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P.O. Box 4074, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442
Toll Free: 1-888-722-7332 (1-888-Sacred2)
Web site: <http://www.disciples-of-mercy.org>
e-mail: peace@disciples-of-mercy.org

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In the spirit of obedience and accord with the *Code of Canon Law*, particularly canon 823 ("...writings published by the Christian faithful which touch upon faith or morals be submitted for judgement") and canon 824 ("...permission and approval by the local ordinary of the author be sought"), the Disciples of Mercy have submitted Volumes I, II, and III of *The Heart of God* for review to the ordinary of the Archdiocese of Miami where Lori G., the recipient of the messages, resided until her death. On June 6, 2000, the Great Jubilee Year, his Excellency, John C. Favalora, Archbishop of Miami, "officially declared that the three volume text *Heart of God: Messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother* is free from doctrinal or moral error and may be published. No implication is contained therein that the one granting this imprimatur agrees with the contents, opinions or statements by the author of the texts."

Imprimatur: ✠ Most Reverend John C. Favalora, D.D.
Archbishop of Miami

Nihil Obstat: Very Reverend Tomás M. Marín, J.C.L.
Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Miami

The messages contained in this book follow the recommended formats of the *International Committee on English in the Liturgy, Inc.* and the *Chicago Manual of Style, 14th Edition*. No intent of irreverence or disrespect is implied by the use of lower case letters when referring to pronouns, articles, and nouns other than official titles associated with the Lord and his Blessed Mother.

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*The Heart of God:
Messages from Jesus and
the Blessed Mother*

Volume Three

Recorded

by

Lori G.

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Introduction to the Third Printing

Since the first printing of this work and the writing of these acknowledgments and testimonies, many events have transpired. Briefly, Lori G. entered her heavenly reward on September 23, 1996, three weeks after her forty-first birthday. Sadly, Lori G. was to be joined at the eternal banquet by two beloved priests who provided enormous spiritual assistance to her and the Disciples: Fr. Seamus O'Shaughnessy on April 7, 1999, and Fr. Joachim Tierney O.C.S.O., on May 25, 1999.

In addition, renowned Mariologist, Fr. René Laurentin, had interviewed Lori approximately two months prior to her death and subsequently wrote three articles about her in the French Catholic periodical, *Stella Maris* (March, April, and May, 1997). We also witnessed the publication of three volumes encompassing over eight hundred messages and exactly 265,084 words. We have now arrived at the publication of our third printing of Volume III.

Special thanks is extended to Helen Marie Copley for her valuable editorial assistance.

We invoke your prayers for our continual perseverance in the work assigned to us by the Lord.

Disciples of Mercy Foundation
July 16, 2007
Feast of Our Lady of Mount
Carmel

Acknowledgments

The famed Redemptorist priest and saint, Alphonsus Liguori, once said, “He who trusts in himself is lost but he who trusts in God can do all things.” These words certainly apply to the Disciples of Mercy who have witnessed tremendous growth from just four members who convened shortly after the messages began in 1994. Disciples now are numbered in several continents (North America, South America, and Africa). This truly attests to the awesome power of Divine Providence for when the Lord requested that we bring his “words to the four corners” of the earth on October 21, 1995, we were at a loss as to just how this could possibly be done. Though we we had increased to about a dozen, our means were very modest and skills limited. Lori inquired as to how this herculean task might be done? The Lord Jesus responded, “You are not to worry, I will send you the people.” Faithful to his word, he sent those generous souls whom his messages struck a responsive chord and, unlike the story of the rich young man who went away because he counted cost of discipleship to Jesus, these souls responded with an enthusiastic “yes”, regardless of the price. Were it not for their generosity, we would never have arrived at this great milestone—the publication of Volume III of *The Heart of God*. Following the exhortation of the Apostle Paul in Ephesians 5:20: “In all things give thanks,” it is most appropriate that our gratitude be expressed at this time to all those who have played a significant role in our growth and success.

Understandably, “to God goes the glory” (Rom 11:36). Jesus once said in *The Heart of God* that “when the soul acknowledges its inability to function without my help then the soul offers gratitude to me, the Lord God” (8/6/95).¹ Truly, the Disciples humbly acknowledge their total dependence upon Jesus and our Mother Mary in whom lies the authorship of the messages and the ultimate success of our mission. The Lord had bestowed the Blessed Mother under the title of our Mother of Mercy, Mother of the Sick, to be our patroness, and the Conventual Franciscan, St. Maximilian Maria Kolbe was appointed our patron. Often, the function of patroness and patron is not merely to be intercessors for the group but also

¹ Message of August 6, 1995. Hereafter all messages from *The Heart of God* shall be cited as month, day, and year directly following the quote.

to be persons to emulate. The Lord's wisdom is uncanny, since as Disciples of Mercy whom could we better emulate than the Mother of Mercy who loves us sinners despite our harsh and cruel torments of her Son (8/23/95)? Fr. Kolbe's appointment likewise is very appropriate for the Disciples to imitate, not only in the practice of his sanctity and devotion to the Immaculata but also in the use of mass communication at which he excelled in spreading the gospel. May his intercession guide us in the manner of choosing the most appropriate and effective means to communicate the messages in *The Heart of God* to the "four corners" of the earth.

Besides conferring his Mother and Fr. Kolbe, the Lord has sent an angel to assist the Disciples of Mercy, Angel Stephen. This angel's image is displayed upon the front cover of all three volumes. We are indebted to Angel Stephen for safeguarding the messages and exercising special protection from the assaults of the evil one who is always trying to subvert the efforts in our "mission to guide others to [the] Sacred Heart [of Jesus] and to the Immaculate Heart [of his] Mother" (5/11/96). We also have been entrusted by the Lord to Padre Pio, whom we anticipate will be duly honored for his saintliness by his beatification and ultimate canonization within the next few years. Lori especially felt close to this "saintly" person and we confidently trust in his promise to all his devotees to "wait outside the gates of Heaven until all his spiritual children are safely inside." He undoubtedly welcomed Lori into the heavenly abode of the Church triumphant. Hence, we believe it is not mere happenstance that Lori passed away on the very anniversary of his own death twenty-eight years earlier. The Lord phrased such occurrences as this one so very well: "There are no coincidences in your Father's Kingdom. Everything is carefully planned, and every plan is carefully executed by the Divine Will" (6/23/96).

It is in this light that we wholeheartedly trust in the Lord's will regarding the passing of Lori's bodily presence from our midst. Although we prayed earnestly for Lori's physical healing we were brought to the realization in a concrete way what scripture scholars so often assert regarding the "signs and wonders" of the healing stories in the gospels, that is, while Jesus healed persons out of his compassion for them, his primary purpose was to demonstrate to all a foretaste of the coming of God's kingdom. Despite the fact that Lori was not physically healed, we Disciples can certainly attest that the many mystical gifts she had received bore witness to a reality that far transcends this earth. We believe that Lori had completed all the Lord had ordained for her to do on this earth and she was called home to her eternal reward. Lori was a prime example of "the small hidden flower that will be granted the most responsibility by the Father for

it is the small hidden flower that seeks no self-glorification or importance, rather to only seek [her] task accomplished and pleasing to God. Therefore, [she] shall be granted the most important missions by God" (11/1/95). We are eternally grateful that this "hidden flower" bloomed in the light of God's mercy and we, the Disciples of Mercy, though feeling the sorrow of the loss of a dear friend, are renewed by the grace of God to ensure that the seeds of Lori's labor shall be planted throughout the world and bear fruit. We earnestly look forward to joining our beloved sister when we too have completed our assigned tasks, for "the most magnificent places upon earth are as barren wastelands when compared to heaven" (12/6/95).

Our gratitude is extended to those Disciples who have joined Lori in receiving their heavenly reward: Pat Romano, Denise Jackson, and Agnes Leonardi. Their bodily presences are sadly absent from our midst but they are not forgotten, and we trust that "after they have been received into their heavenly home and are present to the Lord, through him, in him, and with him, they do not cease to intercede with the Father for us."²

Special expression of thanks is given to the priests who were crucial to Lori's discernment as to the source of the voices and their openness to the possibility that the Lord in his infinite mercy chooses ordinary persons, like Lori, to communicate by personal prophecy. Reverend John Fink, Lori's first spiritual director, merits our appreciation for reading the early messages, allocating time to listen to Lori's unusual story, and not dismissing at first blush what may appear to the ordinary layman as rather bizarre accounts. He was incisive in his probing and effective in his directives thereby allaying many of Lori's initial fears and misgivings. Regretfully, Fr. Fink's enormous work-load precluded the sustained time Lori was seeking to grasp in a more comprehensible manner the dynamics of what was occurring. Hence, Fr. Fink referred Lori to Reverend Roman Schaefer who was to become Lori's spiritual director until her death. Truly, the hand of the Lord was guiding us every step of the way, for the choice of Fr. Schaefer was indeed providential.

Words cannot articulate the debt of gratitude owed Fr. Roman Schaefer. He proved to be the perfect balance one would desire in a spiritual director. This retired military chaplain and man of deep prayer afforded Lori the time she felt she earnestly needed for understanding and

² Walter M. Abbott, S.J., *The Documents of Vatican II : The Dogmatic Constitution of the Church*, (New York: America Press, 1966) No. 49. p. 81.

adjusting to the magnitude of the invitation extended to her by the Lord and his beloved Mother. However, Fr. Schaefer was extremely careful to set boundaries and adhere to the traditional standards that maintain the proper

milieu and protocol concerning the process of discernment between a spiritual advisor and his advisee. In essence, his strong faith in God and conviction in the teachings of the Catholic Church helped Lori follow an exacting framework of spiritual direction. The Lord always told Lori that she should do nothing on her own initiative, even if the directive came from him, without Father Schaefer's knowledge and permission. Truly, his deep abiding faith, unwavering commitment to the gospel, and astute assessment of the messages in *The Heart of God* immensely assisted Lori to accomplish the directives of Jesus. Lori obediently trod the path devised by the Lord, but Fr. Schaefer illuminated the way. The Disciples still have the good fortune of having him as their spiritual director and his presence is a continual inspiration.

The discerning process involving Lori was constantly reviewed as an expression of the commitment of the Disciples of Mercy's to perform their due diligence to prospective readers of *The Heart of God*. After prayerful activity and consulting with several clergy and academic professionals, two names of priests, reputed authorities in the field of mystical theology with years of experience working with persons who allegedly claim to have apparitions or locutions of a supernatural nature continually surfaced: Reverend Joachim Tierney, O.C.S.O., and Reverend René Laurentin. Lori proposed their names to the Lord prior to our initially contacting them and he replied, "Not to worry, they will know my voice." With the Lord's blessing, we contacted both priests despite our underlying skepticism due to the fact that the probability of either priest responding to our overtures were extremely slim on account of their respective heavy work-loads. To our amazement, both responded in a carefully phrased manner stipulating conditions prior to any discussion of personal contact. Fr. Joachim requested additional sample messages (initial correspondence contained only two weeks of messages) and Fr. René Laurentin faxed an eight-page questionnaire which needed to be thoroughly answered.

Lori was interviewed for several hours by Fr. Joachim on May 22, 1995 at Our Lady of the Holy Spirit Monastery in Conyers, Georgia. This holy and venerable priest of fifty-two years and many years of prior experience proved to be an apt interrogator and extremely discriminating in his determination of whether an interviewee is authentic or a charlatan. Lori often reminisced over what a beautiful experience she had with Fr. Joachim. One could feel the presence of the Blessed Mother surrounding this Trappist monk as if he was "hidden within the monastic walls of her

heart.” Lori related that when she first entered the chapel of the monastery on that auspicious day, the Lord said to her, “Welcome to my home, child.” These words put her at complete ease with the upcoming interview. Fr. Joachim’s encouragement and directives proved to be prophetic, as many months later circumstances would present themselves that were quickly resolved due to the Disciples adhering to his counsel. We express our sincere thanks to Fr. Joachim for his willingness to listen, render advice in the pursuit of properly fulfilling the directives of the Lord and Blessed Mother contained in the messages, and assuming a courageous stand by affirming that God may wish to communicate to his children in an extraordinary manner through ordinary persons like Lori. Fr. Joachim is a prime example that the solitude of monastic life does not reflect a withdrawal from humanity, but rather it makes the monk more and more sensitive to the presence of God in other people.

It was almost fourteen months later that Lori was interviewed by the internationally renowned theologian and Mariologist, Reverend René Laurentin. Fr. René had maintained a correspondence with Lori via transatlantic faxes for some time, despite a working schedule that would exhaust a man half his eighty-one years. His credentials as a theologian are impeccable and rarely matched. He served as a consultant to the preparatory sessions of Vatican II and was acknowledged as a theological expert at the Council. He published a commentary on the four major sessions of the Council respectively and wrote a single volume articulating the history and rationale of the Council’s teaching on the Blessed Mother. He is a member of the Pontifical Marian Academy and the French Society for Marian Studies. His publications on the Blessed Mother are voluminous in addition to other scholarly works in the area of biblical studies. His reputation as a rigorous investigator regarding phenomena described as “apparitions or locutions” is held in the highest esteem. Fr. René has insisted his motivation for this activity was purely based upon his intellectual interest as an academician and simply because “no one else in the Church seemed to be addressing the proliferation of such claims.” He is very careful to point out that any investigating he does concerning such alleged supernatural phenomena he does on his own initiative as a Christian scholar and not as an official representative of the Roman Curia. In addition, he does not “endorse” any visionary or locutionist but rather presents his findings within the canons of objective investigative scholarship, thereby permitting the reader (or church official) to draw his or her own personal conclusions as to the authenticity of the subjects or apparition site. Nevertheless, he is indefatigable in his commitment to fill the void created by the lack of critical analysis, and he is careful not to prejudice his study with any bias by relying upon a very painstaking methodical approach which he has refined over many decades.

The breadth of Fr. René's theological knowledge is only exceeded by the depth of his spirituality. He's a man who has not lived solely within the protective walls of academia. Conscripted into the French Army

Reserves, he rose to the rank of captain, but was captured by the Nazis in Belgium and held prisoner for five years in a war camp. He is evidence of a man schooled in suffering who emptied himself of everything so that God and his Mother may possess his heart alone.

It would be only natural that Lori (or anyone) would become anxious in anticipation of meeting a scholar of his stature. However, within seconds of encountering Fr. René personally, any feelings of intimidation are completely disarmed by the humble and gentle manner of this deeply spiritual priest of God, devoted son of Mary, and faithful subscriber to the Magisterium of the Church. The interview took place in July 1996 in Arlington, Virginia, at the home of Lily and Michel Gemon, who served as our hosts and interpreters. We are indebted to their wonderful hospitality and solicitude for Lori, whose cancer had reached the advanced stage. Fr. René was in the Washington D.C. area giving a series of lectures. Initially, he indicated that he could only spare an hour of his time but as the interview progressed the time lapsed into five hours. Fr. René's questions were extremely thorough and incisive, invoking Lori to be penetratingly honest. He covered Lori's entire life history addressing numerous issues and incidences in Lori's past including those that were still fraught with emotional pain. Witnessing this interview was comparable to a first year surgical resident observing the precision technique of a world-renowned surgeon in an operating theater—a sense of awe permeates one's being. However, the interview was not done in a scientific, dispassionate manner, but with extreme empathy and gentleness that bespeaks a compassion that is truly Christlike. Lori was very impressed by Fr. Laurentin. It appears that he believed Lori was deserving of being more noteworthy as evidenced by his publishing a series of three articles about her in the French Catholic monthly journal, *Stella Maris*, commencing in March 1997. For his contributions to our efforts in spreading the messages by describing his interview with Lori in literary form, we are immensely grateful. Fr. René is indeed an inspiration to the Disciples, for rarely does one encounter a person who epitomizes the words of the Apostle Paul, "Work hard and do not be lazy. Serve the Lord with a heart full of devotion. Let your hope keep you joyful, be patient in your troubles, and pray at all times" (Rom 12:9-12).

Another priest meriting our appreciation is Fr. Seamus O'Shaughnessy, former pastor of St. George Church in Fort Lauderdale where the Disciples held their weekly prayer meetings. His cooperation

and encouragement was integral to our prayer life as a community. He was extremely understanding of our situation from its infancy and would paraphrase the words of Gamaliel in Acts 5:39 “if what was occurring to Lori and the disciples was of God then they would flourish in membership accompanied by many signs of God’s graces. If not, then it would soon cease and desist.” Father’s wisdom and cooperation certainly played an integral part in the spiritual development of the Disciples of Mercy, for which we express our sincere thanks.

Other priests who have been so supportive of our efforts to whom we are indebted are Frs. Edwin Moran, C.P., and Pachomius Okogie-Esekhaigbe, O.S.B. of Pittsburgh, Timothy Sperber, James E. Taggart, O.M.I., of greater Ft. Lauderdale, Andrew Winchek of Spring Hill, Florida, Charles Oferember, Monsignor Ohochukwu, Ray-Maria Jackson, and Clement Dekoo of Nigeria. Special thanks is accorded Reverend Stephen Ezema of St. Benedict’s Church in Abia State, Nigeria for his efforts in translating *The Heart of God Vol. I* into Ibo— a major dialect in his country.

Finally, one other priest, Reverend Albert Moraczewski, O.P. of St. Dominic Priory in St. Louis, Missouri deserves hearty thanks for performing the task of reading volumes I and II of *The Heart of God* to ascertain doctrinal error. Fr. Moraczewski is the former President of the *Pope John XXIII Center for Medical-Moral Research*, Braintree, Massachusetts, which has recently changed its name to *The National Catholic Bioethics Center* and relocated to Boston. He is currently Editor Emeritus and a frequent contributor to the Center’s monthly publication, *Ethics & Medics*. This distinguished moral theologian has also achieved the highly revered rank of *Master of the Order of Preachers* within the Dominican tradition. After carefully reviewing volumes I and II of *The Heart of God*, he judged them to be free of statements contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church. It is important to note that such a conclusion should not infer that Fr. Moraczewski endorses Lori and her alleged experiences, but merely that the statements attributed to Jesus and the Blessed Mother are not found in conflict with the Magisterium and *sensus fidelium* of the Church.

Another theologian, Dr. Sixto Garcia, Professor of Systematic Theology and Biblical Studies, at St. Vincent de Paul Regional Seminary, Boynton Beach, Florida, has likewise carefully scrutinized the messages in volumes I and II and found them free of any statements contrary to the teachings of the Magisterium. Again, such a professional assessment does not infer that Professor Garcia attests to his own belief concerning the authenticity of the messages. We are grateful to this respected theologian for performing an important service to ensure that the Disciples are acting

in good faith by publishing material that is not contradictory to the teachings of the Church.

Deepest gratitude is extended to those nurses and disciples who assisted Lori with her medication and physical needs during the last few months of her life: Pat Reilly, Lidia Vazquez, Saveria Veltri, Pattiann Cipolla, Marcia Locurto, and Judy Pottorff. We pray that these angels of mercy receive abundant blessings for their surrender of valuable time to care for Lori. Rest assured that they have an ardent intercessor in heaven.

To the original two disciples, Felicia Schipani and Ingrid DiMolfetta who joined us in prayer, believed in our experiences, provided a sounding board in our periods of confusion, and persevered in the face of many obstacles, words fail to express our thanks. Soon to join these early disciples were Brother Joseph Biamonte S.O.L.T., Mary Alonso, and Jim Urbanski who contributed so much in so many ways that it cannot be measured. Subsequently, there came Lee Gecy, Christine and Brian Youngblood, Norm and Marge Dyko, Rita McKeegan, Pat Avino, Anne Martin, Norma and Chris Robert, Anita Grant, and Wilson Bautista with their solidarity, prayers, and energy. They are truly reflective of the adage "God loves a generous giver." Robert Ray III, Paul Trocola, and Jack Flechner were soon to follow and these three young men have been indefatigable in their promotion of the messages, particularly at their work place. In the words of the Apostle Paul, "the Spirit of God has made his home in these men" (Rom 8:11). Other disciples who have been committed to our cause are Sid and Claudia Schuman for their technical contributions in constructing and monitoring the webpage, Guido Arguello and Monica Ochoa for their programming skills tailoring our software needs, and Austin Steo for his video production efforts. Ron Capardo and Sue Bermudez of *Mailboxes U.S.A.* have facilitated the arrival and dispatching of our mail. The effect of all these contributors to spreading the messages to the whole world can only be known when they receive their eternal reward. Among our Disciples of Mercy in Pittsburgh, we extend our special thanks to John and Pam Szramowski. Already deeply committed to the pro-life movement, this young couple's energy was tapped by God for the spread of his messages in the Northeast and for providing wonderful hospitality to members from Florida when the occasion warrants for disciples to travel for conferences in the Steel City.

Special thanks is accorded to Gilda Del Vecchio, former president of the Disciples of Mercy Foundation. Gilda has been a very special friend to Lori and the family throughout the recent travails. Rarely has anyone matched Gilda's tireless energy in promoting the messages, overseeing the several outreach programs of the Disciples domestically and

internationally, and monitoring the day-to-day activities of the organization. She does this in addition to her full-time job. No one epitomizes more than Gilda the exhortation of Jesus that “we should work until our eyes burn, until our hands ache, until our throat is parched, and then work some more” (2/8/96).

Another member of the Disciples of Mercy Foundation who certainly should be honorably mentioned is Peter Bruno, President and Founder of the *Wall Street Money Center* in Boca Raton, Florida. Peter in his present capacity as Chairman of the Board of the Disciples of Mercy has offered the Foundation fresh ideas and a business acumen that has certainly steered us to be more effective communicators of the messages through mass media such as radio. Despite a very busy daily work schedule, Peter has served as a very active member, supplying valuable input from his vast experience as a very successful money manager and savvy corporate leader. Besides Peter, to his lovely wife Ellen, we extend our heartfelt thanks. Ellen has been very instrumental in assisting the Disciples, from proofreading and editing this present volume to hosting meetings of the Disciples where invited guests included noted religious authors, accomplished speakers in the Marian movement, priests distinguished for their healing charism, and even a high ranking dignitary in the Catholic Church. In addition, Ellen’s brother, Robert McCormack, merits our appreciation for his generous donation of time. Robert has always been very dependable and integral to the success of many events the Disciples have orchestrated through the years. When a task needs to be done, the word “yes” always comes from Robert’s lips. Robert is a man of prayer and the Disciples treasure his intercessory efforts on behalf of the many prayer requests we have received from the public. In short, the entire Bruno family reflects “a home where the message of Christ in all its richness resides” (Col 3:16).

Two benefactors who have supported the Disciples in their efforts to promulgate the messages also are deserving of our thanks. Ferdinand G. Mahfood, Founder and President of *Food for the Poor Inc.*, an organization dedicated to assisting third world and underdeveloped countries where poverty is rampant and physical survival is an everyday concern, gave us his inspiration and counsel on how to formally construct an office, and most importantly, urged us never to be daunted in our commitment by always praying, “In the Lord I will trust without wavering.” This deep man of faith is indeed a witness to the fact that the success which comes from God far exceeds the limited expectations of man. The other benefactor, Don Ralph, owner and president of *Ralph Buick* of Delray Beach, Florida, has been most generous in providing the Disciples with air-conditioned storage space for housing the books. Don and his wife, Deborah, have been unstinting in their efforts to promote devotion to the

Mother of God, having established a house of prayer entitled the *Marian Center*. This edifice performs a multitude of functions: a clearinghouse of materials, tapes, and books steeped in the Catholic tradition, a prayer center for weekly Rosary recitation, and a community outreach post serving as a soup kitchen for the poor in the local area. This charitable couple and their colleagues who assist them in their endeavors have our highest respect and deepest gratitude, for they “have truly put their hearts in their work as if it were from the Lord [and Blessed Mother] and not for men, for truly the Lord will repay them by making them his heirs” (Col 3:23).

Regarding our efforts to spread the messages internationally, we are indebted to disciples Veronica and Ralph Mueller who founded two missionary clinics in Chimbote and Lima, Peru respectively. Operating from their home base in Deerfield Beach, Florida for six months of the year under their official apostolate title, *Mission Possible*, the Muellers and their handful of volunteers sponsor a thrift shop whose entire earnings support their missionary efforts for the remaining six months in Peru. They have truly been the arms and feet of Christ to the poor in Chimbote and Lima. They are committed to spreading the messages of Jesus and the Blessed Mother conveyed to Lori by distributing the Spanish translation of *The Heart of God Vol I*. Subsequently, they invited John G. to Peru the past several years to share in a more personal way the mercy God had extended to Lori, himself, and to all of humankind. Truly, the Muellers are an embodiment of the words of the benediction the Holy Father extended on Divine Mercy Sunday, April 19, 1998: “Blessed are those who open their hearts to divine mercy! The Lord’s merciful love precedes and accompanies every act of their evangelization and enriches it with extraordinary fruits of conversion and spiritual renewal.”

With respect to the translation of *The Heart of God Vol I* into Spanish, we are truly blessed to have Disciple Marta Menendez-Cano and her two assistants, John Mendez and Ricardo Reynoso. Marta took on this painstaking task with enthusiasm and remained riveted to the goal of seeing it accomplished. We thank her, John, and Ricardo for their immense contribution and sacrifice, affording the Spanish speaking population of the world the opportunity to read *The Heart of God*. They have truly been instrumental in realizing the exhortation of our Lord to “go to the thirsty that my messages might be as a delicious cold drink on a hot sweltering day” (10/21/95).

Among our brothers on the African continent we are grateful to Disciple David Amaya, who introduced *The Heart of God* to the faithful of Nigeria and worked so tirelessly in contacting potential disciples and

spreading devotion and consecration to the Blessed Mother. Special gratitude is extended to Cecilia and Charles Tilije, who sacrificed so much of their time and energy in promoting the messages. They have followed the Lord's command, "do not be afraid to go out and preach the gospel and share these messages for this is true life" (3/26/95). The Lord has gone before this couple and made fertile their efforts. Today, the Disciples in Nigeria compose our largest membership, and we join with them in praying that all memberships may increase a hundredfold, for "all these things are the work of one and the same Spirit" (1 Cor 12:11).

The disciples are indebted to the activities of Disciple John Sause, who was responsible for putting all the messages in book form and working indefatigably with Lori on the footnotes. John is a prime example of the words Jesus spoke on November 1, 1995: "After each task you accomplish for me I, Jesus, will assign you another task." Rarely does one encounter such a devoted disciple committed to our cause and so willing to shoulder the tasks the Lord sends our way. May he be blessed for all his endeavors in his service to the Lord and the Blessed Mother.

Finally, the Disciples of Mercy acknowledge with grateful affection the entire Gudinas family, commencing with John's mom, Jane, and dad, John Sr. Of course, the children of the household: Lacy, Gary, Shannon, Michael, and baby Jessie, have demonstrated maturity far beyond their years. We can never measure the extent of their sacrifice and John's in the loss of Lori. Even while she was alive their willingness to assist their mother in her calling regardless of the toll on their privacy merits our deepest appreciation. May their mother and wife, "the Lord's tour guide to his mercy," (5/19/96) intercede daily before the throne of heaven for their spiritual and physical well-being.

To these persons and to those we may have failed to mention due our human oversight, but have significantly contributed to our growth and mission, we are eternally grateful. You have played a critical role in the fulfillment of the mission of the Disciples of Mercy. It is truly a mystery that the Lord from the beginning of time has chosen each and every one of us to assist Lori with this task. We can only encourage one another and pray that we persevere in this calling as Lori, our beloved sister, did. Let us never lose faith, for "with faith...goals are accomplished and dreams realized" (4/17/95). When we occasionally feel weary and overwhelmed with the tasks the Lord has set before us, let us take consolation in the words of hope that the Lord and his Mother will be ever present and they will send others to assist us in accomplishing our mission.

Child, you are my messenger in the wilderness of sin. I

have asked you to carry my messages of mercy to the four corners. Do you think I expect you to accomplish such a task on your own? Think of my Crucifixion; there were many players in this divine drama. God, the Eternal, assigned many roles to different people to carry out his divine plan. And so with you, my beloved, and so with all those who have been given missions from heaven.

My child, it is your mission to encourage others to find refuge in my merciful heart. It is your mission, and the mission of the Disciples of Mercy, to encourage the flock to follow the shepherd, though at times, they do not know where the shepherd is taking them. It is your mission, and the mission of all those who claim to be my disciples, to guide others to my Sacred Heart and to the Immaculate Heart of my Mother (5/11/96).

God's Mercy is Yours,

John Gudinas, on behalf of all the Disciples of Mercy
Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows
September 15, 1998

Testimony I

John Gudinas, Husband of Lori G.

Although the passing of Lori took place over twenty-three months ago, I still find speaking and writing about her an emotionally formidable task. Understandably, the loss of Lori was a totally devastating event to our family. We are still struggling with its effects. Undoubtedly, our marriage was not typical. Having the Lord and Blessed Mother intimately involved in our everyday lives was indeed a blessing beyond measure. However, the blessing was a double-edged sword, since with heavenly visitation comes also the opportunity to be vulnerable to the onslaughts of the evil one. The Lord and Blessed Mother likewise schooled us in the value of the cross. Indeed, we freely assented to go to Calvary with the Lord (see message of July 24, 1994) and he honored the commitment of our word. The burdens of suffering and the attacks of the demon—at times daily, were bearable since we had each other and heavenly graces. In addition, Lori would speak to the Lord and Blessed Mother and their words of encouragement would spur us on to a greater willingness to travel the hill to Calvary. In a way, suffering became so commonplace that we actually became accustomed to tribulation, whether it was human or demonic in origin. Lori was incredibly strong in the face of events that would certainly crush the average person and tax the most secure of marriages. I cannot help but marvel at all we endured. Today I wonder whether I could undergo such continual vicissitudes alone.

