

“...sleep in the Arms of your Jesus”

(Vol. 16 - April 8, 1924)

Vol. 1

My eyes could not close to sleep because of the continuous throbbing of my heart, and I would say to Him: ‘Lord, hurry, for I cannot be without You. Accelerate the hours, let the sun rise quickly, for I cannot resist anymore, my heart is fainting.’ He Himself would make me such loving invitations that I would feel my heart crack. He would say to me: “See, I am alone, do not be troubled because you cannot sleep – this is about keeping company with your God, with your Spouse, with your All, who is continuously offended. O please! do not deny Me this relief, because then, in your afflictions I will not leave you.

So, when during Communion you find yourself alone, agonizing, think that I want a little bit of your company in My Agony in the Garden. Therefore, place yourself near Me, and make a comparison between your pains and Mine: see, you - alone and deprived of Me, and I too - alone, abandoned by My most faithful friends who are there, sleeping; left alone even by My Divine Father; and then, in the midst of most bitter pains, surrounded by snakes, by vipers, by rabid dogs, which were the sins of men, among which yours too did their part, such that they seemed to want to devour Me alive. My Heart was taken by such grips, that I felt as if it was under a press; so much so, that I sweat living blood. Tell Me, when did you arrive at suffering so much? Therefore, when you find yourself deprived of Me, afflicted, empty of any consolation, filled with sadness, with worries, with pains, come close to Me, dry that Blood of Mine from Me, offer those pains to Me as relief for My most bitter Agony. By doing so, you will find the way to be able to stay with Me after Communion. It is not that you will not suffer, because the most bitter pain I can give to the souls dear to Me is to deprive them of Me, but by thinking that through your suffering you give relief to Me, you will also be content.

Therefore I want you to visit Me thirty-three times a day, honoring My years and also uniting with Me in the Sacrament with My own intentions – that is, reparation, adoration... You will do this at all times: with the first thought of the morning, fly before the tabernacle in which I am present for Love of you, and visit Me; and also with the last thought of the evening, while you sleep at night, before and after your meal, at the beginning of each one of your actions, while walking, working...

Vol. 3 – May 20, 1900

All nature invites one to rest; but what is true rest? It is the interior rest and the silence of all that is not God. Look at the stars, twinkling with tempered light, not dazzling like the sun; the sleep and the silence of all nature, of men and also of animals – they all look for a place, a den, in which to be in silence and rest from the tiredness of life. If this is necessary for the body, much more is it necessary for the soul to rest in her own center, which is God. But in order to be able to rest in God, interior silence is necessary, just as exterior silence is necessary to the body in order to peacefully fall asleep. But what is this interior silence? It is to silence one’s own passions by keeping them in their place; it is to impose silence on desires, on inclinations, on affections – in sum, on all that does not call upon God. Now, what is the means to reach this? The only means, and absolutely necessary, is for the soul to undo her own being and reduce herself to nothing, just as she was before being created; and once she has reduced her being to nothing, she must take it again in God.

Vol. 3 - June 3, 1900

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little while, present inside my heart, sleeping, and His sleep drew my soul to fall asleep together with Him; so much so, that I felt all my interior powers asleep, without acting any more. At times I tried to get out of that sleep, but I could not. Then blessed Jesus woke up for a little while and sent His Breath into me three times, and it seemed to me that He became all absorbed in me. Afterwards, it seemed to me that Jesus was drawing those three breaths He had sent me back into Himself again, and I found myself all transformed in Him. Who can say

what was happening in me because of these Divine Breaths? I have no words to express that inseparable union between Jesus and me!

After this, it seems I was able to wake up, and Jesus, breaking the silence, told me: “My daughter, I looked and looked again, I searched and searched again, going throughout the whole earth, but upon you I fixed My Gazes and I found My Satisfactions, and I chose you among a thousand.

Vol. 3 – July 3, 1900

While I poured out my affliction, compassionating me, Jesus said to me: “My daughter, do not be concerned by your state of sleepiness. This says that just as I am with people - as if I were sleeping, as if I did not hear them and look at them - in that same state have I placed you. After all, if you mind it, I told you last time: do you want Me to suspend your state of victim?” And I: ‘Lord, obedience does not want me to accept this suspension.’ And He: “Well then, what do you want from Me? Be quiet and obey!”

Who can say how afflicted I remained? Not only this, but it seems that my interior powers were left so asleep, that I live as if I were not living. Ah, Lord, have pity on me! Do not leave me in abandonment in such a pitiful and sorrowful state!

Vol. 3 - July 14, 1900

It seems I have spent a few days without being immersed in the lethargy of sleep, and together with blessed Jesus a little bit, giving a little refreshment to each other. But how I fear that He may plunge me again into that sleep so profound.

Then, this morning, after He refreshed me with Milk that flowed from His Mouth by pouring it into me, and I refreshed Him by removing the Crown of Thorns from His Head to drive it onto mine, all afflicted He told me: “My daughter, the Decree of chastisements is signed; there is nothing left but to decide the time of the execution.

Vol. 3 - July 21, 1900

After spending one day being dozy and so sleepy that I could not understand myself, having received Communion, I felt I was going outside of myself, but I could not find my highest and only Good, so I began to go round and round in a delirium. While doing this, I felt there was someone in my arms, completely veiled, in such a way that I could not see who he was. So, unable to refrain any longer, I tore that veil and I saw my longed-for All. On seeing Him, I felt I wanted to burst into complaints and nonsense, but in order to break my impatience and my delirium, Jesus gave me a Kiss. That Kiss infused in me Life, Calm, and broke my impatience, so much so, that I was unable to say anything any more. Then, forgetting all my miseries - and I have many - I remembered the poor people, and I said to Jesus: ‘Placate Yourself, spare so many peoples torments so cruel. Let us go together where such things are happening, that we may comfort and console those poor Christians who are in such a sad state.’

Vol. 4 - November 17, 1902

As the usual hour came for me to be surprised by my usual state, to my great bitterness – but such bitterness, that I had never experienced anything similar in my life – my mind was no longer able to lose consciousness. My Life, my Treasure, the One who formed all my Delight, my all lovable Jesus, was not coming. I tried to recollect myself as much as I could, but I felt my mind so awake that I could neither lose consciousness nor sleep; so I would do nothing but break the brake to my tears. I did as much as I could to follow in my interior what I would do in the state of unconsciousness of my senses, and one by one I would recall His teachings, His words, and the way I was supposed to remain always united with Him. But these were all darts that wounded my heart bitterly, saying to me: “Ah, after you have seen Him every day for fifteen years, sometimes more, sometimes less, sometimes three or four times, sometimes once; sometimes He would speak to you, other times He would remain silent.... But, still, you would see Him. And now, you have lost Him? You don’t see Him any more? You no longer hear His sweet and gentle Voice? Everything is over for you.” And my poor heart would become so filled with bitternesses and sorrow, that I can say that my bread was sorrow and my drink the tears; and I was so filled with them that not a drop of

water could enter into my throat. To this, another thorn added on. Often times I had said to my adorable Jesus: ‘How I fear about my state – that it is just me, that it is all my fantasy, that it is a pretense...’; and He would say to me: “Remove these fears, for you will see, then, that days will come in which, in spite of any effort and sacrifice you would make to lose consciousness, you will not be able to do it.” But in spite of all this, I felt calmness in my interior, for at least I was obeying, though it cost me my life.

