

6th Round in the Divine Will Personages of the Old Testament

In the unity of the Divine Will, I wish to requite You for all the love and glory that those who lived from the beginning of the world to the time of the great flood would have given you, had they lived in this unity of your Divine Will. I make my flight in your Will to redo all the acts of all of these souls. Therefore, I impress my “I love You” within the sacrifice of Abraham and in the obedience of Isaac to implore, through these acts of sacrifice and obedience, the Kingdom of your Divine Will.

In the unity of the [Divine] Fiat, I discover the sorrow of Jacob, as well as the sorrow and joy of Joseph, and impressing my “I love You [Jesus]” within these, I implore your Kingdom. I continue my flight [in the Divine Will] and discover the power of the miracles of Moses, the strength of Samson, the holiness of David, the patience of David – all reflections of the light your Divine Will had cast upon them – and I, impressing within them the seal of my “I love You [Jesus]”, implore on behalf of all these personages the reign of your Kingdom.

Behold, my love, all the acts of your Will that I have set out to redo in all creatures and have accomplished. I have done all this to entreat You, by means of these very acts, to make your Fiat known, loved and desired by all souls. Jesus, my life, I see that your loving Will approaches souls more closely and, casts the brilliance of its light upon the prophets and infuses in them the foreknowledge of your Incarnation – revealing to them the time, the place and the circumstances that will accompany it. And making my flight [in the Divine Will] over each prophet and over each revelation that You share with them, I impress all of these with my “I love You, I bless You and I thank You [Jesus]”, and I implore the Kingdom of your [Divine] Will.

Every promise You made and every revelation You manifested about your coming to earth was a commitment You made in which you bound the Kingdom of your Redemption to the Kingdom of your Divine Will. So why, my love, do you not hasten its arrival? You never leave things half-finished, nor do You bestow your riches only in part, so hurry. If [through your Redemption] You bestowed on us your goods in half-measure, now is the time to fulfill your work by making your Will reign on earth. I, the little daughter of your Will, shall not leave You, but I will reach the point of wearing You out. Only when I see your Divine Will reigning and exercising dominion over all creatures will my supplications cease.

1/9/1901 – Vol. 4 *Jesus wants her united with Him, like a Sun’s ray which receives from It life, heat and splendor.*

This morning I felt all oppressed and crushed, so much so, that I went in search of relief. My only Good made me wait a long time for His coming. Then, on coming, He told me: “My daughter, did I not take your passions, miseries and weaknesses upon Myself for love of you? Would you not want to take those of others upon yourself for love of Me?”

Then He added: “What I want is that you be always united with Me, like a Sun’s ray which remains always fixed in the center of the Sun, and which receives from It life, heat and splendor. Suppose that a ray could depart from the center of the Sun – what would become of it? Immediately after leaving, it would lose life, light and heat, and would return to darkness, reducing itself to nothing. Such is the soul: as long as she remains united with Me, in my center, it can be said that she is like a Sun’s ray which lives, receives life from the Sun, and goes wherever the Sun wants. In sum, it remains at the complete disposal and at the will of the Sun; if then she distracts herself and disunites from Me, there she is - all darkness, cold, and without feeling within herself that supernal spur of divine life.” Having said this, He disappeared.

1/9/1903 – Vol. 4 *Everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love.*

This morning I was feeling all oppressed, and since Monsignor had come to visit me, saying that he was not sure that it was Jesus Christ who operated in me, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: “My daughter, in order to comprehend a subject well it takes belief, because without belief everything is dark in the human intellect. On the other hand, the mere believing turns on a light in the mind, and by means of this light one can recognize with clarity truth and falsehood, when it is grace that operates, when it is nature, and when the devil. See, the Gospel is known to all, but who comprehends the meaning of my words, and the truths contained in It? Who keeps them in his heart and makes of them a treasure with which to purchase the eternal kingdom? One who believes. As for all others, not only do they not understand a thing, but they use my words to mock them and to make fun of the holiest things. So, it can be said that everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love, while nothing is written for everyone else. The same with you: one who has a little bit of belief sees thing clarity and finds the truth; one who does not, sees things as all confused.”

1/10/1926 – Vol. 18 *The way and the crafting which the Divine Will makes in all created things in order to reach the creature, so that she may place the final point of Its fulfillment.*

I was fusing all of myself in the Holy Divine Volition, and the littleness of my mind wandered within It. I could see It everywhere and in every place, always in the act of operating in the whole Creation. Oh! how I would have wanted to

follow It, in order to give It my little requital of love in everything It was doing; my 'thank you', my profound adoration, my meager company. Now, while I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: "My daughter, my Will is always on the way in the created things, in order to go toward creatures. But who fulfills It? Who places the final point on the work of my Will? The creature; or rather, the creature who takes all created things as the fulfillment of my Will.