I do not wish to infer that our lives were entirely composed of suffering. Joy that only could come from the Lord and Blessed Mother infused and sustained our lives. These experiences truly transformed us and changed our entire character orientations, especially Lori's. I would like to share with the reader a short synopsis of Lori's life.

Lori went to heaven as a gentle butterfly, a beautiful soul clothed in the multifaceted colors of the rainbow, yet Lori was not always this beautiful person. She readily admitted that for a substantial period of years she was cold-hearted, self-centered, manipulative, and opportunistic. A survival-of-the-fittest attitude could best express her general posture. She had no formal religious upbringing, so her faith-consciousness can be aptly described as agnostic bordering close to atheistic. However, I do not desire to paint a scenario that Lori was entirely self-interested or completely uncaring. It was her troublesome years as a teen and young adult that largely shaped her personality and conditioned her to possess a rather

defensive stance toward the world. From a religious perspective it would appear that if she continued in this demeanor, salvation would be a very remote possibility. She had become rather self-complacent with this character orientation and did not see the advantage or possess the slightest inclination to change it. For someone who was so unaware, callous, and intransigent, it would take a direct intervention of God for her to be transformed. Only by the gift of God's grace was Lori placed in the cocoon especially fabricated for her caterpillar-to-butterfly metamorphoses. I consider myself to be one of the most fortunate individuals on earth to have witnessed much of this transformation. Lori spiritually matured from a creepy crawly creature to a beautifully, winged child of God, from a totally non-religious person to an exceptionally devout Catholic fully participant in the abundance of graces offered through Mother Church. But this transformation was a long and often arduous venture.

When Lori and I met she had been through two marriages and an exceptionally difficult life, accounting for her reticence to trust anyone. However, I could see a new Lori with an inner beauty that was ever so slightly protruding through her hard exterior shell. Despite her chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, I would occasionally witness another, very caring and loving Lori. Lori was maturing slowly and awkwardly, since she would often relapse back into the security of her former defensive style. She was progressing with some trepidation, as if stumbling over her old self, like a baby taking her first steps—tripping over her own feet. I have always been a person who enjoys observing other people, so I was very interested in what was taking place in Lori. I wanted to discover more of the hidden Lori. At this point I had not received the slightest indication that Lori had ever heard the voice of the Lord. She had not invited anyone into that inner sanctum of her life.

As our friendship evolved, so did our love for each other. She was later to say that although she had heard the Lord prior to our meeting, the locutions began to occur more often as we developed our couple identity. I imagine that since I was Catholic, the Lord used me as Lori's secondary teacher—a resource in responding to her emerging curiosity concerning the life of Jesus. At the time I merely attributed this to the common dynamics of her inquisitive nature, but Lori's interests became almost totally centered upon Jesus and the Church. Her questions about the Catholic faith became relentless, often developing into a tutor/student educational session commencing in the early evening and not terminating until midnight.

Finally, one sunny afternoon our lives changed forever. She confessed how the Lord has spoken occasionally to her somewhere from

deep within her soul. As she said this she would symbolically gesture with her hands extended in prayerful form at the base of her solar plexus, gradually turning them inward and extending her palms outward as she slowly brought them upward from her stomach to the base of her neck. She described the voice as very loving. She even suggested to me that she may have heard the Eternal Father's voice as well due to the fact that, at times, there was another, different, but no less loving voice. My initial reaction was that "these things don't happen." Nonetheless, I was not entirely incredulous to her announcement since Lori had never lied to me and from the beginning of our relationship she had been completely candid about her entire past, including many of the emotional traumas she endured. I could see in her eyes that she was telling me the truth. However, such a statement of supernatural proportion could not be entirely assimilated by me in the span of one afternoon. I can honestly say that I never doubted her sincerity of belief but to win my own absolute confidence more external signs to verify her claims needed to be forthcoming. They were in an endless variety of ways. To recount the numerous mystical events that transpired during our time together could not be adequately accomplished within the constraints of this testimony; it suffices to say that any reservations I may have had regarding the veracity of what Lori claimed were dispelled within a few months.

Soon after her astounding revelation to me, Lori discovered an opening in a fence that separated our apartment complex from the grounds of St. Gregory's Catholic Church. Due to her burning natural curiosity and overwhelming grace Lori wandered into that church and her soul never left it. After three or four hours duration she would return home filled with the Holy Spirit, her body shaking excitedly and her face emanating a smile that radiated intense peace. Soon this became a daily occurrence. It was at this point that the conversion process concerning her demeanor accelerated. Her old self seemed to disappear as the days passed, like peeling the layers from an onion. In its place was a new person, totally dedicated to God and willing to endure anything for the love of her Jesus. Soon the daily messages from Jesus began and the usual defensive, self-interested posture that so characterized her was gradually disappearing. She became a loving, dedicated wife and mother with an genuine caring attitude toward everyone. Astonishingly, she befriended anyone she would meet, even if it were but a passing encounter. She went to daily Mass and visited the Blessed Sacrament with regularity. The Lord, and now the Blessed Mother, began speaking to her several times throughout the day. We have been informed by a well known and highly respected theologian that he believed it was extremely rare in the history of such phenomena that one could call upon both the Lord and Blessed Mother at any time during the day or the night and receive an immediate response. It was as

if she was in constant conversation with them. Even the Lord often told her “Daughter, you cannot comprehend the magnitude of graces the Eternal Father has granted you” (11/3/95). Hence, along with an appointed time for a formal recording of the daily message for the world, the Lord and our Holy Mother continued to enlighten Lori regarding personal questions concerning issues that would arise within the family or about the direction the Disciples of Mercy were to proceed. Everything Lori was taught she accepted without slightest doubt. She was entirely confident that whatever directive she received, it was the correct course of action and followed it wholeheartedly provided the voices passed the test of “discerning the spirit” formula that the Lord had taught her. At times when the Lord would ask her to perform a more formidable task, Lori would request an additional confirmation—a rainbow. Miraculously, the Lord would answer her request with just such an exterior sign within a day or so. She became a true child of God, molded and formed by the Almighty. Lori was steadfast in her faith. But it wasn’t long until she would begin to suffer in a manner she had never encountered before in her difficult life.

One day as we sat outside our home enjoying some quiet time in the warm setting sun of South Florida, the Lord asked Lori and me to be victim souls. He said that he would not love us any less if we were to refuse but Lori’s love for the Lord was uncontainable and immeasurable. Hence, there was no turning away for us, so we accepted the request. The Lord reinforced the meaning of this invitation by asking Lori “if she would walk with him to Calvary.” We did not entirely grasp the all-encompassing meaning of this appeal at that time, but upon reflection I realize that Lori was being asked to participate in the redemptive suffering of her beloved Lord for all of mankind. The Apostle Paul, speaking of his own voluntary sufferings for the gospel put it most aptly, “It makes me happy to suffer for you, as I am suffering now, and in my own body to do what I can to make up all that has still to be undergone for the sake of his body, the Church” (1 Col 24). For three years she would suffer with ovarian cancer, which ultimately caused her physical demise on September 23, 1996. Ironically, this was the anniversary date of Padre Pio’s passing twenty-eight years prior. The Lord often told us to pray to Padre Pio even though he had not been formally canonized as a saint (see Good Friday message, 4/14/95).

Through all the trials Lori endured, the awesome power of the Lord continued to be manifested, reassuring us of his presence. Despite a difficult pregnancy which now, in the light of hindsight, can be attributed to the ovarian cancer she had contracted, Lori was constantly informed by the Lord that the baby would be fine. True to his word, we were blessed with a healthy baby girl—Jessie Taylor. Jessie is a joyful three-year-old who possesses so many physical features of her beloved mother that she has

dramatically lessened the pain of loss that we feel. She is our family's angel from heaven and I am sure her mother intercedes for her and the entire family's well-being daily before the throne of God.

The last six months of Lori's life were indeed a "walk to Calvary." Despite the fact that the pain was becoming more intense and rarely subsided, she never abandoned her role as the Lord's disciple and prophet ("A prophet is one who is to speak all that I, the Lord, tell [her]" - 2/25/96). Often, she could hardly leave the bed but even then she was heroic in her efforts to continue her daily prayers and reading of the Scriptures that the Lord had requested of her. There were days that she exhausted all the energy she could muster just to attend Mass. Lori was very aware of the immeasurable blessings and graces attached to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. She often remarked it was the Mass, the Eucharist, and the Sacrament of Reconciliation that were sufficient to sustain her. I can attest that there were days in which she physically subsisted on the Eucharist alone.

There were many mystical occurrences that surrounded Lori as she lay dying on her hospital bed. Some disciples saw angels passing in and out through the window of her room, another saw her face become the countenance of the suffering Jesus as she lay there with labored breath. Some felt the presence of the Blessed Mother keeping vigil as her death mask gradually became more pallid. A disciple who had been supportive of Lori from the beginning recounts that while holding Lori's hand the last night of her earthly existence she suddenly became lucid and uttered these pleading words: "Pray to the Blessed Mother. Pray, pray, pray."

One cannot but be consoled upon hearing the company of heavenly spirits she kept as her natural life seriously began to ebb. It is a common fact that upon receiving the news of a beloved friend's dying we all visualize cherished images and fond memories of that person in the context of shared experiences. In a way we are saying that we are grateful that this person had become such a constitutive element in our own personal history that our favorite image of her is emblazoned forever in our hearts. For me, in this regard, it was the joy and exuberance Lori always manifested when she spoke of the Lord and Blessed Mother. They taught her numerous ways to their hearts and reiterated the countless occasions she benefitted by virtue of their bestowal of unmerited grace and mercy. For this, Lori was immensely grateful. The Lord informed Lori that she was a "tour guide" to his love and mercy. I believe this best epitomized Lori in several ways. First, she conscientiously maintained her role as the receiver and promulgator of over eight hundred messages right up to the very end (just six days prior to her death). She was indefatigable in her efforts to

stress that the messages are directed not merely to her, but to every one of us. Besides being faithful to her appointed task Lori, remained eternally steadfast in adhering to the Lord's admonition in not accepting glory and honor for herself but always giving the honor and glory to him (7/15/94). In addition, her own miraculous character transformation was a personal testimony to the untiring patience and compassion the Lord has for every sinner. Lori "was like a tree, unbending and immovable" (7/24/94) but his love for her was stronger than any tumultuous wind, for she eventually became the clay in the divine potter's hands who molded and shaped his creation into a perfect beauty" (7/22/94).

In a way Lori was like the butterfly that is unable to spread its wings and ready itself for flight until the rich, warmth sunlight has engulfed it. Similarly, it was the Lord's warming rays of his mercy that lit upon this lost and defiant child radically energizing her life to one of obedience and docility. She carried her cross to Calvary, never doubting that her beloved Lord and "Mama Mary" would abandon her. Calvary was not easy for them, nor should it be expected for their beloved disciple. Lori, like the Apostle Paul, "fought the good fight to the end" (2 Tim 4:7), for truly she was very aware "that there is no greater suffering than separation from [her beloved Lord]" (9/9/94). Now, she possesses no suffering, only total happiness in the arms of her eternal Lord and beloved "Mama Mary" whom she served so well. She eagerly awaits us to join her in the heavenly banquet when our particular mission in this life has ended. I pray daily for myself and the children, that we are able to emulate their mother's faithfulness and obedience to the prompting of the Holy Spirit.

The messages contained in this and the other two volumes are a testament not only to the Lord's unconditional love for Lori but for each of us. The Lord had requested that these messages be sent to "the four corners of the earth." It is difficult to grasp why the Lord would choose an unprepared and ill-equipped person such as Lori for this formidable task, but this is so characteristic of the Lord, since he so often chooses the weak to confound the strong. The Apostle Paul puts it so much more incisively "for God's foolishness is wiser than human wisdom and God's weakness is stronger than human strength" (1 Cor 1:25). Lori was a fine example of "the small hidden flower that will be granted the most responsibility by the Father" (11/1/95). Truly, nothing is impossible with God, and it is this belief that feeds our souls with eternal hope. Our faith attests that there is a rainbow after the storm, a Resurrection after the Crucifixion.

The renowned thirteenth century Dominican mystic, Meister Eckhart, has said that "every creature is a book about God." Certainly, this is applicable to Lori whose personal history reflected the tremendous

richness of God's merciful love. In addition, the Lord, in his magnanimity, had chosen her to become an instrument of revealing his Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of his Mother in the last decade of the twentieth century. Truly, we live in the Age of the Two Hearts.

I pray that this testimony has done justice in outlining the major chapters of Lori's life as a devoted wife, mother, and Disciple of Mercy. Her desire to fulfill every request of the Lord and his beloved Mother was the ink that left an indelible legacy of Divine Mercy on the pages of history. Truly, she was not afraid to give her life to the Lord, and all that she did give, he used for the glory of the Kingdom of God (12/23/95).

August 15, 1998
Feast of the Assumption

Testimony II

Rev. Roman Schaefer

Spiritual Director to Lori G. and the Disciples of Mercy

Once again, I take pleasure in the opportunity to share with the readers of *The Heart of God* my perspective regarding the messages themselves as well as the instrument whom God had chosen to be the conduit of his merciful love—Lori G. I met Lori and her husband, John, several years ago. At the prompting of her first spiritual director, a fellow priest with a fine reputation for sanctity and discernment, Lori was encouraged to seek my counsel. From a human perspective the reason for Lori's initial contact with me was rather simple: her spiritual director was just too busy with prior commitments and he believed he could not devote the time that was legitimately warranted to sift through the numerous spiritual experiences she was allegedly having. In addition, Lori herself was becoming anxious about the rule of thumb that all spiritual directors initially employ concerning persons claiming to have such occurrences—neither confirm nor deny the events themselves but only discern whether the messages and directives given to the locutionist or seer are found to be in accord with Sacred Scripture, the Magisterial teachings of the Church, and the rich mystical tradition of the West. Augustin Poulain, S.J., author of the great classic, *Revelations and Visions, Discerning the True and the Certain from the False or the Doubtful*, puts its so aptly: "Wisdom lies in the middle course: we should neither believe nor reject unless we have sufficient proofs: lacking such, we must not pronounce any opinion."³ Hence, a spiritual director must walk a fine line, for he or she must be careful not to feed a devotee's own religious neurosis or illusions while at the same time constructing a caring environment of active listening and delicate probing of what truly may be visitations from Jesus and his Mother.

Lori, understandably, was seeking immediate positive feedback of a confirming nature to her experiences. She became impatient and frustrated by the apparent non-corroborative posture toward her supernatural claims and the terse directives exhibited by her first spiritual

³ Augustin Poulin, S.J., *Revelations and Visions: Discerning the True and the Certain from the False or the Doubtful*, trans. By Leonora L. Yorke Smith, (New York: Alba House 1998), p. 31.

director as well as by me. However, within a year we both became a comfortable fit and we journeyed together into a realm that few people are ever privileged to witness. Lori, a convert from Judaism for just a few years, was a docile soul whose love for her beloved Lord and Mama Mary grew in a manner that can only be characterized as exponential. Nevertheless, she struggled with the cross of illness, as we all do, and despite the emotional lows she periodically experienced, she did not falter in the faith that her sufferings had spiritual significance (“Those of you who are as slaughtered lambs upon the earth play a very important role in the salvation of souls” - 2/22/96). Nor did she doubt that her Lord would be steadfast in his promise of eternal reward for her untiring efforts to fulfill the mission she had been directed to perform (“Stand up for your King, who will stand up for you at death’s door” - 2/25/96). I also had the privilege to minister to other spiritual needs of her family as they arose, including the baptism of her youngest child, Jessie (a unisex Hebrew name possibly derivative of the name Jesus). As a mother, she was especially concerned with the spiritual development of her children realizing what the messages so often reported, “compared to eternity, your life span is shorter than the blink of an eye” (8/25/95). Ironically, Lori, in the Lord’s wisdom, was to become an embodiment of this adage for she passed from this life into the waiting arms of her beloved Savior and Mother of Mercy on September 23, 1996 at the young age of forty-one. This beloved disciple and “tour guide” of God’s mercy will be sorely missed, but she has left a legacy that I am sure will be eternally etched as one of the great spiritual writings of the twentieth century.

The messages themselves are directed to everyone and not only to Lori and her family who endured the many difficulties one confronts in today’s world: stresses of economic survival for families possessing only modest means; the sweeping idolization of rock, sports, and cinema personalities without the slightest acknowledgment of the rightful honor and worship due to the Creator himself; the maintenance of a Christian life-style in a culture steeped in materialism and heightened sensate experience; and the search for a lasting love relationship in an environment where infidelity has become not just tolerable but accepted. In essence, these messages from the Lord and Blessed Mother touch upon our deepest insecurities—the fear that we are not lovable. These fears are immediately dispelled by our Lord and Blessed Mother’s constant assertions of their abiding presence and incomprehensible love for each of us, a love so magnanimous that “though your sins be more numerous than the sands of the earth, I, the Lord of Hosts, am willing to forgive you” (1/27/96). The Lord so fittingly stated the origin and thrust of his communications to Lori: “these messages which I now give were present in my heart as the nails were driven in my hands and feet. I loved all of you then as I do now”

(1/28/96).

I have not found any of the messages contained in this volume or the other two previous years of messages contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church nor the gospel message of Jesus found in Sacred Scripture. They are a powerful witness and guide for those earnestly seeking the path of holiness and righteousness. I wholeheartedly commend them for your meditative reflection with the proviso that they are private revelations and hence, Catholics are not duty-bound by their conscience to read or follow them.

A small coterie of followers associated with Lori and the messages have developed remarkably into an organization whom the Lord entitled "Disciples of Mercy." There are now Disciples of Mercy located in North America, South America, and Africa. Their primary apostolate is to be obedient to our Lord's exhortation to "bring my words to the four corners [of the earth]" (10/21/95), and live the life-style of prayer and sacrifice articulated in the messages. A non-profit corporation, the Disciples of Mercy Foundation, has been formally established in the State of Florida and has received a 501(c)(3) designation from the Internal Revenue Service as an acknowledged charitable institution.

Marvelous are the works of the Lord and generous is his mercy. The Lord's choice of prophets down through the ages would certainly not be in accord with what human reason and judgment would propose. The Lord continues to confound us with the manifestations of the power of grace, whether it be through physical phenomena that baffles the most scientific of minds such as in the case of Theresa Neumann whose sole existence was allegedly sustained by the Holy Eucharist from 1927 until her death in 1962, or through the writings of a mother of five and Jewish convert of only four years constructing a spiritual treatise of over eight hundred messages consisting of exactly 265,084 words. Such depth and magnitude would be rarely matched by even the most sophisticated theologian within the Catholic tradition.

Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross
September 14, 1998
Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312-2901

Testimony III
John P. Sause, Ph.D.

Child, write my words. Write all that you hear, my little prophet.

Lord, I'm afraid to write "prophet."

Child, let us continue. A prophet is someone who speaks my words and my words alone. I am calling you, child, to recognize the cross I have given you and the great graces I have bestowed upon you. Oh, my child, I have taken you, wretched beyond comprehension, and I have transformed you into a lily in my garden of love (7/20/94).

I met Lori, her husband, John, and the family for the first time on April 12, 1995. Approximately a year had transpired since she began committing to permanent record the messages she had been receiving from Jesus and "Mama Mary"—a term Lori affectionately employed when referring to the Blessed Mother. However, this was not my initial encounter with the messages. A few months earlier (February) a colleague whom I had known for several years had approached me to assist him in discerning whether the writings of a mother and housewife living in Fort Lauderdale were truly coming from heaven. I was reluctant to agree to his request since I had already a busy schedule with commitments to the university where I am employed, the ethics committee at a large county hospital, and the liturgical/devotional activities sponsored by my parish. In addition, I must confess at the time to possessing a prejudicial bias, not against the concept of persons receiving locutions, for I respect the exhortation of the Apostle Paul "Do not quench the Spirit. Do not despise prophetic utterances. Test everything; retain what is good" (1 Thess. 5:19-21), but I questioned whether anyone in South Florida could be having such occurrences since this locale is notorious for its hedonism, idolization of material wealth, and obsessive self-centeredness. In a word, it has become a Mecca for those seeking a heightened indulgence of the senses while simultaneously exhibiting wanton disregard to the stirring within the soul. Certainly, the Lord would find a more fitting place to choose a prophet announcing his Word.

Despite these reservations, I sensed the earnestness in my colleague's eyes for collaboration in his search for authenticity regarding the messages. After expressing my acquiescence as a personal favor to him, I requested that he send me only two months of the daily messages. I believe that such an amount would be sufficient for me, after prayerfully

petitioning the Holy Spirit for assistance, to discover a ruse and dismiss the messages as incompatible with the basic doctrinal teachings of the Church. My agenda at the time was to unmask Lori as a fraud. I was like a scientist doggedly trying to defend his cherished and career-building hypothesis, which new evidence was now casting a light of serious doubt. I desperately searched for any data that could be culled from the messages which could dismiss this woman and her writings as purely of human origin and theologically remiss. I found none. The messages struck a responsive chord no matter how scrupulously I searched for a doctrinal error or philosophical contradiction. Only one sentence in the entire sixty messages did I find philosophically perplexing. This was largely due to the belief that maybe Lori erred in transcribing what she heard to the written word, particularly if the two words in question sound very similar (repent and relent). Such an error in proper wording within the context of the questioned sentence can infer dramatic differences in meaning. I reported this to my colleague who, in turn, had asked Lori to petition the Lord for clarification. Addressing the issue, the Lord stated that what Lori had written was correct. I was initially surprised by the Lord's reply since I could not rationalize the meaning of the sentence as the Lord dictated it. However, I found it interesting that Lori was not intimidated by having a college professor not merely read the messages but thoroughly scrutinize them for theological flaws. The Lord's answer at that time was not sufficient for me to dispel the doubt this one sentence raised but I did not allow it to color my entire reading. It was almost a full year later that the Lord completely erased this lingering doubt through a direct reference to a scriptural reading I heard at Mass. Nevertheless, the first hurdle these writings had to meet, which was my own bias, was clearly straddled.

I now wanted to meet the "author" of these extraordinary messages, her family, and the small coterie of persons who surrounded Lori known as Disciples of Mercy. I was particularly interested in how they deported themselves. Were they prayerful, charitable, humble, and imitative of Jesus who "came not to be served but to serve"? I found this criteria as equally important as the content of the messages. I thus agreed to meet with Lori and the Disciples with the agenda of being present to witness a message. To describe all the encompassing events that led to my commitment to assist Lori and the Disciples of Mercy in their efforts to promulgate the messages would take us too far from the intent of this essay; it can be succinctly stated that incrementally over time all my questions concerning Lori and the Disciples were answered in a positive fashion.

The most persuasive evidence, as Lori and I became more familiar, was my audaciousness in requesting the Lord to answer questions

that I would pose just ten minutes prior to the designated time for a message for that day. The questions I asked were not concerning me personally but rather representative of what I think our present generation would ask if given the opportunity. Essentially, I was thinking for the benefit of prospective readers of the messages. Besides requesting the Lord to clarify a theological point or to convey a prayer for a specific occasion or need, my questions provided a litmus test as to Lori's authenticity since Lori, being a convert from Judaism and having only a thirteen-week RCIA (Rites of Christian Initiation for Adults) course in Catholicism, would be at a loss to answer them adequately, especially since I afforded her no time to do any preparatory research. Understandably, Lori was somewhat hesitant and uneasy about my requests, principally because she did not understand the theological concepts which the questions posed. It took her awhile to become comfortable with this posture. I remember one day specifically that I had asked her to request the Lord to clarify a statement he had made in an earlier message. Again, this occurred about ten minutes prior to receiving the message. I could sense her reluctance but she said she would. Customarily, the Lord would respond to my request with the answer in the message and he did so that day. Later that night she called me and related that the Lord had sensed her continual uneasiness with my incessant questions, now averaging two to three every week. The Lord lovingly reassured her stating, "Why do you worry, my child, who do you think puts the questions in his head?" Since that evening Lori was at complete peace with whatever question I seemed to devise for the Lord. What astounded me was the fact that the Lord had never refused to answer "my" queries. For this, I am eternally indebted.

Within a few months, I had become deeply convinced that what was occurring to Lori was truly of a supernatural origin. In addition, I became uncompromisingly resolute that I would assist the Disciples of Mercy in their efforts to promulgate the messages. Lori observed my fervor and we soon became close friends, speaking to each other on a daily basis. In an unassuming manner, I had become her confidant. Lori sought my counsel mostly in the evening about her conversations with Jesus and the Blessed Mother throughout the day. Lori had always a warm relationship with her spiritual advisor, Fr. Schaefer, but she had a deep need to share these experiences daily and she believed she imposed enough upon him with their weekly appointments. Lori possessed a voracious appetite for learning more about Jesus. She would tap my knowledge of the Scriptures and Church doctrine. Our discussions covered a large range of topics. I remember one evening speaking about the very fact that Jesus had remained single and for a Jew at his age and time this would be a cause of social criticism. It was a cultural anomaly. Surprised

by this statement, Lori later that evening called and informed me that what I had said Jesus confirmed to her but he added, "I was more criticized for the company I kept." At another time, we got into the discussion of whether Jesus had any brothers— a common belief held among many Protestant brethren probably based on the scriptural statement, "He was still speaking to crowds when his mother and brothers appeared; they were standing outside anxious to have a word with him" (Mt 12:46, Mk 3: 32, Lk 8:19-21). I indicated that the word "brothers" was broadly applied at the time and did not necessarily pertain to immediate family siblings but probably referred to his cousins. Again, Lori would later call and inform me of Jesus' answer which was, "My child, do you think if I had any brothers in the sense that you mean, I would have kept them from being acknowledged for all these centuries?" However, the most astonishing scriptural reference which Jesus commented to Lori concerned the woman caught in adultery where the men were about to stone her for her sin. Lori and I had been discussing the fact that Jesus had protected the woman from being stoned to death by "bending down and writing on the ground with his finger [and then exhorting] if there is one of you who has not sinned, let him be the first to throw a stone at her" (Jn 8:8). I indicated that to this day we do not know exactly what Jesus wrote, but Scripture scholars speculate it was the sins of those who were about to commit the punishing act. Again, Lori was to call me a few hours later and announce that she had spoken to Jesus and asked him what he actually wrote on the ground that day over 2,000 years ago. Jesus replied that he will reveal to her what he wrote in the near future. I was totally taken by Lori's unabashed closeness to the Lord and his willingness to respond to such questions. Lori was so secure in her relationship that she never doubted the answers to her questions. It never dawned on her that such responses by Jesus could bring the attention of scriptural scholars who could either marvel at the insights or be extremely reproachful for the information provided should it fail to pass exegetical muster. Regretfully, Lori never received the answer from Jesus prior to her passing from this life but this was largely due to my own omission in pursuing Lori to remind Jesus of his promise.

Our nightly conversations were not always scripturally oriented but rather they were primarily directed to what she had learned from Jesus or the Blessed Mother as the course of the day unfolded. Lori reminded me of a young teenager basking in the throes of her first romantic love. She incessantly talked to the Lord and Blessed Mother while she cared for her infant baby girl, Jessie, and performed her daily house chores. It was this process of sharing the events of the day that became opportunities for Lori to be instructed of the way to "faithfulness and holiness." I would like to present several episodes which clearly reflect the intimacy and love the Lord and the Blessed Mother had for Lori. I preface these little vignettes

by underscoring the fact that the Lord and Blessed Mother desire the same relationship and degree of intimacy with all of us and not just Lori. There were so many beautiful events describing their love for Lori that it is indeed difficult to choose. I shall relate what I believe were a few of her most joy-filled moments.

One evening Lori called me in a spirit of gratitude and awe concerning what had transpired just a few hours earlier. She was lying on her queen-size bed with her three-month-old infant muttering “cooing” and “ah goo” sounds while playfully assisting the baby’s newly discovered ability to bring her own hands together. Suddenly, in a moment of motherly admiration, so reflective of the universal emotion that all mothers have echoed from the beginning of time, she interrupted their play and lovingly glanced upon the marvel that had come from her flesh saying, “Oh, you are so beautiful!” At the very instance she completed uttering these words, the Blessed Mother interjected, “And so are you, my child.” These words had a profound effect upon Lori. While still bathing in the deep-seated emotion of the motherly love Lori had for her own child, the Blessed Mother seized the opportunity to express her own motherly love for Lori herself. This occurrence was a moment of great awakening for Lori, for it concretized the fact that the “motherly love [of the Blessed Mother] transcends all other love except for the love of God” (8/13/95). Lori was so enthralled and overwhelmed with this experience that she often repeated the story whenever she had the opportunity to speak to groups concerning the messages. In addition, in her search for words to describe the voice of the Blessed Mother, she said that the best analogy she could make regarding the tone of her voice was that it was “like being embraced by velvet.”

Another poignant moment for Lori containing the realization of the Lord’s unfathomable love for her came while lying in her hospital bed in October 95. She had just been informed that the source of her general malaise for many months was ovarian cancer whose course went largely undetected. She was scheduled to have her ovaries removed the next day. Fearful of the upcoming surgery, she sought the reassurance of the watchful eye of her beloved Lord. She inquired of him in her own inimitable child-like way, “Lord, do you blink?” The Lord responded quizzically, “Of course, my child, I blink, but why do you ask?” Lori asserted, “Because I don’t want to be for the slightest moment away from your sight!” The Lord, in his simple, direct, but quintessential manner rejoined, “Ah, my child, but my heart never blinks.” Lori felt such security in these words that she rested well that night, knowing that the King of Peace had welcomed her into his embrace, banishing any anxieties that would arise.

Lori's daily intimacy with the Lord also afforded opportunities where he displayed his sense of humor. As with most humor and wit one must be able to read "between the lines" to discern it. In short, what may be said in jest can easily be misinterpreted and appear to be a caustic remark causing insult and injury to the recipient of the message. Fortunately, we humans have the ability to comment on the verbal message sent by the sequence, rhythm, and cadence of the words themselves—the inflection of one's voice, the smile on one's face, the gesture of one's hand, etc., which can completely change the meaning of the literal message and ensure proper interpretation. Social psychologists call these meta-messages or rather, non-verbal actions, which can significantly punctuate the literal message and properly structure the intended meaning. Such was the case with Lori and the Lord concerning the following incidents.

