

The Most Holy Virgin is a portent of grace.

Afterwards, I looked at His most beautiful face.

And in my interior I felt an indescribable contentment.

And turning to Him, *I said*:

‘My most sweet Love, if I take so much delight in looking at You, what must it have been for **our Queen Mama**, when You enclosed Yourself in Her most pure womb?

What contentments, how many graces did You not give Her?’

And He: “My daughter,

the delights and the graces that I poured into Her were such and so many, that it is enough to tell you that ***what I am by nature, our Mother became by grace.***

More so,

- since She had no sin, and therefore

- my grace was able to flow freely within Her,

there is nothing of my Being which I did not give to Her.”

At that instant, I seemed to see our Queen Mother *as if She were another God*, with this difference alone:

- *that in God this is His own nature,*

- *while in Mary Most Holy it is acquired grace.*

Who can say how stupefied I was left.

How my mind was lost in seeing a portent of grace so prodigious?

So, turning to Him, *I said*:

‘My dear Good, our Mother had so much good because You let Yourself be seen intuitively. I would like to know: how do You show Yourself to me – by abstractive or by intuitive sight? Who knows whether it is even abstractive at all.’

And He: “***I want to make you understand the difference between one and the other.***

In the abstractive, the soul contemplates God, while

in the intuitive, she enters into Him and obtains graces – that is,

- *she receives within her the participation in the Divine Being.*

How many times have you not participated in my Being?

- that suffering, which seems almost natural in you

- that purity by which you reach the point of feeling as if you did not have a body,

And how many other things

– have I not communicated to you when I have drawn you to Myself intuitively?”

Ah, Lord, it is so true! And I – what thanks have I rendered You for all this?

What has been my correspondence? I feel blushing at the mere thought of it.

But, O please! Forgive me, and let it be known, in Heaven and on earth,

- that I am an object of your infinite Mercy.