In the soul who lives in the Divine Will, her words, her works, her sufferings, are as veils that hide the Creator.

It happens with the soul as with the accidents of the host

that lends itself, although material, to let itself become animated by my Sacramental Life, provided that are pronounced by the Priest, those same words that I said

- in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament.

They were Words animated by my Fiat, that contained the creative Power. And therefore the matter of the host undergoes the transubstantiation of Divine life.

One can say over the host how many words one wants.

But if they are not those few Words established by the Fiat,
-my Life remains in Heaven and the host remains the vile matter that it is.

Thus it happens with the soul.

She can do, say, suffer, that which she wants.

But if she doesn't race within my Divine Fiat they are always finite and vile things.

But in the one who lives in Him,

- her words, her works, her sufferings, are as veils that hide the Creator.

And these veils serve Him, who created the Heaven and the earth

- to let do Work worthy of Him.

And He puts there his Sanctity, his creative Power, his infinite Love.

Therefore no one else can, for how many great things one does,

- compare himself to that creature in which lives, reigns and dominates my Divine Will. (...)

So that it is not the work that carries the greater profit, exuberant riches

- but the value of the matter that one possesses.(...)

Thus it happens for one who possesses my Divine Will, she possesses

- the Life, the creative Virtue

And her smallest acts contain a divine and interminable Value Therefore no one is able to equal her Riches.

Instead who doesn't possess my Will as his own life

- is without life,
- and works with the matter of her own volition

And therefore she is always the poor ragged one before God. And she is starving of that Food that forms in her 'the *Fiat Voluntas Tua*' (Let your Will be done) as in Heaven so in earth."