

Day Eight

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will receives the Mandate from Her Creator to place in Safety the Destiny of Mankind.

Lesson of the Celestial Queen:

Dearest child of mine, know that I love you very much.
Trust your Mama, and be sure that you will obtain victory over your will.
If you are faithful to Me, I will take complete responsibility over you.
– I will act as your true Mama.
Therefore, listen to what I did for you before the Most High.

I did nothing other than bring Myself onto the knees of my Celestial Father.
I was very small, even not yet born.
But the Divine Will, whose life I possessed, rendered my visits to my Creator accessible to Me.
All doors, all ways, were open for Me and I was not afraid of my God.
Only the human will causes fear, apprehension, distrust of God.
This puts the poor creature far away from the One who so much loves her,
and who wants to be surrounded by His children.

So, if the creature is afraid and fears her Creator
and does not know how to be as “child and Father” with her Creator,
it is a sign that the Divine Will does not reign in her.
And they are the tortured - the martyred ones of the human will.

Therefore, never do your will.
Do not want to torture and martyr yourself by yourself,
for this is the most horrible of martyrdoms, without support and without strength.

Listen to Me:

I brought Myself into the arms of the Divinity.
More so, since They awaited Me, and made feast on seeing Me.
They loved Me so much, that when I appeared, They poured more seas of love and sanctity into my soul. I don't remember ever having left Them without more surprising gifts (they gave me)

So, while I was in their arms, I prayed for mankind.
And many times, with tears and sighs, I cried for you, my child, and for all.
I cried
-because of your rebellious will,
-because of your sad lot of seeing yourself reduced to slavery by it, which renders you unhappy.

To see my child unhappy made Me shed bitter tears,
to the point of wetting the hands of my Celestial Father with my crying.

And the Divinity, moved by my crying, continued telling Me:
“Our beloved daughter,
-your love binds Us,
-your tears extinguish the fire of Divine Justice.
-Your prayers draw Us so much toward the creatures,
that We do not know how to resist You.

Therefore, We give to You the mandate to place in safety the destiny of mankind.

You will be Our representative in their midst.

To You do We entrust their souls.

You will defend our rights, prejudiced by their sins.

You will be in the middle, between them and Us, to restore the balance on both sides.

We feel in You the invincible strength of our Divine Will which, through You, prays and cries.

Who can resist You?

Your prayers are commands,

your tears rule over Our Divine Being.

Therefore, forward in your enterprise.”

Now, my dearest child,

my little Heart felt consumed with love at the loving ways of the divine speaking.

And with all my love I accepted their mandate, saying to Them:

“Highest Majesty, I am here in your arms

Dispose of Me in whatever way You want.

I will lay down even my life - and if I had as many lives for as many as are the creatures,

I would put them at their disposal and Yours, to bring them, all safe, into your paternal arms.”

And without knowing then that I was to be the Mother of the Divine Word,

I felt in Me the double Maternity:

-Maternity toward God, to defend His just rights,

-Maternity toward creatures, to bring them to safety.

I felt Myself Mother of all.

The Divine Will which reigned in Me,

-and which knows not how to do isolated works,

brought God and all creatures from all centuries into Me.

In my maternal Heart

-I felt my God offended, wanting to be satisfied, and

-I felt the creatures under the empire of Divine Justice.

Oh! how many tears I shed.

I wanted to make my tears descend into each heart, to let everyone feel my Maternity, all of love. I

cried for you and for all, my child.

Therefore, listen to Me - have pity on my crying.

Take my tears in order to extinguish your passions, and to make your will lose life.

O please! accept my mandate : that you do always the Will of your Creator.

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