

**Day 10. The Glorious Birth of the Queen of Heaven.**

**My birth was the true dawn that puts to flight the night of the human will.  
I enclosed the Prodigy of the greatest Prodigies: the Divine Will reigning in Me.**

My birth was prodigious. No other birth can be said to be similar to mine.

I enclosed within Myself the Heaven, the Sun of the Divine Will, and also the earth of my humanity but a blessed and holy earth, which enclosed the most beautiful flowerings.

And even though I was just newly born,

***I enclosed the Prodigy of the greatest Prodigies: the Divine Will reigning in Me.***

He enclosed in Me

-a Heaven more beautiful,

-a Sun more refulgent than those of Creation, of which I was also Queen, as well as

-a sea of graces without boundaries, which constantly murmured:

***“Love, love to my Creator.”***

***Therefore, my birth was the true dawn that puts to flight the night of the human will.***

And as I kept growing,

-I formed the daybreak and I called for the brightest daylight,

*to make the Sun of the Eternal Word rise over the earth....*

As soon as I was born, I opened my eyes to see this low world,

I went in search of all my children in order

- to enclose them in my Heart,

- to give them my maternal Love and,

- to give them the step to let them enter into the Kingdom of the *Divine Fiat*, of which I was the possessor, by regenerating them to the new life of Love and of Grace

***I wanted to act as Queen and as Mother, enclosing everyone in my Heart,***

***- to place everyone in safety, and***

***- to give them the great gift of the Divine Kingdom.***

In my Heart I had a place for everyone

Because for one who possesses the Divine Will there are no constraints, but infinite expanses.

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But upon opening my eyes to the light, I had the sorrow of seeing the creatures in the thick night of the human will.

Oh! in what an abyss of darkness the creature who lets herself be dominated by her will finds herself enwrapped. It is the true night - but a night with no stars

At most, a few fleeting lightnings, which are easily followed by thunders which, in roaring, thicken the darkness even more, and unload the storm over the poor creature

*- storms of fear, of weaknesses, of dangers, of falling into evil.*

My little Heart remained pierced in seeing my children in this horrible storm, in which the night of the human will had overwhelmed them.

Now listen to your little Mama: I am still in the cradle, I am little. Look at my tears that I shed for you. listen to Me: ***never do your will. ...*** make your tiny little Mama content.