



Day Five

The Fifth Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven. The Triumph of the Test.

The soul to the Virgin:

Celestial Sovereign, I see that You stretch out your arms toward me, to take me onto your maternal knees; and I run – or rather, I fly, to enjoy the chaste embraces, the celestial smiles of my Celestial Mama. Holy Mama, your appearance today is of a triumpher, and with an air of triumph You want to narrate to me the triumph of your test. Ah! yes, most gladly I will listen to You, and I pray You to give me the grace to be able to triumph in the tests which the Lord will dispose for me.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Child most dear to Me, oh! how I yearn to confide my secrets to my child; secrets which will give Me much glory, and which will glorify that Divine Fiat which was the primary cause of my Immaculate Conception, of my Sanctity, Sovereignty and Maternity. I owe everything to the Fiat – I know nothing else. All of my sublime prerogatives for which the Holy Church so much honors Me, are nothing other than the effects of that Divine Will which dominated Me, reigned and lived in Me. This is why I yearn so much that That which produced in Me so many privileges and admirable effects as to astonish Heaven and earth, be known.

Now listen to Me, dear child: as soon as the Supreme Being asked Me for my human will, I comprehended the grave evil that the human will can do in the creature, and how it puts everything in danger, even the most beautiful works of her Creator. The creature, with her human will, is all oscillation; she is weak, inconstant, disordered. And this, because in creating man, God had created him united with His Divine Will as though by nature, in such a way that It was to be the strength, the prime motion, the support, the food, the life of the human will. So, by not giving life to the Divine Will in our own, we reject the goods received from God in creation, and the rights received, by nature, in the act in which we were created.

Oh! how well I comprehended the grave offense that is given to God, and the evils that pour upon the creature. I had such horror and fear of doing my will – and rightly did I fear, because Adam too was created innocent by God, and yet, by doing his own will, into how many evils did he not plunge himself and all generations?

Therefore, I, your Mama, taken by terror, and even more, by love toward my Creator, swore never to do my will. And to be more sure and to better attest my sacrifice to the One who had given Me so many seas of graces and privileges, I took this human will of mine and I bound it to the foot of the Divine Throne, in continuous homage of love and sacrifice, promising never to use my will, not even for one instant of my life, but always that of God.

My child, to you, perhaps, my sacrifice of living without my will may not seem great; but I tell you that there is no sacrifice similar to mine – even more, all other sacrifices in the whole history of the world can be called shadows in comparison with mine. To sacrifice oneself for one day – now yes, now no – is easy; but to sacrifice oneself in each instant, in each act, in the very good that one wants to do, for one's entire life, without ever giving life to one's own will, is the sacrifice of sacrifices; it is the greatest attestation that can be offered, and the purest love, filtered through the Divine Will Itself, that can be offered to our Creator. This sacrifice is so great, that God cannot ask anything more of the creature, nor can she find how to sacrifice more for her Creator.

Now, my most dear child, as soon as I gave the gift of my will to my Creator, I felt triumphant in the test asked of Me, and God felt triumphant in my human will. God was waiting for my proof – that is, a soul who would live without will – in order to adjust the balance with mankind, and to assume the attitude of clemency and mercy.

Therefore, I will wait for you again to narrate to you the story of what the Divine Will did after the triumph of the test.

And now, a little word to you, my child: if you knew how I yearn to see you living without your will.... You know that I am your Mother, and a Mama wants to see her child happy; but how can you be happy if you do not decide to live without your will, as your Mama lived? If you do so, I will give you everything; I will place Myself at your disposal, I will be all for my child, provided that I receive the good, the contentment, the happiness, of having a child who lives all of Divine Will.

The soul:

Triumphant Sovereign, into your hands of Mother do I place my will, so that You Yourself, as Mama, may purify it and embellish it for me, and bind it together with your own to the foot of the Divine Throne, that I may live not with my will, but always – always with that of God.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, in each act you do, you will deliver your will into my maternal hands, and will pray Me to let the Divine Will flow in place of your own.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Triumphant Queen, steal my will from me, and grant me the Divine Will.