My Will makes Its way in the seed, as It makes the earth receive it, giving it the virtue of making it germinate and multiply. It performs Its crafting by calling the water to water it, the sun to fecundate it, the wind to purify it, the cold to make it take root, the heat to develop it and make it reach the proper maturity. Then It gives virtue to the machines to cut it, to thresh it, to grind it, so as to be able to give it the substance of bread; and calling the fire to cook it, It offers it to the mouth of the creature, that she may eat of it and preserve her life. See, then, how long a way and a crafting has my Will done in that seed; how many things It has called over that seed, to make it reach, as bread, the mouth of creatures!

Now, who gives the final step to the way of my Will, and the fulfillment of the final act of my Supreme Volition? One who takes that bread and eats it as bearer of the Divine Will within it; and as she eats that bread, she eats my Will in it, to increase the strengths of her body and soul, as the Divine Will's fulfillment of everything. The creature, one can say, is the center of the rest to which my Will aspires in all the ways and crafting It makes in all created things, in order to reach the creature. The same with all other created things which serve man. My Will makes Its way in the sea, and works in the multiplication of the fish; It makes Its way on the earth, and It multiplies plants, animals and birds; It makes Its way in the celestial spheres in order to have everything under Its eyes, so that nothing may escape It, and It may make Itsself feet, hands and heart for each creature, to offer each of them the fruit of Its innumerable harvests. But all Its feast is only for those who take of Its own as the final point and fulfillment of Its Supreme Volition. If it wasn't for my Will, which, as Its Fiat was released, left Itsself on the way in all created things in order to make them reach man, so that the Supreme Fiat might have Its first place in the one for whom all things had been created, therefore being the ruler and the actor of the very life of the creature, all things would remain paralyzed and like many painted pictures in which the life of the things that they portray is absent. So, poor creature, if my Will withdrew from making Its way in all created things, these would all remain like painted pictures, no longer producing the good that each thing contains toward man. Therefore, I can say that it is not created things that serve him, but it is my Will, veiled, hidden, that makes Itsself the servant of man. Is it not right, then, and the most sacred duty, for him to look at my Supreme Will in all things, and to fulfill It in everything, and, returning the service, to serve the One who does not disdain to serve him even in the smallest things? And I feel as though compensated, repaid of my crafting, when I see that they reach him, and he takes them as the fulfillment of my Will. And therefore I make feast, because the purpose of my long way in the created things has obtained my intent and the fulfillment of my Will realized in the creature.

It happens to my Will as to an actor who must present his show to the audience. Poor one! How many hidden works, how many vigils, how many preparations; how much art does he not prepare even in his movements so that his postures may make the audience, now smile, now cry! In all this crafting, the actor does not make feast; on the contrary, he sweats, toils and labors. And when everything seems to be prepared, he prepares himself to call the public to see his show; and the more people he sees, the more he feels joy arise in his heart, for, who knows, he might be able to make a beautiful feast. But the true fulfillment of his feast is when, the show having been performed, full-handed, he feels coins of gold and silver flow in his hands, as appreciation and triumph of his show. But if after so many preparations, he sets everything up, he plays and plays toy trumpets, but nobody shows up, or just a few people who leave him alone at the first acts of the show – poor one, how he suffers, and the hope of his feast turns into mourning. Who is it that so much embittered that poor actor, so capable and kind in performing his scenes? Ah! the ungrateful people, who did not even want to be spectators of the scenes of that poor actor.

Such is my Will, which, like capable actor, prepares the most beautiful scenes in order to amuse man in the theater of the whole Creation – not to receive, but to give. It prepares scenes of light - of the most refulgent; scenes of flowerings and of beauties - the most radiant; scenes of strength in the roaring of the thunder, in the bursting of the thunderbolt, in the continuous rising of the waves, and even on the height of the highest mountains; the most moving scenes of a Baby who cries, shivers, and is numb with cold; sorrowful and tragic scenes of blood, and even of death, in my Passion. No actor, as capable as he might be, can match Me in the varieties of my loving scenes. But, alas!, how many do not look at my Will in all these scenes, and do not take the substance of the fruit which is in them, and turn the feasts which my Will prepared in Creation and in Redemption into mourning. Therefore, my daughter, let nothing escape you; take all things as a gift that my Will gives you; whether they are small or great, natural or supernatural, bit or sweet, let them all enter into you as gifts and as the fulfillment of my Will."

– *Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta*