

**“My dear Mama also did nothing extraordinary in Her exterior life.”
“She lived from my eternal Heartbeat, and I from Her maternal heartbeat.”**

(...) “My daughter,
it shows how without your Jesus you can think and say nothing but nonsense.

My dear Mama also did nothing extraordinary in Her exterior life
Even more, apparently She did less than others.
She lowered Herself to the most ordinary actions of life:
She would spin, sew, sweep, light the fire....
Who would ever have thought that She was the Mother of a God?
Her external actions indicated nothing of this.

And when She carried Me in Her womb, containing the Eternal Word within Herself,
every motion of Hers, every human action, won the adoration of the whole of Creation.

From Her came the life and the preservation of all creatures:
- the sun hung upon Her, expecting the preservation of its light and heat,
- the earth, the development of the life of the plants, everything hovered round Her ,
- Heaven and earth hung upon Her every motion.

Yet, who saw anything? No one.
All Her Greatness, Power and Sanctity, and the immense seas of Goods
which came out of Her, were in Her Interior.

Each one of Her heartbeats, breaths, thoughts, words,
- were an outpouring into Her Creator.
There were continuous currents between God and Her,
- which She would receive and give.

Nothing would come out
- which would not wound Her Creator,
- and by which She would not be wounded by Him.

These currents expanded Her, raised Her, and made Her surpass everything .
But no one saw anything. I alone, Her God and Son, was aware of everything.

***Such current ran between my Mama and I,
- that Her heartbeat would run within Mine,
- and Mine within hers.***

So, She lived from my eternal Heartbeat, and I from Her maternal heartbeat.
Therefore our Lives were blended together.

And this was exactly what, in my eyes, distinguished Her as my Mama.

External actions do not satisfy Me, nor do they please Me,
- if they do not start from an interior whose life is formed by Me.

Now, what is your wonder if your external life is completely ordinary?
*I am used to cover my greatest works with the most ordinary things,
- so that no one may point to them, and I may be more free to operate. (...)*