Lori took very seriously the fact that the Lord is a God of intimacy and he wanted her "to share every aspect of her life with him." Acting on this premise Lori would speak to the Lord throughout the day. One afternoon while doing her laundry she was speaking to the Lord as one would do with any friend whom one has reached the level of security that the friend would not be offended by the fact that one's total attention were not given to him. In fact, such are common occurrences among true friends, for often their main purpose is merely for social contact rather than the content of the conversation that ensues. In short, Lori was chattering incessantly away about inane things when she suddenly interrupted her monologue and asked the Lord for feedback, "Lord, are you listening to this?" The Lord retorted, "Yes, my child, but oh, how you babble so!" Lori burst out laughing at the Lord's response.

Another occasion displaying the humorous vein of the Lord and the playful banter that existed between them happened as a result of a slight oversight on Lori's part. Lori openly admitted that she was not a scrupulous house cleaner. One day she decided to clean every nook and cranny of the house. Before commencing she announced to the Lord that she offered every action of the day in reparation for the sins committed against him. She then attacked the house, washing the windows, vacuuming the rugs, dusting the shelves, etc. When she completed the tasks at the end of the day, she smugly announced, "Now there, Lord, aren't you proud of me?" The Lord replied, "Yes, I am my child but you forgot one item—my altar!" The Lord was referring to the home altar located in Lori's bedroom consisting of various statues, religious artifacts, and votive lights. It was before this altar that Lori would kneel and pray for assistance from the Holy Spirit and the banishing of the evil one just prior to receiving a message. Lori was somewhat embarrassed but not ashamed by the Lord's statement since by the inflection of his voice she determined it was done in the spirit

of gentle jocularly. As a matter of fact, she laughed at herself in committing such an oversight because the altar was her favorite spot in the entire house and one would think that it be the first place deserving her cleaning and dusting attention. Since that episode, whenever Lori announced to the Lord her morning offering of intentions and if cleaning the house was listed, the Lord would immediately chime in humorously, “And don’t forget to clean my altar!”

The events in Lori’s life were not always joyous. The trials and tribulations she underwent during the last year of her life were tantamount to traveling to Calvary. The Lord had approached Lori and her husband, John, within two months of the commencement of the daily messages inviting them to journey to Calvary with him. Prior to their answering, the Lord assured them if they refused his invitation he would not love them any less. Lori and John both consented freely to join the Lord in this sojourn. Lori was given the consolation of knowing that Jesus “would never abandon [her]” (4/30/94) nor would his Mother for “never does a soul walk to Calvary alone” (7/26/94). Both were secure in the knowledge that “we are always by their side” (7/21/94). Despite these assurances, Lori had many concerns regarding the nature of her illness and its prognosis when it was first officially confirmed as ovarian cancer approximately thirteen months later.

Suffering is truly an enigma from human eyes but from the perspective of the Lord and Blessed Mother the cross can be “coal that can become a flawless diamond, a diamond more valuable than the others” (4/8/96). Lori made every effort to follow the exhortation of the Lord to abandon her life to his care (1/9/95) and to his Mother who will guide her to the foot of the Cross to behold the Savior (8/2/94). Admittedly, Lori did not have the courage of the early Christian martyrs, whose consciousness was best exemplified by the third century Church Father, Origen, who wrote in *Dialogue with Heraclides* that “I am ready to die for the truth [of Christ] and consider death a trifle so let the wild animals, the cross, the flames, the tortures, come, for I know that after the last breath has left the body I will rest with Christ.” In essence, Lori lacked the enthusiasm of Origen, in “being ready to die.” Nor did I expect her to succumb to the cancer growing in her body. I truly believed, up to the last three days of her life, that she would be miraculously healed. I reasoned that the Lord had too much invested in Lori and the messages; her physical demise would be too much of a lethal blow to the mission of the Disciples of Mercy. I envisioned Lori speaking locally and nationally for many years about the love and mercy God has for lost souls. I speculated that her present but temporary suffering was a purification process catapulting her along the path of holiness. Lori would serve as a learning model of hope for those souls afflicted with a similar serious illness. In the meantime I exhorted her to

continue offering her suffering in reparation to the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Lori was keenly aware of the value of suffering and truly attempted to inculcate it in her life, for it is a pervasive theme throughout the messages, recognizing that one who accepts the cross as a part of life is given a share in the Lord's redemptive work; one is given a chance to help humanity (11/16/95). Whenever our evening conversations turned to the subject of her illness I would allow her to ventilate her feelings and apprehensions but toward the end of our discussions she would confess that she felt better principally due to the fact that she accepted my reasoning with its scenario regarding the hopeful conclusion to her illness.

Unfortunately, Lori's peace became disturbed whenever she would return from the oncologist's office with the news that her blood levels did not indicate a change for the better. Understandably, her anxiety would increase and she would call me recounting her concerns. Essentially, Lori possessed conflicting emotions principally about the repercussions her illness may have upon the family and her desire to please the Lord and Blessed Mother in carrying her cross. She felt she was faltering in the expectations the Lord had for her regarding faith since "faith is the absence of fear" (3/14/96) and that Jesus did not wish us to fear anything (7/23/96). I said to Lori, "Ask Jesus and the Blessed Mother to console you. Jesus struggled with the realities of his own death and was consoled by angels so I didn't think it would be too bold or presumptuous to request them to comfort you." Later that night she phoned me saying that she had a long discussion with the Blessed Mother, who indicated that despite all the suffering she had endured commencing with the flight into Egypt to that agonizing day where she witnessed the horrific death of her Son on the Cross, she never experienced fear. She trusted totally and unreservedly in the Father; she had "perfect submission to the Holy Will of God" (3/27/96). She assured Lori that she and her Son are continually with her on the road to Calvary, that Lori should pray for more trust, and that they both have her ultimate concern within their hearts. Lori felt comforted and renewed after this experience. She made a resolution that she would conscientiously say little prayers throughout the day professing her unbounded trust in the providence of God. I congratulated her for asking Jesus and the Blessed Mother for consolation and entreated her not to be reticent in continuing to do so whenever the cross became too heavy. It was soon after this that an extraordinary grace, which she only rarely encountered prior to discovering she had ovarian cancer, began to accelerate its manifestation.

In addition to the daily religious activities such as attendance at Mass, the prayers of consecration to his Sacred Heart and Immaculate Heart of his Mother, the Rosary, and reading of the Scriptures, the Lord had

requested Lori to add the “Magnificent Prayers of St. Bridget of Sweden” to the list. This invitation of the Lord occurred just prior to Lori’s discovery of the cancerous growth in her body. The prayers focus entirely upon the wounds the Lord received throughout his passion. Allegedly, the Lord appeared to St. Bridget in the fourteenth century and requested these prayers be said in honor of all the physical afflictions he endured for the sins of mankind. He revealed that the blows he received upon his body during the passion numbered 5,480. This daily devotion itself consists of fifteen prayers with each prayer being supplemented by an Our Father and Hail Mary respectively. If said daily, this devotion within the span of a year would venerate every wound and blow the innocent and sacrificial Lamb willingly endured for our salvation. Lori found these prayers in a very popular and widely disseminated text entitled, *The Pieta Prayer Booklet*. The fifteen prayers of St. Bridget have a rich tradition supporting their practice with several noted church authorities giving their approbation. A variety of saints are recorded as having employed them in their devotional activities. Traditionally attached to these prayers are twenty-one promises of enormous graces for those who persevere in their recitation for a year. Lori had been assured by the Lord that these promises were uttered by him and he would continue to honor them in the faithful soul committed to praying and meditating on his passion. Lori was extremely conscientious in performing all her devotional duties, including the prayers of St. Bridget, which she usually said in the evening. However, as her disease progressed and the debilitating effects of chemotherapy and pain medication took its course, Lori utilized whatever free and fully alert moments she would have to say her prayers. Her disheveled, tattered, and dog-eared little blue *Pieta Prayer Booklet* was a testament to her tenacity in saying the prayers requested by her beloved Lord. In the last few months of her life, Lori resorted to a “newer” *Pieta Prayer Booklet* with its larger print, intact binding, and green cover.

It was soon after commencing these prayers that Lori began to have a series of what is more properly called in the “science” of mystical theology as “interior visions.” To grasp fully what is meant by the term, “interior vision,” it is best that it be contrasted with the popular notion, “apparition.” An apparition is actual perception by one’s physical eyes of a corporeal substance existing out there in objective reality as we humans perceive each other in our everyday life. The apparitional percept usually consists of a person; in the Catholic tradition most often this person has been the Blessed Mother, who possesses all the characteristics of three-dimensional reality having a body which occupies a particular place and whose visible presence lasts a specific duration of time. In contrast, an “interior vision” lacks the three dimensional perspective of an apparition. The individual is mysteriously permitted “to view” a symbol or scene of

religious significance, much like a television format, persisting for only several seconds but which imprints a lasting impression upon that soul. Lori never claimed to have an apparition but she did occasionally experience interior visions early in her journey which are recorded in the messages (e.g., June 23 and December, 27, 1994; January 18, 31, June 29, February 19, and April 23, 1995 respectively). However, with recitation of the St. Bridget prayers honoring the wounds and blows received by our Lord, Lori began to experience frequently short vignettes of the passion in the form of interior visions. The following scene depicted by Lori is an example of what Lori witnessed interiorly:

I found myself standing in the street next to the Blessed Virgin Mary. She was sobbing and sobbing. Jesus was carrying the Cross. The crowds were shouting and screaming names at our Lord. Someone threw a rock and hit the Lord's left cheek. When it struck him, Jesus turned—our eyes met for a brief heartbeat. His pain and suffering was unbearable; I could not look! He spoke, "Do you see how much I am suffering - do you understand?"

Why this was occurring to Lori can give rise to much speculation. In my conversations with Lori I could sense that these interior visions were graces to assist her in identifying her own calvary with that of her beloved Lord. In addition, they served as a vivid reality of the lengths of pain and the unfathomable love the Lord endured for Lori, a sinner like all of us. Lori was keenly aware of the Lord's incomprehensible desire for the return of each soul to his fold. So strong is the Lord's passion for each one of us that he said in the message of July 27, 1995: "I desire you to know how infinitely precious you are to me. If there was only one among you to desire me, I should go to Calvary again."

Such occurrences served as a catalyst to renew her willingness to suffer the cross of a life-threatening illness in reparation for her sins and those of the world. It seems that Lori was moving now into that stage which the distinguished Dominican priest and author of the classic *Three Ages of the Interior Life*, Réginald Garrigou-Lagrange refers as the "night of reparation," that is, "the more souls advance in their spiritual life, the more their interior sufferings resemble those of Jesus and Mary" [who suffered

not for their own purification but for the salvation of entire humanity].⁴ Lori's will to be an obedient servant of her beloved Lord remained steadfast but her emotions would occasionally vacillate when considering the consequences her illness was having upon her family. She truly loved her husband and children and she felt deeply the gradual loss of her ability to perform her traditional motherly duties. This was the "martyrdom" that Lori endured. It is this very spirit to which Vatican II referred when speaking of contemporary examples of the ancient theology of martyrdom in *Lumen Gentium*, "for though there are few presented with such an opportunity [free acceptance of death for one's faith], nevertheless, all must be prepared to confess Christ before men, and to follow him along the way of the cross..."[42]⁵ Lori freely and certainly "confessed her Lord and his beloved Mother before men and truly followed them both along the road to Calvary." The word, "martyr" literally means "witness" and Lori sought "no vain glory" in imaging her Lord to others despite the cost of discipleship. I believe the Apostle Paul captures the entire spectrum of Lori's witness, fraught with its emotional quagmires but always resolute in its existential stance rooted in Christ when he wrote: "We are in difficulties on all sides, but never cornered; we see no answer to our problems, but never despair; we have been persecuted but never deserted; knocked down but never killed; always, wherever we may be, we carry with us in our body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus, too, may always been seen in our body" (2 Cor 4: 8-10).

Although no one but God knows the disposition of one's soul at the very moment of death, from all external appearances and manifested actions Lori passed from this world immediately into the arms of her beloved Lord. Just prior to her passing Lori had received the saving grace of Christ normally bestowed upon the faithful through the power entrusted to the Church—the Sacrament of Last Anointing. In addition, her physical, emotional, and spiritual sufferings during the last three years of her life were often referred by Jesus and "Mama Mary" as analogous to "the road to Calvary," thus fulfilling the irrefutable counsel that "in any event, at death's door it shall be extremely pleasing to the Eternal Father when you are presented to him bearing the holy wounds of my passion [and] my Father shall see this and shall welcome you as his son and daughter "

⁴ Réginald Garrigou-Lagrance, *Three Ages of the Interior Life: Prelude of Eternal Life*, (St. Louis, B. Herder Book Company, 1948) p. 504.

⁵ Walter M. Abbot, S.J., editor, *Documents of Vatican II, Dogmatic Constitution on the Church*, No 42. p. 71.

(5/28/96). From the perspective of the world Lori's life appeared relatively ordinary, uneventful, and even banal, but from the perspective of the Creator of the universe this humble creature surrendered her will to be an instrument through which the Divine Mercy was abundantly manifested and the world had become more enriched by untold graces. No more fitting eulogy can be expressed than that of the Lord himself attesting to Lori and her husband John's contribution for their cooperation with the designs of his mercy:

Child, it is your suffering that serves as a purification for these messages. Those who read these messages will never know the great anguish and work it required to prepare them. Oh, greatest of all mercies is the heart that permitted such words to be given to men; that they may love him and serve him who has spoken to them through you. Your sufferings, as well as your spouse's, have increased my mercies and the tenderness with which I desire to speak of my mercy. In essence, I have turned towards my attribute of mercy and I have pledged to consume sinners with it (6/14/96).

Such laudatory comments can only instill confidence that Lori continues her intercessory efforts in heaven on behalf of humanity and the mission of the Disciples on Mercy—a mission in which she was so integrally involved on earth. Lori in her own inimitable style would often say to Jesus that “she wanted to be super-glued to his heart.” There is no doubt that her request has been fully realized in heaven and the Disciples of Mercy are indeed blessed to have such a persuasive ally. She has become what the Lord had prophesied—“a lily in the garden of his love.” In the words of the author of *Song of Songs*, the Lord has truly “set her as a seal on his heart for love is stronger than death.” *Requiescat in aeterno corde Dei*—May she rest eternally in the heart of God.

Feast of our Lady of the Rosary
October 7, 1998
Department of Theology and Philosophy
Barry University
Miami Shores, Florida 33161

**A Dedication to
Mary as Coredemptrix, Mediatrix,
and Advocate of the People of God**

*So many of you discard my Mother
and the role she plays in salvation.*

1/21/96

On November 15, 1950, his Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in the encyclical *Munificentissimus Deus*, solemnly proclaimed the dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Holy Father commenced this august encyclical by acknowledging that the providence of God, which “rests upon wisdom and love,” intends to “temper the sorrow of peoples” and enrich their lives with “joy.” In his subsequent paragraph he stated:

Now, just like the present age, our pontificate is weighed down by ever so many cares, anxieties, and troubles, by reason of very severe calamities that have taken place and by reason of the fact that many have strayed away from truth and virtue. Nevertheless, we are greatly consoled to see that while the Catholic faith is being professed publicly and vigorously, piety toward the Virgin Mother of God is flourishing and daily growing more fervent, and that almost everywhere on earth it is showing indications of a better and holier life.

Ironically, these words of nearly half a century ago are equally apropos for today as we approach the advent of a new millennium. The news of “severe calamities,” plagues, and natural disasters are paraded before our eyes daily via the mass media, reminding us that we human beings, despite our technological achievements, are still creatures solely dependent upon the mercy of the Lord. Likewise, falsehood and unlimited self-gratification rather than “truth and virtue” have become the pervasive ethos of American culture, from our highest official in government to the alluring shopping malls copiously peppered throughout this country. We have even reached the sophisticated stage of effectively perusing, like a Sears catalog, profiles of various sperm or embryos housed in liquid nitrogen canisters awaiting our preferred choice of characteristics for our children, if we so desire. The only more pernicious act of narcissism is the

cloning of ourselves, which is today technologically possible but held in abeyance only by executive order of the President banning federal funding and two state statutes barring its activity. Hence, this egregious act of hubris is essentially only forestalled by the good will of scientists who have unofficially agreed to a moratorium on its progress. Justice Bork, author of *Slouching Toward Gomorrah*, aptly summarized our contemporary moral consciousness as nihilistic, where “the individual is so absorbed in himself and his sensations, [that] he believes in few or no moral or religious principles, [and] nothing transcendental.”⁶ Radical personal autonomy devoid of any legitimate claims made upon the individual by God, duty, or even common decency has become the modern Babel. The words discipline, self-sacrifice, moral conscience, and natural law have become anathematized from our everyday language. Our Babel is a contrived world based upon catering to the insatiable need for heightened experiences that are ever more intense, phantasmagoric, and interactive. The penultimate example of this self-indulgent edifice is the computer visualization technique known as “virtual reality.” The very term itself implies an abstraction or alteration of reality as we know it, since it permits the bombarding of our neuro-sensory receptors in repetitive waves so that even “designer drugs” pale in comparison. The reality experienced in the virtual world is always favorable and the representative personages with whom one interacts in this context are completely compliant to one’s desires, thereby creating an ego-enhancing fantasy. Inevitably, inhabitants of this Babel will try to have their simulated experiences spill over into the “real” world of relationships, causing adverse consequences. Upon encountering resistance to their fantasized expectations and entitlements they will retreat to the caverns of the “virtual world” with its sensory addictions and delusional prowess producing an hypnotic web from which extrication will prove to be extremely difficult.

The messages contained in *The Heart of God* stand blatantly in contrast to the empty promises and deception that modern Babel embodies, for “the prideful man is not a happy man; it is only the man who possesses humility that is truly happy for that man knows where his happiness comes...for he knows only I, the Lord God, sustain him, and he does not waste his time looking elsewhere” (6/6/96). Sadly, as victims of modernity we do “waste our time looking elsewhere” searching frenetically for the intimacy, self-validation, and consolation that can only be found in the love of our beloved Lord. It is precisely this frustrated dead-end pursuit

⁶ Robert H. Bork, *Slouching Towards Gomorrah: Modern Liberalism and American Decline*, (New York: Harper Collins, 1996), p. 126.

of the Infinite in the finite that eventually brings nihilism to its ultimate conclusion: negative self-worth and feelings of personal insignificance in an uncaring cosmos. Again, *The Heart of God* so poignantly undermines this modern ruse and consoles the soul when Jesus, speaking of his passion states: “Do you think I suffered all these torments for someone who is worthless? No, my children, for each soul was created by God and belongs exclusively to God, each soul is infinitely precious and important to God” (3/21/96). It is not Jesus alone who offers us the solace and validation we disillusioned and emotionally scarred children of unfettered consumerism desperately seek. His Mother reaches out her comforting hand and allays our deepest insecurities: “I am not at all interested in external appearances...only in the appearance of the soul, for as a mother I should like to give each one of you a bath... scrub you with virtues and then dress you in righteousness [so] I [can] present you to my beloved Son, Jesus, with a sweet smelling soul and a compassionate heart” (2/10/96).

It is this Mother—our Mother, to whom Pope Pius XII in 1950 acclaimed a cult of devotion that “is flourishing and daily growing more fervent, and that almost everywhere on earth it is showing indications of a better and holier life.” Sadly, it appears today that only a small remnant of the faithful have maintained an intense filial allegiance to the Blessed Mother and continue to honor the pivotal role she played “and continues to play” in our salvation. With the exception of our present Holy Father and a coterie of cardinals, the flames of devotion to the Mother of God are fanned principally among the rank and file. Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini, Archbishop of Milan, spoke at the sanctuary of the Shrine of La Salette in April 1994, delineating the sociological dynamics underlying the demise of open displays of Marian affection among an entire generation of Catholic clergy:

From the Second Vatican Council until our days, the Catholic elite - that is, priests, religious, and Catholic lay groups - have been experiencing a certain 'aphasia' in terms of natural and affectionate devotion to Mary. There has been an unspoken sense that Marian devotion is necessarily 'popular,' that is, only for the common people. For example, faced with the warmth and intensity of John Paul II's dedication to Mary, this elite reacts by attributing the Pope's fervor to 'national characteristics,' a 'more emotional' sensitivity... We have arrived at a point where this cold, scientific attitude no longer responds to an obvious emotional need for attachment to Mary.

The consequence has been a cooling of Marian devotion in many Catholic sectors and a gap between priests

educated before and after Vatican II. Older priests complain that their young colleagues do not love the Virgin, do not pray to her. Another problem is that the more 'scientific' priests may find it difficult to respond to the emotional spiritual needs, the 'popular' Marian rituals, of their flock. Thus, I believe the time has come to take a new look at the state of Marian devotion, to find an equilibrium between theological clarity and the spiritual yearnings of the Christian people and of ourselves. Otherwise we may face a dangerous loss of warmth and feeling in our faith, our prayer, and our life.⁷

This spiritual malaise and dearth of Marian fervor spanning one entire generation of both clerics and laity is addressed by the messages contained in *The Heart of God*. Jesus states emphatically, "I desire you to honor my beloved Mother; many of you cast her aside as if she doesn't exist" (4/14/95). Repeatedly throughout the messages he asserts, "It is my command that you honor my beloved Mother" (1/21/96). In addition, to avoid any potential equivocation about the homage he expects the faithful to pay his Mother, he states the matter both in the form of a positive imperative: "To honor me you must honor my Mother" (11/4/95), and then rephrases the mandate in terms of a negative injunction: "When you do not honor my Mother, then you do not honor me" (12/8/95). As regards his priests who have been personally and pastorally remiss in promoting Marian devotions, the Lord says, "It is my desire that my beloved priests honor my Mother and teach their flock to do the same" (2/27/96). So vigorous and diligent does the Lord wish us to nurture personally a relationship with his Mother that each will be accountable for the failure to do so: "All those who do not honor my Mother do not honor me, and I shall tell you so on the last day" (7/30/96). Indeed, the role almighty God has entrusted to the Blessed Mother in the economy of salvation has become so integral to salvation history that our shunning or refraining to honor her divinely appointed position is tantamount to a failure to cooperate in realizing God's plan on earth, for the Lord says, "When you honor my Mother you will give full recognition to the plan of the Heavenly Father as revealed by his prophets" (1/1/96). Nor is anyone denied the grace to obtain such a powerful ally since the bonds between the Blessed Mother and her Son are so inseparably wedded that "every heart is given the opportunity to accept my beloved Mother, thereby accepting my birth into that heart or rejecting my beloved Mother, thereby rejecting me" (6/2/96).

⁷ As quoted in Antonio Gaspari, "Never Enough About Mary," *Inside the Vatican*, April 1996, p.56-7.

Inevitably, one speculates as to what exact function does the Mother of Jesus, a human creature, play in the salvific plans of God that merits our heeding the Lord's advice to respectfully render her the honor which is her due? Jesus' response is apodictic, requiring our compliance based upon the authority of his own words: "I, Jesus, am asking you to recognize and honor my Mother. I came through my Mother and it is through my Mother's Immaculate Heart that my children shall return to me. The heart of my Mother acts as a filter to purify the sinner on his return to me. This happens whether you believe it or not" (12/8/95). Truly, the words of the Apostle Paul are most fitting to express our sentiments: "Oh, the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How inscrutable are his judgments and how unsearchable his ways" (Rom 11:33).

Despite these cogent statements of Jesus from *The Heart of God* urging more devotion to his beloved Mother, it would be naive to imagine that such uttering from one source would be sufficiently persuasive to ignite the entire Catholic faithful and hopefully, the world, to a devotion to the Immaculate Heart, particularly if that source comes under the often questioned and dubious moniker known as "private revelation." There is, however, at the present time an influential movement within the Church which has the support of over forty-two cardinals, five hundred bishops, and four million of the faithful who seek an explosion of renewed devotion to the Mother of God based upon doctrinal developments already contained in the official and authoritative teachings of the Church's Magisterium. At the time of this writing, if rumors are founded to be further substantiated, it appears "according to the providence of God" that the Church is on a precipice of a new Marian dogma, that is, the Blessed Virgin Mary as Coredemptrix, Mediatrix, and Advocate of the People of God. This would bring the number of dogmatic truths concerning the Blessed Mother to five. The previous dogmas proclaimed our beloved Mother in the following manner: the Mother of God, Perpetual Virgin, Immaculate Conception, and worthy of bodily assumption into heaven.

Since the Vatican has not officially confirmed such a new decree, one must look to the proponents of the dogma for its theological reasoning, which is crystallized in the lay organization *Vox Populi Mariae Mediatrici* and the writings of its spokesperson, Dr. Mark L. Miravalle. In addition, it would be meritorious to explore whether statements allegedly made by Jesus and the Blessed Mother in *The Heart of God* join the chorus of encouragement for the Holy Father to take such a bold step in proclaiming the new Marian dogma. Although the Lord refers to his Mother's role and function in the economy of salvation throughout volumes I and II, it is in this present volume (III) where he devotes more messages honoring her and rendering substantive evidence as to why Coredemptrix, Mediatrix,

and Advocate are most fitting titles describing her activity in bringing souls to her beloved Son.

Prior to discussing these specific titles and their respective functional meanings, it is important to address the general mission of the Blessed Mother and the relation of that mission to activities peculiar to her Son. Undoubtedly, we can never totally fathom the graces and privileges afforded the Mother of Jesus who surrendered her entire self so that the Word might become flesh. It was *her* flesh and *her* blood that our beloved Lord took to be his own. But human enfleshment was not her sole purpose, for her “yes” encompassed a willingness to subject her maternal heart to untold sufferings, the pinnacle of which took place at Golgotha. It was at Calvary where our Lord not only offered his life in sacrificial expiation for our sins but gifted his sorrowful Mother to all of humanity. It is in her capacity as our commissioned spiritual mother that she continues performing an integral role in the salvation of her children. Scripture scholars assert that it is not coincidence that Jesus on the Cross refers to his mother as “woman” in the context that reflects back to Genesis (3:15) where “woman” and her actions (as well as Adam’s) are the result of herself and her physical progeny being alienated from God. But now the two female figures, “Eve” (the man named his wife ‘Eve’ for she was the mother of all those who live.” Gen 3:20) and “Mary” under the generic appellation “woman” are inextricably joined in the drama of salvation, with the latter now characterized as the “New Eve,” marking a cosmic salvific event the benefits of which are accrued to her spiritual progeny. Thus, “Mary the Mother” according to the order of grace eclipses “Eve the mother” according to the order of nature. This theological thesis is further validated by the fact that the first title attributed to the Blessed Mother by the early Christians was the “New Eve.” Likewise, in the message of December 8, 1995, *The Heart of God Vol II*, Jesus confirms the spiritual maternal role of his Mother commencing at Calvary: “My beloved Mother was given to each of you at Calvary [and] this is one of the greatest gifts ever given to mankind by the Eternal Father.” Hence, it is in her maternal mediation that the Spouse of the Holy Spirit exercises her ongoing role of leading us “out of darkness and back into the light of her Son’s embrace” (2/18/95).

There are different modalities through which maternal mediation is accomplished. For instance, in the very first recorded message by Lori, the Lord refers to having “sent my Mother ahead of me to prepare my way, and to change hearts of stone into hearts of repentance and humility, yet they do not listen” (4/30/94). Obviously, the Lord is referring to the numerous apparition sites found today on every continent. Particularly, during the last quarter of this century do we find a proliferation of alleged

visitations of the Blessed Mother where “her Son has planted many mystical seeds during each one of [her] appearances” (5/30/95). Sadly, this higher incidence of apparitions is not attributed to an exponential number of people responding positively, but rather the very opposite, for the Blessed Mother accounts the primary reason to be her persistence in breaking through our hard-heartedness: “My visits have become more frequent because day and night, and night and day, I pursue you relentlessly. I seek your love and your return to God” (9/25/95). As a consequence of our Mother’s overture of love—“motherly love [that] transcends all other love except for the love of God” (8/13/95), there exist many holy places upon earth. The Lord has given us “these places [as well as every tabernacle in the world] so that the souls who desire him may have a place to go to spend time with [him] upon holy ground” (6/15/96).

Another modality through which the Blessed Mother reveals her presence in history is an image that is the epitome of maternal mediation—the Madonna with Child. In a manner that has spanned the centuries of the Church from the earliest depictions of our Mother on catacomb walls to the visual tableau the children of Fatima witnessed on that most eventful day of October 13, 1917, and then again at Garabandal, and at the very commencement of visitations at Medjugorje, our Lady announces herself in an apperceptive manner, or as in the case of *The Heart of God*, orally: “My daughter, today I come to you holding my precious baby in my arms” (8/2/94). The Blessed Mother relates the message she wishes to convey by such imagery “...for I do not approach the soul on my own; I approach the soul with my beloved Jesus resting in my arms [for] we are never apart, never separated. So then, it is truly water from God himself that you receive if you receive my help” (6/20/96). Undoubtedly, this image conjures many relational dynamics other than maternal-filial unity, such as the “power” the mother can rightfully claim by virtue of the obedience, honor, and love that emanates from the child. Noted commentators such as Cardinal John Henry Newman have suggested this dimension when speaking of the virgin and child paintings discovered in the catacombs: “No representation can more forcibly convey the doctrine of high dignity of the Mother, and, I will add, of her power over her Son.”⁸ Maternal mediation is also exhibited via the numerous titles our Mother claims as she announces her presence to Lori prior to the commencement of a message.