Vol. 4 - November 21, 1902

As I still could neither lose consciousness nor sleep, my poor nature could take no more. But then, when I felt convinced more than ever that I would not see Him any more, all of a sudden my dearest Jesus came and made me lose consciousness – I was as though struck by lightning. Who can say my fear? I had no more control over myself; it was no longer in my power to regain consciousness. Jesus told me: “My daughter, do not fear, I have come to strengthen you; don’t you yourself see how you can take no more, and how your nature fails you without Me?” And I said to Him, crying: ‘Ah, my Life, without You I am dead, I feel no more vital strengths; You used to form my whole being, and if I do not have You, I lack everything. Indeed if You continue not coming, I will die of sorrow.’ And He: “My beloved daughter, you say that I am your Life, and I say to you that you are My Living Life. Just as I made use of My Humanity to suffer, so am I using your nature to continue the course of My Sufferings within you. Therefore, you are all Mine – even more, you are My very Life.”

Vol. 7 - November 28, 1906

Continuing in my poor state, I just barely saw blessed Jesus, who seemed to transform all of Himself into me, in such a way that if I breathed, I could feel His breathing in mine; if I moved one arm, I could feel Him move His arm within mine, and so with all the rest. While He was doing this, He told me: “My beloved daughter, see in what a close union I am with you; this is how I want you to be – completely united and clasped to Me. And do not think that you must do this only when you suffer or pray, but rather, always – always. If you move, if you breathe, if you work, if you eat, if you sleep – everything, everything, as if you were doing it in My Humanity, and as if your working came from Me, in such a way that you should be nothing but the cortex, and once the cortex of your work is broken, one should find the fruit of the Divine Work. And this you must do for the Good of the whole of humanity, in such a way that My Humanity must be present, as though alive in the midst of people. In fact, as you do everything, even the most indifferent actions, with this intention of receiving Life from Me, your action acquires the Merit of My Humanity, because since I was Man and God, in My Breathing I contained the breathing of all; the movements, the actions, the thoughts... I contained everything within Myself; therefore I Sanctified them, I Divinized them, I repaired them. So, by doing everything in the act of receiving all of your working from Me, you too will come to embrace and contain all creatures within you,, and your working will diffuse for the Good of all. Therefore, even if the others will give Me nothing, I will take everything from you.”

Vol. 9 - May 22, 1909

This morning, as I received Communion, blessed Jesus did not come; and after waiting for a long time between vigil and sleep, in seeing that time was passing and Jesus was not coming, I wanted to go out of my sleep, but at the same time I wanted to stay, because of the torment I felt in my heart at not having seen Him. I felt like a baby who, wanting to sleep and being awakened by force, starts making fusses and cries; however, in my fussing, while striving to wake up I said within my interior: ‘What bitter separation! I feel lifeless, yet I live – but life is harder than death. However, may Your privation be for Love of You; for Love of You the bitterness I feel; for Love of You my tormented heart; for Love of You the Life I don’t feel, though I live. But so that it may be more acceptable to You, I unite this suffering of mine to the intensity of Your Love, and with mine, I offer You Your own Love.

Vol. 9 - July 14, 1909

I have gone through a most bitter time because of the privation of blessed Jesus; at most, He would make Himself seen like shadow and lightning, and sometimes even the lightnings seemed to be running

away. My mind was troubled by this thought: ‘How cruelly He left me! Jesus is so good... Ah! maybe it wasn’t Him who used to come – His Goodness would not have done this to me. Who knows whether it was the devil or my fantasy, or dreams...’ But my inmost soul did not want to hear this – it wanted to remain at peace, and seemed to be annoyed by everything. It would penetrate more and more into the Will of God; it would hide in It, falling into a profound sleep in His Holy Will - and there is no way for it to wake up. It seems that good Jesus encloses it so much in His Will, that He does not allow one to find even the door in order to knock and let it hear that Jesus has left it; and so it sleeps and remains at peace. Receiving no answer, the mind says to itself: ‘Am I the only one who should take the bile? I too want to become calm and do the Will of God. Whatever comes... let it come – as long as I do His Holy Will.’ This is my present state.

Now, this morning, as I was thinking of what I said above, good Jesus told me: “My daughter, if these were fantasies, dreams, demons, they would not have so much strength as to make you possess the Halo of Peace – and not for one day, but for as many as twenty-five years. No one could have made that aura of sweet Peace breeze inside and outside of you – only the One who is all Peace; and if a breath of disturbance could surprise Him, He would cease to be God - His Majesty would be obfuscated, His Greatness shrunk, His Power weakened... In sum, the whole of the Divine Being would receive a shake. The One who possesses you, and whom you possess, is over you; He watches over you continuously for any breath of disturbance. Remember that in all of My comings I have always corrected you if there was a breath of disturbance in you; and nothing would displease Me more than not seeing you in perfect peace; and only then would I disappear from you, when I would see you all peaceful again. Fantasy, dreams, and much less the devil, do not have this virtue; and even less can they give it to others. Therefore, calm yourself and do not be ungrateful to Me.”

Vol. 12 - February 14, 1912

...“In My Will all things hold each other’s hands, all look alike and all are in accord. Therefore, suffering gives its place to pleasure and says: ‘I have done my part in the Will of God; now you do yours, and only if Jesus wants it I will enter the field again.’ Fervor says to coldness: ‘You will be more ardent than me if you content yourself with staying in the Will of My Eternal Love.’ Prayer to work, sleep to vigil, illness to health... everything - all things among themselves, it seems that each one leaves its place to the other to be present in the Field, though each one has its own distinct place. So, it is not necessary for one who Lives in My Will to move in order to place herself in the act of doing what I want; she is already in Me, like an electric wire, doing whatever I want.”

Vol. 12 - July 23, 1912

Ah, My daughter, let Me do, whether I have to keep you awake or asleep. Did you not tell Me to do with you whatever I wanted? Do you perhaps want to withdraw your word?”

And I: ‘Never, O Jesus! Rather, I fear that I have become bad, and because of this I feel I am in this state.’ And Jesus: “Listen, My daughter, is it perhaps that some thought, affection or desire which is not for Me has entered into you? If this were the case, you should fear; but if this is not, it is a sign that I keep your heart in Me and I make it sleep. The time will come - it will come - when I will have it wake up; then you will see that you will take the attitude of before, and since you will have been at rest, this attitude will be greater.” Then He added: “I make souls of all kinds: I make the ones sleepy with Love, the ignorant of Love, the crazy of Love, the learned of Love. But, of all this, do you know what interests Me the most? That everything be Love. Anything else which is not Love is worth not even a glance.”

