

The Divine Will wants to reign within souls as the master of the house.

This morning my sweet Jesus made Himself seen in so much suffering that my poor soul felt consumed with compassion. Jesus had all His limbs dislocated and so deep wounds, and so embittered, that He moaned and writhed for the bitterness of the spasm. He placed Himself near me as though wanting to share His pains with me. By merely looking at Him, I felt His pains being reflected in me.

Jesus, all goodness, told me: “*My daughter, I can take no more.* Touch my embittered wounds so as to soothe them. Impress your kiss of love upon them, so that your love may mitigate the spasm I feel. This state of mine, so painful, is the true portrait of the way in which my Will finds Itself in the midst of creatures.

It is present in their midst, but as though divided. Because, as they do their own will, not Mine. My Will remains dislocated and wounded by creatures. Therefore, unite your will to Mine, and give Me a relief for my dislocation.”

I clasped Him to myself; I kissed the wounds of his hands – oh! how embittered they were because of many works, even holy, which do not have their origin in the Will of God.

Finally, before leaving me, He told me:
“My daughter, you have soothed Me, I feel my bones in place
But do you know who can soothe Me and rejoin my dislocated bones?
One who lets my Will reign within herself.

When the soul puts her will aside, giving it not even one act of life,
-my Will acts as the master in the soul. It reigns, commands and rules.
It is as if It were in Its own house - that is, in my Celestial Fatherland.

So, since that is my house,
-I act as the master,
-I dispose, I place from my own.
Because, as my dwelling, I can place in it whatever I want, to make of it what I want.
And I receive the greatest honor and glory that the creature can give Me.

On the other hand, if one wants to do her own will,
she is the one who acts as the master, disposes and commands.
And my Will remains like a poor stranger, neglected, and at the occurrence, even despised.

I would want to place from my own.
But I cannot, because the human will does not want to surrender a place to Me.
Even in holy things, it wants to act as the head, and I can place nothing from my own.
How uncomfortable I feel in the soul who makes her own will reign!

It happens as to a father who goes to visit a son of his, who is far away.
Or as to a friend who goes to another friend.
As he knocks, the door is opened, but he is left there in the first room.
No one prepares lunch for him, or a bed on which to let him sleep.
They let him share neither in their joys nor in their sorrows.

What affront! What sorrow for this father, or friend!

If he has brought treasures to compliment the other, he does not leave anything, and he goes away, pierced in the depth of his heart.

On the other hand, with someone else, as soon as they see him, they put themselves in feast, they prepare the most beautiful lunch, the softest of beds.

Even more, they give him full lordship over the whole house, and also over themselves.

Is this not the greatest honor, love, respect, subjection that can be offered to a father or to a friend?

And what beautiful and good things will these not leave to them, to requite so much generosity?
Such is my Will.

It comes from Heaven in order to dwell within souls.

But instead of letting Me be the master, *they keep Me like a stranger and a destitute.*

But my Will does not leave,

Even though they keep Me like a stranger, I remain in their midst, waiting, to give them my Goods, my Graces and my Sanctity.”