

9th Round in the Divine Will

The Incarnation of the Eternal Word

My Sovereign Mother, I don't want to be without you, as I am incapable of doing anything on my own. May you unite all of your [divine] acts with mine, whereby they may become one, and we may together implore God to hasten on earth the Kingdom of his Divine Will.

Now in the same Divine Fiat [that you possess] I contemplate the moment²⁷ of the conception of the Word of God in your maternal womb. Within your maternal womb I enliven²⁸ all the acts I have accomplished within it, along with my continual "I love you" and my little sorrows, so at when you conceive the Son of God, I may administer to him my acts along with yours and conceive him [along with you]. And by virtue of his great love that caused him to descend from heaven into the small prison of your womb, I entreat him to hasten on earth the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

My tender mother, I enclose myself within your womb to be with my little Jesus, to keep him company in his loneliness, to behold every one of his sorrows and to impress upon them my "I love You, I bless You and I thank You."

I see that my little infant Jesus begins to suffer as many agonies and deaths as there are rejections of his Divine Will on the part of souls. Through such rejections, souls deprive Jesus of the life his Will seeks to impart to them, whereby it²⁹ undergoes a death. And you, my Jesus, immediately wish to take upon yourself all of these deaths to offer satisfaction to the Supreme Will [of the Most Holy Trinity].

O Jesus, You are now in the act of undergoing a death. My heart is crushed in seeing You so small and agonizing. So, my tender little Child, I desire to offer You the Divine Fiat for as many lives as there are souls that choose to reject it; I desire to give death to my human will for as many times as there are souls who live according to their human will; I desire to make your Divine Will that You infuse in me, [one with You as it] flows within your small humanity, so that the agony and the pains of death that You endure may be less excruciating. And [with your own Divine Will] I entreat You, may the life of your [Divine] Fiat flow within all souls.

O my sweet love, how many sorrows You endure in the womb of our Holy Queen Mother! There You remain motionless, for You haven't the slightest room to move so much as one finger or one of your little feet; You have neither the slightest space to open your beautiful eyes nor the least glimmer of light, but in this narrow prison of your mother's womb, there is only thick darkness.

Ah, all this makes me understand the many sorrows you endure – how souls have reduced your adorable Will to inoperability; how souls who chose to turn a blind eye to your Will can neither comprehend nor understand it; how souls who choose to operate without your Will operate in thick darkness.

My beloved little Jesus, I bring the life of your Will into this narrow prison that constitutes your first dwelling place on earth, in order to dispel the thick darkness in which you abide and herald in the light of day. I impress my [mystical] kiss and my "I love You" upon your tender limbs confined to immobility, and ask You, through the merits of your sorrows, to make your Divine Will operate in souls; with its light, dispel the night of the human will and form the perpetual day of your [Divine] Fiat.

Beloved infant Jesus, if You do not allow yourself to be conquered by my supplications while You are yet a tiny child and do not grant me the Kingdom of your Divine Will [on earth], then tell me, when will You do so?

My beloved child Jesus, don't You know that my soul desires to conquer You with your own love and with the power and strength of your own Fiat? To attain my goal, I call to my aid all the acts of your Divine Will and surround You with them as a formidable army arrayed in battle [to conquer You in love]; I call on the sky with its myriads of stars and surround You with them; I call on the sun with the power of its light and heat; I call on the wind with its vehement force; I call on the sea with its roaring waves. In a word, I call on all creation – I unite myself with all the elements and, empowering them with my voice, I impress upon them my "I love You" to obtain from You on everyone's behalf the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

My tender infant Jesus, do You not see the expressions of my love that I have prepared for You upon exiting your mother's womb? I long to see You open your eyes to this world to find yourself surrounded with the multitude of your own works, speaking with my voice as they say to You: "I love You, I love You, I love You! I bless You, I thank You and I adore You!" With all of these works I wish to impress my, "I love You", along with my first kiss upon your trembling infant lips when you emerged from your heavenly mother's womb and took refuge in her arms. And in so doing, your heavenly mother presses You to her bosom, kisses You, keeps You warm, nourishes You with her milk and wipes away your tears.