In *The Heart of God*, the Blessed Mother has come to distribute

⁸ John Henry Newman, *Mary, the Second Eve*, (Rockford: Tan Books, 1977) p. 16.

her messages to the “four corners of the earth” under more than fifty-five titles. The top five titles in their order of highest incidences are: Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God, Mother of the Lamb, Mother of the Flock, Mother of the Shepherd, and Queen of Angels and Saints. A title that the Disciples of Mercy hold very dear is Our Mother of Mercy and Mother of the Sick, principally because it is under this appellation that she has been appointed the organization’s patroness. Understandably, these fifty-five titles in no way exhaust all her roles or modalities of maternal mediation. One scholar, Florent F. Fanke, M.D., has done a masterful job of researching and tabulating the numerous honorific forms of address attributed to the Blessed Mother down through the ages. Fittingly, he titled his booklet, *Hail, Mary! Six Thousand Titles and Praises of Our Lady*. Even this classic reference does not plumb the richness of the Church’s on-going discernment and reflection of the Holy Spirit’s bestowal of roles upon our beloved Mother. The question arises as to whether there is one single unifying theological concept from which all these roles emanate and should the most auspicious time to formally acknowledge and articulate this “truth” concerning maternal mediation be in tandem with the Great Jubilee celebration of the Redemptive Incarnation in the Year 2000? According to Professor Miravalle it is, for “how can we properly celebrate the Redemptive Incarnation of Jesus Christ in the Year 2000 without properly acknowledging the Woman and Mother who made it possible?”⁹

Professor Miravalle states that “there needs to be a single revealed and historic truth defined that stands as the *sine qua non* revealed truth upon which the entire mystery of Maternal Mediation is grounded, supported, and sustained. This single and quintessential revealed, historical truth, that constitutes the foundation of Maternal Mediation, is the Coredeemption of Mary.”¹⁰ Accordingly, once this foundational “truth” is acknowledged, there immediately follows two other titles or functions that are integrally and consequentially related to her Coredeptrix role, that is, Mediatrix and Advocate of the People of God. Miravalle claims that defining such a dogma would be the culmination of the preceding Marian dogmas as well as the writings of many popes on the subject of her “continued celestial role for the People of God.” It is in this context that one examines these three specific titles respectively and ascertains

⁹ Mark Miravalle, *Mary: Coredeptrix, Mediatrix, and Advocate: Theological Foundations II Papal, Pneumatological, Ecumenical*, (Santa Barbara: Queenship Publishing, 1996), p. 7.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 49.

whether the messages contained in *The Heart of God* shed additional light upon Professor Miravalle's thesis.

The title "Coredemptrix" is not only the foundational base to Maternal mediation and Miravalle's premise but also the most controversial theologically. The controversy stems from the fear that it would be entirely misunderstood, since at first blush the term appears to equate with Jesus' redemptive act on the Cross and thus flies in the face of Pauline theology reflected in 1 Timothy 2:5, "for there is one God, and there is one mediator between God and me, the man Christ Jesus," and Hebrews 10:10 "for [his] will was for us to be made holy by the offering of his body made once and for all by Jesus Christ." Both Scripture statements imply preeminence and singularity in mediation and sacrificial priesthood.

Miravalle addresses both issues. While always maintaining the unqualified prominent position of Jesus' redemptive act, he broadens the concept of singularity which he claims Jesus himself authoritatively initiates by inviting others to join with his sacrifice to his Father. Understandably, this invitation to participate is never on par with Jesus either in the degree of its suffering, the victim offered, or to the extent of reparation and expiation in the eyes of the Father. Having postulated this view, he carefully expounds on the meaning of Co-redemption:

The prefix "co" does not mean equal, but comes from the Latin word, "cum," which means "with". The title of *Coredemptrix* applied to the Mother of Jesus *never places Mary on a level of equality with Jesus Christ, the divine Lord of all, in the saving process of humanity's redemption*. Rather, it denotes Mary's singular and unique sharing with her Son in the saving work of redemption for the human family. The Mother of Jesus *participates* in the redemptive work of her *Saviour Son, who alone could reconcile humanity with the Father in his glorious divinity and humanity*. Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, redeems the human family, *as the God-man*. Mary, who is completely subordinate and dependent to her redeeming Son even for her own human redemption *participates* in the redemptive act of her Son *as his exalted human mother*.¹¹

¹¹ Mark Miravalle, *Mary Coredemptrix, Mediatrix, Advocate*, (Santa Barbara: Queenship Publishing. 1993), p. xv.

Similarly, regarding the priesthood of Jesus there is the invitation of participation without compromising the unique sacrifice that is unparalleled and exclusive to Jesus himself:

At the same time, all Christians are called in different levels and degrees to participate in the one Priesthood of Jesus Christ. This is done in a special way in the ministerial priesthood in the sacramental continuation of the offering of the Sacrifice of Calvary. It is also shared in by the "royal priesthood" of the laity (cf. 1 Pet 2:9) where all baptized into Christ are called to "offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God" (1 Pet 2:5). Christians thereby, whether in degrees of the priesthood of the laity or in ministerial priesthood, are called to participate and share in that which is exclusively true of Jesus Christ, the one High Priest.¹²

For Miravalle, it is the Blessed Mother's unique, unmatched human participation and cooperation with the sacrificial and redemptive act of her Son that places her in a privileged position of grace but always secondary and subordinate to the meritorious achievement of her Son, the true God and true Man. "Mary freely and obediently offered Jesus as Mother to the Heavenly Father for the salvation of her spiritual sons and daughters."¹³ It is by virtue of this action that our beloved Mother merits the august title as Coredemptrix. The Holy Father himself seems to concur with this position and its representative meaning. In his January 1985 address at the Marian shrine of Our Lady of Alborada in Guayquil, Ecuador he clearly states the term, Coredemptrix, and its theological appropriateness in describing the entire journey of the Mother's willingness to participate in the script of redemption composed by the Eternal Father and obediently fulfilled by her Son, true Man and true God. Though the work of redemption was principally that of her Son, her participation was "real and effective":

Mary goes before us and accompanies us. The silent journey that begins with her Immaculate Conception and passes through the 'yes' of Nazareth, which makes her the Mother of God, finds on Calvary a particularly important moment. There also, accepting and assisting at the sacrifice of her Son, Mary is the dawn of

¹² Miravalle, 1996, p.25.

¹³ Miravalle, 1993, p. 17.

Redemption;...Crucified spiritually with her crucified Son (cf. Gal. 2:20), she contemplated with heroic love the death of her God, she "lovingly consented to the immolation of this Victim which she herself had brought forth" (Lumen Gentium, 58) ...In fact, at Calvary she united herself with the sacrifice of her Son that led to the foundation of the Church; her maternal heart shared to the very depths the will of Christ 'to gather into one all the dispersed children of God' (Jn. 11:52). Having suffered for the Church, Mary deserved to become the Mother of all the disciples of her Son, the Mother of their unity....

The Gospels do not tell us of an appearance of the risen Christ to Mary. Nevertheless, as she was in a special way close to the Cross of her Son, she also had to have a privileged experience of his Resurrection. In fact, Mary's role as Coredemptrix did not cease with the glorification of her Son."¹⁴

Such depths of union of the Mother with her Son from conception, continuing through life to an excruciating death, and then on to an eternal resurrected life, cannot ever be fully fathomed. The Vatican II *Constitution on the Liturgy* succinctly states "She [the Blessed Mother] is inseparably linked with her Son's saving work."¹⁵ In addition, this "saving work" is not consummated "until the eternal fulfillment of all the elect [for on the occasion of being] taken up to heaven she did not lay aside this saving office but by her manifold intercession continues to bring us the gifts of eternal salvation."¹⁶

The messages contained in *The Heart of God* clearly buttress the views expressed by Professor Miravalle, Pope John Paul II, and the Council documents regarding the significant contribution requested of the Blessed Mother by her Son in his saving mission on the Cross. In the

¹⁴ John Paul II, "Mary is the First Light that Announces the Day!" *L'Osservatore Romano*, March 11, 1985, p. 7.

¹⁵ Walter M. Abbott, S.J., editor, *Documents of Vatican II, Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy*, (New York: America Press, 1966), no. 103, p. 168.

¹⁶ Abbott, *Constitution on the Church*, No. 62, p. 91.

seventh recorded message delivered to Lori, Jesus clearly states the degree of shared suffering on Golgotha between him and his mother, and the crown she so worthily deserves for her faithfulness: "The heart of my Mother and myself are joined by the bonds of my passion. My Mother was perfectly devoted to me and obedient to the laws of God. Each suffering was shared and will be for all eternity. My Mother spent my passion with agony in her heart. No other has shared in my passion so perfectly; as in the end of the Rosary: 'Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy'" (5/6/94). The phrase referring to the unity of Jesus to his Mother, "joined by the bonds of my passion," appears a total of seven times throughout the volumes of *The Heart of God*. It appears four times in this present volume alone. The Blessed Mother herself describes similarly the degree of intimacy and congruity of mind and heart by virtue of their shared passion for "the words I speak come from my Immaculate Heart and from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Our hearts are joined by his bitter passion. His passion is the umbilical cord that connects our hearts. Though we are independent of one another, we are completely united in our hearts and minds. We are as one because we are united by love" (11/10/95). In a manner comparable to the Vatican II document, *Constitution on Sacred Liturgy*, addressing their being "inseparably linked in the saving work," Jesus affirms that "when you are gathered together in my name, I, the Lord am present [and] when I am present so shall you find my beloved Mother" (11/24/95).

In discussing their "bonds" and that "no one shared more perfectly in the Lord's passion" one must be careful to underscore that, though significant, the Blessed Mother's contribution and role is clearly subordinate and deferential to that of her Son. Jesus notes the particularity, uniqueness, and unsurpassed nature of his suffering and its accompanying merits when he unequivocally states "I do not ask you to bring sacrifices to the altar anymore, for I am the only acceptable atonement for the sins of the world. I am the only sacrifice that delights the Eternal Father. Mankind's sins are so grievous that no other sacrifice is sufficient" (5/29/96). The Blessed Mother likewise joins in acknowledging the supremacy of the redemptive act which Jesus alone achieved for "it is only by my Son's blood that the door to heaven shall be opened for you" (2/17/96). Nonetheless, the Lord honors his Mother's sacrificial act joined with his on Calvary to the Father by memorializing her witness and participation in the paschal mystery down through the ages via the liturgy of the Mass.

The Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy of Vatican II states that "it is the liturgy through which, especially in the divine sacrifice of the Eucharist, the work of our redemption is accomplished, and it is through the liturgy, especially, that the faithful are able to express in their lives and

manifest to others the mystery of Christ and the real nature of the true Church.”¹⁷ Undoubtedly, the word “liturgy” infers the character of priesthood and there is only one priest—Jesus, as Hebrews 10:10 attests. Even the Lord’s authorized representatives, validly ordained priests, are called to minister their “power to act” by virtue of *in persona Christi* (in the person of Christ) for the sake of his body faithful on earth—the Church. Hence, the liturgy, the action where “the work of our redemption is accomplished” is inseparably the act of Christ and the act of the Church. To this we can also add, the act of his Mother, though not on the same level of her Son, the primary offerer, but nonetheless inseparably united to the oblation. Again, no one says it with more authority and theological insightfulness than our present Marian pope. On June 5, 1983, the feast of Corpus Christi, in his Angelus address, John Paul II clearly delineates the role of our Mother at every Mass:

Born of the Virgin to be a pure, holy, and immaculate oblation, Christ offered on the Cross the one perfect Sacrifice which every Mass, in an unbloody manner, renews and makes present. In that one Sacrifice, Mary, the first redeemed, the Mother of the Church, had an active part. She stood near the Crucified, suffering deeply with her Firstborn; with a motherly heart she associated herself with his Sacrifice; with love she consented to his immolation (cf. *Lumen Gentium*, 58; *Marialis Cultus*, 20): she offered him and she offered herself to the Father. Every Eucharist is a memorial of that Sacrifice and that Passover that restored life to the world; every Mass puts us in intimate communion with her, the Mother, whose sacrifice “becomes present” just as the Sacrifice of her Son “becomes present” at the words of consecration of the bread and wine pronounced by the priest.¹⁸

Hence, as Pope John so clearly affirms, the Blessed Mother’s role in the redemptive process is not solely limited to the past but is designed by God to be continually present in the exercise of her maternal mediation at every Mass, *inter alia*, until, as the Vatican II’s *Constitution on the Church* puts it, “the eternal fulfillment of all the elect.” Truly, the title “Coredemptrix” is not without theological substance and ecclesial tradition.

¹⁷ Abbott, *Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy*, no 2. p. 137.

¹⁸ John Paul II, “At the Root of the Eucharist is the Virginal and Maternal life of Mary, *L’Osservatore Romano*, June 13, 1983, p. 2.

The messages in *The Heart of God* are supportive of the elements enumerated by the Holy Father regarding the redemptive aspects of the Mass and our beloved Mother's presence. Jesus relates the dynamics and incomparable benefits of the Mass: "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a re-enactment of my Crucifixion. Those who consume my Body and Blood will reap the full benefits of my Resurrection as well. If you could visualize the events of the Mass, you would see me nailed to the Cross. You would see a priest holding a chalice under each one of my wounds to collect the blood. You would see my death and Resurrection. This is why you cannot comprehend the magnitude of the graces at the Holy Mass" (11/28/95). This re-enactment is not an abstract experience for our beloved Lord as he poignantly states "so great is my anguish for not only do I recall my physical sufferings, I must recall my emotional sufferings as well" (2/27/96). Nor is this purely a psychological/emotional flashback but the actual event made effectively present to us through the power of the Holy Spirit "for there is no difference between the Cross at Calvary and the altar at the Holy Mass; each time you come to Mass...you receive the same graces as if you were present at my Crucifixion" (3/17/96). Yes, "Jesus gave his life for you on Calvary and continues to give his life for you at every Mass" (8/26/96). The Lord beckons us to join in his suffering, for there is no better preparation for entrance into the heavenly banquet: "My children, if you were to offer all of your sufferings in union with the Holy Mass as well as my sacred wounds, your purification upon the earth would be great" (4/18/96). In addition, we join our sufferings to that of his Mother whom he gave to us at Calvary (3/27/96) and now "stand[s] beside Jesus at every Mass" (11/23/95). She is present at that most auspicious moment "when time and eternity have joined. They have espoused one another, and heaven actually comes upon the earth during the consecration of the Sacred Host, as I am never apart from my beloved Mother, and as I am never apart from my heavenly Kingdom" (6/15/96). What title other than Coredemptrix could be more fitting for his devoted Mother inseparably united to her Son and her Church at this most august time and place where the graces of salvation abound? The words of Arnold of Chartes, a devoted disciple of St. Bernard, capture so beautifully the shared passion with her Son at Calvary [and the Mass since according to the Council of Trent "they are one and the same"]: "There were really two altars on Calvary. One was in Mary's heart, the other in Christ's body; he sacrificed his body, Mary her soul."¹⁹

¹⁹ *De Septem Verbis Domini*, 3 PL 189, 1694 as quoted in *Mary and the Eucharist*, Richard Foley, S.J. (Newtonville: Hope of St. Monica, 1997), p. 23.

Once the title of Coredemptrix is fittingly bestowed upon the Blessed Mother by papal mandate, two other roles integral to that title surface immediately: Mediatrix and Advocate for the People of God. Professor Miravalle, clearly defines these specific roles:

As Coredemptrix, the Virgin shares in the acquisition of grace with and under Christ. As Mediatrix, she dispenses those graces of Redemption to the human family. But the Marian circle of universal mediation finds its completion in Mary's role [as Advocate] by bringing the petitioned needs of humanity back from humanity to the throne of Christ the King, thus completing her mediatorial service both for the Lord and for humanity.²⁰

In *The Heart of God Vol III*, there are numerous references by Jesus to the roles of Mediatrix and Advocate portrayed by his Mother. Particular emphasis is placed upon the fact that each and every person has a heavenly mother and, despite our spiritual infirmities, we can always find our refuge in her Immaculate Heart. "From the Cross...I saw each and every one of you. I gave you my beloved Mother. She is the Mother of my flock. Call to my Mother..Those who are too weak to walk shall be carried in the Immaculate Heart of my Mother" (2/27/96). Her Immaculate Heart "is the magnificent rose which every soul is desirous of having in his garden...the model and example for the rest of the garden...[because of her] "perfect submission to the Holy Will of God..." (3/27/96). Jesus' Mother is not merely the model to emulate but her Immaculate Heart is "the doorway to Jesus" (2/5/96) and she "purifies sinners and prepares them to meet him...as the ladder to heaven" (4/24/96). Yes, "the wise soul knows that the fastest way to my heart, his treasure, is through the Immaculate Heart of my Mother" (6/21/96). In essence, by virtue of the designs of God, our Blessed Mother, the Spouse of the Holy Spirit, is the very conduit through which graces are obtained—the Mediatrix whom Jesus explains in his inimitably simple but profound way on Easter Sunday, April 7, 1996: "My children, prior to my Resurrection, I gave you my beloved Mother. I, Jesus, shall give you another example. There is electricity that flows to the home but it is someone else who turns the wall switch on to bring light into the home...My Resurrection permitted the electricity of life to flow to the house of the soul, but it is my beloved Mother who, by her authority from God, turns the light switch on within the soul. It is my beloved Mother who by her role as Mediatrix of Graces resurrects the virtues and spiritual gifts I have given the soul" (4/7/96). What more worthy a human image could

²⁰ Miravalle, 1996, p. 42.

God have given humanity? What human could be more solicitous of the soul's eternal happiness than "the Mother of All Creation"(3/11/96), the one whose "sole desire is to see you acquire heaven"(6/14/96)? Yes, "this Queen of Mercy works endlessly for the benefit and intercession of souls" (6/14/96).

The messages contained in *The Heart of God III* clearly acknowledge and underscore as one of its perennial themes our beloved Mother's role as "intercessor" or rather, as Professor Miravalle phrases it, "as Advocate where our beloved Mother brings the petitioned needs of humanity back from humanity to the throne of Christ." Jesus states quite emphatically and in vivid imagery the consequences of not calling upon his Mother to be our Advocate: "Without the help of my beloved Mother, one's journey to salvation is filled with detours and pitfalls. One shall find many broken bones as he attempts to secure his salvation without the most perfect rose which his soul so desperately needs and desires. Don't hesitate to call upon and take refuge in the Most Immaculate Heart of my Mother" (3/27/96).

Such a cogent exhortation clearly accentuates the "power" of our beloved Mother's advocacy for "the Eternal Father is pleased to say 'yes' to her every desire" (5/11/96). Hence, it is the "wise man [who] will go to this lovely, holy Mother and queen and beseech her to petition me [the Lord]. Because of her authority and grace in the Kingdom of God, I, the Lord, will listen" (6/4/96). Truly, we can now understand why she is "one of the greatest gifts given to mankind" because in the event we sinful humans reach a stage where we perceive ourselves completely devoid of any meritorious actions worthy of God's mercy and tottering on the brink of despair, we have the strategic advantage of pleading our cause to his beloved Mother, who will hide us "in her motherly mantle and obtain mercy and forgiveness from [the Lord] if [we] desire it" (7/18/96). Oh, if we would only "desire to repent and to become holy, great shall be your reward" (7/18/96). If we just take that critical step toward repentance no matter the sin, Jesus will forgive us (6/8/96). Sadly, there are those, largely due to their image of God as a stern, reprimanding father, who have become intransigent to the possibility that they can be forgiven. They contend that their sins are so egregious that God's mercy is insufficient and not at all proportionate to his justice to wash the slate of one's soul clean. However, the Lord, in his magnanimity, has bequeathed his Mother to assist these children through this unfounded impasse if they only approach her for the grace of repentance, since it is "her heart that shields sinners from God's justice and mighty retribution; it is her heart that has been given authority to pour infinite graces upon sinners" (7/30/96). She is "the advocate of the sinner and I offer each of you the tender caress of a Mother...in my heart

there is a place for each of you” (6/13/95). How unimaginable are the graces available to those who foster a devotion to our beloved Mother, “the transporter of graces” who sets “your petitions at his feet where they will be showered with love and mercy” (8/13/96). Even more incredible are the graces afforded those who have consecrated themselves to her Immaculate Heart for the Lord assures us that “the man who lives in the Immaculate Heart of my Mother will be the one who will either not at all, or very slightly, endure the fires of purgatory” (4/18/96). What better advocate could we be given than our heavenly Mother, who assures us that “there is no other mother whose love is as great as mine” (7/16/96)?

The fortuitous question arises as to how one might consecrate and live in the Immaculate Heart of our Mother? Her answer derived from the messages in *The Heart of God* is no different than that of Lourdes, Fatima, or Medjugorje. First, we must be reconciled to her Son by “calling upon the merciful Lord” (8/21/96), for “it is the mercy and love of God that heals the sick and cuts loose the sinner from his sins” (6/5/96). Understandably, this unmerited act of mercy is most vividly concretized in the Sacrament of Reconciliation which is the occasion not only for forgiveness of our sins but also the opportunity for “my most holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, to place her loving arms about [us] as [we] confess [our] sins” (12/12/95). Nor are we to become complacent in our conversion but rather we “must continually go to Confession in order to keep the weeds of sin from devouring the garden of our souls” (4/20/96). Secondly, we are to “attend Holy Mass and attend frequently [otherwise] you will not advance in spirituality” (3/26/96). Thirdly, we are to “pray for God’s mercy constantly—pray, pray, pray” (7/31/95) for this is what she desires of all her children: that we, like her, are to have our hands clasped in prayer and our eyes always on God, our Savior (5/6/95). Hence, we are to “fast, offer reparation on behalf of those who continue to scourge her Son and pray the Rosary daily” (1/29/95) for “the Rosary continues to secure great graces from God each time it is prayed” (4/5/95). In addition, we are “to treat one another with tender compassion as my beloved Son and I treat each of you” (4/29/96) and “saturate your enemies with the blood of her my Son and they will eventually change” (5/18/96). Yes, “we must change, and the way to accomplish this is to commend ourselves and our brothers and sisters to her Immaculate Heart” (5/26/96). In short, all that has been listed are the ways to “consecrate yourselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to my Immaculate Heart and begin to live a life of holiness” (8/30/95). But can a life of holiness be adequately summarized under one rule of thumb? It appears our beloved Mother has already done this in her very last recorded words found in the Gospel of John (2:5) and approximately at the midpoint of the messages delivered to Lori in *The Heart of God*, particularly, the message of May 12, 1995: “Do all that my Son has asked

of you.” It appears that these same words could be equally applied to assist the Church in discerning whether there should be a fifth dogma, that of Mary as Coredemptrix, Mediatrix, and Advocate of the People of God. From the perspective of Jesus’ statements rendered to a forty-one year old housewife and mother, the answer is a resounding and a enthusiastic “yes.”

John P. Sause, Ph.D.
Feast of the Assumption of Mary
August 15, 1998

Editor's Note

The footnotes in this volume are based upon the memory of conversations the editor had with Lori G. regarding the messages. Regretfully, Lori's death precluded a final review of the material by Lori herself. Hence, the editor has attempted to maintain fidelity to Lori's words while allowing sufficient latitude to address certain theological issues the messages may have raised. The editor seeks your indulgence and requests your understanding in this matter.

The religion which originates in the mystery of the redemptive incarnation is the religion of “dwelling in the heart of God,” of sharing in the God's very life.

Pope John Paul II (Paragraph 8 *Tertio Millennio Adveniente: Apostolic Letter, As the Third Millennium Draws Near*. November 14, 1994)

Children, begin now to send out my messages of love.¹ (11/16/94)

Children, these messages are a mirror of my heart. They are a treasure and a magnificent gift from the Eternal Heart of God. Share them and be jubilant. Rejoice, my children, for I am in your midst. (4/30/96)

My beloved children, these words come from the infinite chambers of mercy and love within my Sacred Heart, which is joined by my passion to the most Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother. Read my merciful words, for they shall strengthen you and restore you. My words shall be as a salve to your wounded souls. Remember Calvary, my children, and do not fear to approach me for anything. I bless you. (6/5/96)

¹ It is interesting to note that the Lord had informed me on this day what would be the exact title for the books that would contain his messages. This was only two days after Pope John Paul II epitomized the entire history of salvation, i.e., God's gift of Himself to us and our participation in his life, by aptly describing it as “dwelling in the Heart of God.” Those who prayerfully read these messages are likewise being invited to discover and participate in the love and peace that only God can bestow. It is incomparable to anything that humanly exists on earth. To put it another way, the love and peace we do experience in this life is ultimately anchored in the “Heart of God” for “there is absolutely nothing we can do apart from God” (7/23/96).

2 The Heart of God III

January 1, 1996 - The Feast of the Solemnity of Mary, the Mother of God

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, thank you for honoring my Mother today.² There was never another closer to my heart and to my sorrow. When you honor my Mother you give full recognition to the plan of the Heavenly Father as revealed by his prophets.

The road to salvation at times scorches the feet and parches the lips, but I, Jesus, give food and drink to all those who choose this path. The path to the evil one is wider and easier to travel. It is filled with earthly riches, power, and luxury. It is a road where the toll master grants each traveler a golden crown, a heart hungry for money, and the means by which the goal is achieved. The toll master is satan.

Children, you are foolish. Though suffering may accompany the path to salvation, it serves to purify and sanctify the soul on his journey. It is best to suffer for a short while upon earth than to grieve eternally. Those who travel the road to salvation are purged of their earthly attachments and wealth. They are peeled as an onion by the Eternal Father who removes the false barriers concealing the heart. Once the heart is no longer concealed by pride and vanity I, the Lord, am able to enter. The soul that is pliable is ready to be formed into a fragrant rose. This transformation is often painful to the soul, certain layers are removed as others are delicately added. This is as a surgical procedure where the only anesthesia is my love. I, the Lord, take a fragile and delicate creature and make him strong, mighty, and wise.

There are no priceless gifts received by those who walk the path with satan. Do you see the deception, children? Those who walk the path away from me believe they possess priceless treasures but I solemnly assure you the only priceless treasures come from the Spirit of God. Oh, deceived ones, open your eyes and see, open you ears and hear.

² Today my husband and I went to Mass to honor the maternity of the Mother of God. It was not obligatory that we attend this year because the feast occurred on a Monday and it is one of the feasts that the National Conference of Catholic Bishops listed as not a holy day of obligation should the feast occur on a Saturday or Monday.

Thank you, my beloved son, for recording my words.³ Be at peace, my little ones. I bless you.

We love you and bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

January 2, 1996

Beloved children, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of all who dwell under the sun and the moon.

Each year a Christmas scene is displayed in many of my Son's churches. The story of my Son's birth is portrayed and the manger is the visible sign that he is with us. The tabernacle, my children, is the same as the manger. It is also the visible sign that my Son, Jesus, is among us. The Blessed Sacrament is the Christmas scene displayed every day of the year. Those who visit my Son are as the wise men who pursued the new Messiah. Wherever my Son is, you shall find the Holy Family as well!

Each Christmas represents the birth of the Holy One of Israel. The same birth occurs when a sinner repents. Is not my Son born again when he is accepted into a sinner's heart? The heart becomes the manger.

We shall continue, my child.⁴

During the procession of the most Blessed Sacrament the angels place rose petals on the ground, for a King is walking amongst his people. Those who participate and honor these events truly participate in the entire ministry of my Son, for my Son's ministry did not end when he ascended

³ The Blessed Mother is referring to the scribe who recorded this message while she spoke to me. Due to my illness and heavy use of pain killers it was becoming more difficult for me to concentrate on receiving the message and recording it at the same time. Hence, the Lord permitted me to employ a scribe, whenever available, who would write the message while Jesus or the Blessed Mother spoke through me (see message of *March 7, 1996* footnote for further elaboration).

⁴ I was interrupted during the message by one of my children. Although I, at times, lose my patience with my children who should know that I need this quiet time to receive the message, the Blessed Mother never loses her patience.

4 The Heart of God III

to the Heavenly Father. On the contrary, my beloved children, it was only the beginning. Each day heaven returns to earth during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Jesus is born again, placed in the tabernacle which is the new manger. Just as visitors came to the stable in Bethlehem, they are invited to come now.

There is one difference, my beloved; the wise men came to Bethlehem and presented gifts to their newborn king. But now, the wise man is the one who comes to the manger empty handed, hungry, and thirsty. He does not come with gifts for his King, he comes expecting gifts from his King. For truly the wise man is the one who comes with an empty heart. He comes knowing he will receive much more than he has asked for.

I, your heavenly Mother, invite you all to the stable of the God of Israel. I invite you to go to the Mass where you shall see my Son still in the manger.

Thank you, beloved son, for recording my words. Go with peace, my beloved children.

Jesus, do you wish to write?

No, my child, we shall continue tomorrow.

Thank you, Heavenly Mother and our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. May we approach the Mass and the tabernacle as wise men approaching the manger, but only now we seek his presence entreating gifts and not bearing them. Amen.

January 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Children of my heart, thank you for your sacrifice of love.⁵

My wounds are as soft cushions that provide a resting place for those who are wounded as well. When a precious soul comes to me with a wound,

⁵ I received my programmed regimen of chemotherapy today and I was not feeling particularly well. The Lord had already dispensed me from my obligation to take a message for this day but my husband and I wanted to do the message anyway. The Lord appreciated our little act of sacrifice.

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the first thing I do is cleanse it. After the wound is cleansed I, the Lord, place a bandage upon it until it is healed.

Children, in order for a wound to be cleansed, you must call the wound to my attention. When a child is injured, he first brings the injury to his parents' attention. He trusts his parents will cleanse and bandage the wound and he will be healed.

When you come to Confession, children, you are saying, "Lord, I am wounded, take care of me." It is in this sacrament that I gently cleanse the wounds that have been inflicted by sin. The Act of Contrition bandages the wound and it is by grace that the wound does not become infected. So many of you are wounded and deeply scarred.

