

Each act done in the Divine Will forms a Divine Resurrection in the soul.

(...) My poor mind continues its course inside of the Divine Will.

The Divine Will is always my support, the beginning, the middle and end of my acts.

Its Life runs in me like the sweet murmur of the sea that never stops.

And I, to exchange the homage and Love, give the Divine Will the murmur of my acts that the same Divine Fiat makes me do.

My always *amiable Jesus continues to tell me:*

“My daughter, each act done in the Divine Will forms a Divine Resurrection in the soul.

Life is not formed of one single act, but of many acts united together.

So, the more acts that are done, the more times the soul rises in my Volition, in a way to be able to form a complete life all of Divine Will.

Human life is formed of many distinct members to be able to form its life.

If there was one single member, it could not be called life.

And, if it lacked some member, it would be called a defective life.

The repeated acts done in my Volition serve

- to form the Divine Will in the different members of the creature.

They serve to unite these acts in order *to form the Life* and they serve *to feed this Life*.

My Divine Will has no boundaries.

Thus the more acts that are done in It, the more Its Divine Life grows in the creature.

And while the Divine Life rises and grows, the human will receives death from these same acts done in my Divine Volition.

The human will does not find food to feed itself, and feels itself die in each act done in my Divine Will.

But what pain!

Everytime the creature does her own will in her acts, she makes my Divine Will die.

Oh! How terrible to see a finite will put a divine Volition outside of his act,

a divine Will, who wants to give the creature: a *Life of Light, of Beauty, and of Sanctity.*”