

**How many moans of sorrows come from the prisons of Purgatory,
because my Will was not encountered on earth.**

My Will is in continuous act of giving Itself to the creature

- in order to give her the Life of Heaven in advance.

If she receives Me, she remains with this Celestial Life.

But if in every act they do, creatures do not receive this Supreme Volition,

- which is all intent for their good, on making them

happy, strong, holy, divine, and as though transformed into a dawn of celestial light.

They remain with their human will alone, which

- renders them weak, miserable, muddy, and

- surrounds them with vile passions, such as to arouse pity.

Don't you see how many souls drag themselves along

- because of their weakness in being unable to conquer themselves to do good

Others, who don't know how to dominate themselves.

Others, inconstant like reeds in the blowing wind.

Others, who don't know to pray without a thousand distractions.

Others, always discontent; others, who seem to be born to do evil?

These are all souls who do not encounter my Will in all their things.

Yet, my Will is there for all.

But because they shun It, they do not receive the good which my Will contains

– a just pain for one who wants to live of her involving herself in all miseries.

However, this Will of Mine, which they did not want to encounter in life, when It would give

them as many goods for as many times as they would encounter It, they will encounter at their

death, giving them as many pains for as many times as they shunned It.

Because in shunning It, they have rendered themselves guilty.

They have stained themselves and covered themselves with mud.

So it is just that they receive a pain. And as many painful encounters form for them,

- for as many times as they have not encountered my Will upon earth.

But these painful encounters will be -without merits, without new gains,

as would have happened had they encountered It in life.

Oh! how many moans of sorrows come from the prisons of Purgatory,

how many shouts of desperation can be heard from hell,

because my Will was not encountered on earth.

Therefore, my daughter, may your first act be to encounter my Will.

May your first thought and heartbeat be to encounter the eternal heartbeat of my Will,

-that you may receive all my love.

Try to make continuous encounters in everything,

- that you may be transformed in my Will and I in yours,

so as to dispose yourself to make the final encounter with my Will at your last hour.

In this way, you will have no painful encounter after your death.”