Vol. 13 - September 14, 1921

The same happens to the soul. My daughter, Sanctity in My Will grows in every instant - there is nothing that can escape growing, and that the soul cannot let flow in the Infinite Sea of My Will. The most indifferent things - sleep, food, work, etc. - can enter into My Will and take their place of honor as agents of My Will. If only the soul wants it so, all things, from the greatest to the smallest, can be occasions to enter My Will - which does not happen with virtues.

Vol. 13 - September 28, 1921

My Will absorbs everything and melts everything within Itself; and the soul remains absorbed in My Will - she feeds herself with It, in It she walks, she knows My Will alone, and My Will is enough for her in everything. One can say that, among all, she is the only fortunate one who does not need to beg for bread - no; but the Water of My Will inundates her above and below, to the right and to the left. If she wants food, she eats; if she wants strength, she finds it; if she wants to sleep, she finds the softest bed to rest upon. Everything is ready, at her disposal.

Vol. 13 - December 23, 1921

Then, after this, I was about to close my eyes to sleep, and I said to myself: ‘My sleep too in Your Will. Even more, may my breath be transformed into Yours, so that what Jesus did while sleeping, I may do as well. But then, did my Jesus really sleep?’ And Jesus came back and added: “My daughter, My sleep was extremely brief, but I did sleep. However, I did not sleep for Myself, but for creatures. As the Head, I represented the whole human family, and I had to lay My Humanity over all in order to give them rest. I could see all creatures covered with a mantle of disturbances, of struggles, of restlessness - some were falling into sin and remained saddened; some were dominated by tyrannical passions which they wanted to conquer, and remained disturbed; some wanted to do good and struggled in order to do it. In sum, there was no peace, because true peace is possessed when the will of the creature returns into the Will of its Creator, from which it came. Outside of the center, dislocated from the origin, there is no peace. Therefore, while sleeping, My Humanity laid Itself over all, wrapping them as though within a Mantle, just like the hen, when it calls its chicks under its maternal wings to make them sleep. In the same way, extending over all, I called all of My children under My Wings, to give to some forgiveness of sin, to some victory over passions, to some strength in the fight - to give peace and rest to all. And in order not to strike fear in them, but to give them courage, I did this while sleeping. Who would fear someone who is sleeping?

Now the world has not changed; rather, it is amid struggles more than ever, and therefore I want someone who sleeps in My Will, so as to repeat the effects of the sleep of My Humanity.” Then, with an afflicted tone, He repeated: “And My other children - where are they? Why don’t they all come to Me, to receive rest and peace? Let us call them, let us call them together.” And it seemed that Jesus would call them by name - one by one. But few were those who came.

Vol. 14 - February 17, 1922

“My Love is always in the act of wanting to give new Pledges of Love to the creature; and as soon as It sees that My Will takes the operating and directing role of giving Itself to the creature, My Love makes feast, runs - flies toward her, and becomes the Cradle of man. And if It sees that she does not rest in Its Cradle, It rocks her and sings for her, to make her rest and sleep on Its Lap. And while she sleeps, It Breathes into her mouth to give her New Life of Love. If It sees from her interrupted breath that her heart is not happy, by sending her Its breath, My Love forms the Cradle for her within her heart so as to take bitteresses, hindrances and bothers away from her, and make her Happy with Love. And when she wakes up - oh, how My Love rejoices in seeing her reborn, Happy and full of Life. It says to her: ‘See, I rocked you on My Lap to give you rest; I kept vigil at your side during your sleep, so that you might wake up strong, happy, and completely different from the one you were. Now I want to be a Cradle for your steps, for your works, for your words - for everything. Think that you are being rocked by Me, and place your love in the Cradle of My Love, so that, identifying ourselves with each other, we may make each other Happy. Be careful not to put anything else; otherwise you will sadden Me, and will make Me cry bitterly.’”

Vol. 14 - March 18, 1922

Then, afterwards, He returned and added: “My daughter, I feel the need that the creature rest in Me, and I in her. But do you know when the creature rests in Me, and I in her? When her intelligence thinks of Me and comprehends Me, she rests in the Intelligence of her Creator, and that of the Creator finds rest in

the created mind. When the human will unites with the Divine Will, the two wills embrace and rest together. If human love rises above all created things and loves only its God - what a beautiful rest do God and the creature find reciprocally! One who gives rest, finds it. I become her bed and keep her in the sweetest sleep, clasped in My Arms. Therefore, come and rest in My Bosom."

Vol. 14 - September 11, 1922

Continuing in my usual state, I was abandoning all of myself in the Holy Will of my sweet Jesus, and feeling the need to rest, I said to myself: 'Also my sleep in Your Will; I want nothing else but to take true rest in the Arms of Your Volition.' And Jesus: "Daughter, lay your rest as a mantle over all creatures so as to cover them all, because only in My Will is there true rest. And since It envelopes everything, as you rest in My Will, you will lay yourself over all in order to impetrate true rest for all. How beautiful it is to see a creature of Ours resting in the Arms of Our Will. But in order to find true rest, it is necessary that she put all of her acts, her words, her love, her desires, etc., on the way within Our Will, so that, as they take their place in It, they may receive rest and I may rest in them. Only when they are fulfilled, then do all works give rest; but if they are not fulfilled, they always give some concern, something to do, which renders true rest restless.

Vol. 15 - December 6, 1923

"My Will is always fixed on darting through the creature; she can receive It in every instant. Whether she breathes, thinks, speaks, palpitates, takes food or sleeps - everything enters into My Volition, and in every instant she can be filled with My Will, together with all the goods It contains.

Vol. 16 - January 20, 1924

"My daughter, courage, do not leave yourself prey to oppression. If you knew how much I suffer in seeing you suffer.... I suffer so much that in order not to see you suffer so much I put you to sleep; but I remain close to you, I do not leave you. And while you sleep, I do for you what we should be doing together, if you were awake; because it is not you who wants to sleep - it is I who wants it, and this is why I make up for you. Do you see how much I love you? If you knew how much I suffer when I see you wake up, fidgeting because you have not perceived that I was close to you, since I Myself had put you to sleep in the torment of My privation. It is true that you suffer - I too suffer, but it is the Bond of My Will that flows in you also in this, and clasping you more, renders our union more stable.

Vol. 16 - April 8, 1924

The privations of my sweet Jesus continue, and I spend my days in a living purgatory. I feel I am dying, and I do not die; I call Him, I rave - but in vain. I feel a tragic scene take place in my interior, such that, if it could be seen externally, even the stones would be moved to pity and would melt into tears. But, alas! No one is moved to pity for me, not even that very Jesus who used to say He loved me so much.