But I, Jesus, have come to heal you. Just as a physician carries a bag with items for healing, I, the Lord, carry a physician's bag as well. In it is the Sacrament of Reconciliation, the Holy Bible, and the Eucharist which is the medicine of life.

Many of you are so deeply scarred that one scar lays upon another, which lays upon another, which lays upon another. Only in the doctor's bag that I, Jesus, carry is the medicine to heal these wounds.

The Holy Mass is my hospital. Come, my little sick ones, come to my hospital and receive nourishment and healing. In my sanctuary precious gifts are given and only love is expected in return.

Lord, what can we do as Disciples of Mercy to assist you?

Just as a rainbow has a beginning and an end, so then does the work of my hands. I will provide the means to accomplish my work. Remember I have told you I will part every Red Sea you encounter. I will softly guide you through every roadblock and every situation. When you find yourselves in the desert of a situation I, Jesus, shall bring you a cool drink of water.

Thank you, children, for your sacrifice of love. I bless you and I thank you.

We bless you and we love you, too, Lord. Amen.

January 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My precious children, thank you for responding to my calls from the Cross.

6 The Heart of God III

My little ones, heaven is so vast and so incomprehensible that there is a house and a garden of roses for each of you.⁶

Heaven is infinite, my beloved ones, as I, the Lord, am Infinite. How could I be contained in surroundings that were not infinite since I am infinite?

Think of the parable of the workers; each one beginning his work at a different time of the day.⁷ Did not the owner pay them equally? Did not the

⁶ This message deeply touched all of us who were present in many ways. A disciple had posed a question for me to ask the Lord about five minutes prior to this message. The disciple had just attended the funeral of the father of a dear friend. The father had been ill for some time and was hospitalized for several durations this past year. The disciple was confident that the father received the Sacrament of Last Anointing and the "Apostolic Blessing or Pardon" that accompanies the rite of Viaticum outside the Mass (the father had been hospitalized just prior to his death). It is my understanding that the "Apostolic Blessing or Pardon" is a plenary indulgence granted at the very moment the soul departs from the body. An indulgence is a remission of the temporal punishment due to sin granted by the Church after the guilt of sin has been remitted. The Church distinguishes between eternal and temporal punishment due to sin. Eternal punishment (guilt of sin) is remitted by the Sacrament of Reconciliation or a perfect act of contrition, while the temporal punishment due to the forgiven sin still remains, which explains why it must be expiated while we are here on earth or in purgatory before one can sit at the heavenly banquet. A plenary indulgence which the Church proclaims is imparted in the "Apostolic Blessing or Pardon" grants full remission of the temporal punishment. The disciple had requested that I ask the Lord whether the "Apostolic Blessing or Pardon" is still honored and that we can still have confidence that persons who die with the benefit of the Sacrament of Last Anointing and the "Apostolic Blessing or Pardon" will be admitted immediately into heaven and thus a setting at the heavenly banquet had been prepared for the deceased? The Lord, in his infinite and incomprehensible mercy, responded most affirmatively.

⁷ Jesus is referring to Matthew 20:1-16, where the generosity of the vineyard owner to his workers who commenced working at different times of the day but were paid the same (a silver coin) at the end of day, is compared to the Kingdom of Heaven. The owner, detecting the workers' sense of resentment over the manner of distribution, even

owner show the same generosity to all?

The "Apostolic Blessing" causes my heart to swell with mercy. This "Blessing" and the sight of a pitiable soul at death's door unleashes the unfathomable mercy and compassion in my heart. It is here, at this moment, that the story of the prodigal son applies. It is here, that the Heavenly Father kills the fatted calf and a banquet is prepared.⁸

I, the Lord, have chosen the weak and humble of heart to speak my words. I have chosen the weakest and most insignificant of all my creation to bring my words to my people.

though the silver coin was more than just payment no matter the time the work commenced, admonishes them for begrudging his generosity.

⁸ Jesus is referring to Luke 15:11-32, where the prodigal son is met by his anxious father well before the son steps on the father's land.

He was still a long way from home when his father saw him, threw his arms around his son, and kissed him. "Father," the son said, "I have sinned against God and against you. I am no longer fit to be called your son." But the father called to his servants, 'Hurry!' he said. 'Bring the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. Then go and get the prize calf and kill it, and let us celebrate with a feast! For this son of mine was dead, but now he is alive; he was lost, but now has been found.' And so the feasting began." (Luke 15:20-24).

What I find most interesting about this story is that the motivation of the son is the basic need for self-preservation ("many of my father's paid servants have more food than they want and here I am dying of hunger") and not what would be considered the more noble and "higher" reasons for his repentance. Nevertheless, the father doesn't even inquire as to the rationale for the son's return. With bated breath and probing eyes he surveys the horizon for the slightest glimpse of the son. When he spies the son, the father rushes out and embraces him and restores him to his former status and all the rights associated with being an heir. Jesus, likewise, celebrates the return of the sinner to his heart and restores all rights of entitlement to the heavenly banquet. What a merciful God we have!

8 The Heart of God III

I am the Lord, the God of Israel, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. My holy mountain is as a volcano that spews my mercy over all my people.

My children, the devastation upon the earth is caused by your unwillingness to follow my commandments. My commandments are not to be distorted or changed. They stand forever. When mankind returns to my holy mountain and makes an act of contrition before me, there will be peace.

Today, my beloved ones, I am extending to you a special blessing. My blessing shall pass from you to each one that you touch and a chain of love will begin.⁹

Thank you, my child, for recording my words. Be at peace, my little children. I love you all.

Thank you, most bountiful Savior. You are the Eternal Gift-Giver and Dispenser of Unfathomable Mercy. Give us the courage to speak always your message of love and mercy. Amen.

January 5, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little disciple of mercy. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Little lamb of my heart, so vast is my love that I, Jesus, hold each soul in the palm of my hand. Each day I extend my blessing and love to my beloved. Children, those who welcome my blessing are saturated with grace. Grace, my children, is what causes a flower to face the sun and to open its petals to receive rain. Grace is the reason a turtle will retreat to its shell when it is threatened. Grace is the reason an infant cries when it hungers and thirsts. Grace is the driving force and current that sustains and encourages all life. Without grace, my precious ones, each one of you would have succumbed to the evils and pressures of this world. It is by divine grace that you are given courage in the face of temptation and wisdom in the face of dilemma. Grace is what enables the mighty tree to provide shelter and shade. Grace nurtures, cleanses, and rebuilds. Grace is the medicine to mend the wounded and afflicted.

⁹ This took us by complete surprise for the Lord never did this before. This blessing filled our hearts with tremendous gratitude. We pray that we may be always worthy to impart it.

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Children, grace is a gift from me. It is given when it is needed. It is dispensed generously and with abundant love. Those who accept heavenly grace will become mighty trees, producing holy fruit. Pray for grace, my children. Grace prepares and changes all those who are hard of heart that they may find their way to my kingdom.

My child, thank you for writing. Be blessed with grace, little mercy of my heart. Go in peace.

Jesus, my Jesus, I love you forever. Amen.

January 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Little one of grace, come and record my words. My words are life.

Daughter, just as a vehicle cannot run without fuel, so it is that man cannot endure without grace. Grace, my beloved children, is the fuel of the soul. It is grace that activates the gifts I give you. It is grace that enables you to participate in the sacraments and it is the sacraments that opened the floodgates of grace.

Yes, children, for my love is a circle, where the beginning and the end is I, the Lord God. Children, to properly use any of the gifts I, Jesus, have given you, you must be in a state of grace. Consider the toy that requires batteries to run. No matter the beauty and sophistication of the toy, a simple battery will give it life. So it is with grace, my beloved ones. I have given each of you many various gifts, but those of you who deny my grace will not see the bounty of the gifts I have bestowed. It will be as a rainbow that has no colors.

On the other hand, my little ones, those who are in a state of grace are able to utilize the gifts I have granted them, and they are available to receive more gifts. Grace is able to flow through a soul as a river when that soul accepts the responsibilities of grace. In this I, Jesus, am referring to the Sacrament of Reconciliation. This is where you are given the ability to become a vehicle of grace. In simplicity, this is where you are given the fuel that you may become a productive and fruitful person. My love is a circle, always beginning and ending with my Sacred Heart.

Thank you, beloved daughter, for writing. Go in the peace of my love.

I love you, Lord. Amen.

10 The Heart of God III

January 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted servant, your perseverance has pleased me. So many of you hear my call, yet you give up so easily. Many of you have been called to my priesthood, yet you have discarded this calling because of the obstacles in the way. Did I, Jesus, not fall three times as I made my way to Calvary? What would have happened if I, Jesus, became discouraged by the weight of the Cross? What if I did not get up and never finished my journey to the place of atonement? Ah, beloved, then there would be no heaven for sinners, only eternal wallowing and grief. Instead, I persevered to the place of sacrifice whereby the reason I came into this world could be accomplished.

Children, my children, each one of you was brought into the world for a reason. Remember I have told you that the small insignificant soul is given the most responsibilities by the Eternal Father. Sometimes a life is geared to one specific moment and one specific action whereby another soul is saved from hell. What is more important, my children?

Dear ones, do not give up so easily. Rather, come to me and I, Jesus, shall help you to persevere. Help me, my beloved ones, to save souls and I shall share my eternal crown with you. Do not permit obstacles to prevent you from seeking and finding your true treasures. I am he, the true treasure of each soul.

Thank you, beloved soul, for writing. Go in peace.

Thank you, precious Lord. Amen.

January 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, is there anything I would deny the soul who trusts in me? Would a father deny his child what he is asked if he is able to give it? Is there anything I am unable to give?

Child, when one has faith, that soul is drawn into my Sacred Heart by way of my wounds. The soul with faith begins an intimate journey through the depths of my wounds where he is transformed by grace. He is showered with love and purified by my blood. He is loved and cradled in the arms of the Heavenly Father though he is unaware of this occurrence. He is kissed

and comforted by God that he may become a child of God and in God; that his soul may become unified with the Holy and Blessed Trinity, is accomplished by faith.

The Eternal Father is moved by faith. He is moved to unleash bountiful gifts upon the soul who calls upon him in faith. Faith, my children, is a state of being. It is actually a sanctuary whereby God's heart and man's heart become united. It is a place within every soul where they can say, "Abba," and be heard instantly, for it is those with faith who truly pursue and love God. Say "Abba," my children, and the God of all compassion will visit the sanctuary of your heart. Oh yes, it is by faith that one can move a mountain, but is not the heart of God larger and mightier than a mountain?

Daughter, my precious one, come to my heart with faith and you shall be granted all that you ask.¹⁰

Go with my blessing, my little lamb.

I love you forever, my God. Amen.

January 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, do you see how quickly I respond when you utter my name?¹¹ My name which is above all other names is holy. When my

¹⁰ Today I discovered that my tumor blood levels went from 320 to 52—a positive and dramatic drop in toxins. I thank you, Lord, for your word is truly trustworthy. Help me to persevere in my faith regardless of whatever you ultimately ordain.

¹¹ Another disciple and I were discussing an upcoming situation which could become very stressful to me due to its financial burden. We were examining all the possible alternatives that would minimize the consequences, but each alternative would still be a costly one and thus did not provide relief to my stress. Just prior to the message the disciple said the healing prayer (see *May 15, 1995 message*) over me, calling upon the Lord to calm my stress. We then said the preparatory prayers banishing the evil one which we always say before calling upon the Lord to deliver the message. It seemed that the Lord manifested his presence instantaneously at the conclusion of the preparatory prayers.

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name is uttered by a needy soul, I respond instantly.

Children, I desire you to view the world through supernatural and spiritual glasses. Each time my name is uttered, grace and mercy are released upon the earth. The supernatural is the true reality. Those with faith are given the grace to see the divine hand in all situations. The heart of the faithful soul is as a magnet to unleash all the blessings of heaven. I, Jesus, shall give you an example of the power of faith.

Consider the bush that has many small flowers. These flowers are plentiful, yet they are fragile and weak. They can easily be mutilated by a touch. Consider this bush as a severe rainstorm consumes it. What you will see is the majority of the flowers are on the ground beside the bush; only a few have survived the storm. Do you see, my children? Those with faith, though they be weak, delicate, and sickly, will not be moved by the storms of life. They will be as the flowers that survived the impact of the rain.

A soul with faith has a supernatural wall about him. It is a wall of dignity and determination that he receives from me, the Lord God. The soul with faith, though he be in the forest of despair, will chop down every tree to seek my holy mountain, for he is given supernatural ability to find his way to me. The soul with faith, though he be blind, is able to see, and what he sees, is righteous and holy and true.

Children, ask for the gift of faith, for with this gift those who are dead shall live. With faith those who are ill shall be made well, and those who are hungry shall be fed.

Thank you, my beloved children. Do not worry of the things of the earth. Am I not more than the things of the earth? Is there any problem I cannot solve? Come and rest in my heart, my little weary ones. Come and rest.

We thank you, Heavenly Abba, for your caressing words of love. We pray for the gift of faith and that we may be called "souls with faith" in your eyes. Amen.

January 10, 1996

My daughter, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Lamb. I am the Queen of Hope and Mercy.

My beloved children, the clouds of God's mercy hover over you and yet you do not respond to my calls. I, your Mother, am standing at the foot of

The Heart of God III 13

the Cross. As Jesus' blood began to spill, it first touched me and then the earth. I was touched by the blood of my very own Son and I am offering the same blood to you, my precious ones.

Oh, beloved children of my Immaculate Heart, it is the blood of my beloved Son that keeps me imploring you to return to God. As I presented my Son to the world on the day he was born, I am presenting him to the world each day. I am presenting him to the Eternal Father each day, just as it was on the day he was presented to God in the temple. He was presented to the Eternal Father then, and a covenant was entered into. And from the Cross Jesus was presented to the Eternal Father, and another covenant was entered into.

Children, it was also from the Cross that I entered a covenant with God and became the Mother of all mankind. I accepted mankind as my children for it was my Son's desire. It was the moment that my beloved Son's blood touched my flesh that I became Mother of the Earth.

Oh, how great is the love of God. How great is his desire to have sinners return to the flock. My Son's blood metamorphorizes all whom it touches. When my Son places a drop of his Holy Precious Blood upon one's heart, the flame of love for God, by God, and within God is lit for eternity.

Come back to God, my children. What good is the bee who is lost from the hive? Where shall he find his sweet honey? Only the Lord thy God is the sweet honey of the soul. Only the heart of God is as the hive, where peace and security reigns forever.

I bless you, my beloved child.

I bless you and love you, too, Mama.

Lord?

My beloved daughter we shall continue tomorrow. I bless you.

I love you, Jesus, my heart. I love you, Holy Spirit. Mama Mary, I love you.

January 11, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciples, you have called to me and I have come. I am the Shepherd of the Flock of Israel. I have instructed you to seek my love. It

14 The Heart of God III

is my desire to reveal my love to each heart that desires me. What parent does not lavish all his affections upon his child. There is no limit to my love, and the way I, the Lord, manifest it.

Children, my heart is hungry for each of you. My heart rejoices at every opportunity to show you my love. Each time the fisherman casts his net, it is hoped that he shall find a great pearl. The true fisherman never gives up his search.

Children, I am the pearl every soul pines for. If you pursue me, children, you will see that only my love is the treasure. I desire to reveal my love in many different ways, one way being the Holy Eucharist.

Children, much of my love goes unnoticed and is lost. I wait day and night in the most Blessed Sacrament for you to come and receive my love. Waiting is loving, loving is waiting. I, Jesus, still bear the wounds inflicted at Calvary. They are a part of me just as each one of you is a part of me. My wounds are love. My blood was shed out of love. Love is a circle, my beloved ones, that begins and ends within my Sacred Heart. When I gave you my beloved Mother, this was also a manifestation of my love.

Children, ask me to reveal my love to you. Ask the heavenly Father for the pearl. When the fisherman hoists up his net, sometimes he discovers a priceless pearl, but it is I, Jesus, who have placed it there. I am the treasure of every heart. I am delighted when a soul asks to see my love.

Thank you, my beloved children, for responding to my calls from Calvary. Keep your hearts open and the pearls of my love shall find their resting place.

I bless you all. Go in peace.

We bless you too, Lord. May you continue to manifest your love in so many countless ways. Amen.

January 12, 1996¹²

January 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

¹² The Lord dispensed me from taking a message today due to effects of the chemotherapy.

Little child of my Sacred Heart, record my words of love.

Dearest ones, what does it mean to be consecrated to my Sacred Heart? Many of you claim you have consecrated your lives to my Sacred Heart, yet you refuse to accept the cross. When one consecrates his life to my care, in essence, he is saying, "I do not live on my own any longer for it is you, Lord, who lives within me; do with me what you will."

Ah, beloved, there are truly only a few who mean this and desire to live this way. When one is consecrated to me, it means that I am his breath and his heart. It means that I, Jesus, am his eyes and his ears. He does nothing by himself, for it is his desire to serve me. I, Jesus, become the only flower in the garden he grows. I, Jesus, become the only leaf upon the tree in his yard. I, Jesus, become the only garment he wears. I, Jesus, become everything to the soul who is consecrated to me. Truly, we blend and become one heart.

I desire to share everything with a consecrated soul, but that soul must embrace the cross as well. The cross always precedes the crown of glory. The rain always precedes the rainbow.

Children of my heart, I, the Lord, am asking for consecrated souls. It is a vow that is honored and expected to be kept by the Eternal Father, for truly, the Eternal Father cherishes any soul who consecrates his life to my care and to the Immaculate Heart of my Mother.

Child, we shall continue tomorrow. Be at peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you and love you forever, Lord. Amen.

January 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Little lambs of my flock, thank you for recognizing and responding to my invitation of love. I, the Lord, plant the seed of my love at Baptism. It is on this day that each soul begins to grow into a mighty tree.

Think of a mighty tree, my little ones, it provides shade and shelter to different animals. The mighty tree is not threatened during a storm because the roots are secure. Let the roots of your love begin in my Sacred Heart and you shall become a mighty tree bearing much fruit.

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Children, it is the roots of the tree that make the tree mighty and strong, yet the roots cannot be seen. As you grow into a mighty tree, I shall feed you with my body and my blood. It is by grace that you will flourish and learn to overcome the storms in your life. It is by grace that the leaves turn upward and prepare themselves to receive the rain.

Children of my Sacred Heart, if your spiritual roots are within my heart, you shall grow and flourish despite the evil one's attempts to destroy you. Though there be days when there is neither food nor drink, you shall not be hungry or thirsty. If the roots of your spirituality are planted firmly within my Sacred Heart, then you shall grow in the holy garden I have prepared for you. This is the garden of virtues.

There are many gardens upon the earth but I, the Lord, have only one garden and I, the Lord, am the gardener. Each seed that I plant is tenderly nurtured by me. It is given all that it needs when it needs it.

There are other gardens beside mine, but the flowers in those gardens do not survive the storms. They wither and perish when the storms come because their roots are in the world and not in my heart. There are no weeds in my garden, yet there are vines which support the delicate flowers.

You, my children, are the delicate flowers in my garden. Find your way to my garden of virtues. There are many other gardens beside mine and sometimes you are deceived into believing you shall not perish. Sometimes because of the blinders the evil one places upon your eyes, you see great beauty in these gardens. But as I have told you, what you see is unimportant. For it is only the roots that are important, and, my children, they cannot be seen.

Therefore, beloved ones, find your way to my garden of virtues. The landmark is the cross. There is only one entrance into my garden and it is through my heart. There are no weeds in my garden, only priceless roses.

My children, if your roots are in me and with me, you shall remain strong in the midst of a storm. Look about you, my little ones, if it were not true, then all the flowers with their fragile and tender petals would be destroyed after every rainstorm. It is my grace that sustains all of my creation. When you see the cross, my children, and you embrace it, then you will know you are surely in my garden.

Thank you, my beloved ones, for your efforts to please me and to honor my

Mother.¹³ I shall bless your endeavor. Go in peace, my little lambs. I love you all.

Thank you, Lord Jesus. Please continue to send us graces so that our roots may be secured in your heart and the flowers of our faith may always face you, always eager to embrace the crosses that we are called to carry. Amen.

January 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, my devoted one, and record the words of the Lamb. I am the Lamb.

Little one of my heart, the era of mercy is as a great bridge spanning the river of sin. Many of you have recognized my calls for you to leave the shore of darkness and come to the shore of light. To do this, you must embrace my mercy and cross the bridge. Crossing this bridge represents your willingness to discard sin and to accept the commandments of the Lord, thy God. When the era of mercy has ended, the era of justice shall begin and those who are caught on the shore of darkness shall pay heavily for their previous ways.

What direction are you traveling, my little children? Consider the bridge of mercy as the Red Sea where I, the Lord God, am providing a way to rescue my people, Israel. But again, many of you will refuse my help. Many of you will refuse the voice of my prophets. Blessed are those who hear my prophets and listen. They shall be granted abundant gifts by the Eternal Father, for they heard, and they listened.

Just as I parted the Red Sea for the Israelites to pass through, I am parting the sea of sin and am securing a bridge of mercy there. I have referred to my mercy as an ark and have told you to be aboard when it sets sail. The same principle applies to the bridge of mercy. Make your way across the bridge now, my children, before the bridge is removed. Do not

¹³ Among those present for this message were two disciples, one from Louisiana and the other from Michigan, who were doing the preliminary proceedings for a pilgrimage which they were orchestrating to the Caribbean Islands in March. This pilgrimage, with an expected enrollment of several hundred, is in honor of the Blessed Mother.

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procrastinate. This is the time of mercy. Now is the time to cross the bridge, lest you shall be left behind.

Thank you, devoted child, for recording my words. We shall continue tomorrow. I bless you, my little lamb.

*I bless you, Jesus, my Savior. I bless you, too, my Holy Mother.
I pray that many souls cross the bridge of mercy to the shore of light.*

January 16, 1996

My beloved ones, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Shepherd and the Mother of the Flock.

My beloved ones, I am the Mother of the Church and I have embraced her within my Immaculate Heart.

The Church, my beloved ones, was born of my womb and is the only rose upon the earthly garden. With great delicacy and tenderness do I ask my beloved priests and ministers to care for this rose.

If you are a Eucharistic Minister, then you must realize the great responsibility placed upon you by the Eternal Father.¹⁴ When my Son knocked upon a door of a house, sometimes he was invited to eat and rest, and this house was blessed by the Eternal Father. Sometimes the door was slammed in my beloved Son's face, and all the blessings upon this house were taken and given to another. If you are a Eucharistic Minister, you must be as the one who invited my Son for supper. You must desire to dine with my Son before you have others do so.

I, your Mother, say this because many who participate in the holy banquet are as the Pharisees, they do not really care about my Son. Prepare

¹⁴ Just a few minutes prior to this message, the disciple present conveyed a request from another disciple who was recently appointed the Coordinator of Eucharistic Ministers for his parish. This large parish consists of 110 Eucharistic Ministers and the disciple was planning a Day of Recollection. In his efforts to structure the agenda for the day he requested of the Blessed Mother the following: key topics that should be covered during the time allocated for instruction, a prayer for Eucharistic Ministers, and a blessing upon the day. The Blessed Mother answered all three entreaties.

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yourselves in this way: 1) come to Mass hungry that you may understand the hunger of the people you feed; 2) be reconciled to God; 3) be reconciled to your brothers; and 4) leave your grievances at the altar with my Crucified Son and know that the Eucharist will heal you.

You may say the following words to the Holy Spirit:

O Spirit of Wisdom and Truth, with gratitude I accept this great opportunity to feed your poor and hungry people. Cleanse me and forgive me for all of my offenses. Let me be a pure vessel to bring the Bread of Life to God's people. I am only a servant at the foot of the Cross. As the blood from your wounds spills upon me, allow me to place it in the chalice of your mercy and give it to your people to drink. Allow me to carry your broken and wounded body in my arms and present you to those who hunger. And if I should wander from the flock, come and find me, Lord. Nurture me, forgive me, and feed me, so that once again I may become one of the gardeners to take care of your precious rose [the Church] upon the earth. Amen.

Many Eucharistic Ministers take my Son from place to place, yet you say nothing to him. You spend hours with him, yet you say nothing to him. He loves you so, that he remains silent wherever it is you place him. But I grieve in the silence, my heart breaks to see the silence between you and my Son. If you are a Eucharistic Minister, do not take for granted the time you have been given to spend with Jesus. Truly, it is the wise man who realizes he is in the presence of his Lord. And truly, it is the wise man who spends this time in prayer, in petition, and thanksgiving. It is also the wise man who realizes he is nothing more than a grain of sand, and it is by God's loving grace that he has been granted such a position.

Children, any endeavor to attain holiness and to do the will of my Son will always be blessed. Go in peace, my little children, but remember, be the one who invites my Son to dinner when he knocks, for that day occurs in everyone's life.

Thank you, our Blessed Mother and Mother of the Church, may we be given the graces to be worthy soil for your rose, the Church, to flourish. In addition, may we be instruments for the fullness of graces to flow from your Son to those who come hungry and thirsty to receive his Body and Precious Blood. Amen.

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January 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, record the words of the King of Israel.

My dearest children, on life's journey you will see many travelers. You will know the souls that travel to me and with me by the cross upon their back. They are not adorned in silks and fine jewels. No, on the contrary, they are adorned in humility. Righteousness is their garment. They are not cold during the winter, nor do they suffer from heat during the summer. For these travelers are mine, and I, the Lord, protect and care for them upon their journey.

Many of you research the type of automobile you desire to purchase. You desire one of safety and of comfort. You desire your trip to be the safest it can possibly be. But I, Jesus, say this: "it is not the trip that is important, it is the destination." Each one of you will one day find that your journey upon earth has ended. You will also find that it mattered not the type of vehicle you drove nor the type of house you lived in, for on this day, someone else shall drive your car and live in your house. Someone else shall journey just as you did. Will their destination be the same as yours? Will you eventually meet or will the great abyss separate you for all eternity? Choose your destination now, my beloved children, and I, Jesus, will show you the way. For only I am the way; only I am the way to the destination of each heart.

Be at peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord, and love you. Amen.

January 18, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, come and record my words of hope.

My beloved children, many of you are in a rush to see the results of your endeavors. If nothing materializes swiftly, you think you have wasted your time. This is foolishness, my little ones. A mighty tree takes a long time to grow. I, Jesus, am patient. I am the one who waits for your love. I am the one who waits for the results of the seed I planted at Baptism. Sadly, my little ones, many times the results do not materialize upon the earth.

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Beloved children, you must be patient and learn to persevere in all situations. Many of you desire that I, Jesus, do all the work for you. You are unwilling to step forward and proceed in the direction I have pointed you to. Children, do not expect me to take the second step for you when you have not taken the first step for me.

Faith requires action, which requires courage, which requires wisdom. Pray unceasingly to my Holy Spirit for wisdom, for courage, and for patience. Pray children, that you may open the door that stands in your way. If you do not, you shall not come to the next door. Patience brings the soul through many doors, but remember I, Jesus, go before you always.

Thank you for writing, my little lamb. Go in the peace of my heart.

Thank you, Jesus, my sweet Lord. Amen.

January 19, 1996

My precious one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Shepherd. I am the Queen of Heaven and of Earth, and my royal staff is the Cross of my beloved Son, Jesus.

Dearest ones, when my Son took flesh and walked the earth, mankind was in a state of turmoil. There was physical turmoil between neighbors and cities, but there was another turmoil, that was the turmoil and restlessness of the soul, for the soul had only one place to go before my Son conquered death.

My children, I have come to earth to help prepare my Son's banquet. I have come with a personal invitation for each of you. Sadly, many of you reject this invitation. It is incomprehensible that you would have no love and reverence for your God and Creator. It is truly a catastrophe that you treasure money and power more than God. There is no place for money and power in heaven. There surely is no place for money and power in hell. There is only room for the soul who preferred these things to their God.

Children, I shall give you an example. When you go to the grocery store, you are able to purchase perishable and nonperishable items. You care for the perishable items first and take little concern for the nonperishable items. If you do this with food items, then why do you do the opposite with

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your soul and your eternal future?¹⁵ Money and power are perishable. No fire will preserve them, once they are lost, they are difficult to replace. Why do you spend so much time and effort caring for something so perishable? Why do you not invest more care into your relationship with God which is eternal?

My children, your values and priorities are wrong. I have come to earth to show you what is right and what is wrong. Please accept my teaching and my love.

Thank you, child, for recording my words. Go with my blessing.

Thank you, Blessed Mother and my Lord, for everything you have given us. Help us to set our priorities on those items that have eternal consequences. Amen.

January 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, I am here.

I, Jesus, possess the keys to eternity. Eternity, my loved ones, is incomprehensible. The eternal heaven is the infinite revelation of my love. There is no place for time in my kingdom. Time is my adversary, my little children. Many of you divide your days into segments. You give a certain amount of time to the things you desire to do. In heaven, time does not exist. Rather, it is the moment which becomes eternal. The flame of the moment is never extinguished. I, the Lord, am a God of the Living. I am a God of the present moment. If you seek me, it is in the present moment that you shall find me.

My name is I AM. What is the present moment? You may measure this by the very breath you take. Each breath is the present moment then it is the past. Graces flow in the present moment for that is where I, the God of Israel, dwell.

¹⁵ I believe the Blessed Mother is stressing the similarities between food items that are perishable and our ultimate destiny with God, which likewise could be jeopardized. It is a strange paradox that we invest so much energy in the accumulation of wealth and power, which is so ephemeral, and little activity in developing our relationship with God, whose consequences endure forever.

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I am emphasizing the concept of the present moment so that you will know where to find me. Think, my children, can you recapture your last breath or the last beat of your heart? So do not look for me in these places. Divine help comes to the soul in the exact moment it is needed.

Most of you spend your lives regretting your past and contemplating the future. That is why my kingdom cannot be found by you. Children of my heart, learn to stay in the present moment, for the present moment is truly a tabernacle of love.

