

Even before knowing that She was to be my Mother, my dear Mama had Her sea of sorrow. And this sea was the pain because of the offenses given to Her Creator.

Then, I remained thinking about what Jesus had told me, and *I thought to myself*:
 'Before She knew that She was to be the Mother of the Word, my Mama had no pain or sorrow. More so, since by living within the expanses of the Supreme Will, She was happy. Therefore, among the many seas She possessed, She lacked the sea of pains. Yet, without this sea of sorrow, She impetrated the longed for Redeemer.'

And **Jesus**, resuming His speaking, **added**:
 "My daughter, even before knowing that She was to be my Mother,
my dear Mama had Her sea of sorrow.
 And this sea was the pain because of the offenses given to Her Creator.
 Oh! how She grieved.

And then, this pain of Hers was animated by a Divine Will,
 which She possessed, and which contains the virtue of a fount.

It has the virtue of changing everything that is done in It
 – the littlest things, the drops of water - into unending sea.

My Will does not know how to do small things, but all great.

And this is so true, that it was enough for Us to open our mouth to say 'Fiat' in order to extend a heaven whose boundaries cannot be seen.
 One 'Fiat' to form a sun that fills the whole earth with light. And many other things.

This says in clear notes that if my Will operates or invests an atom, a little act, that atom,
that little act, becomes sea.

And if It bends down to do small things, It makes up for them with Its regenerative virtue,
- making of them such a great number that man cannot arrive at counting them all.

Who can arrive at counting
 - how many fish and how many species are in the sea?
 - how many birds, how many plants fill the earth?

Therefore, the little 'I love You' in my Will becomes sea of Love.

The little prayer turns into sea of prayer, the 'I adore You' into sea of adoration,
 the little pains into sea of pains.

And if the soul repeats her 'I love You', her adoration, her prayers in my Volition, and suffers in It, my Will rises, forming gigantic waves of love, of prayers and of pains,
 - which go to unload themselves into the unending sea of the Eternal One,
 in such a way as to place the Love of God and that of the creature in common,
because one is the Will of both One and the other.

Therefore, one who lets herself be dominated by my Will possesses as many seas for as many acts as she does in It; and while she does little, she has much.

She has a Divine Volition which delights in making of the little act of the creature a sea
 And only with these seas can she impetrate the longed for Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. (...)