In my lowliness, I too desire to place myself in your mother's arms and infuse my kiss within the kiss she offers You; I make my "I love You" flow within her milk in such a way that as she nourishes You with her milk, I nourish You with my love. In a word, everything our mother does for You, I also wish to do for You.

Do You see my beloved infant Jesus? I am not alone, but am accompanied by all creation: the sun to warm You and all things You created to dry your tears. So I unite myself to You as You cry and sob because You do not feel loved.

With my “I love You, I love You” I sing to You a lullaby to help You sleep and, in this way, persuade You, upon awakening, to hasten on earth the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

My tender mother, come to my assistance; let us say together to the Divine Infant Jesus: “Make this little daughter of yours happy by granting her the sole desire and longing of her heart, namely, that your Will be known and reign on earth.”

29“...it” refers to the one Divine Will of the three divine Persons.

1/28/1900 – Vol. 3 *What mortification does.*

It still continues in the same way. This morning He transported me outside of myself; after a long time, I seemed to see Jesus with clarity, but I saw myself as so bad, that I did not dare to utter a single word. We looked at each other, but in silence. Through those mutual gazes I understood that my good Jesus was filled with bitternesses, but I did not dare to say: ‘Pour them into me.’ He Himself drew near me and began to pour them; but unable to contain them, as I received them I threw them to the ground.

He said to me: “What are you doing? You do not want to share in my bitternesses any more? You no longer want to give Me relief in my pains?” And I: ‘Lord, this is not my will; I myself don’t know what has happened to me. I feel so full that I do not know where to contain them. Only a prodigy of Yours can enlarge my interior so that I may receive your bitternesses.’

Then Jesus marked me with a large sign of the cross, and He poured them again. So it seemed I was able to contain them; and then He added: “My daughter, mortification is like fire which dries up all humors. In the same way, mortification dries up all the bad humors which are present in the soul, and it inundates her with a sanctifying humor, in such a way as to make the most beautiful virtues sprout.”

1/28/1905 – Vol. 6 *The cross is seed of virtue.*

As I was feeling in suffering more than usual, my adorable Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, the cross is seed of virtue, and just as one who sows harvests for ten, twenty, thirty, and even one hundred - in the same way, the cross, being seed, multiplies virtues and perfections, and it embellishes them in an admirable way. So, the more crosses thicken around you, the more seeds of virtue are sown into your soul. Therefore, instead of afflicting yourself when a new cross comes to you, you should rejoice, thinking that you are acquiring another seed, with which you can enrich, and even complete, your crown.”

1/28/1909 – Vol. 8 *What victim means.*

Having read a book that talked about the different ways of operating interiorly, and about how Jesus would compensate these souls with a great capital of grace and with superabundant love, I compared everything I had read to the many ways and the many different acts that Jesus had taught me in my interior, which, compared to those of the book, seemed to me to be so vast as the sea compared to a little river. And I said to myself: ‘If this is true, who knows how much grace my always lovable Jesus pours in me, and how much love He has for me!’ Then, as I found myself in my usual state, good Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, you do not yet know well what it means to be chosen as victim. Just as I, by being victim, enclosed in Me all the acts of creatures, their satisfactions, reparations, adorations and thanksgivings, in such a way that I did for all and for each one that which they were supposed to do; in the same way, since you are victim, it is useless to compare yourself to others, because you must enclose within you, not the way of one, but the variety of the ways of each one. And since I must have you make up for all and for each one, as a consequence I must give you, not the grace that I give to one alone, but as much grace as to equal what I give to the whole of creatures. Therefore, love too must surpass all the love I have for the whole of creatures, because grace and love always go together; they have one single step, one single measure, one single will. Love draws grace, grace draws love – they are inseparable. This is why you see the most extensive sea which I have placed in you, and the little river in others.” I remained astounded, comparing so much grace to so much ingratitude and badness of mine.