This is all we shall write today, my beloved children. Thank you and go in peace.

Thank you, my precious God. Amen.

January 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Children of my heart, I am Jesus, the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. The womb of my beloved Mother was also a tabernacle. So many of you discard my Mother and the role that she plays in salvation.

Children, it is my command that you honor my beloved Mother. Learn my commandments, children. You are to honor your mother and your father. Aside from your earthly parents, I am referring to the Heavenly Father and my beloved Mother.

There is no limit to the love bestowed on the soul that honors me. I am the Fountain of Eternal Love. I am the only drink that will quench the thirst of the soul. I am the only food that will satisfy the hunger of the soul. My love is as a circle. It is continuous and without interruption.

Children of my heart, I am suffering. My Sacred Heart yearns for your love. My wounds ache for your acknowledgment of me. Come to the foot of the Cross and begin your journey through the depths of my wounds. I desire you to understand my passion. You must learn the Stations of the Cross. Make this a frequent practice and I, the Lord, shall share intimate details of my passion with you.

We shall continue tomorrow, my child. Stay reconciled to me so that grace may flow freely as a river. I bless you. Go in peace.

Thank you, Father, we love you, and Mother Mary. Assist us in honoring

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our earthly and heavenly parents. Amen.

January 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple of mercy, I, Jesus, am permitting you to taste the bitter cruelty of my abandonment and rejection.¹⁶

Child, what bitter suffering I endure as I am continuously cast aside by non-believers, and even worse, scorned and mocked by those who claim to believe in the Cross. Ah yes, the Cross, truly, I am saddened to see a heavy golden cross hanging from the neck of the person whose heart is as stone. The Cross was not gold, my children, the Cross was not, and is not a piece of jewelry. If you wear a cross about your neck, then best be sure you wear a cross about your heart.

Children, my children, I, Jesus say this to you: "my youth are lost." Satan has claimed them and he disguises himself in many different fashions. Pray each day the Rosary for my youth. Many of you shall not embrace your children in heaven, for they shall not go there.

My youth are as snowflakes that will become water before touching the earth. They will not remain snowflakes. They are pieces of coal that will not be converted to diamonds. And so serious is this matter, that I, Jesus, say this to the parents that know me, "I will hold you responsible, you must encourage my commandments, you must discourage sin." Do not use my name in vain in front of the children I have given you, for they shall do the same. For many of you, it is difficult to confront your children. Be courageous, my beloved ones. Remember that you have much to do with their eternal destiny. Call upon St. Joseph to assist you to weave holiness and righteousness throughout your family. Do not encourage my little ones to disobey my commandments, for I assure you, it shall cost them dearly.

I, the Lord, am calling for the conversion of humanity and this must begin with the family. Encourage complete obedience in the home as I, Jesus, encourage obedience. Encourage words of kindness and holiness. There should be no cursing for I, the Lord, despise cursing. I close my ears to such abominable words and I surely listen to those who do not speak such

¹⁶ The Lord is referring to my periodic feelings of doubts and loneliness which come especially when I am in the throes of my sickness.

words.

If you wish to follow me, then you must teach my youth. A father must encourage his children to be holy and not to sin. A mother must be respected and supportive of the father. This is my way and the way to heaven. Though it is difficult to follow my way, I will always help you. Blessed are those who hear my words and honor them.

Daughter, thank you for writing. Go in peace.

Lord Jesus, as your daughter and as a mother, I beg for the graces from you and through the intercession of Mama Mary and St. Joseph so my husband and I might emulate the love that exists among your earthly family in all our human relations. Amen.

January 23, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My precious roses, I am here. You have been hand-picked by the Heavenly Father to grow in my garden, for it is the Eternal Father who, after being moved with compassion at the sight of your lowliness, has granted you the gift of faith.¹⁷ Do not look down upon your brothers and sisters who do not possess the gift of faith. When you grow a garden, you look forward to the day the flowers will blossom. Some require more care and take longer than others, but they are all flowers.

My beloved children, consider your love for me as a tunnel, there are walls about you and there is no room to expand. This is why you must learn to love with my heart; love is not limited. Love permits the flower in a garden to blossom when it is time.

I, Jesus, am a teacher. I do not expect all of my students to learn at the same pace and to comprehend without repetition. But I am patient and I teach by example. The ability to teach is a priceless gift given by the Eternal Father. The wise teacher is one who knows he shall always be the student. The wise leader is the one who acknowledges he shall always be the subject.

¹⁷ The Lord is not just referring to the disciples present for this message but for all those who will be reading these very words for years and generations to come.

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How many of you truly desire to be a flower in my garden? Many of you will say, "yes." But does not the gardener trim the flowers as he wills? Does not the gardener mold the landscape as he wills? So you say, "yes," to become a flower in my garden, but it is you who wish to be the gardener.

Ah, my little ones, if you would only permit the one who knows all about gardening to be the gardener, you would be transformed into a magnificent rose. My garden, little ones, is the garden of sainthood. If you accept me as teacher and gardener, I will mold you into a saint. Yes, the rewards of this are incomprehensible, but the efforts are difficult and painstaking. As I have said so many times before, it is the small seed that grows into a mighty tree and it is the roots which truly determine the strength of the tree.

Beloved disciples, be willing to let my teachings be the outline and guide for the way you live. Let my commandments be the stairs that you ascend toward heaven. Let my heart be the pillow that you lay your head upon when you are weary. Become flowers in my garden, my little children.

Thank you for recording my words. Go with my blessing, my precious little children.

Thank you, most loving Lord, teacher and gardener of the soul. May we become flowers with petals totally open to your words and touch so we may grow in holiness. Amen.

January 24, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple, let us begin. I am the Lord, the Holy One of Israel. I AM WHO AM.

My beloved children, I, Jesus, do not wish for you to fear anything. Fear is a distraction. Fear is the opposite of faith. Fear is a tool of the evil one to distance a soul from his faith and from me.

My beloved children, although there are different situations in your lives, I, Jesus, am the only way to resolve the situation. If you call upon me, you will find the road to have a smooth surface. If you do not call upon me, you will find the road to have gravel.

Children, consider your life to be as a labyrinth. You feel as though you are lost and there is no way out of your problems. Ah, my beloved ones, this is a deception of the malicious king. He truly wants you to believe you are

lost, for one who feels this way is easy prey. One who is lost will quickly follow the guide who promises to help him. Unfortunately, my beloved ones, the evil one guides you away from me and to the gates of perdition.

There is no one who is lost whom I, Jesus, will not rescue. There is no one who calls upon my name who will not receive divine assistance. If you are lost, the compass you must use is prayer. Prayer is what will set you back on the right road, which is always the road to me and with me.

Go in peace, little lamb of my heart. Be not afraid. I bless you.

I love you, Lord God, forever and ever. Do not permit our fears to make us prey to the evil one. Amen.

January 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved daughter, come and record my words. Ah, beloved one, my mercy consumes you and it is my mercy that showers immense blessings upon you.

Children of my heart, be at peace with your human limitations. Be at peace with the limitations of those around you. Each one of you has a different heart rate and a different pulse rate, do you not? Do you think you each have the same number of hairs upon your head? My dearest beloved, though you are all uniquely different, you are all very much the same.

It is I, the Lord, who breathes life into you at the moment of conception. Do you think it was one of your psychics who breathed life into you the very first time?¹⁸ My beloved children, satan's largest source of infiltration is through television. I, Jesus, solemnly assure you that if you pay any attention to these advertisements for psychics, than you are opening a door to the evil one. This is evil; this is not from heaven and has not been ordained and sanctified in heaven.

¹⁸ The Lord is referring to those notorious television infomercials where psychics are presented as being the "oracles" possessing the wisdom to direct your every move to ultimate happiness—at the price of \$3.95 per minute—a fee that a Park Avenue psychiatrist couldn't even match for his hour of listening! Seriously, the Lord is very direct in warning us not to engage in such activity, for it makes us susceptible to the evil one.

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My children, my children, pay no attention to this trickery of satan. Only I, the Lord, know the future. Only I, the Lord, am the Innkeeper of the Heart. If you come to me, I will guide you through all of life's trials and tribulations, and you shall grow in holiness. Do not give any credence to the snares of the wicked one.

I, Jesus, shall reveal this about your future: if you stay with me on earth, then you shall go with me in heaven. If you follow the evil one on earth, you shall become part of his kingdom for eternity. I, Jesus, am against psychics and all forms of fortune telling. They are evil and evil consumes those who practice these rituals. Abide by my commandments, children, and you will know your future.

Thank you for writing, my little daughter. Go in peace, my child, I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, O Lord and Mama Mary. Amen.

January 26, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, why do you worry? Have I not provided for all of your needs as I said I would?

Children of my Sacred Heart, hear my words. My heart is a heart that never stops loving. My heart is a heart that never stops listening and never stops forgiving. Who among you can say you have truly forgiven your brothers? Remember, I, the Lord, see into men's hearts as they really are. I see all that is hidden. I see all the seeds that have been planted, though they have not even taken root.

I see the child within the womb at the moment of conception. But you, my little ones, do not. You do not see a human being because you are deceived. You only see what you desire to see, for that is the way of darkness. The way of light, however, sees the truth, for nothing is hidden from the one who walks in the light.

I am here, my little lamb. I am by your side as I dictate these messages.

I am always with you.¹⁹

O Lord, I love you so much. Thank you for your patience with me.

Child of my heart, mimic me. Be a reflection of me. I will always help you. You have nothing to fear for I, Jesus, shall speak through you.

Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you.²⁰

I love you and bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

January 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, my little lamb, and record my words. My words are the words of the triune God of the most Holy and Blessed Trinity.

My beloved children, though your sins be more numerous than the sands of the earth, I, the Lord of Hosts, am willing to forgive you. I am willing to discard your garments of wretchedness and to clothe you in garments of righteousness and holiness. Many of you complain that I, Jesus, am distant from you, but I say this is a deception of satan. I am faithful as the sunrise. It is you, my beloved children, who are distant from me. You are as trout swimming against the current. If you desire to become closer to me, you must frequent the sacraments. You must learn to love my Church and to understand that it is by my blood that my Church is holy. You must accept my teachings, which are the teachings of my Church through my high bishop.²¹

Children, there has never been a time that I have not loved you with an infinite love. Even though I have admonished you at certain times, my

¹⁹ At the moment the Lord was saying these words, the statue of Jesus which resides on the little altar in my room appeared momentarily to come alive.

²⁰ The Lord was blessing me tonight because I was scheduled to speak to a prayer group about the messages the next day.

²¹ The Lord often refers to Pope John Paul II as his high bishop.

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love for you has not wavered. I, Jesus, am calling all of you to come to Jerusalem with me. We shall feast. Oh yes, we shall feast! We shall feast on the fruits that are the result of my Crucifixion and the teachings of my Church. Oh, what rejoicing there shall be on that day.

Go in peace, my child. I will help you and bless you.

I love you and bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

January 28, 1996

Lord Jesus do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb. Record my words of love. These messages which I now give were present in my heart as the nails were driven in my hands and feet. I loved all of you then as I do now.

I, the Lord, am grieving for my Church. It is by my blood that my Church was formed and I have given her the most holy sacraments. These sacraments are for my people, Israel, and all those who partake of these sacraments shall find a place at my banquet.

My beloved priests, you have been ordained in heaven long before you were ordained on earth. I have called you to a difficult life and a life of obedience. I have promised your rewards to be in heaven and not on earth. All those who go against my high bishop are in complete disobedience to their vows. My sons, I am grieving. I expressly give this message to those of you who have separated from my Pope and my bride. You DO NOT serve me, my sons. I am grieving, for you are leading my flock to perdition's gates. Take the blinders from your eyes. If you are in disobedience to my high bishop, then you are in disobedience to me.

I shall not honor those who do not honor me. I shall not bless the places of worship you have designated apart from my Church. If you abandon my teachings and the teachings of my high bishop, you shall be as an arm or a leg that has gangrene.²² You shall be as poison to the rest of the body

²²The Lord was particularly upset today due to a local newspaper account of a "priest" who established his own church and was calling it a member of the "Independent Catholic Diocese." The Lord had requested that two other disciples and I convey a personal message to this "priest" stating that "he, the Lord, is not present in his (the priest's) liturgy" and to return to his true Church. We did this in obedience. Despite how much

and I, Jesus, shall amputate you.

My sons, come to my holy mountain and be reconciled to me. I will forgive all who make a true and sincere act of amendment. You must stop dividing my Church and dividing my Mystical Body. Come back to my Church, my beloved sons. You are lost from me. I extend my merciful heart to all who have fallen away from me. I shall forgive you, if you so desire it.

My child, I am so grieved by my faltering priests. "Share this message as an act of mercy that they will stop their evil ways and return to me," thus says the Lord God of Hosts.

My beloved child, be not afraid to distribute this message. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord. Have mercy. Amen.

January 29, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Shepherd and the Mother of the Flock.

My beloved one, go to those who are lost from my Son and tell them my Son's words. Tell them to return to the embrace of their Mother who will protect them and secure God's mercy for them. Child, my Son is grieving for his priests that have broken their vows. They have turned their backs on my Son and have refused His Holy Precious Blood.

Mama, whom are you referring to?

My beloved daughter, many of my Son's priests have separated from the Holy Church. Oh, such a grievous error, if they do not repent, many souls will be lost. If they do not return to the one true Church, my Son's bride, then they shall lose their places at the eternal banquet. I shall go to each one of my lost sons and I shall pursue them as a mother pursues a lost child. I shall pursue them relentlessly, but they will not all return to me.

My children, time is running out. The rivers of mercy are drying up. Soon the dam holding the hand of God will burst, and justice shall go through the earth as a tornado. Nothing will be left untouched.

this aberrant behavior offends him, the Lord still offers reconciliation to those who will repent and amend their ways.

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Please, my beloved sons, you were handpicked by God long before you were born. By turning your back on the Pope, you are as the ones who hammered the nails into Jesus' body. You are as Judas; you knew Jesus, yet you betrayed him with a kiss. Return to your vows, my children, and I shall shelter you in my motherly mantle.

Daughter, my Son has told you to deliver his words. You may deliver my words as well.

Thank you for writing, my child.

I love you, Mama.

I love you too, child. Go in peace.

Mama Mary, please spread your mantle to engulf all priests as a protection against the evil one. Amen.

January 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, record the words of the God of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Children of my heart, do you desire to know how much I suffered? I, Jesus, say this to you, "I can compare my suffering with *only one* other type of suffering, that is the suffering of the unborn when they are torn limb from limb in the womb of their mother. As they face total dismemberment both physically and mentally, their tiny voices cause the heavens to shake with grief as did my death on Calvary."

People, do you think the unborn does not suffer? Shall I do to you what you do to the unborn? Soon the blood of the innocents shall spill upon the entire earth. There will be no end to the spilling of the blood since mankind has not heeded my calls to stop abortion. Countries shall become as the wombs whereby their societies shall be dismembered, limb from limb. Economies shall be torn, limb from limb. Families and cities shall be torn, limb from limb. There will be no hiding place on this terrible day as there is no hiding place for the unborn facing his executioner.

I, Jesus, am commanding you to stop the killings, to stop the atrocities. You are not the author of life. You have no right to determine who lives and who does not. The plagues that I shall send for your evil ways shall

dismember entire countries and you shall not flee your executioner. Even the rattlesnakes will avoid you in this day. Even the mud of the earth cries that I should avenge the innocents, and thus, shall I, the Lord, do. Beware of the justice of the Lord of Hosts. Beware, beware, beware.

Thank you, my devoted servant, for recording my words. Go in peace and I shall go with you.

I love you, O Lord, forever and ever. Amen.

January 31, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb. Come and record the words of the Shepherd. When I speak, so then does the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity speak.

Daughter, the heart of God is the heart of the Most Holy Trinity. It is the heart of the Father, the heart of the Son, and the heart of the Holy Spirit. It is the triune heart of God. For so great is my love for my people that I have given all of myself to you. I have emptied the blood from my body and instead, I have accepted the sins of the world to be my blood. I was pierced, and as such, water gushed from my side.

Does the water not gush from a mother as she is about to give birth? Yes, children, in a way, I was giving birth as well. I was giving birth to salvation. I was giving birth to *the Invitation*. I emphasize *the Invitation* in such a manner because I shall never force your loyalty. Love cannot be forced. Love that is forced eventually turns into bitter resentment and hatred.

Beloved student, I suffered great labor pains on Calvary so that my Church would also be born. When a mother gives birth does she trade her child and ask for another? No, my little ones. The Church was born at the moment of my death. I extend *the Invitation* for you to come to my Church and partake of my Holy Precious Body and Blood in the Eucharist.

Truly, I tell you, it is the wiser man who accepts my invitation of love, for he knows the gifts I have for him are priceless. He knows that his search has come to an end, for he has found his God and has acknowledged his God. What good is the man who claims he believes in God, but does not pursue him and refuses to dine with him? This is a foolish man.

My precious one, thank you for writing. Go in peace, my little lamb. I love you.

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I love you and bless you forever, my God. Amen.

February 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little children, you are the delight of my heart. What would a father not give to see his children together and speaking kindly of him?²³ For this truly is my greatest pleasure.

My little ones, my love is so infinite that no man nor angel can comprehend it. Each of you is as a grain of sand upon the earth. I reached down and placed you ever so gently in the palm of my hand. I, the Lord, look at you, not at what you are but at what you could be. You, my little grain of sand, can become a mountain. You, my little grain of sand, can also become a desert.

Think of a mountain, my children, does not the snow melt and run down the mountain to feed the valley? A mountain provides shade from the hot summer sun. A mountain is a monument. It is a dwelling place for animals and plants. It is a mark of power and strength. When I hold you in my palm, you are but a grain of sand and I am willing to help you become a mountain. Many of you choose to become a desert.

What is a desert, my children? It is a place that continuously hungers and thirsts. It provides no shelter or shade. It is a home for snakes and scorpions. When I hold you in my palm, you are but a grain of sand. I do not wish for you to become a desert.

My little children, as a father I am greatly grieved when you choose this destiny. As an example of my mercy, I am willing to take every desert and make it into a mountain. If you feel your life is a desert wasteland, call upon me. I am the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I AM. I AM. I AM.

This is all we shall write today, my child, for I know you are weary. Rest in

²³ Despite receiving my routine chemotherapy with its attendant negative side-effects the previous day, the disciple who was present for this message and I became engaged in a conversation on the topic of how profusely the Lord has showered his love and gifts in our lives. The Lord commented on this conversation in this message.

my Sacred Heart. I bless you and I love you.

O Mighty Lord, we thank you for your most encouraging words. May we always choose the graces to become mountains providing rich, fertile ground for your gifts and never to opt for the barren wastelands of the desert. Amen.

February 2, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple of mercy, record the words of the Holy One of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Children of my Sacred Heart, imagine a tidal wave. Imagine this wave takes the grains of sand into its massive belly. I, Jesus, say this to you. As an example of my mercy, if a tidal wave were to come and you were but a single grain of sand, you would not be lost. No, my precious ones, call upon the mercy of the Lord, thy God, and you shall be elevated—that you shall rise above the tidal wave. You shall ride above her as if she were your horse and no harm shall befall you, so great is my mercy.

The day is coming, my precious little souls, when an infant shall keep company with a lion. The day is coming when a rattler will purr as a kitten. My Holy Spirit is moving through men's hearts and seeds of mercy are being planted everywhere.

How can a tidal wave not consume a single grain of sand? Consider the tidal wave to be your sins, and the grain of sand to be my mercy. Instead of the huge wave overpowering the tiny grain of sand, my mercy shall reverse the situation. That small grain of sand shall be lifted up and held in the palm of my hand.

Children, my foolish ones, stop trying to comprehend me; you cannot. It is the wise man who realizes his nothingness before me and approaches me as such. It is the wise king who realizes he serves me first, and then the subjects of his kingdom. It is the wise king who realizes his kingship was granted by me, the Lord God.

Sadly, my children, there are no wise leaders among you, only arrogant and hypocritical ones. But the day is coming, my children. Oh, all you faithful servants, rejoice. Your king is returning and bringing great gifts for all his loyal subjects. Be patient, my little children. Be watchful.

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Thank you, child, for writing. Go in peace, my little disciple. I, the Lord, shall be with you.

I love you, Lord. Amen.

February 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, thank you for responding to my calls from Calvary. You are all handpicked by the Eternal Father to deliver my message to the lost and scattered sheep of Israel.²⁴

Precious ones, I, the Lord, have anointed each one of you with my holy Precious Blood. Each one of you has a splinter from the wood of the Cross upon your heart.

My precious ones, though I am the Shepherd, I am asking for your help. My flock is scattered, for my Church is scattered. Be not afraid, my little lambs, for it is I, Jesus, who carries each one of you upon my shoulder. My shepherd's staff is the cross. I am the King of All Heaven and Earth, but I do not come to earth as a king. I came as a servant. Poverty and humility were my garments.

If you desire to be rich with spiritual gifts, you must be poor with earthly gifts. You must close your eyes to the jewels and to the riches of this society. You must use your eyes to see me. If you do not, then, though you have sight, you are as one who is blind.

To be truly my disciple you must place others' needs before your own. It is not enough to love with your heart, you must learn to love with my heart. Those who reside in my Sacred Heart reside in a continent of holiness. Though you be geographically distanced from one another, you still are as neighbors. My heart grieves for the poor and brokenhearted, for in the garden of the earth they are as weeds, they are stepped on and cast

²⁴ There were several disciples from various professional backgrounds and ages present for this message. For most, this was a new experience and the Lord took the occasion to inform them that their presence was not merely due to happenstance.

aside.²⁵ But this I say, I grieve even more for the rich. For it is the rich who are as the insects to come and destroy my beautiful and innocent garden.

The way to me is not easy, my precious ones. Sometimes, it is as one who steps on glass without any shoes. But so great is my love for you, that I, Jesus, will bandage your wounds. All of you are consumed by my mercy. Is there one among you who can say, "Lord, I am in no need of thy mercy, for I am not a sinner?" No, my precious ones, my mercy is infinite. The cross that has been given to each of you is an act of mercy. You must learn to view the cross as a most priceless gem. The cross is the key to eternal bliss and a tool by which to sanctify the sinner. My children, you cannot carry the cross alone, you must call upon me to help you.

My precious ones, I extend a blessing to each of you. Do not reject the cross I have sent you, rather, accept it as a priceless gift of my love and mercy. Tell others of my mercy, my children. Go in peace.

Thank you, Lord, for your words of encouragement. May we embrace our crosses in the manner that you have lovingly done for us on Calvary, thereby reflecting your presence in all that we do. Amen.

February 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple. My little lamb, never doubt in the love of the Shepherd. Never doubt in the mercy and faithfulness of God.

Oh, my daughter, souls are falling into the abyss as snowflakes. One after the other, there is no end. The young and the old, for age does not matter to the heart that rejects me. Many have told me they would prefer hell than to have to repent. If there was a metal that could never be altered by heat, I should compare this to the pride of a soul who refuses to repent.

Oh, beloved children, how can you cast aside all that is good and righteous? You have chosen the evil king as your father. You have

²⁵ The Lord often uses the experiences of the disciples present to stress his message. Three of the disciples present spend an enormous amount of their time, energy, and income assisting the poor in the Caribbean Islands and Central America.

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chosen to be satan's children. You shall be the eternally tormented children of the king you will always despise. You will find out the truth and you shall live in morbid hatred. There is no love where the Spirit of God is absent. There is no water in the desert, only a periodic mirage. In hell you will try to have a mirage, but you shall not for your imagination shall be taken from you. Imagination is a gift from the God of goodness. But this I assure you, where I am absent, there is no goodness, no imaginations, no mirages. There is just the cruel and unquenchable flame. How is it that you would choose the flame of evil over the flame of goodness?

Children, I, Jesus, am waiting to bestow every good and lasting gift upon you. Ask, it shall be given you.

Thank you, my child, for writing. Go in peace, my little disciple. I bless you.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord, my Savior. Amen.

February 5, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of Jesus. I am the Mother of Saints and Angels, and the Mother of All Creation, for God has deemed it so.

My precious child, what is it that causes a flower to bloom? It is the love of God. What is it that causes an infant to form in the womb? It is the love of God. Why do I come to dictate these words? It is the love of God.

Oh, my precious, suffering children, there is no happiness apart from the One who is constant love. There is no love if the God of all love is absent. Children, hell is a real place. The only light in hell is the light of the eternal fire. This unquenchable fire is the only light, for God is absent. There is no love in hell, for God is absent.

Many of you will wonder why I speak of hell. It is an act of love and mercy granted by the Eternal Father. For the day of my Son's return is at hand and all will be told the truth. When my Son returns, all will know. You will be responsible, my children. The more you know, the more responsible you are, my children. If you were a piece of bread, God would hold you to the responsibility of feeding a hungry person. If you were a glass of water, God would hold you responsible for quenching someone's thirst.

My precious children, my Immaculate Heart is a home for sinners. It is a place for one to rest when they are weary from the heaviness of sin. It is

a fountain of grace for all those who thirst for righteousness and for God's love. It is in my Immaculate Heart that you shall find the doorway to Jesus. If you are lost, come into my motherly embrace, my child. I will help you on your journey to God.

Go in peace, my precious child. I will help you with everything. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, too, Mama Mary. Amen.

February 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My precious lamb, record the words of the King of Israel. I AM WHO AM.

Obedience, my child, is more valuable than the most precious gem. Obedience to my will turns an evil soul into a holy flower. Obedience to my will is the building block of sanctity. Children, I demanded obedience from my apostles when I was with you, and I still do. I demand obedience from all my priests to the rules of my church. My precious child, when one is obedient to my will, heaven will open her storehouses of treasures for that soul. Obedience secures numerous blessings and riches that cannot be measured.

Children, the fertilizer in my garden of virtues is obedience. This is what transforms a useless weed into a magnificent rose. Obedience is the desire for the soul to please me more than to please itself. Obedience to my holy will brings the soul into the light of my love and into closer union with me. I, the Lord, honor obedience. I honor and bless the soul who is obedient. I do not honor nor condone disobedience. When one is disobedient to my will, he falls from grace. He falls from the light of goodness into the darkness of pride. Though my love for this wretched soul does not waiver, I wait until the soul repents and is restored to a state of obedience and thus grace.

Rest, my little lamb. Go in the peace of my love.

I love you so much, Lord. You are so kind and good. Amen.

February 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

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My beloved children, I am waiting for you at Calvary. Children of my Sacred Heart, be not afraid of persecution. I, the Lord, am rebuilding my Holy Jerusalem. My Holy Spirit has completely dismantled my old Jerusalem and now, brick by brick, heart by heart, and tear by tear, my temple shall be rebuilt.

I am calling for workers to help rebuild my city of glory. The concrete to hold the stones together will be a mixture of blood and persecution. The walls of my holy temple will be humility. The windows of my holy temple will be faith. The altar will be the stone that was the stone of prideful hearts, for is not a prideful heart as stone? I, Jesus, shall remove the stone from men's hearts and I shall build my new altar from it. The seats in my holy temple will be my Sacred Heart. My Sacred Heart is the only true resting place for the soul.

My beloved children, there will be stairs for you to enter into my sanctuary. This shall be the stairway of perseverance, for if you cannot climb those stairs, you shall not be able to come into my temple.

Oh, beloved ones, the day is approaching when I, Jesus, shall walk among you. Prepare, my children. Make your homes in order that when I come, I shall find you ready and waiting.

My children, there shall be a desert outside the walls of my Holy Jerusalem. All those who do not wish to follow my commandments may leave my city of glory. But remember what I have told you, children, there is no life in the desert. There is only the snake and the scorpion. You shall not find food nor drink. You shall not find warmth when you are cold, nor a breeze when you are hot. The gates surrounding my holy city are made from acts of contrition. Only a humble and contrite soul can enter through these gates.

My beloved priests, I have given you a difficult task.²⁶ Your rewards shall be found inside my new Jerusalem. You must bring my flock through the desert and into my holy city. But I caution you, my beloved sons, you must teach my flock perseverance, lest they shall not be able to climb the steps leading to my sanctuary.

My beloved priests, so great is my love for you that I permit you to crucify me during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that you may feed my flock. My

²⁶ The Lord never fails to acknowledge the activities of his beloved priests when one is present for a message.

beloved sons, I embrace you and I have placed you in the arms of my beloved Mother. I know that your task is difficult, my sons, but I, Jesus, shall carry you up the steps into my sanctuary. I, Jesus, shall carry you over my shoulder that you may carry others. My priests are my greatest joy and there is a special seat for each one of you at the eternal banquet.

Children of my heart, today I invite each one of you to plant a garden whereby my Mother and I shall be the only flowers in your garden.

Thank you, my beloved children, for recording my words. I love and bless each one of you. Go in peace.

Lord Jesus, your words both console our hearts and spur us on to dedicate our lives to your service. We are weak, Lord, but our confidence in the graces you dispense gives us hopeful assurances that only and the Blessed Mother will be the only flowers we will nurture in our garden. May others whom we serve see only you both and not us. Amen.

February 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one. I am pleased that I am included in your conversation.²⁷

My children, to you my plan appears as a jigsaw puzzle. Each day, I, Jesus, give you several pieces to work with. When you find the spot those pieces belong to, I shall give you more. Do not be discouraged, my little lambs. Though some pieces may be more difficult to place than others, you must remember there *is* an exact place for them. It takes insight and patience to put a jigsaw puzzle together. When you come to Mass, my children, I will feed you. The food I shall feed you shall give you insight and patience. My little disciples, you are but an extension of my hands and my feet upon the earth. You are my voice upon the earth. I have

²⁷ A disciple and I were conversing, just prior to the message, about the progress that has taken place regarding the mission of the Disciples of Mercy. It appears that events are rapidly catapulting us into more responsibilities. The disciple had remarked, "If you decide to work for the Lord, there is one thing you can be assured, he never leaves you complacent, there is always something further that awaits your attention so you may honor him more."

