

**Repeating the same good serves to form the water with which to water the seed of the virtues. Through habit, that good or that virtue becomes her nature.**

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will of God according to my usual way, and while going around in It to place my '*I love You*' upon all things, I wished that my Jesus would see or hear nothing but my '*I love You*', or through this '*I love You*' of mine.

And while repeating the singsong of my '*I love You*', *I thought to myself*: 'It shows that I am really a little child, who can say nothing but the little story she has learned. And then, what good comes to me by repeating '*I love You, I love You*...' over and over again?'

But while I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus came out from within my interior, showing my '*I love You*' impressed everywhere in all of His Divine Person:

- on His lips, on His face, on His forehead, in His eyes, in the middle of His breast,
- on the back and in the center of the palms of His hands, on the tips of His fingers

in sum, everywhere.

And with a tender tone, *He told me*: "My daughter, aren't you happy that no '*I love You*' that come out of you, get lost, but all remain impressed in Me?

And then, do you know what good comes to you by repeating them?

You must know that when the soul decides to do some good, to exercise a virtue,

- she forms the seed of that virtue.

***By repeating those acts***, she forms the water with which to water that seed

- in the earth of her heart.

And the more often she repeats them, the more she waters that seed.

And the plant grows beautiful and green,

- in such a way that it quickly produces the fruits of that seed.

(...) by always repeating those same acts,

- the soul contains much water with which to water that seed.

*My Sun rises over that seed every time It sees it being watered.*

And It delights so much, knowing that it has much strength in order to grow,

- that It makes its branches reach up to Me

And in seeing its many fruits, I pick them with pleasure, and I rest under its shadow.

So, repeating your '*I love You*' for Me

- procures for you the water with which to water and form the tree of Love.

Repeating patience waters and forms the tree of Patience.

Repeating your acts in my Will forms the water with which to water and form the divine and eternal tree of my Will.

***Nothing can be formed with one single act, but with many upon many repeated acts.***

Only your Jesus contains the virtue of forming all things, and the greatest things, with one single act, because I contain the creative power. But the creature, by dint of repeating the same act, forms the good she wants to do, bit by bit.

***Through habit, that good or that virtue becomes her nature.***

And the creature becomes the possessor of it, and it forms all of her fortune.