But as I was at the peak of my pains, my beloved Jesus, my Life, my All, moved in my interior, and forming a Cradle with His Arms, rocking me, said: "Rock-a-bye, My daughter, sleep in the Arms of your Jesus. Rock-a-bye, my little one." And in seeing that after falling asleep I would wake up again, He repeated: "Rock-a-bye, My daughter." So, unable to resist, unwilling and crying, I fell into a deep sleep. Then, after hours and hours of sleep without being able to wake up, my sweet Jesus, holding me tightly, leaned on the place of my heart, letting me feel an enormous weight that crushed me. But in spite of this, I could not wake up. Oh! how many things I would have wanted to tell Him, but my sleep prevented me.

Then, after much struggling between vigil and sleep, I saw that my good Jesus was suffering very much - so much as to be as though suffocated amid pains; and I said to Him: 'My Love, You suffer very much, to the point of suffocating - but then You want me to sleep? Why don't You let me suffer together with You? And if You want me to sleep, why don't You sleep together with me?' And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, the offenses they give Me are so many, that I feel I am being drowned with pains, and if I wanted to share them with you, you would not be able to endure and remain alive. Don't you feel the weight that they give Me, to the point of crushing Me, which is such that, since I am within you, it is

inevitable for Me to share it with you? And if I wanted to sleep together with you, My Justice would pour out freely against man, and the world would roll.” And as He was saying this, Jesus closed His Eyes, and it seemed that the world was rolling and all created things were going out of the order of Creation; the water, the fire, the earth, the mountains, etc., were jumbling together, and becoming homicidal and noxious for man. Who can say the great troubles that were happening? Taken by fright, I cried out: ‘Jesus, open Your Eyes, do not sleep. Don’t You see how all things are jumbling and putting themselves in disorder?’ And Jesus, again: “Have you seen, My daughter? I cannot sleep. I just closed My Eyes and... if you knew how many evils occurred.... For you it is necessary to sleep, that I may not see you succumb completely. However, know that I place you in the Center of My Will, so that your sleep also may be an embankment for My Justice which, justly, wants to pour out against man.”

Vol. 16 - April 11, 1924

I remained oppressed more than ever, and the horrible picture of the turmoil of nature, which I had seen in the past days, became alive before my mind. Then, going back to prayer according to my usual way, I said to my lovable Jesus: ‘Since You are determined to lay hand to chastisements and I can no longer do anything - either suffer, or have people spared the evils they deserve - You could free me from this state of victim, or suspend me for some time. At least I would spare others the bother.’ And Jesus: “My daughter, I do not want to displease you; if you want Me to suspend you, I will do it.” And I, fearing that I might do my will, immediately added: ‘No, no, my Love, You should not say to me: “if you want,” but rather, You should say: “I am the One who wants to suspend you from this state.”’ It should not come from my will, but from Yours – then would I accept. So, not to make me content, but to let Your Will be done in me.’

And Jesus again: “I do not want to displease you, I want to make you content. If you want Me to suspend you, I will do it. However, know that My Justice wants to follow Its course, and you and I must surrender in part. There are certain rights of Justice which one cannot do without; but since I have placed you in the Center of My Will, in this state of victim, even if you should now sleep, now suffer, now pray, it is always an embankment for My Justice, to prevent the course of the almost total destruction of things. In fact, this is not about only chastisements – but about destruction.”

Vol. 16 - April 23, 1924

I spend my days in bitterness and in the privation of my sweet Jesus, with the addition of a profound sleep, such that I myself do not know where I am or what I am doing. I feel the shadow of my Jesus around me, which puts me as though into an iron shirt that renders me immobile, takes life away from me and dazes me, and I no longer understand anything. What a sorrowful change in my interior – I, who did not know what sleep was, and even if a light sleep would surprise me, even while sleeping I would not lose the attitude of my interior. I was aware of the fibers of my heart, of my thoughts, in order to give them back to Jesus who so much loved me, to accompany Him in all the hours and pains of His Passion; or I would wander within the immensity of His Will to give back to Him everything and those acts which He wanted from all creatures. And now, everything is over. My Jesus, what bitter pains, what a sorrowful sea You want my poor soul to navigate. O please! Give me strength, do not leave me, do not abandon me. Remember that You Yourself said that I am little, or rather, the littlest of all, just newly born; and if You leave me, if You do not help me, if You no longer give me strength, the newborn will certainly die.

Vol. 17 - June 29, 1925

After this, I spent the night without being able to close my eyes, either to sleep, or to receive the usual visits of my lovable Jesus, since, when He comes, I doze off within Him, and for me this is more than sleep. However, I spent that time doing the hours of His Passion, and doing the usual rounds in His adorable Will. Then I saw it was daylight (but this happens to me often), and I said to myself: ‘My Love, neither did You come, nor did You let me sleep. So, how shall I go on today without You?’ At that moment, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: “My daughter, in My Will there are no nights, nor sleep - it is always full daylight and full vigil. There is no time to sleep because there is much to do, to

take and to be happy in It. Therefore, you must learn to Live in the long day of My Will, so that My Will may have Its Life of continuous attitude within you. However, you will find the most beautiful Rest, because My Will will make you rise more and more into your God, and will make you comprehend Him more; and the more you comprehend Him, the more your soul will be expanded in order to receive that Eternal Rest, with all the Happinesses and Joys which the Divine Rest contains. Oh! what a beautiful Rest will this be for you – a Rest which can be found only in My Will!”

Now, while He was saying this, He came out from within my interior, and throwing His Arms around my neck, He clasped me tightly to Himself; and I stretched out my arms and clasped Him tightly to myself. In the meantime, my sweet Jesus was calling many people who were clinging to His Feet; and Jesus was saying to them: “Rise up to My Heart, and I will show you the portents which My Will has done in this soul.” Having said this, He disappeared.

Vol. 18 - November 9, 1925

...“My daughter, I want you to fuse yourself in My Will first, coming before the Supreme Majesty to reorder all human wills in the Will of their Creator, to repair with My own Will for all the acts of the wills of creatures opposed to Mine. One Will came out from Us in order to Divinize the creatures, and One Will do We want.

And when this Will is rejected by them, to do their own will, it is the most direct offense to the Creator – it is to deny all the Goods of Creation and to move away from His Likeness. And do you think it is trivial that, fusing yourself in My Will, you place the whole of this Will of Mine as though on your lap, which, though it is one, brings Its Divinizing Act to each creature; and reuniting all these Acts of My Will together, you bring them before the Supreme Majesty, to requite them with your will together with Mine, with your love, redoing all the Acts opposite those of creatures, and you press this same Will of Mine to surprise the creatures once again with more repeated acts, that they may know It, receive It within themselves as Prime Act, Love It, and fulfill this Holy Will in everything? The adoration of My Wounds - more than one does it for Me; but giving Me back the Rights of My Will, as the Prime Act which I did toward man – this, no one does for Me. Therefore, it is your duty to do it, as you have a special mission about My Will. And if sleep catches you while you are doing it, our Celestial Father will look at you with Love, in seeing you sleep in His Arms - seeing His little daughter, who, even while sleeping, holds on her little lap all the Acts of His Will, to repair them, requite them in Love, and give to each act of Our Will the Honor, the Sovereignty, and the Right that befits It. Therefore, first fulfill your duty, and then, if you can, you will also do the adoration of My Wounds.”