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given each one of you many tasks. My children, I honor the worker. I, the Lord, honor the one who continues day in and day out. Though exhaustion consumes him, he is weary and his heart is heavy, yet he continues. His constant efforts bring forth a multitude of graces. It is this soul, who picks up his cross each time he falls, that shall be crowned with honor and glory.

Children, I, Jesus, am weary, but I will *never* rest as long as souls are being lost to perdition. Work, children, work until your eyes burn, until your hands ache, until your throat is parched, and then work some more.

If you were to see hell, you would understand the grief in my heart. I did not promise that your earthly life would be easy. I did not promise you would not suffer, but I did promise complete bliss in heaven.

Remember, my beloved ones, every time you do something for me a pearl is created. If you do what I have asked, not only will I be able to place these pearls in your hand, but rather, I shall give you a pearl necklace. It is up to you, my children.

Thank you for writing my words. Be of good cheer and remember, it is only my opinion that matters. I bless you all.

Lord, please continue to send us graces through your Holy Mass so we may be fed with the insight, patience, and energy to shoulder the responsibilities you have bestowed upon us. Help us individually and as a group to persevere in our efforts to serve your ocean of needy souls so we may become the pearls that reflect your love and light to the world. Amen.

February 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, you are my little lambs. I look after you, feed you, and carry you upon my shoulder when you are weary.

My little lambs, I, Jesus, desire you to learn my voice. If you do not, you will be easily misled, for the evil one masquerades as a shepherd as well. Though he tries to mimic me, he cannot mimic love. He cannot mimic humility, and he cannot mimic the light. But those of you who know not my voice shall be misled. The evil one wears masks of pride and manipulation. Those who are spiritually prideful are easily targeted by him. When one is spiritually prideful they are puffed up with ego as well as ignorance. They feel they have achieved the kingdom of God. But I, Jesus, say this, "they are as the Pharisees, though their cloaks be woven

with golden threads, their hearts are woven with threads of pride and arrogance.”

Truly, I tell you, it is the humble man who is great in the eyes of God. It is the humble man who is wise, for he knows God is everything and he is nothing. He is as a pearl in a shell that will not open. Only God can release him from the shell. The arrogant man is as a pearl that has no shell, he is proud of his beauty and openly displays it. But then time and difficult situations rob him of his beauty and he wishes for a shell that he may hide his embarrassment. The humble man shall not be embarrassed, for he values only my opinion.

Children, humility is a gift as is wisdom. Ah, my beloved ones, if only you could see into the depths of my merciful heart, you would see the great multitude of gifts I wish to bestow upon each of you. My little lambs, be as pearls that stay hidden within their shells. Do not boast, be gentle as I am gentle.

Thank you, my son, for recording my words. I will bless your mission.²⁸ Go in peace, my little disciples.

Thank you, Lord, may we become pearls in your eyes but always maintain our shells in the eyes of our brethren. Amen.

February 10, 1996

My precious child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Queen of Prophets, of Angels, and Saints.

My beloved children, from the beginning the Lord God has chosen each one of you and has created a soul in each one of you. Do you know what the soul is like that follows Jesus? It is more beautiful than the finest gems and more priceless than the most priceless of pearls. The soul that loves Jesus glistens with an indescribable beauty and has a fragrance of love and holiness. Many of you spend great amounts of money on expensive and exotic perfumes. You anoint yourselves with these fragrances and beautify yourselves with makeup. This is vanity, my children. What use is the expensive perfume if the odor of the soul is repulsive to God? And on the other hand, God does not judge you as you do. There may be a homeless

²⁸ The disciple who recorded this message was in town for a conference where he was going to speak and give witness to what the Lord has been doing in his life.

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man with a foul odor, for he has no opportunity to bathe, but if he loves Jesus, then he smells like a rose.

Children of my Immaculate Heart, I am permitting my heart to be a mirror where you may begin to make corrections, but I am not at all interested in external appearances. I am only interested in the appearance of the soul. As a mother I should like to give each one of you a bath. I should like to scrub you with virtues and then dress you in righteousness. I should like to present you to my beloved Son, Jesus, with a sweet smelling soul and a compassionate heart.

My dearest child, thank you for writing my words. I bless you and love you.

I love you and bless you, too, Mama. Amen.

February 11, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my dear little disciple, record my words of love. Love which is life.

My precious one, it is not easy to be my disciple. Rather, it is easier to follow the evil king who paves your way with material pleasures and vanities. I, the Lord, shall *never* compromise my standards and expectations. I shall not purchase your love with diamonds nor with power. I shall not purchase your love with anything, for true love cannot be purchased. True love and loyalty is all that I desire, but I shall not force it and I shall not manipulate it. My holy commandments stand forever. They cannot be altered or changed.

My children, to follow me, you must change your lifestyles to follow my commandments. Those who alter my commandments to suit their lifestyles are following satan. My precious children, if you desire the kingdom of God, you shall be tried and tested. The purpose of each trial is to strengthen your faith and your commitment to me.

I, Jesus, am a teacher. I am Holy and each word that leaves my lips is Holy. Listen and learn, my children, learn love from the one who is Love. Learn wisdom from the one who is Wisdom. Embrace my commandments, children, and you shall be embracing me.

Thank you for writing, my dear servant. Go in peace, little disciple.

Thank you, Lord, I love you forever. Amen.

February 12, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple of mercy, record the words of your King and High Priest.

Ah, beloved child, come into my arms and rest. I shall carry each one of my children as lambs over my shoulder. I shall *never* forsake you, my precious little lambs.

Children, listen to my teaching. What use is the house that has no roof? When the bad weather comes there will be no place to flee. When the cold comes there will be no way to stay warm. Even if you were to have a fire burning, the rain would extinguish the fire, you would be exposed to all the elements.

Children, my holy Commandments are as the roof of the house. Faith is useless if one does not adhere to my laws, for when the difficult spiritual storms come, you will not be protected. You will be rained upon by the evil one's malicious deeds. Many of you adhere to some of my commandments but not to others. This I say to you, do not hold up your head in righteousness. I, the Lord, have not given you permission to mutilate my words. I have not given you permission to distort my holy expectations of you.

Many of you expect me to turn your world around. You blame me for all of your misfortunes. Children, I have given the Immaculate Heart of my Mother to be your mirror and guide to the truth. I, Jesus, have expectations of you and I solemnly assure you that if you were to follow my commandments, the world in which you live would go from darkness to light. The scars of sin which ravage the earth as a cancer would be healed and the earth would radiate holiness. The earth will only radiate holiness when her inhabitants become holy.

Therefore, say I, the Lord of Hosts, "Adhere to my Commandments, my people. Do not alter or change them. Do not discourage them within your families, rather be firm and teach my commandments to your children that they may do the same. You are responsible for the children I place within your arms. You are responsible not only for their physical well-being but their spiritual well-being as well. If you wish the mud you dwell in to be as sand, you must remove the water of sin."

Thank you, precious lamb, for writing. Go in peace, my little child. I bless

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you.

I bless and adore you, Jesus, my Lord. Amen.

February 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My devoted children, I am the Lord, the Holy Spirit. I shall respond to your question, my children.²⁹

The womb, my children, is as a sanctuary. It is a place of safety and warmth for the unborn. But then the day comes when the child must leave the comfort of the womb. This occurs because the child can no longer grow within the confines of the womb.

My children, there is great pain in childbirth. The transition between the womb and outside the womb is the same as a spiritual desert. A spiritual desert, in essence, occurs when the soul can no longer grow within the confines of the spiritual womb. A period of aridity occurs as the soul makes its way through the birth canal of holiness. As in childbirth, this is painful and often the soul feels alienated from me.

Children, the spiritual desert is a gift from me. This feeling of emptiness drives the soul to a closer union with me, the Creator. Remember, my precious ones, there is a process by which a piece of coal becomes a diamond. If you are in a state of spiritual aridity, you are in a growth process. You shall emerge with more faith and more spiritual perfection when you reach the end of the spiritual desert. This is a time of perseverance, my children. I shall teach you a prayer, my beloved ones.

Father Eternal, the desert surrounds me. The mountains reject me. The valleys scorn me. The rivers laugh at me. I call your name, my God, for you are my refuge. Place sandals upon my feet that they shall not be scorched by the hot desert sand. Place a staff of perseverance in my hands. Send your Holy Spirit to guide me. Father, create in me a deeper hunger and thirst for you. When the hot

²⁹ Ten minutes prior to this message, a disciple had presented a prayerful petition to the Lord regarding how one is to deal with spiritual aridity. The Lord answered it in a most assuring way.

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sun of loneliness beats down upon my brow, let me find shelter within the sanctuary of your wounds. When the snake and scorpion come to lure me away from you, let me remember that my only comfort lies within the contemplation of your holy passion. Though my soul is experiencing labor pains, grant me the courage to grow as you desire it. Let me remember, Father, that you are the only water in the desert of aridity. Father, when it is time for my birth as a new spiritual being, I desire you to cut the umbilical cord of complacency. Walk with me, O Lord, through the desert and stay ever by my side, my Lord and my God. Amen.

Children, no man can comprehend the ways in which I bring a soul into the light of holiness. Please accept my gifts, though at times my gifts make heavier the cross upon your shoulders. I shall always help you.

Thank you, beloved scribe, for recording my words. Go in the peace of my love. I bless you all.

We thank you, Lord, for responding to our inquiry and your wise counsels that guide us. May we always be faithful and worthy disciples both in times of fervor and in aridity. May the prayer you have taught us be employed at the first moment we believe we have stepped into the spiritual desert. May our faith remind us of your ever abiding presence no matter what we feel. Amen.

February 14, 1996

Happy Valentine's Day, Lord and Mama Mary.

And to you, child. *[Lord's response]*

Thank you, my little daughter. *[Blessed Mother's response]*

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child. Listen to my heart, my daughter, and you will hear my words.

Today, children, I give my heart to you. Each day I, Jesus, pledge my heart and eternal love to you. On this day many of you share love gifts with friends and family. This is good, my children, but I should like to see gifts of love shared every day. A gift of love does not have to come from

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a store. A gift of love does not have to cost any money. On the contrary, my precious children, the most priceless gifts are actually free.

When you give a gift, my children, follow my example. Place no conditions on the gift. Give it and expect nothing in return. Rather, the Heavenly Father will reward all gifts. Every charitable act returns to heaven as a seed. That seed is planted in the heavenly garden where it grows into a precious rose. Yes, the fragrance of charity causes a rose to blossom in the Eternal Garden of Virtues.

Children, the roses in my garden never wither and never die, for they are watered eternally by the fragrance of generosity. Therefore, my precious little lambs, be generous. Do not expect your rewards to be upon the earth, but rather, acts of generosity secure a seat at the heavenly banquet.

Blessed are those that give to the poor. Each charitable offering removes a thorn from my brow and places a rose there instead. Children, when you give money to a friend, do not expect to be paid back. Give freely, my children, and the Eternal Father shall bless you abundantly.

Beloved disciple, thank you for writing my words. I offer you my heart. Accept my heart, child, and allow my mercy to consume you

I love you and bless you forever, Lord and Mama Mary. Amen.

February 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved little heartbeat. Record the words of the King of Israel

My little children, just as you are aware of every door and window in your home, you must be aware of every door and window in your spiritual home. Do you know the various streets in your neighborhood? Yes, beloved ones, you do. You know that if you make a left turn at your corner, you will be on the very street you expect to be on.

Children, I am Jesus, your teacher. Children of my Sacred Heart, a spiritual neighborhood has streets as well. Without the gift of discernment you will not know one street from the next. You will not know when a door or window has been opened to allow the presence of satan. Go through your house, my child. Are the windows open or closed? Is there fresh air coming into some rooms and not others?

Yes, my Jesus.

Little lamb, imagine the spiritual windows and doors within your spiritual house. Your spiritual house is your heart. Have you said your prayers today, thereby opening the windows to the fresh air of grace? Have you sought my help, therefore closing the door to satan?

Oh, my children, be ever on guard to the ways that the evil one can enter your life and your home. When you view a movie consisting of evil and demonic action, then you are closing a window to grace and opening a window to satan. I, Jesus, have told you to clearly avoid psychics and fortune tellers and anything in that category. These people carry evil wherever they go. Evil spirits travel from one soul to another so beware, my little ones. Do all that I, Jesus, have told you to do, and your home will be a home of the Holy Spirit for I, the Lord, shall dwell among you.

Go in peace, my prophet. Be not afraid to do all I have told you. Sometimes, you must step through the mud to get to dry ground.

I bless you. Go in peace.

I bless and love you, too, O Lord, my God. Amen.

February 16, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little child of mercy, record the words of the Lamb of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Child, if you had a spool of thread and you needed to mend a shirt, you would be unable to do so without a needle. The thread would be useless without a needle. I, Jesus, give you this example in simplicity. Faith, my precious children, is knowing that a garden will grow after you have planted the seeds. Faith is believing in something you cannot see. Faith is acceptance that I, the Lord, will assist you in all situations when I am asked. What is the use to say you have faith and then to tackle every situation yourself?

Faith, my children, goes in hand with humility. The humble man knows that he can do nothing apart from me. Faith is accepting in humility your inability to do anything and my ability to do everything. Faith is believing that I, the Lord, will respond to your needs. Faith is believing that I will provide the needle by which you may mend your clothes.

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Many of you are afraid to drive across a large bridge. If this is so, I do not expect you to. But know that I, Jesus, will provide the means for you to cross the bridge. I provided the wood for the cross, did I not?

Thank you, devoted one, for writing. Thank you for your perseverance. Go with my blessing.

I love you, my Jesus Mercy. Amen.

February 17, 1996

My beloved children, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God.

My beloved ones, some of you have been asked by God to carry additional crosses. You have been asked by God to carry your own cross as well as being a Simon and helping another carry his cross. When you help another in the face of difficulty, you are helping Jesus. You are contributing to the salvation of souls

My precious ones, love is meaningless if it is not shared. Love serves no purpose unless it radiates from the heart in service to others.

My children, it causes my heart deep sorrow to see you holding grudges and having resentments. Use me as an example, children. Have I cast you aside because of what you have done to my beloved Jesus? Not only have I forgiven you but have taken you to be my children.

Children of my Immaculate Heart, my heart is a tabernacle for sinners. Every one of you is responsible for crucifying Jesus. Every one of you is responsible for the eternal wounds my Son shall possess. But so great is the love and mercy of God that he has made me your Mother and your hope. It is only by my Son's blood that the door to heaven shall be opened for you.

Consider a lake, my children, if my Son were to be standing on one side and you on the other, you could attempt to swim to Him, but in all likelihood you would drown. Or, my children, you can take a boat where you would be brought safely to my Son, Jesus. I, your Mother, am as the boat. I desire to bring you to Jesus.

My Son is returning soon, children. Only a few of you are prepared. I strongly caution you to accept my Immaculate Heart as the boat of grace that will bring you across the lake of sin.

We shall not write anymore today, my child. I bless you. Go in peace.

Thank you, Blessed Mother and model disciple. Deepen our love for your Son and you. Send us graces that we may always reflect the love of Jesus, your Son, in all our interactions with others. Amen.

February 18, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb. Record the words of the Shepherd of Israel. My precious lamb, many of my children make promises to me. Oh yes, I, the Lord, am promised an array of changes and efforts. How many of you, my little ones, are unable to keep a promise? How many of you are unable to fulfill a vow? But do I, Jesus, condemn you? No, my children, for I am well aware of your shortcomings and weaknesses. I know whether you will keep your promise or not.

Oh, my children, hear the words of your God who is your Creator and Father. If you who are weak cannot keep a promise to me, why then do you criticize one of my priests if he has fallen? I, Jesus, shall remind you that my priests have taken vows for life. Why do you treat them as if they were not human, as if they had no weakness? Oh, children, pray for my priests. Many of them are lost, and I, the Lord, miss them terribly.

My little ones, if you make a vow to me, regardless of what it is, the Eternal Father shall expect you to honor it. If you vow not to eat a particular food, and then you are tempted to eat it, do not break your promise. Rather, my children, at that moment of temptation, pray for my help and recall your love for me. Let your love for me overcome your temptation. Let your love for me be the sweetness to fill you up rather than the food.

Children, you can accomplish fasting and other mortifications if you pray and place your love for me first. Do you love me more than the item you desire to give up? Do not be afraid to ask for my help, for it is pride which fools the man into believing he can accomplish anything on his own.

My beloved lamb, rest. Thank your for recording my words. Go in peace.

O Lord, I adore you. Amen.

February 19, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

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Yes, my little lamb. Record the words of the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking and using your hand as an instrument of grace.

Children, temptation is a word. It is a feeling, not an action. Temptation, in reference to the soul, is as a gate which temporarily blocks the soul from the light of my love. Temptation is an assault on the character of the soul. Temptation pushes the soul to its maximum capacity and then the soul, who is tormented, must cry out to me, the Lord God. Temptation, my beloved ones, is a purification. It is, in essence, a mountain and temporarily the soul cannot find me and even has difficulty seeking me, for the mountain of temptation blocks its view.

But this I tell you, stand up against temptation. Follow my footsteps through the desert of temptation. Do not be frightened by temptations and feelings. Consider them to be a prayer which begs for my immediate attention.

Children of my Sacred Heart, to overcome *any* temptation, you must begin to visualize my Crucifixion. See me on the Cross. See my blood seeping to the ground that the very earth should be purified. See my blood spilling upon you, drop by drop. Each drop of my blood purifies you and brings you to holy perfection. When you are distraught over temptations, you may call to me in the following way: "Lord, Holy God, may these temptations pass through your sacred wounds and return to me as gentle thoughts."

If you repeat this, my beloved ones, I shall place your temptations within the sanctuary of my wounds and they shall be purified. You have nothing to fear, my little lambs.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go with my blessing. Be at peace.

I love you, Lord. Amen.

February 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My devoted daughter, record my message of hope and love. Listen carefully to my words, my disciple.

Each one of you has been given a cross to bear. But I, Jesus, say this to you: the cross of purity is the most difficult to bear. My children, when you face a difficulty, many of you will resort to sin to ease the burden of your

difficulty. I am speaking of lewd and lascivious conduct, drugs, excessive alcohol, and verbal carnage. The cross was sent to sanctify you but you, my children, will try to lessen the cross. You desire to bring comfort to yourself, no matter the cost. That is why the cross of purity is the most difficult cross to bear. You must submit to my will with humility, and I, Jesus, shall grant you the courage to carry the cross. You must learn to accept all trials in your life with the belief I will stand by your side.

It is you, my little lambs, who desire to sin at times. I encourage you not to. You are to strive for perfection in every situation. A heavy cross can turn even the most hardened heart into a creature of humility, a creature that can be used by God. Children, keep your thoughts pure. Keep your actions pure. Keep your hearts pure. Follow my footsteps as I embraced the desert of temptation and emerged victorious because of my purity. Be models of purity. If you are walking in grace, then the light of purity is upon you and no man can rob you of it.

Thank you, my daughter, for writing. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you, too, my Lord and God. Thank you for your teaching on temptation and yesterday's prayer to assist us. Give us the grace to employ this prayer the moment thoughts of impurity begin to assault us. Amen.

February 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb. Record my words of love.

My precious one, my army of disciples is growing and I, the Lord am pleased. My army has been handpicked by the Eternal Father. Each member of my army bears a special seal, a seal of holiness. This seal is a seal of eternal destiny. But sadly, my children, satan is gathering his army as well. Those who have chosen to be in the army of the malignant one have been sealed by satan. They have the mark of the beast upon them. In essence, they have already been condemned to eternal hellfire

Children, as you read these words, I, the Lord, am asking that you make a decision. Think of your future. Where would you like to spend it? This is the era of mercy and it is still not too late to change from satan's army to my army. I welcome repentant hearts. Come to me, my little children. The evil one can never satisfy the desires of the soul. Only I, the Lord, can bring peace to the soul. Only I can bring joy to the heart. Make a decision,

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my children. Do you wish to be sealed by satan or by the Lord, thy God?

Thank you, my beloved servant, for recording my words. Go in peace, my daughter.

Thank you, O Lord. Continue to increase your army of disciples. Amen.

February 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Welcome, my beloved children. Thank you in your perseverance in the tasks I have assigned you.

Children, the defeat of evil began in the womb of my beloved Mother.³⁰ From there came the battle in the desert whereby I received a crown of purity. My death on the Cross finalized and made permanent, good over evil and light over darkness.

Children of my heart, I, the Lord, carried all your ailments upon my back. I was beaten for your sins and mocked by your offenses to God Almighty. I died on the Cross with the sins and diseases of mankind buried in my heart. They are hidden in my heart just as an infant is hidden in the womb. But with the Resurrection, my heart exploded with mercy and graces. Just as when a child is born, the umbilical cord is cut, so was the umbilical cord cut of disease and iniquity. This is why I say, "As long as one is with me, the umbilical cord of disease and iniquity shall be cut at his death." From this point the soul shall leave the womb of the earth and dwell forever in the womb of heaven.

Many of you who are suffering do not understand how temporary your

³⁰ About ten minutes prior to this message a disciple, who had been reading last year's messages, had requested that the Lord clarify a statement he made back on May 22, 1995. The statement was: "From the Cross I purchased your salvation and power over diseases." The disciple was slightly unsure of the meaning of the phrase "power over diseases" since we all still suffer various diseases to this day. The Lord graciously answered stating essentially that we still suffer disease in this life, but by virtue of his death and Resurrection, disease does not destroy our "true" life which only begins with the shedding of our mortal bodies at death.

suffering is. I grieve for you, my little ones. Offer your suffering to be laid upon the eternal altar, whereby it shall turn into a sweet incense. Those of you who are as slaughtered lambs upon the earth play a very important role in the salvation of souls.

Remember, my children, when you die, you will truly be born, and when you are born, you will be healthy and free of sin. You will be as a little sparrow who has finally learned to use his wings.

Thank you, my beloved children, for recording my words. I bless you and love you all. Go in peace.

Thank you, Lord, for answering our question. Please give us the graces to join our lives with yours, so we may be placed upon the eternal altar making our suffering as rising incense to the heavenly throne room. Amen.

February 23, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted little lamb. Be at peace.

Child of my heart, when you invoke the Holy Spirit, you are invoking the Holy and Blessed Trinity of the Lord God. You are, in essence, calling upon the Eternal Heart and the Eternal Soul of the Creator. Children, many of you neglect my Holy Spirit. My Holy Spirit is the Lord of Hosts. He is the Comforter and the Source of all Wisdom. He is the infinite source of goodness and compassion, for he *is* the Heart of the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity.

Little Lamb, you are distracted.³¹

Let us continue.

The Blessed Trinity is a circle, a circle of love. There is neither beginning nor ending. There is never a break in the circle of love, for love is everlasting.

Beloved children, when you call to me, it is the Most Holy Spirit who responds to your requests. It is the Spirit of the Lord God who looks into men's hearts. It is the Spirit of the Lord God who counsels and repairs the

³¹ I was being distracted by the noise outside my room.

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ravages caused by sin. It is the Spirit of the Lord God who breathes life into the child at the moment of conception. Do not ignore the Holy Spirit. If you desire wisdom in the ways of God, then pray to the Holy Spirit. You should begin each day with a prayer to the Holy Spirit who will place your petition in the bosom of the Most Holy Trinity. If you desire to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, then read the Scriptures, my children. The Spirit of the Lord God is present as the Scriptures are read.

My daughter, rest. We shall continue tomorrow.

*I love you, Lord God. Assist us in being docile to your Holy Spirit.
Amen.*

I love you, too, child.

February 24, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Lamb, of Saints, and of Angels.

My little child, it is not always easy to follow my Son. The road to Jesus is very narrow, and it is a road that is paved with his blood. Surely, my child, if you walk on this path, the cross will become a part of your walk, as it was a part of my Son's final walk.

Children of my Immaculate Heart, my motherly love is the driving force behind all my petitions to God on your behalf. I see all of you, my little children, and you are lost in the wilderness of sin. You are prey to the demonic vultures that satan has sent to stalk you. My children, there is a pathway from the mire of sin to the bliss of Jesus' love. That pathway is my Immaculate Heart. If you desire this, you may implore my help in the following way:

Mother of the Eternal Flame of Love, Mother of the Heart and Soul of All That is Seen and Unseen, let your heart be a hiding place for sinners. Let your heart be the cavern that I may find the eternal shelter and peace that God so longs to bestow upon me. Mother Immaculate, please permit your mantle of grace and protection to shield me from the eyes of God and from the evil one's plots to

capture my soul.³² Mother, so full of love and tenderness, permit me to rest in the sanctuary of your most Immaculate Heart. Let your Immaculate Heart be as the nest for the Lord's lost sparrows to return. May the name of my beloved Jesus be praised and adored and blessed from every heart and tongue forever and

³² At first blush, this sentence of the Blessed Mother may cause the reader to stop and reflect more carefully upon its meaning since it would appear that the Blessed Mother is doing something of a devious nature, that is, hiding the sins of her children before an omniscient God. Is this not a form of subterfuge? I asked a biblical scholar about this sentence and he smiled assuring me that this is a common metaphorical device found in the Scriptures. It is a ploy to provoke the listener (reader), in an occasionally shocking manner, to seek a connotation other than the more familiar commonplace meaning associated with the face value of the words. In essence, the term "eyes of God" and its proper interpretation depends upon the context in which it is said. For example, in *Deuteronomy* 11:12, the author, referring to the promised land, states, "It is a land which the Lord your God looks after, on which the Lord your God always keeps his eye, from year's beginning to year's end." Here, the meaning of the Lord's eye is one of "benevolent concern." However, the author of *Proverbs* presents a different thrust entirely: "For the eyes of the Lord observe a man's ways and survey all his paths; the wicked man is snared in his own misdeeds, is caught in the meshes of his own sin." [*Pro* 5:21] Again, in a similar vein, *Proverbs* 15:3 attests, "The eyes of the Lord are everywhere; observing evil and the good." Clearly, the term "eyes of the Lord" in the context of *Proverbs* infers not "benevolent concern" but rather "judgmental scrutiny." It is this latter context which is being employed in this prayer. The Blessed Mother, a human being like all of us except in sin and disobedience, had silently exercised unparalleled submission and faith in the entire drama of redemption that God had scripted for her Son's sojourn on earth. She is now ordained to continue to participate in this redemptive work in her capacity as Co-operator of the Redeemer, Mediatrix, and Advocate. Hence, with the confidence, motherly instinct, and subtle persuasiveness that she had exercised at Cana, she now gathers her children under her protective mantle of graces pleading on our behalf and swaying the Lord from the "judgmental scrutiny" which would ordinarily be our due, to one of unbounded mercy, for when the "eyes of God" fall upon his Mother only compassion and love bursts forth from his heart.

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ever. Amen.

Mama, thank you.

Daughter, you will always find peace within the monastic walls of my Immaculate Heart. Walk with Jesus, my children.

Thank you, daughter, for recording my words. I bless you and love you.

I bless and love you, too, Mama Mary. Amen.

Lord, do you want to write?

Child of my heart, be at peace. I will always help you. We shall continue tomorrow. I bless and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, O Lord. Amen.

February 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one. Record the words of the King of Israel.

You are my prophet, child. My daughter, what is a prophet? A prophet is one who is to speak all that I, the Lord, tell him. A prophet is my voice and my messenger in the wilderness of sin. When you are persecuted, my child, consider it as a blessing. For if you are persecuted by obeying my commandments and teachings, then you shall receive great honor in heaven. But honor shall not come to you upon the earth, my daughter.

For all those who desire to be my disciples, I, Jesus, shall personally place a crown of victory upon your head. But lo, my disciples, this crown shall be a crown of thorns upon the earth. If you truly follow in my footsteps, then you shall follow in my sufferings as well. You will be verbally scourged. You will face ridicule and betrayal. Do not be surprised if you are betrayed by family members. But remember, my beloved ones, those who remain faithful to me until the end will share in my crown of glory. There is a special seat at the heavenly banquet for all those who willingly embrace discipleship. This is not an easy task, my beloved. You will be called fanatics and even blasphemers. But this I tell you, stand up in faith, my children. Be firm. Stand up for my commandments. Stand up for your King who will stand up for you at death's door. Do not be afraid to be persecuted for my sake. Remember how I, Jesus, died on the Cross for

your sake.

My child, thank you for writing. Go in the peace of my love.

I love you and bless you, O Lord, my God. Amen.

February 26, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do. Record my words, words which spring forth from the eternal chalice of love within my Sacred Heart.

Child, giving to a needy soul is my greatest pleasure. Remember, I am the Eternal Gift-Giver. Oh, children, I, the Lord, have so many gifts for you. What store can you purchase my gifts in? What well could be dug that you would find my gifts? What car or boat could be purchased that would take you to find my gifts? The only vehicle whereby you may receive my gifts is grace, which is obtained by prayers. My gifts are free in the worldly sense, but in the spiritual sense, they are not. For my children I am able to give infinitely to each of you from the tender depths of my most merciful heart, because I arose from the dead as the Eternal Gift-Giver.

Satan, my children, is the eternal gift-snatcher. He began his thievery in the garden, whereby paradise was given to all mankind. The deceiver took paradise away from mankind and I, Jesus, have restored it. I have restored paradise to the soul. Have you made your reservations for paradise my children? Have you packed your luggage full of acts of generosity and love? For if your luggage is packed with anything else, it is useless. It is a waste. Nothing will soften my heart as much as an act of love. When an act of love pierces the heavens, a rose blossoms in the eternal garden of virtues. The angels and saints celebrate every act of love as a victorious occasion. No act of love goes unnoticed by the Eternal Father.

