

**“My Will forms two heartbeats in the creature: One for the human heart, as life of the body, and one for the soul, as heartbeat and life of the soul.”**

“My daughter, in each heartbeat of creature my Will forms Its complete round in all Creation. The heartbeat in the creature is continuous, and if the heartbeat ceases life ceases. In the same way, my Will, more than heartbeat, in order to give divine life to creatures, goes around and forms the heartbeat of my Will in each heart.

See, then, how ***my Will is present in each creature:***

- as primary heartbeat, because hers is secondary.

Even more, if she feels her heartbeat, it is by virtue of the heartbeat of my Will.

Even more, this Will of Mine forms in her two heartbeats:

- one for the human heart, as life of the body, and

- one for the soul, as heartbeat and life of the soul.

***But do you want to know what this heartbeat of my Will does in the creature?***

If she thinks, my Will

- runs and circulates like blood in the veins of the soul, and gives her the divine thought, that she may put aside the human thought and give place to the thought of my Will.

If she speaks, the word of my Will wants Its place.

If she operates, if she walks, if she loves,

- my Will wants the place of her work, of her step, of her love.

***The love and the jealousy of my Will in the creature is so great that, while It palpitates,***

- if the creature wants to think, It makes Itsself thought,

- if she wants to look, It makes Itsself eye,

- if she wants to speak, It makes Itsself word,

- if she wants to operate, It makes Itsself work,

- if she wants to walk, It makes Itsself foot,

- if she wants to love, It makes Itsself fire.

In sum, ***It runs and goes around within each act of the creature in order to take Its primary place, which is due to It.***

But to Our greatest sorrow, the creature

- denies It this place of honor, and gives the place to her own human will.

And my Will is forced to remain in the creature

- as if It had no thought, no eye, no word, no hands, no feet,

- without being able to carry out the life of my Will in the center of the soul of the creature.

**What sorrow! What highest ingratitude!**

But do you want to know who

- gives Me free field and lets my Will operate as heartbeat of life within her soul?

***One who lives in my Will.***

Oh! how well does my Will carry out Its life and constitutes Itsself

- thought of her thought, - eye of her eye, - word of her mouth, - heartbeat of her heart, and so with all the rest.

***Oh! how quickly we understand each other.***

And my Will obtains the intent of ***forming Its Life in the soul of the creature!***