Vol. 19 - June 20, 1926

“You too are the little baby who has so much cried and longed for her Jesus. But as soon as you have seen Me your tears have stopped, and flinging yourself onto My Lap, you have attached yourself to My Breast and, victorious, you have suckled My Will and My Love. As though in triumph, you have taken Rest in My very Arms, and I rocked you so that your sleep might be longer, and I might enjoy My Newborn in My own Arms; and, triumphant, I extended the Kingdom of My Will in you. Also, you are the tiny little dove that has gone around and around Me, and while I spoke to you about My Will, manifesting to you the Knowledges about It, Its Goods, Its Prodigies and even Its Sorrow, you beat your wings, and hurling yourself over the many Seeds I placed before you, you grabbed them with your beak and, triumphant, you continued your flight around Me, waiting for more Seeds of My Will which I would place before you. And, again, grabbing them with your beak, you nourished yourself and, victorious, continued your flight, manifesting the Kingdom of My Will. So, My Prerogatives are yours, My Kingdom and yours are one; we have suffered together – it is right that together we enjoy our conquests.”

Vol. 19 – June 29, 1926

“Therefore, come into My Arms, that your Jesus may strengthen you.” And while saying this, He took me in His Arms, He clasped me tightly to His Breast, and rocking me He told me: “Sleep, sleep on My Breast, My little Newborn of My Will.

In the Arms of Jesus I was so very little, and did not feel like sleeping; I wanted to enjoy Jesus, I wanted to tell Him so many things, now that I had the good of His prolonged presence with me. But Jesus continued to rock me, and I, without wanting to, fell into a sweet, sweet sleep; but while sleeping I could hear the beating of the Heart of Jesus speaking. It was saying: “My Will;” and then another Heartbeat, as though answering: “Love do I want to infuse in the little daughter of My Will.” In the heartbeat “My Will” a large circle of light was formed, and in the heartbeat “Love” another circle, smaller, in such a way that the large one would enclose the small one. While I was sleeping, Jesus would take these circles formed by His heartbeat and would seal them in my whole person. I felt I was being all fortified and strengthened in the Arms of Jesus – how happy I felt!

Vol. 19 - September 15, 1926

After writing for four hours and more, I was feeling completely exhausted in my strengths, and as I began to pray in His Most Holy Will according to my usual way, my sweet Jesus came out from within my interior, and clasping me to Himself, all tenderness, told me: “My daughter, you are tired – Rest in My Arms. How much the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat costs Me and you. While at night all other creatures... some sleep, some enjoy themselves and some reach the point of offending Me, for Me and for you there are no rests even at night: you, occupied with writing, and I, with watching over you, imparting to you the Words and the Teachings that regard the Kingdom of the Supreme Will. And while I see you write, so as to have you do it at length and not become tired, I sustain you in My Arms, that you may write what I want, to be able to give all the Teachings and Prerogatives, the Privileges, the Sanctity and the infinite Riches that this Kingdom of Mine possesses. If you knew how much I Love you, and how I delight in seeing you sacrifice even your sleep and all of yourself for Love of My Fiat which so much Loves to make Itself known to the human generations.... It costs us very much, it is true My daughter; and to repay you, almost always, after you have written I let you Rest on My Heart, which is overcome with Sorrow and with Love: with the Sorrow that My Kingdom is not known, and with the Love with which I want to make It known, so that in feeling My Sorrow and the Fire that burns Me, you may sacrifice all of yourself and spare yourself nothing for the Triumph of My Will.

Vol. 20 - January 4, 1927

Now, while I was amid yearnings for Him, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and made Himself seen inside of me, sitting at a little table of light, all occupied and intent on looking at the whole order of what He had manifested about His Most Holy Will – whether everything was written, whether anything was missing, and the point He had to reach in order to complete everything that regards His Most Holy Will. Everything which regarded His Volition, the Words, the Knowledges, assumed the image of a Ray of Light in the Hand of Jesus, which He ordered on that desk of Light; and He was so engrossed and occupied that, as much as I spoke and called Him, He would not pay attention to me. So I kept silent, contenting myself with being near Him and with looking at Him. Then, after a long silence, He said to me: “My daughter, when it comes to things which regard My Will, Heaven and earth remain silent and reverent, to be spectators of a New Act of this Supreme Will. Every New Act of It brings to all one more Divine Life, one Strength, one Happiness, one enrapturing Beauty. Therefore, the operating Divine Will that releases an act from Itself, is the greatest thing which can exist in Heaven and on earth. New Heavens, more beautiful Suns, can come out of one more Act of My Will. Therefore, when it comes to It, you and I must put everything aside and occupy ourselves only with the Eternal Fiat. This is not about reordering a human will in you, or just any Virtue, but it is about reordering a Divine and Operating Will. Therefore, it takes very much, and this is why, being occupied with things which regard Me more and which will bring the great Good of a New Act of this Supreme Will, I do not pay attention to your calls, because when it comes to doing the most, the minor things are put aside.”

Vol. 21 - March 5, 1927

Then I continued to pray, and I was almost asleep, when, all of a sudden, I heard someone speak in a loud Voice within me. I paid closer attention, and I saw my beloved Jesus with His Arms raised, in the act

of embracing me, saying to me with powerful voice: “My daughter, I ask nothing else from you but this: that you be the daughter, the mother, the sister of My Will, and that you place in safety within you, Its Rights, Its Honor, Its Glory.” He said this with a loud and powerful Voice. Then, lowering His Voice and hugging me, He added: “My daughter, the reason for which I want the Rights of My Eternal Fiat to be secured, is that I want to enclose the Most Holy Trinity in the soul. My Divine Will alone can give Us the Place and the Glory worthy of Us. Through It, We can operate freely and place in you all the Good of Creation, forming even more beautiful things, because with Our Will in the soul, We can do everything, while, without It, We would lack the place in which to put Ourselves, and in which to lay Our Works; so not being free, We remain in Our Celestial Residences.

Vol. 22 - June 29, 1927

...“My daughter, for one who Lives in My Divine Will all things become My Will; in everything she does, touches and sees, she touches, sees and does My Will. If she thinks and Lives in My Will, she will feel the Sanctity of the Intelligence of the Divine Life invest her and flow within her mind. If she speaks, she will feel the Sanctity of the Fiat flow within her word—that Fiat that, if It speaks, creates. If she operates and walks, she will feel the Sanctity of the Divine Works and the Steps of the Eternal Fiat flow within her works and steps. If she sleeps also, she will feel within herself the Eternal Rest of her Creator, and all will compete to bring her My Will: the sun with its light, the wind with its freshness, the fire with its heat, the water with its refreshments, the flower with its fragrance, the bird with its singing and warbling, the food with its flavors, the fruit with its sweetness; in sum, one thing will not wait for another, bringing all the acts that My Will does in each created thing, in such a way that the soul will be like a queen, receiving all the innumerable Acts that the Divine Will does in all Creation.

