impetuous Love—almost prevailing—towards the One Who Created it: its blows; its breaths invested by your ‘I love you;’ and as We feel your love breathing, We Breathe Love to you, to be Loved more. The air that all breathe is waiting for you, to be animated by your voice. So, in the air everyone inhales, they receive the ‘I Love you’ of their Creator; in the air they exhale, your ‘I love you’ runs, to bring Us, within its womb, every life, every breath changed into as many loving voices. All created things wait for you, to receive the New Life of Love brought by the soul who Lives in My Will. Even the Saints, the Angels, the very Queen of Heaven await, to receive the freshness and the Joy of the Love Operating in the creature. Although the soul is on earth, she Lives with their same Will, and they are as if watered by the Love of this happy creature. They feel the New Love from which My Will has filled her, investing all; they feel the Joy of the Conquering Love she bears. My daughter, what Order, what Harmony one who Lives in My Will establishes between Heaven and earth! All her acts, motions and thoughts turn into voices, sounds and harmonies that, investing all created things, make everyone say they Love Us; and as We remain Loved, all of them together with Us are Loved with a New Love. The whole Heaven remains enraptured in seeing the Wonders, the sweet Enchantment of those who Live in Our Divine Fiat.

VOL. 36 – November 20, 1938

I feel the Divine Will inside and outside of me, surprising me whenever I'm about to do my little actions, or to say my little ‘I love You’—to invest them with Its Light and make them Its Own. It has such an astonishing inimitable attention that it's almost incredible. If the creature is not attentive in giving It her little acts, O!, how much It suffers. O! how much I too would like to be all attentive—to imitate It by letting nothing escape me, so that we can surprise each other.

VOL. 36 – November 20, 1938

“See, then, the great difference: Life can speak and is not subject to end. It can Generate. Works cannot speak, cannot generate, and they are subject to dispersion. Therefore, nobody can reach the one who Lives in Our Will, and the Love she has for Us. No matter how many great works they might do, they will always be like little drops of water before an ocean—the little light in front of the Sun. **One single ‘I love You’ of a creature Living in My Will is enough to leave behind all the love of all the creatures put together. This ‘I love You’, although small, runs, embraces and rises over all; it comes into Our arms and hugs us; it gives Us a thousand caresses, telling us many Beautiful things about Our Love; it takes refuge in Our Womb, and We hear it always repeating: ‘I love You, I love You, I love You; Life of my life—You Generated me and I will love You forever.’** In anything these creatures should want to do, they do nothing less than form Life. If they perform good and holy acts, by possessing the Life of Our Will, they generate the Life of Our Beauty and the Life of Our Sanctity; coming into Our arms, they tell Us the story of Our Beauty and Sanctity, and O! how many Beautiful things they tell Us—with how much Grace they narrate the extension of Our Goodness, and the height and

Greatness of Our Sanctity. They never stop repeating how Good and Holy We are, and throwing themselves into Our Divine Womb, they penetrate into the most intimate hiding places to get to know, even more, how Good and Holy We are—so they keep singing to Us again and again how Good and Holy We are. O! how Beautiful it is to hear the narration of Our Divine History from a human will United with Our Own, whispering to her Who her Creator is.

VOL. 36 – December 8, 1938

After this, I was doing my round in the Acts of the Divine Volition. How many Surprises in this Will, so Holy. It is this Will that most awaits the creature, keeping her aware of all Its Works, letting her know how much It Loves her, and offering her everything It does. It fidgets to give without ceasing, and It is content with a little “I love You” from the creature in return.

VOL. 36 – December 18, 1938

“O! What a Joy, what Happiness for Us, when We see her using Our Gifts to Love Us and say: ‘See how much I Love You. I give You the sun to Love You, and I Love You with the same Love with which You Loved me in the sun; I give You the homage and the adoration of its light, the variety of its effects to Love You—its continuous act of light, to spread myself everywhere and put my ‘I love You’ in everything touched by its light.’ Then, do you know what happens? We see the light of the sun, all its effects, and all the places where that light penetrates, all studded with the ‘I love You’—the adoration, the tributes of the creature. And there is even more: the sun carries in Triumph the Love of the Creator and of the creature, so we feel united within it, with one single Will and one single Heart; and if the creature feels she wants to love Us more, bravely she says: ‘See how much I love You—but it’s not enough, I want to love You more; so I enter into Its Inaccessible, Immense, Eternal Light that never ends. From within that Light I want to Love You with Your Eternal Love.’ You cannot comprehend Our Joy in seeing that she Loves Us not only in Our Gifts, but also in Ourselves. Conquered by her Love, we Redouble the Gift in return, and abandon ourselves to her to be Loved—not only in the way in which We Love Our Works, but in the way We Love within Ourselves. All this, to Love her.

VOL. 36 – December 28, 1938

After this, I continued my round in the Divine Volition and I arrived at the point of the Birth of little Jesus, who was shivering for the cold, and wept and cried bitterly, with His Eyes all swallowed in tears. He looked at me, asking for help, and between sobs and sighs He told me: “My good daughter, the lack of love from the creatures makes Me cry bitterly. As I see that I am not loved, I feel wounded and the Pain is so Great that I burst into tears. My Love runs over each creature, chasing her; It hides her while I replace her life with My Life of Love. But creatures, ungrateful, don’t even say one ‘I love You.’ How could I not cry? Therefore, Love Me and calm My tears.

Fiat!!!