

**A WAY THAT THE CHILDREN OF LUISA CAN BE CERTAIN TO RECEIVE  
THE GIFT OF THE DIVINE WILL AS SOON AS JESUS AND MARY THROUGH LUISA  
WANT TO GIVE THEM THE GIFT OF THE DIVINE WILL**

*Jesus says below in (VOL. 11 - August 20, 1912) that man proposes, God disposes. So if the children of the Divine Will want to – they can propose to Jesus and Mary through Luisa to receive the gift of the Divine Will as soon as Jesus and Mary through Luisa want to give them the gift of the Divine Will; and Jesus promises below (VOL. 11 - August 20, 1912) that Jesus will make it happen.*

*Then Jesus says below in (VOL. 33 - July 21, 1935) that the greatest pain and sorrow of His sacred heart is having to wait to give the gift of the Divine Will to His children.*

**VOL. 11 - August 20, 1912**

*Jesus is close to the soul, waiting for her to call Him to do what she does together with her. Man proposes, God disposes.*

Continuing, my always lovable Jesus made Himself heard for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, how sorry I feel in seeing the soul huddled within herself - in seeing her operating by herself. I am close to her and look at her, and seeing that many times she is unable to do well what she does, I wait for her to call Me and say: ‘I want to do this thing, but I am unable do it. Come and do it together with me, and I will do everything well.’ For example: ‘I want to love; come to love together with me. I want to pray; come and pray together with me. I want to make this sacrifice; come and give me your strength, for I feel weak...’, and so with everything else. Gladly and with greatest delight, I would offer Myself for everything.

I am like the teacher who, having assigned an essay to his pupil, remains close to his student to see what he does. Unable to do well, the pupil becomes worried, worked up, upset, and he may even cry, but he does not say: ‘Master, teach me how I should do this.’ What is not the mortification of the teacher, in seeing himself treated like a nothing by his student? Such is my condition.”

**Then He added: “It is said: man proposes, God disposes. As soon as the soul proposes to do some good, to be holy, immediately I dispose around her the things which are needed: light, graces, knowledge of Me, stripping. And if I do not achieve the purpose with these, then by dint of mortifications I allow nothing to be lacking to her, in order to give her what she has proposed. But - oh, how many escape by force from amid this crafting that my love has woven around them! Few are those who persist and allow Me to accomplish my work.”**

**VOL. 33 - July 21, 1935**

*The most intimate and most painful pains of Jesus are His waiting; His inventions, delirium and devices of love.*

I am in the arms of the Divine Will, but with the nail inside my heart of the privation of my sweet Jesus. I wait and wait, and the mere waiting is the pain that tortures me the most. Hours seem centuries to me, days are interminable; and if, God forbid, the doubt shows up that my dear Life, my sweet Jesus, will never come again, oh! then I don’t know what happens to me – I want to get rid of myself, and of the very Divine Will that keeps me imprisoned on this earth, and with rapid flight go off to Heaven. But not even this is given to me, because Its chains are so strong, that they are not subject to breaking; and I feel myself being bound more tightly, so much so, that I can just barely think about this, and I end up with a more intense abandonment in the Supreme Fiat.

But while I was delirious and could endure no more, my always lovable Jesus came back to His little daughter, making Himself seen with a wound in His Heart that poured out Blood and flames, as though wanting to cover all souls with His Blood and burn them with His love; and all goodness, He told me: **“My daughter, courage, your Jesus is suffering too, and the pains that give Me more suffering are the most intimate, which make Me shed Blood and flames. But my greatest pain is the continuous waiting.** My gazes are

always fixed on souls, and I see that one creature has fallen into sin, and I wait and wait for her return to my Heart, to forgive her; and not seeing her coming, I wait with the forgiveness in my hands. That waiting renews my pain and forms such torment for Me as to make Me pour out Blood and flames from my pieced Heart. The hours, the days that I wait seem like years to Me. Oh! how hard it is to wait.

But, let us move on. My love loves the creature so much, that in delivering her to the light of day, I establish how many acts of love she must do to Me, how many prayers, how many good works she must do; and this, to give her the right to be loved always by Me, and to be granted the graces, the aids in order for her to do good. But the creatures use this to form for Me the pain of waiting. Oh! how much waiting from one act of love to another, if they even do it for Me. How much listlessness in doing what is good, in praying, if they do it at all. And I wait and wait, I feel the restlessness of my love that makes Me delirious, the yearnings... and it causes Me such an intimate pain, that if I were subject to dying, I would have died so many times for as many as I am not loved by the creatures.

In addition to this, there is my long waiting in the Sacrament of my love. I wait for all, I reach the point of counting the minutes, but, no! - in vain do I wait for many. Others come with such icy coldness as to increase the harsh martyrdom of my waiting to the utmost degree. Few are those who were waiting for Me as I was waiting for them, and only with these do I feel relieved; I feel as though repatriated into their hearts, and I give vent to my love and find a refreshment to the harsh martyrdom of my continuous waiting. To some it may seem that this pain is nothing, while it is the greatest, which constitutes the hardest martyrdom. And you yourself can say how much it costs you your waiting for Me; so much so, that if I had not come to put an end to it and to sustain you, you could not have endured.

**Moreover, there is another waiting, even more painful – the longing, the ardent desire, the prolonged yearning for the Kingdom of my Divine Will. It is about six thousand years that I have been waiting for the creature to re-enter into It. I love her so much that I want, I long to see her happy; but in order to obtain this we must live of one single Will; and so, each act opposed to my Will is a nail that pierces Me. But do you know why? Because it renders her more unhappy and dissimilar to Me; and I, seeing Myself in the immense ocean of my happinesses, while my children are unhappy, oh! how I suffer; and while I wait and wait, I remain around them, I abound with graces and with light upon them, so that they themselves may run, to live life together with Me; and with one single Will, their lot will be changed; we will have common goods, and happiness without end.**

The other pains give Me some respite, but the pain of waiting never ceases for Me, it keeps me always on the lookout, it makes Me use the most excessive devices, it makes Me form such inventions of love as to leave Heaven and earth astounded. It makes Me reach the extent of praying the creature, begging her not to keep Me waiting any longer, for I can take no more - it is too heavy for Me.

Therefore, my daughter, unite yourself together with Me, waiting for the Kingdom of my Will, and in the face of all the waiting that creatures make Me suffer, there will be at least the two of us, and your company will give Me relief in a pain so harsh.”

Fiat!!!