

The Holiness of Life of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta and Value of her ‘I love You’ Letter # 104

The Saints, the Queen of Heaven and God Himself anxiously await the “*I love You*” of one who Lives in His Most Holy Divine 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...

December 27, 1908

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 Immaculate 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 remain 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.*’

April 23, 1912

"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 overwhelmed. 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."

January 9, 1920

...‘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."

April 5, 1922

...I tried to fuse myself in the Holy Will of God, and I said: 'My Love, in Your Will what is Yours is mine; all created things are mine. The sun is mine, and I give it to You in return, so that all the light and heat of the sun, each drop of its light and heat, may tell You that *I love You*, I adore You, I bless You, I pray to You for all. The stars are mine, and in every flickering of the stars I seal my '*I love You,*' infinite and immense, for all. The plants, the flowers, the water, the fire, the air, are mine, and I give them to You in return, that all of them may say to You, in the name of all: "*I love You* with that same eternal Love with which You created us..." But if I wanted to say everything it would take too long.

Then Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, how beautiful are the prayers and the acts done in My Will! How the creature is transformed in God the Creator Himself, and gives Him the return for what He has given to her! I created everything for man and I gave everything to him as Gift! In My Will the creature rises up to her God and Creator, and finds Him in the act in which He created all things to give them to her as Gift; and, trembling before the multiplicity of so many Gifts, not having within herself the Creative Power to create as many things for as many as she has received - she offers her own things to requite Him in Love.

I gave you sun, stars, flowers, water, fire, air..., to give you Love; and you, grateful, accepted them, and putting My Love in circulation, you gave Me the return for them. So, I gave you sun, and sun you gave to Me; I gave you stars, flowers, water..., and you gave them back to Me. The notes of My Love resounded again over all created things, and with one voice they gave Me the Love which I made flow over the whole Creation. In My Will the soul places herself at the level of her Creator, and, in His own Will, she receives and she gives. Oh, what a contest between creature and Creator! If all could see it, they would remain stupefied at seeing that in My Will the soul becomes a little god - but everything by virtue of the Power of My Will."

September 27, 1922

I felt embittered to the summit because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, and the pain was so great that I arrived at speaking nonsense, to the point of saying that He did not love me, that He no longer cared about me, and that I loved Him more. It is true that my love is small, just a shadow, a tiny little drop, a small cent, but this is because my being is made this way - narrow, little; however, although little, all of it is to love Him... But who can say all the nonsense I was speaking? It was the delirium of the fever produced by His privation that made me say silly things. Then, after much hardship, my sweet Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I want to see whether you love Me more." And as He was saying this, the Person of Jesus multiplied, so much so, that I saw Jesus on the right, Jesus on the left, Jesus in the heart... There was not one part of me, nor one place, in which I would not see Jesus; and all together they were saying: "*I love You, I love You...*" But this was nothing. Since Jesus contains

the Creative Power, the whole of Creation was repeating together: "*I love You...*" Heaven and earth, pilgrim and blessed souls - all together in chorus, as if in one single echo, repeated: "*I love You*, with that Love with which Jesus loves you..." I remained confused in the face so much Love, and Jesus added: "Say it - repeat that you love Me more; multiply yourself, so as to give Me as much love for as much as I give you."

August 1, 1923

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."

May 10, 1925

...I fuse myself in the Divine Will and that immense void comes before my mind, I wander around all created things, and I impress in them one '*I love You*' for the Supreme Majesty, as though wanting to fill the whole atmosphere with many '*I love You's*,' in order to return the Supreme Love for His great Love toward creatures. Even more, I go through each thought of creature, and I impress my '*I love You*'; through each gaze, and I leave my '*I love You*'; through each heartbeat, work and step, and I cover them with my '*I love You*,' addressing them to my God. I go down into the sea, into the depths of the ocean, and I want to fill every darting of the fish, every drop of water, with my '*I love You*.'

Then, after she has worked everywhere, as though sowing her "*I love You*," the little child presents herself before the Divine Majesty, and wanting to make for Him a pleasing surprise, she says: "My Creator and my Father, my Jesus and my Eternal Love - look at everything, and hear how all creatures say that they love You. Everywhere there is an "*I love You*" for You; Heaven and earth are filled with them. And so, now, will You not concede to your tiny little one that Your Will descend into the midst of creatures, make Itself known, make peace with the human will, and take Its just dominion - Its place of honor, so that no creature may ever do her will again, but always Yours?"

May 17, 1925

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 You's*" 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."

August 2, 1925

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*".

Afterwards, I found myself in a vast garden, and to my surprise, I found the Queen Mama who, approaching me, said to me: "My daughter, come with Me to work in this garden. We must plant celestial and Divine flowers and fruits. It is now almost empty; and if there is any plant at all, it is terrestrial and human; therefore it is appropriate for us to pull it up, so that this garden may be all pleasing to my Son Jesus. The seeds we must plant are all of My virtues, My works, My pains, which contain the seed of the "*Fiat Voluntas Tua*". There was nothing I did which did not contain this seed of the Will of God. I would have contented Myself with doing nothing, rather than working or suffering without this seed. All My glory, the dignity of Mother, the height of Queen, the Supremacy over all, came to Me from this seed. The whole of creation, all beings, recognized Me as ruler over them, because they saw the Supreme Will reigning in Me. So, we will unite all that I did together with all that you did with this seed of the Supreme Will, and we will plant it in this garden.

So we Fused the seeds which my Celestial Mama had, which were many, together with the few which were mine - and I don't know how I found them. And we started to form little holes in which to place the seeds. But while we were doing this, from behind the walls of the garden, which were very high, we heard noise of weapons and of cannons, which roared in a horrible way; so we were forced to run out to give help. As we arrived there, we could see peoples of various races, of different colors, and many nations united together, which were waging battle and striking terror and fright.

While I was seeing this, I found myself inside myself, but - oh, with what fright! And also with the sorrow of having said not even a word about my hard state, to my Celestial Mama. May the Most Holy Will of God be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory.

October 4, 1925

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."

February 7, 1926

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.”

March 9, 1926

In one instant, I found myself before that inaccessible Light, and my will, in the shape of a little flame, placed itself near that of my Celestial Mama to do what it was doing. But who can say what I could see, comprehend and do? I lack the words, and so I stop here.

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?”

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.”

But who can say all that my sweet Jesus made present to me of all the Acts of His Life? If I wanted to tell them all I would be too long - I should fill entire volumes, therefore I stop here.

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 that It issued in Creation, pearling 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 pearls 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, It 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.”

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.”

April 1, 1930

“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.”

May 2, 1930

...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."

July 9, 1930

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.

October 18, 1930

...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? (*I love You, I love You.*)' 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."

December 16, 1932

...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.”

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.”

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.

November 29, 1937

Jesus remained silent. I remained thinking about what He had just told me, and I saw all my pains lined up within me, spreading rays of Light, being Transformed into the Pains of Jesus, forming the Divine Support and the defense for the creature—asking, with continuous voices and moans, that the Divine Will may come to Reign. 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.”

December 18, 1937

“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.”

January 7, 1938

“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.

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, Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit 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.

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.”

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.

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.*’

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.

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 !!!