Vol. 22 - July 1, 1927

My adorable Jesus hides more and more, and even when I am writing, I no longer feel His Light, as I used to do almost until now, whispering to me the necessary Words about what He wanted me to write. For one Word alone that He had spoken to me in the little visit He would make to my soul, in the act of writing He would whisper to me so many of them in my interior—to the point of making His most sweet Voice resound on my lips—that I could not manage to write them all. And now, everything is struggle, everything is strain, everything is poverty—poverty of light, of words, of the necessary terms. My poor eyes become filled with sleep, and I have to make incredible efforts to be able to write a few lines; and these efforts wear me out, they debilitate me so much, that I cannot go on. Oh! how I miss He who was for me Light, Word, Prompter, Dictator¹, and would give me such vigil, that my eyes would not be able to close for sleep if not when my beloved Jesus would come to take me with Him.

So, given all this, after I had written with incredible struggle, I was thinking to myself that maybe it is no longer Will of God that when blessed Jesus tells me something I should write on paper; and if He does not want it, neither do I want it. But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus came out from within my interior as though to sustain me, for I felt I was dying from the effort I had made in writing a little bit; and He told me: “My daughter, the greater a Work is and the more Good it must bring to the human family, the many more heroic sacrifices are needed. How many sacrifices, pains, sorrows, and even death, did I not suffer in order to form the Work Redeemer of creatures? Because the Work was great, everything was to be great: sorrows, unheard-of pains, the most infamous humiliations, invincible Love, heroic strength and unsurpassed patience. Everything was to be great, because when a work is great, creatures are taken from all sides so that they may receive the good that a great work contains within itself, except for some obstinate and perfidious one who wants to escape by force. On the other hand, when a work is small, great sacrifices are not required, and therefore, with a small work, not all creatures can receive the good of it; in fact, since what is great is missing, some will not find the way, some will lack the ground under their feet, some the light, and some will lack the enrapturing force of a sacrificed and sorrowful love. In sum, few will be those who will be able to receive the good of a small work, because it lacks the life and the substance to be able to give itself to whoever wants to receive it.

¹ Read: one who gives dictation.

Vol. 22 – August 9, 1927

Afterwards, I was feeling such profound sleepiness as to be unable even to write, and I thought to myself: “Why this sleepiness, when vigil has almost always been nature in me?”

And my beloved Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, just as a doctor makes the poor patient who has to undergo surgery fall asleep, so as not to let him feel all the harshness of the pain of the cuts he has to make on the poor infirm one, in the same way, I, Celestial Doctor, who Love you so much, in order not to let you feel the continuous press of My privation, its repeated blows, the harshness of its painful cuts, make you fall asleep, so that, in breaking your martyrdom, sleep may give you a little bit of respite from a pain so intense. But while you sleep, your Jesus sustains you in His Arms, and I continue My Work in your soul.

“And not only this, but I make you sleep because My Justice, too irritated by the offenses of creatures, may do its course in striking the creatures, and, by sleeping, you may not only leave it free in its course, but may be spared the sorrow of seeing its just blows over the ungrateful world. Oh! if you could see how your Jesus embraces you delicately so as not to let you feel the touch of My Embraces; how I Kiss you so very softly, that you may not feel the touch of My Lips; how I keep repeating, so very quietly: ‘My poor daughter, My poor daughter, what a hard martyrdom you are in,’ so that the sound of My Voice may not wake you up; and how, without clamor of voices and motions, I continue the Work of the Kingdom of My Divine Fiat in your soul—you would not say any more that I no longer love you as before; on the contrary, you would say to Me: ‘Oh! how so very much does Jesus love Me. And if He makes me fall asleep, it is so that I may not suffer more.’”

Vol. 22 - October 16, 1927

After I had gone through various days of privation of my sweet Jesus, I was feeling embittered deep into the marrow of my bones. I could take no more, and, tired and exhausted, I wanted to refresh myself in order to gain strength. So I abandoned myself first in the Supreme Volition, and then over myself, so as to at least be able to sleep.

But while I was doing this, my mind was no longer inside of me, but outside of me; I felt two arms clasping me and taking me up high—very high, under the vault of the heavens, but I could not see who it was. I feared, and a voice told me: “Do not fear, but look up high.” I looked, and I saw Heaven open and my longed for Jesus descend toward me.

We both flung into each other’s arms—I, clasping Him, and He, clasping me; and in my sorrow I said to Him: “Jesus, my Love, how You make me struggle—You make me reach the extremes; it shows how the ardor of Your Love for me is no longer what You had for me before.”

Now, while I was saying this, Jesus took an attitude of sadness, as if He did not want to hear my laments, and at the same time, from the height we were at, I saw a pouring water descend, and many places were inundated. Seas and rivers united themselves to these waters and inundated towns and people, burying them into their bosom. What terror!

And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: “My daughter, just as you see these waters that descend from Heaven in torrents and, inundating, form with their strength the sepulchers in which to bury entire cities, so does My Divine Will, more than water, make Its inundations—not in certain times or places, but always and over the whole earth, pouring Its strong and high inundations over each creature. But who lets himself be inundated by Its inundations of Light, of Grace, of Love, of Sanctity and of Happiness that It possesses? No one. What ingratitude, to receive Its Goods in torrents and not to take them; to pass over them, maybe just getting wet, but not to let oneself be inundated and drowned by the Goods of My Divine Will. What sorrow!

“And I look at the whole earth to see who takes the inundations of My Will, and I find only the little daughter of My Will, receiving these inundations, drowning in It, and letting herself be transported wherever It wants, remaining in Its Bosom, prey to Its gigantic Waves. There is no sight more beautiful, no scene more touching, than to see the littleness of the creature prey to these Waves. She can be seen now

prey to Waves of Light and though buried inside of them, now drowned by Love, now invested and embellished by Sanctity.

“What a delight to see her; and this is why I descend from Heaven—to enjoy these enrapturing scenes of your littleness carried by Its Arms in the inundations of My Eternal Volition. And you say that My Love for you has declined? You are wrong. Know that your Jesus is faithful in Love, and as He sees you under the Waves of His Will, He Loves you more and more.” Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained all abandoned in the Waves of the Divine Fiat.

Vol. 23 - July 10, 1928

I was writing, and while writing I felt I was getting sleepy and was not free to write; so I thought to myself: “And why this sleepiness? Up to now, so much vigil, such that if I wanted to sleep a little I could not; and now, all the opposite. How many changes one must go through—now one way, now another. It shows how, also with Jesus, it takes patience. With vigil I could do more, but, after all, also to sleep I must say: *‘Fiat!’*”

At that moment, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told me: “My daughter, do not be surprised; My Divine Fiat wants to take Its Dominion in all the human acts—It wants everything to be Its Property and Territory. It is jealous that even one comma may be taken away from It. Therefore, just as It has taken Its Dominion in your vigil, working, Itself, together with you in order to place the Seal of Its Fiat as Its Dominion and Property, so It wants to place the Seal of Its Fiat upon your sleep as property of Its Eternal Rest. It wants to find all of Its Similarities: Its incessant Work, and It gave you the Vigil; It makes you embrace everything, and It gives you Its Immensity; It makes you sleep, and It gives you Its Eternal Rest.

“In sum, It must be able to say and do: ‘Whatever I do by Myself in My Will I must be able to do together with My little daughter, because, as she gives Me Dominion over everything, everything becomes My Will.’

Vol. 24 – September 8, 1928

After this, I was thinking to myself: “How many sacrifices are needed for this Kingdom of the Fiat: sacrifice of writing, sacrifice of rest and of sleep, sufferings, incessant prayers, continuous death to the human volition so that the Divine may have perennial life; and many other things that only Jesus knows. And after all this, maybe nothing good will be seen—no Glory to God. Therefore, so many sacrifices without utility and without effects.”

But while I was thinking of this, my always lovable Jesus came out from within my interior, and clasping me in His arms, told me: “My daughter, what are you saying? There is not one sacrifice you have made that will not have its value, its precious effects, because everything that is done in My Will, and to impetrate that It be known, acquires Divine Life and communicative Virtue as its nature, in such a way as to communicate to others the Divine Life and the Virtue it possesses; so much so, that everything you have done and suffered is present at this moment before God in impetrative Act, to obtain that creatures dispose themselves, and that God concede a Good so great.

“Then, when My Will becomes known and Its Kingdom is accomplished, all the Words you have written, the night vigils, your incessant prayers, your rounds upon rounds in the Work of Creation and Redemption, your long years of bed, your pains and sacrifices, will then shine like rays of the sun, like diamonds and precious stones of infinite value that, little by little, those who will have the great good of knowing My Will, and of living in Its Kingdom, will recognize. Even more, they will know that the foundations bejeweled, the factories raised, are cemented with the many sacrifices of the one to whom the mission of making known the Kingdom of My Will was entrusted.

Vol. 29 – October 4, 1931

And my beloved Jesus repeated, with a most tender tone: “My daughter, you must know that just as nature has the night and the day, so the soul has her night, the dawn, the daybreak, the full midday and her

sunset. The night calls for the day, and the day for the night; it can be said that they call for each other. Now, the night of the soul are My Privations, but for one who Lives in My Will these are precious nights—not of slothful rest, of restless sleep—no, no, but night of operative rest, of peaceful sleep. In fact, as she sees the night coming, she abandons herself in My Arms, to lean her tired head upon My Divine Heart, and to hear My Heartbeats so as to draw New Love during her sleep, and say to Me while sleeping: ‘I Love You, I Love You, oh! My Jesus.’

“The sleep of one who Loves Me and Lives in My Will is like the sleep of a little girl who, as she feels her eyes closing for sleep, half-asleep calls: “Mama, mama,’ for she wants her arms and her maternal breast in order to sleep; so much so, that as soon as the tiny little one wakes up, the first word is ‘mama,’ the first smile, the first gaze is for her mama. Such is the soul who Lives in My Will; she is the tiny little girl who, as the night comes, looks for Him whom she Loves, to draw New Strength and New Love in order to Love Me more. And—oh! how beautiful it is to see her seeking, desiring, longing for Jesus in her sleep. This seeking, desiring and longing call for the dawn, form the daybreak, and make the full day arise, that calls for the Sun—and I rise and form the course of the day and its full midday.

“But know, My daughter, that here on earth things alternate; only in Heaven it is always full day, because My presence is perennial amid the Blessed. So, as you see that I am about to leave you—but do you know where I stay? Inside of you. After having instructed your soul, giving you My Lessons before the Light of My Presence, so that you might comprehend them well and they might serve you as food and as work during the day, I withdraw and form the sunset; and, hidden within you during the short night, I make Myself Actor and Spectator of all your acts. And while for you it seems nighttime, for Me it is the most beautiful rest, since, after I have spoken to you, I take rest in My own Word, and the acts that you do serve Me as lullabies, as refreshment, as defense and as sweet relief for My Ardors of Love. Therefore, let Me do; I know when the night or the day is necessary for you and for Me, in your soul. What I want is perennial Peace in you, so that I may carry out what I want. If you are not at Peace, I feel molested in My Work, and with difficulty, not with ease, I go along carrying out My Designs.”

Vol. 31 - September 25, 1932

I am always in the arms of the Divine Volition, like a little baby who wants to be cradled in the arms of her mama in order to take her sweet sleep. And if the mama does not cradle her, the poor tiny one does not feel secure, she is overwhelmed and cries, and she implores the arms of the mother for bed and rest; and only then does she calm down when she obtains her intent. Such am I, I am the little baby just newly born, and I feel the great need, in order to be secure, for the arms of the Fiat so as to be cradled and defended. And being inexperienced in Its Divine Sea, because I am just newly born, I feel the need of being guided and of what I must do in Its same Will.

And since I felt oppressed for the privations of my sweet Jesus, and for other incidental happenings, my Highest Good Jesus, all Goodness told me: “My little Newborn of My Volition, come into My Arms. You are right that only in My Arms can you be secure. Nor are there any dangers in My Will that, more than Mama, keeps you clasped to Its Bosom to nourish you with Its Light and with Its Love. There are neither oppressions, nor sadness, nor fears—these are things outside of My Will, not inside of It, where there is nothing other than Peace, Joy and continuous Aptitude. There is so much to do, that the soul can find neither the time, nor the place, to oppress herself. And then, oppression is lack of total abandonment in My Arms. Abandonment produces sweet sleep, and in the same sleep she dreams of Him whom she Loves, and who Loves her so much that He keeps her clasped to His Bosom.

Vol. 32 - October 1, 1933

The Divine Volition never leaves me. It seems to me that It is always inside and outside of me, as in act of surprising me, because It wants to place Its Act in everything that I do. If I pray, if I suffer, if I labor, and even if I sleep, It wants to give me Its Divine Rest in my sleep. It always wants to give Itself something to do, and in everything It calls me by telling me: “Let Me descend into the depth of all your acts, and I will make you Rise into the heights of My Act. We will compete: you to Ascend, and I to descend.”

But who can say what the Divine Will made felt in my soul? Its Excessive Love, Its Condescension, Its continuous occupying Itself over my poor soul.

Vol. 34 – June 6, 1937

“See, therefore, what Great Dowry I will give to the one who must Live in Our Eternal Volition: all the Knowledges that I have Manifested about It, the Immense Values, Its Worth, Its Love, and the Love that has pushed Me to Manifesting them, will be the Great Dowry, and Divine Dowry, that I will give to who will want to Live in My Fiat—in which they will find all the Superabundant helps in order to render themselves Rich and Happy. They will find in these Truths the Tender Mother who, taking them onto her lap as little babies, wraps them with Light, feeds them Food, and lets them sleep on her bosom. In order to keep them secure She Walks in their steps, Works in their hands, Speaks in their voice, Loves and Palpitates in their hearts. And in order to keep them attentive and entertained, She acts as Teacher to them, telling them the enchanting Scenes of the Celestial Fatherland. In these Truths they will find the one who cries and suffers together with them, the one who knows how to put in traffic even their breath. The littlest things, the trifles themselves, will change for them into Divine Conquests, and Eternal Values.”

Vol. 34 – June 18, 1937

“Also in the air that everyone breathes, how much Love does not run—but no, not at intervals, as in the other created things, but in every instant, in every breath. If she sleeps, if she labors, if she walks, if she eats, Our Love always runs, but with a Love distinct and New from all the other created things.

In the air Our Love runs and gives Life, with an enchanting rapidity that no one can resist. It runs in the heart, in the blood, in the bones, in the nerves, in everything, and It constitutes Itself vital Act of the human being, and silently it tells her: ‘I bring you the continuous Love of your Creator, and because It is continuous, I can give you Life.’ O! if they would recognize Us in the air that they breathe, the Act of Life that We have placed in it, the ardor of Our Love that runs, It runs without every stopping, she would give Us her life in exchange so as to Love Us, in order to tell Us Our Story of Love, and repeat Our refrain: ‘I Love You, I Love You always in everything and in each thing, as You have Loved me.’

Vol. 35 - October 12, 1937

After this, He added with unspeakable Tenderness of Love: “My blessed daughter, how Beautiful it is to Live in My Will! The creature who does so, keeps Us always in feast. She knows nothing other than My Will, and everything becomes Will of God for her: the suffering is Divine Will; the joy is Divine Will; her heartbeat, breathing and motion all become Divine Will. Her steps and works feel the Steps of My Will as well as the Sanctity of the Works of My Fiat. The food she takes, her sleep—the most natural things become Will of God for her. In all that she sees, feels and touches, she sees, feels and touches the Palpitating Life of My Will. My Will keeps her so busy and Invested with Itself, that—Jealous, It doesn’t allow anything, not even the air—not to be Divine Will.

Vol. 35 - October 31, 1937

“I want you to ask for My Will in your sufferings, in the food you eat, in the water you drink, in the work you do—in sleep. I want you to commit your breath and heartbeat to ask that My Will may come and Reign. In this way, everything will be an opportunity for you to ask for My Will—even the sun that fills your eyes, the wind that blows upon you, the sky that lays over your head.... Everything must be an occasion for you to ask me for My Will to Reign in the midst of the creatures. By doing this, you will place many pledges in My Hands—the first of which being the whole of your being, so that you won’t even move without asking for My Will to be known and desired by all.”

Vol. 35 - January 10, 1937

“And would you like to know what My Sermon was about? I said to them: ‘My children, listen to Me. I Love you very much and I want to make you know about your Origin. Look up at Heaven. Up there you have a Celestial Father who Loves you very much, and who was not satisfied to be your Father only

from Heaven—to guide you, to Create for you a sun, a sea, a flowery earth to make you happy; but, Loving you with Exuberant Love, He wanted to descend inside your hearts, to form His Royal Residence in the depth of your souls, making Himself sweet Prisoner of each one of you. But, to do what? To give Life to your heartbeat, breath and motion. So, as you walk, He walks in your steps; He moves in your little hands; He speaks in your voice... and because He Loves you very much, as you walk or move—now He kisses you, now He squeezes you, now He hugs you and carries you Triumphantly as His own dear children. How many hidden kisses and hugs Our Celestial Father does not give you! But since, being inattentive, you didn't let your kiss meet His kiss, and your hugs meet His Paternal Embrace, He remained with the Pain that His children neither hugged Him nor kissed Him.

“My dear children, do you know what this Celestial Father wants from you? He wants to be recognized within you, as having His own place in the center of your souls; and since He gives you everything—there is nothing He does not give to you—He wants your love in everything you do. Love Him! Let love be always in your little hearts, your lips, your works—in everything—and this will be the delicious food that you will give to His Paternity.

“He Loves you very much and wants to be Loved. Nobody can ever love you as He Loves you. It is true that you have a father on earth, but how different from the Love of the Celestial Father! Your father on earth does not always follow you, watch over your steps, or sleep together with you; neither does he palpitate within your heart, and if you fall, he may not even know anything about it. On the other hand, your Celestial Father never leaves you. If you are about to fall, He gives you His hand not to let you fall; if you sleep, He watches over you; and even if you play and do something impertinent, He is always with you and knows everything you do. Therefore, love Him very, very much!”

“And, getting more excited, I told them: ‘Give Me your word that you will always, always love Him! Say together with Me: “We love You, our Father who are in the Heavens. We love You, our Father who dwells in our hearts!”’

Vol. 36 – July 6, 1938

“It happens to her as to the fish who lives in the sea and who knows it. She feels this Divine Sea that is her bed carrying her in the arms of its Celestial Waters. It feeds her, it makes her consume herself within It. It amuses and embellishes her, and if she wants to sleep, It forms her bed in Its depths; permits nobody to awaken her. It even sleeps together with her. Such is the Love of My Will for the one who Lives inside Its Sea—and who knows It—that It does in her all the Arts It wants to do. If It wants to think It thinks in her; if It wants to look It looks through her eyes; if It wants to speak It speaks, keeping her in continuous communication, telling her many of the Wonders of Our Eternal Love. If It wants to Work It Works; if It wants to walk It walks; if It wants to Love, It Loves. My Fiat is always busy with her, and she not only recognizes It, but she never leaves It alone. She sinks more and more in Its Sea, because she knows that if she gets out of the Sea she'll lose her Life. The creatures that Live in Our Will are Our Celestial Residents, and with their Love, they delight in forming the waves of Our Sea, to amuse Us and make Us Happy.

Vol. 36 - November 30, 1938

One single glance from her—sweet and Peaceful, wounds Us and makes Us turn chastisements into Graces. So, her acts are nothing other than bonds of Peace—the Peaceful messengers that bring the kiss of Peace of the creatures to God, and the kiss of God to the creatures. Further, the more the creature Lives in Our Will, the more she comes deeply into Our Divine Family, acquiring Our Modes and receiving Our Secrets. She looks more like Us, We Love each other more, and she puts us in the condition of giving her always New Graces—New Love Surprises. We keep her in Our Home as a member of Our Family. She eats at Our Table and sleeps on Our Knees. We just cannot Live without her. Our Will ties her so much to Us, feeling her love and attraction, that We cannot be without her, nor she without Us.”

Fiat!