Precious ones, if you desire heaven, then you must plan now for your trip. If you were to take a vacation, you would go to great lengths to plan your trip. I, Jesus, solemnly assure you that heaven is the eternal vacation and must be planned for as well. Pray, my children, pray and the Lord of Hosts shall hear you and help you, for the Lord of Hosts is the king of generosity and has infinite blessings waiting for those who seek him.

Go in peace, child, and thank you for writing. I bless you and love you.

I love you and bless you, too, O Lord God, forever and ever. Amen.

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February 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, welcome.³³ I, the Lord, have extended my mercy and you have accepted it.

My precious ones, you cannot comprehend the magnitude of graces afforded at each Mass.³⁴ At each Mass I am sacramentally presented to the Eternal Father. So great is my anguish for not only do I recall my physical sufferings, I must recall my emotional sufferings as well.

Children, there are many chalices of my blood in heaven. When one of my beloved priests consecrates a host, the chalices of my blood spill upon the people. They are united to me by your immersion in my holy sacred blood. Yes, the blood of the Lamb consumes his people Israel.

My priests, children, have a special mark upon their souls.³⁵ In essence, it is as a wound. It is so that the petitions of my people may pass through the wound upon the soul of my priest and enter into my holy sacred wounds. Children, every plan of mine is perfect. It is meaningful and productive. Why did the nails have to pass through my hands? Why did they not pass through my neck or my shoulders? I say this to you, my precious ones: "I, Jesus permitted my hands to be pierced to sanctify the hands of my priests." In essence, my children, each priest not only bears a wound upon his soul but he bears the wounds upon his hands and feet as

³³ There were a number of disciples present for this message.

³⁴ Just a few minutes prior to this message one of the disciples requested that the Lord clarify the statement he made in the message of February 7: "My beloved priests, so great is my love for you that I permit you to crucify me during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

³⁵ A priest who possesses a tremendous healing charism was present for this message. He fasts throughout the day and eats only after the healing service (which always includes the Mass) is over. In addition, he has a great devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. I have no doubt that his effectiveness as a conduit for our Lord's healing touch is precisely because of his sacrificial attitude and openness to being entirely vulnerable to the Lord's will, which may not choose to physically heal a particular person even though the priest may emotionally and personally wish God to do so.

well. As an example, the gift of healing passes through the wounds in my hands and then through the wounds in my priests' hands thereby being purified and sanctified.

Why did my feet have to be nailed to the Cross? It is the same reason, my children. My priests have wounds in the feet as well. If they did not, then how would they be able to lead my flock through the desert of sin? How could they follow in my footsteps if they possessed no wounds? Each one of my priests is a very special rose in the earthly garden. I have given my priests an exceedingly difficult task. I have called my priests to nurture my flock and to bring my people to the gates of the new Jerusalem.

From the Cross, my children, I saw each and every one of you. I gave you my beloved Mother. She is the Mother of my flock. Call to my Mother, my children. Those who are too weak to walk shall be carried in the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. It is my desire that my beloved priests honor my Mother and teach their flock to do the same.

You have a great responsibility, my priests. As I, Jesus, defeated the malignant one in the desert, I obtained the blessing of purity for my priests and for my Church. I immerse each one of my priests into the depths of purity of my Sacred Heart. I cover each of you with a mantle of purity that you may bless my people Israel. Remember, only the pure shall see God.

I know you are weary, my priests, for I share my wounds with each one of you. You are sealed in my love, but the evil one despises you. Never fear, my children, wear a cloak of faith about your shoulders. Remember, when you touch one that is ill, you are touching him with my hands. When you walk with one from darkness into light, you are walking with my feet. When you grieve for a lost child, you are grieving with my heart.³⁶

My beloved sons, when the wounds I have given you overcome you, I, the Lord, shall always send you a Veronica to wipe your brow. I, the Lord, shall always send you a Simon to help carry the cross.

My little suffering children, my heart grieves for you. I know your burden is great, but so shall your reward in heaven be great. You are my little lambs upon the earth.

³⁶ As I was saying these very words, I became extremely emotional with tears welling up in my eyes. I believed the Lord was in great anguish.

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Thank you, my beloved son, for recording my words. I bless you all, my little lambs. Go in peace.

We thank you, Almighty Lord, for your wondrous heart in sharing the sacred wounds with your priests. May we always honor you in your priests and pray for their sanctification so they may continually mirror you, the Good Shepherd, in the flock you have entrusted to their care. Amen.

February 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my precious lamb, record the words of the Lord of Hosts. Child of my heart, I know you are weary, but I, Jesus, have come to lighten your burdens. I have come to help each one of you carry your cross to Calvary. I have come to comfort and soothe you and to lessen the weight of the cross.

My beloved ones, if you were to climb a mountain, you should encounter many obstacles. As soon as you successfully bypass the first obstacle, the second one appears. This continues as you ascend the mountain. But when you reach the top, the reward of this endeavor far outweighs the obstacles you had to endure. It is the same for the one carrying the cross.

Children, the trip to Calvary is not a one time event. It occurs over and over again, as man strives towards perfection. The road one travels to Calvary is similar to the mountain. There will be many obstacles, but none of which cannot be overcome. Once you reach Calvary, my children, you will feel a great sense of accomplishment. You will have grown and matured spiritually. But then, my children, it shall be time to start the trip to Calvary again. This is the process whereby the soul stays united to God. The road to Calvary is the road through my wounds. It is also the road which directly passes through my Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. There is never a soul to journey to Calvary alone.

Daughter, thank you for your sacrifice of love.

I bless you, Lord.

I bless you, too, my little lamb. Go in peace.

Lord, you and Mother Mary are truly our only hope. Amen.

February 29, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted child, record my words.

Oh, child, do I, the Lord, not give you the energy you need to face every situation? Rise up in faith, my little lamb, and I, Jesus, shall help you to run.

Daughter, when a soul consumes my holy Body and Blood, that soul is given a share in my supernatural life. That soul is immersed in the ocean of my mercy whereby grace conquers all difficult situations. That soul is given the ability to rise above all difficult situations. Think of Peter, my beloved child. As he walked out on the water towards me, he lost his faith and began to sink, but I, Jesus, extended my hand to him and pulled him above the water where he was able to once again walk.

The extension of my hand to Peter is what happens each time the soul receives Holy Communion. Not only does the soul receive my Body and Blood, but he receives my hand to pull him above the waters of tribulation. He receives my hand that his tribulations will not consume him, but rather he shall stand on faith and rise above his tribulations.

Children, the power of the Holy Eucharist is incomprehensible for it is the joining of the soul with the most Holy and Blessed Trinity. The soul is fed and hungers no longer. The soul is given drink and thirsts no longer. The soul is revitalized and given supernatural gifts.

Children, if you are ill, then you must partake of me in the Holy Eucharist.³⁷ I will nurture and sustain you. I, the Lord, will heal you. I will walk with you and within you. Never will you journey alone. Be as Peter, my precious children, and extend your hands to me.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go in peace with my blessing.

³⁷ I can testify to the truth of these words because I firmly believe that I could not do all that I am presently doing as a mother, wife, Disciple of Mercy with various speaking commitments, and one who possesses a life-threatening illness had I not been given the opportunity to receive the Lord regularly. Truly, he nourishes me not only spiritually but physically as well.

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I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child. Record my words of love.

Little ones, peace and tranquility is a gift. When a soul embraces my Sacred Heart, that soul finds peace. That souls finds a safe resting place from worldly distractions.

My children, there is chaos all about you. Turn on the television and you shall see chaos and confusion. You shall see the various manifestations of satan. Tell me, children, when you view the nightly news or read a newspaper, do you see the work of the Holy Spirit or do you see the chaos created by satan and his demons? Oh, children, I, the Lord, am offering you a sanctuary in the midst of chaos.

How can one have inner peace when he is confronted by evil? Again, I tell you, put on the armor of God. Build a temple about yourselves. Let prayer be the walls. Your heart shall be the altar. Your petitions shall be as incense. Ask the heavenly court to guard the temple you have placed about yourselves.

My children, if you follow me, then truly you are a temple for my Spirit, and I shall come to rest in you. I will come to rest when you are restful. If you are feeling confused and your peace has escaped you, then you must pray, my children. It is surely time to put up the walls of prayer all about you. These walls cannot be penetrated by man, for these prayer walls shall be fortified by me, the Lord God. Do not fear chaos. Do not fear confusion. I have given you a heart that you may call to me, and I shall come.

Yes, children, I, Jesus, shall meet you in your heart, and you will have peace. Within the darkness there shall be light. Within the chaos there shall be calm. Do not fear the storms of life, my beloved ones. Allow my mercy to be your umbrella.

Thank you, my devoted child, for writing. Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 1, 1996³⁸

To my people, Israel. This is what you shall say:

When one humbles himself before God, then from that point onward, God shall listen. God shall hear all that this soul has to say. God shall honor their petitions and his ears shall be ever bent to their pleadings. They shall not turn to the left nor to the right without God's knowledge and protection.

This is what the Lord God of Hosts shall do for a humble soul. There are many varieties of flowers in a garden, but remember, my children, there are weeds as well. The weeds are cast aside as trash but the flowers—yes, they are precious and grow exceedingly beautiful.

Be flowers, my children. Nothing is denied the soul who asks in humility but many shall say, "we are denied upon the earth." This may be so for it is so temporary. Your life upon the earth is so temporary. But, my beloved ones, all things shall be granted the humble soul in heaven—*all things*.

"These words you shall speak in my name," says the Lord God of Hosts.

Thank your, Lord, for answering our queries so quickly. May we all become eternal flowers of humility. Amen.

March 2, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and Mother of God. I am the Queen of Saints and Angels, the Queen of All Heaven and Earth.

Daughter, I have come to help all those who are persecuted for the sake of my beloved Jesus. As for a time long ago, I watched in sorrow as my Son was persecuted and mocked for your sake. Now, my children, I watch those of you who are mocked and persecuted for the sake of Jesus.

My children, you are as lambs who shall carry the great banner of salvation. You shall be victorious over your persecutors. With each

³⁸ Occasionally, the Lord would offer a second message on the same day if it dealt with a particular petition having an air of urgency. This is what occurred today concerning a question that arose on how we might best be disposed to ensure the efficacy of our prayers. The Lord responded with the following words.

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persecution comes a blessing from the Eternal Father and a blessing is taken from the persecutor. So you see, my beloved children, if you are mocked for the sake of my Son, then truly you are blessed. The entire heavenly court is placed at your disposal for assistance. It is these mockeries and slanderous insults that shall sanctify you and provide a place for you at the heavenly banquet. But, children, I tell you, all those who slander and persecute God's anointed ones shall lose their place at the heavenly banquet.

Thank you for writing, my beloved child. Go in peace with my blessing.

I love you, Mother Mary.

I love you, too, child. Amen.

March 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, record the words of the God of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Precious little lamb, how does one know if he is within my holy will or not? This I tell you, if you are not walking in grace, you are not walking within my will. If your lives are contrary to my commandments, then you are not walking within my will. Children of my heart, if you truly desire knowledge of my holy will, I will grant your request. But this I say to you, do not accept my will sometimes and cast it aside other times. My holy will is as food for the soul. If you deny the soul the ability to be within my holy will, then the soul will be tormented.

Children, you will know if you are within my holy will if you are at peace. If you are reconciled to me and live your lives according to my commandments, then my Holy Spirit shall dwell within you. If you cast my commandments aside and care not whether you are reconciled to me, then my Holy Spirit shall be taken from you.

Oh, children, wickedness is all about you. It is suffocating you. But it is only the Spirit of the Living God who shall be your oxygen. You are suffocating, my children, for the stench of your iniquity has clogged your windpipes. Think of those who have difficulty breathing. Do they not rely on oxygen to help them? My Holy Spirit is the oxygen to the soul who cannot breathe. If my Holy Spirit makes his home within your heart, then he will guide you along the path of the perfect will of God.

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Children, realize that if you are uneasy in the presence of someone in a state of mortal sin, it is because my Holy Spirit is absent from them and your soul is not at peace. Remember, my precious ones, the first sign that you have fallen out of the embrace of my Holy Will is the feeling of uneasiness and lack of peace.

My precious lamb, thank you for writing. Go in the peace of my heart. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

March 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, beloved one. Record my words of love. I am the Lamb of Reconciliation. I am the Lamb of Hope. I am the Lamb of Love. I am the Lamb of Life.

Children of my Sacred Heart, so many of you are caught up in reciting certain prayers each day that, in actuality, you are not praying. You are only reciting. What good is the prayer that is spoken from the lips and not from the heart? What good is the prayer that is forgotten the moment after it is recited?

This is not prayer, my children. This is recitation of words in a book. You are reading a book to me rather than praying. You will know if a prayer is from the lips or from the heart if your heart is affected or not.

Prayer from the lips affects not the heart and accomplishes nothing. It is noise; that is all that it is. However, prayer from the heart is as a symphony and accomplishes everything. Prayer from the heart is the prayer of the humble. Prayer from the heart is as a sweet smelling incense to the nostrils of God.

Children, it is not necessary to devise long, flowery prayers. It is not necessary to use complicated vocabulary. Do you think the literate man is heard before the illiterate man? Oh no, my children, it is the heart that is heard and listened to before the mouth. Be humble when you pray and be simple, my children. Give me your heart and I, in turn, shall give you mine.

Thank you, child, for writing and for your perseverance. Go in peace, little lamb.

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I love you and bless you, Jesus, my Savior. Amen.

March 5, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one. Record the words of the Lamb of Victory.

Oh, beloved, I, Jesus, went to the slaughter at Calvary that all mankind may eat, and eat for eternity. Yes, that all of mankind may eat and drink the Blood of the Lamb. How many of you are hunters and have eaten the prey you have captured? This I tell you, my children, that I, Jesus, was as prey to my captors. To the kings that had me arrested, I was as prey. I was hunted down and killed for your sins. A trap was set for me as if I were a wild animal, and I was slain.

Well now, my precious ones, eat. Eat that you will not be eternally hungry. Drink, that you will not be eternally thirsty. What use is the hunted if not used for food for life? This is how I, Jesus, as the Lamb of Life have given myself to you in the Holy Eucharist. I AM WHO AM is the Holy Eucharist. We are one and we are the same. Therefore, children, again I say, "come to the Mass hungry that you may eat; come thirsty that you may drink." The heavenly banquet actually begins in the Mass. It is at the Mass that a seat is reserved for you in heaven, for the Eternal Father sees all those who partake of the Lamb on earth and desires them to do the same in heaven.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go in the peace of my love.

I bless you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, my little one. Come into your master's household and rest. Sit at my table and rest.

Oh, beloved, how do I, Jesus, treat one of my servants? Do I not become the servant? Do I not wait day and night to be of service to you? I wait, the Prisoner of Service, in the tabernacle. Yes, the tabernacle is as the servants' quarters. Come to the tabernacle, my children, and you shall find me eager to serve you.

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My beloved children, I am the water to feed the crops. I am the sunshine to produce fruit. I am the wind to carry the pollen. I am the snow to make everything new. I am the desert to purify the sinner, and I am the lake to baptize the sinner. I am the Alpha and the Omega, from everlasting to everlasting.

What does one of your false idols have to offer you? Many of you pray to fertility statues. This is an abomination. Who do you think creates life in the womb? Do you think it is a statue made of clay or iron? If this is what you believe, then call upon this heap of clay in times of distress. See how it answers or call upon your psychics and ask them to stop a hurricane. Foolish, foolish Israel, I am the Lord thy God. Only I can stop a hurricane. Only I can create life and take life.

I will give all to the soul who depends on me, but I will close my ears and my eyes to the soul who worships false idols. You shall cry to them, but they shall not hear you. Heaven shall shut her ears to your pleadings. Even the mountains shall despise the idolaters. Beware, my children. Pray for holy wisdom and it shall be granted to you.

Thank you for writing, my child. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you and love you always, Lord, and Mama Mary. Amen.

March 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My precious children, I am the Lord, the Holy Spirit. I am the Counselor of Righteousness. To all those who desire holiness, I personally shall drape a garment of righteousness about your shoulders.

Children, I am your Holy Teacher. I have taught you a great deal about my holy passion. Children, a garment of mockery was placed about my shoulders, and a staff of mockery was placed in my hand. But this garment of mockery became a garment of righteousness, and this staff of mockery eventually became the most holy rosary.

Little lamb, there is a purpose in everything that I do. Everything that I, the Lord, do is for the sanctification of sinners. I am offering to share with you the cloak that was placed upon my shoulders. It was placed there by my persecutors.

My precious ones, I shall take this garment which, in mockery, pronounced

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my kingship, and I shall place it surrounding your endeavors.³⁹ You may call to me in the following way:

O Holy God, brutalized for my offenses, given a king's robe in mockery, given a king's scepter in mockery, please take this cloak which is a cloak of authority and holiness, and cover our work with it. In this way, you will be glorified and our work will be blessed in heaven. O Holy Jesus, our King, please permit us to be your subjects. Let the garment that touched your Holy and Sacred Body touch us and our work. This will turn all mockeries and persecutions into abundant blessings. May the name of the King of Israel be honored and adored for all eternity. Amen.

Children, I am a God of the Living. I honor and respect all life. I share my king's cloak with all creation. My king's cloak is the blanket of mercy that consumes humanity. I had to endure these sufferings for there was no other way for man to be reconciled to God. I had to become man and take man's sins within my body so that man and his sins could be separated. During the Sacrament of Reconciliation man and his sins are separated. It is during this sacrament that I place my cloak of kingship over the man thereby infusing him with the grace of forgiveness. I cast the sins into the ocean of forgiveness. This ocean is not made of water and sand. On the contrary, it is an ocean of blood filled with thorns. As I have told you, children, an act of love removes a thorn from my brow. I take this thorn and place it in the ocean of forgiveness. Someday there shall be no more thorns; there shall only be roses. Pray for this day, my children.

³⁹ A few minutes prior to this message, the disciple present had requested the Lord to bless the endeavors he and another disciple had been doing in anticipation for a Day of Recollection that they were planning. The disciple petitioned the Lord to give a benediction (blessings) that they might say prior to the commencement (or termination) of these proceedings and at all similar activities that the Disciples of Mercy may be invited to undertake. The Lord graciously gave this beautiful invocation.

Thank you, my son, for writing my words.⁴⁰ I have covered you, my son, with my garment of holiness. When you are weary, my son, ask for me to bring my garment of holiness to comfort you.

Go in peace with my blessing.

Lord Jesus, we thank you for your many blessings. May your cloak always be upon our shoulders so that we may continue to honor you in our struggle to serve you unceasingly. We pray for the day when all your thorns are tossed away and only roses surround your brow. Amen.

March 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved daughter. Record the words of the King of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking and using your hand as a vessel of grace. Daughter, my Holy Sacred Wounds are as a tabernacle. They are a holy sanctuary where the sinner may find rest. They are as a rose garden, where the seeds that have been planted are watered by my Sacred Heart.

Beloved children, prepare a journey into the depths of my wounds. To begin this journey, you must come to the foot of the Cross. Here I, Jesus, shall present you with a small fragment of the wood of my Cross. This shall be your cross. This shall be the cross I desire you to embrace all the days of your life. As you embrace the cross, the sanctuary of my wounds shall be open for you. Wisdom shall be granted you.

Holy wisdom is when the soul views his brother through my wounds. Allow my Holy Sacred Wounds to be as binoculars. If you view the world through my wounds, you will see the cross I have given to each soul. There is none

⁴⁰ The Lord is referring to the disciple who recorded this message while the Lord spoke through me. Due to my illness and the large quantity of pain medication I take, the Lord alleviates the difficulty of concentrating on his words while simultaneously writing by permitting another disciple to record the words which the Lord speaks through me. This only occurs when another disciple is present and willing to record the message. It does relieve me immensely since focusing for a twenty minute period (average length of a message) takes a lot of my energy. Ironically, when I am able to have the Lord speak through me I am tremendously refreshed. He is truly the ultimate peace.

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to escape the weight of the cross. It is wiser to carry your cross upon the earth than to carry it eternally in the flames. As I said, there is none to escape the cross.

When you are weary, you shall find rest in the tabernacle of my wounds. You shall find strength and a renewal of your holy vision; the ability to view others through my wounds. Remember, my children, I, Jesus, am a God of the Heart. I gave you my heart on Calvary, and I continue to do so in the Holy Eucharist.

Thank you, my beloved, for writing. Go with my blessing.

I love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one. Record the words of the Lamb of Truth and Wisdom.

You are in my school, children, and I, Jesus, have become your Holy Teacher. The Cross is my blackboard, and my Holy Sacred Blood is the chalk. Do you wish to be in my classroom, children? Do you wish for me to be your Holy Teacher?

In my classroom, there are students who are illiterate in the world. They neither read nor write. They spend no time counting their money. They spend no time glaring at their jewelry. They do not do these things, for they possess no money nor jewelry. They possess little in the eyes of the world. But if they desire to be in my classroom, then I, the Lord, shall consider them to be as wise men. There is no need to fondle one's material wealth in my school. For my school is a school for the poor, for the souls who are bankrupt of pride and ego. My school only has room for the student who desires me to be his treasure.

My school is a school of the heart. Yet, my children, does the heart read and write? Does the heart invest and devise ways to earn more money? Does the heart manipulate and cheat? The heart that is with me does none of these things. Yet it is the heart that is with satan, who has decided his only treasure is upon the earth. The heart that is with satan is not made of flesh, it is made of stone. It is cold and calloused.

Come to my school, children, and when you finally receive your diploma,

it shall unlock the gate to heaven. Can any other key unlock this gate? Be wise, my precious ones, and permit me to be your Holy Teacher.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go in peace, my little lamb.

Thank you, O God, my Father. Amen.

March 10, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my precious lamb. Record the words of the Holy Spirit, the Author of Life.

Lord, will you teach me a prayer of consecration to your Holy Perfect Will?

Yes, my little lamb, I will teach you. I will teach all those who ask. That is my greatest pleasure, to be your Holy Teacher and for you to accept me as your Lord and God.

My little lamb, the will of God is as a house which continually extends an invitation to come inside, for outside the house there is no peace. The storms of life beat down upon the pavement of one's heart and there is no rest. Only in the house of my Holy Will is there strength and peace. You may say the following prayer:

Abundant God of Love and Mercy, Source of all Comfort and Peace, let your Holy Perfect Will consume me. Let the Will of God be my food day and night, for I shall have no rest outside the sanctuary of your Holy Will. I consecrate and offer myself to be the keeper of the house of your Holy Will, for your will is as a house, O Lord, where the walls and roof fortify and protect one. I consecrate myself to guard the sanctuary of your Holy Will as a priceless treasure. I consecrate myself to be the pliable metal for you to use as you desire. I consecrate my heart to your Sacred Heart, that I may be used freely and without reservation by God Almighty. May the name of the Lord be blessed and adored for all eternity, and may the Holy Perfect Will of God be cherished as the light within the darkness. Amen.

Child, there is none to walk within my Holy Will who will not obtain holiness and wisdom. Within my will the lame will walk and the blind will see, for if

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you live outside the sanctuary of my Holy Perfect Will, then truly you are spiritually paralyzed and blind.

I invite you, my children, to consecrate yourselves to my Holy Will. All that you need shall be given you and all that you ask for shall be granted. I am Jesus, the Eternal Gift-Giver.

Thank you for writing, my child. Go with my blessings.

I love you and bless you, Jesus. Amen.

March 11, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary. I am the Queen of Heaven and Earth, and the Mother of All Creation.

My beloved children, you do not realize that when you kill the unborn, you are not killing your child. No, you are killing my child; you are killing God's child, for did not my beloved Jesus give me to be the Mother of all Creation? Is not the Eternal Father the Father to all Creation? Then, my beloved children, by whose authority do you act? Has God given you permission to kill within the womb? Have I given you such permission?

Mankind has grown so arrogant that he takes all of life into his hands and decides its fate. It matters not the type of life, but in man's arrogant heart he believes he is ruler over all. This is not true, my children. But so many of you who stomp all over the commandments of God are the first to plead for help when a tragedy occurs. The same one who has no regard for the unborn will cry furiously to God to protect the life around her. She will kill the unborn and cry for the born. Do you think God will hear you if you hear him, yet do not listen? But remember the Lord thy God, whose heart is infinite mercy and forgiveness.

Repent, my children, repent. Follow the commandments of God and teach your children to do so. If the grass is not watered it will turn brown and die. The commandments of God are as the water to the soul. The soul needs to be united with its Creator in holiness to live.

May the name of my beloved Jesus be blessed and adored for all eternity.

Thank you, child, for writing. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, Mama. Amen.

March 12, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, I am the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I am the Eternal, Holy, and Blessed Trinity. I am the Sovereign and Omnipotent Power of Creation.

Dearest children, how many of you have visited a harbor? There are boats of all different sizes and for a variety of purposes. My boat is in the harbor as well. It is called the "S.S. Mercy," the "S.S." standing for the Salvation of Souls. My boat has a crew as do other vessels. My priests are the crew, for they are the navigators to guide this boat to my new Jerusalem. The passengers are sinners who have accepted my invitation. But, my children, where have these passengers come from? They were drowning in the ocean of sin and I, Jesus, have cast the net of my mercy that these drowning sinners may be rescued.

Yes, children, you may consider me to be the commander of a coast guard rescue mission. Though my ship of mercy patrols the ocean of sin, many shall swim away from my nets of mercy. They shall not want to be rescued by me. And then, what shall happen, my children? Satan and his demons shall take hold of this poor sinner and he shall be fooled into believing Satan's trickery. He shall be convinced that Satan is the rescuer and I, the Lord, am the terrorist. But this I tell you, my ship of mercy shall gather all those who are wet and discouraged. On my ship I shall give you new garments and a holy meal.

Do you know, my children, that anorexia exists in the soul as much as it does in the body? The soul that does not partake of me in Holy Communion is dying of starvation. Therefore, say I, the Lord of Hosts, ask to be rescued from sin, and I shall extend the net of my mercy. You shall be lifted from the ocean of sin and despair and tenderly placed within the sanctuary of my Sacred Heart.

Thank you, my precious child, for writing my words. Go in the peace of my love.

We love and bless you, Lord.

March 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

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Yes, little lamb of my heart. Record the words of the Holy Spirit of Life and Love.

Think of the poor, my beloved sons and daughters. Think of how they sift through mountains of garbage, and if they find a piece of bread or an unsoiled piece of meat they think they have found a treasure.

Listen to my teaching, my beloved children. These poor, poor people know how to find the good in a pile of trash. They know how to distinguish between what is good and what is foul. They cast the foul aside and they treasure the good. And thus, I assure you, they will always find something good in the pile of trash they are looking through.

Now, my precious lamb, what am I trying to teach you? These poor people find the good in a pile of trash while many of you only see the trash in the good. You do not know how to separate the pearls from the stones. You do not know how to see me in every foul situation. Do you think I, the Lord, do not walk through garbage piles helping my poor children to find food? Do you think I do not point out to them the crust of bread or the half-a-meal tossed away? Do you think it repulses me to dirty my feet? This I say to you, it does not repulse me to walk through the garbage sites with a poor soul looking for food. My feet are soiled with holiness from the sanctity of their plight.

But, my precious ones, I, Jesus, am repulsed when I walk upon the sweet smelling velvet carpeting of the rich. Yes, this is where I am repulsed. This is where my feet get soiled from the sin of greed and indifference. This is where my hands get soiled from the lack of charity and generosity. What sanctity is there in the person who has several pair of shoes, many jackets, a place to live, and all comforts? It is these unfortunate souls who are so removed from me that they view their situations and see only trash piles. They see no blessing and constantly complain. The soul who is with me will gratefully acknowledge even a pile of trash as a gift of God, for surely he will find me walking by his side.

O God, I'm so sorry for all the different things I complain about. I'm so sorry, my Jesus.

I forgive you, my little lamb. Learn to see me in every situation. I bless you, my precious lamb. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Most precious children, I am here. You bring me joy, my little lambs. Your eagerness to serve me delights my heart.

My beloved ones, you are correct. Faith is the absence of fear.⁴¹ Fear is only a feeling. It is the size of a grain of sand and you, my children, make it into a mountain. But faith, my children, is more than a feeling, it is a way of life. Faith permits the soul to communicate with me. Faith permits the soul to dwell in the highest possible mental conditions despite the environment. In other words, children, faith permits the soul to live on top of a mountain even though the physical body may be subjected to a cave. Faith does not permit the soul to dwell in the negative but rather it encourages the soul to run to the positive. Faith is a gift from the treasure chest in my heart. Do not condemn your brothers and sisters if they lack faith. Pray that they may receive the gift of faith from the Master Faith-Giver.

Why does one desire to climb a mountain? He does this because he has faith he will reach the top. In faith, he believes he will have a most magnificent view of the valley below. That is what faith does, my children. It permits you to see a magnificent view of every valley. Why is this so? One with faith is given another gift. It is the gift to be able to see through my Holy Sacred Wounds. For, my precious lambs, when I died on the Cross, it was in faith that my blood will sanctify and purify the sinner.

The gift of faith comes from my faithful heart which is infinite. Everything that I, the Lord, possess I share with you. Does a father not share everything he has with his children? If only you would view me as your Heavenly Father whose only desire is to nurture you and love you. Your heart, my children, is as a safety deposit box. If you do not open the box, you can place nothing inside of it. Therefore, say I, the Lord of Hosts, open your hearts that I may give you faith; that I may give you abundant gifts and blessings. Throw away the key to your heart forever. Always let your heart be open to my love.

Thank you, precious children, for recording my words. Go in the peace of my blessing.

⁴¹ Just prior to this message a group of disciples became engaged in conversation about the qualities of faith and trust.

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Lord Jesus, we thank you for your faith in us to continue to do your work. Give us your faith and that of your Mother so we shall be undaunted in the face of every mountain and unshakeable in every valley. Amen.

March 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, record the words of the High Priest of His People Israel. I Am Who Am. I am Wisdom. I am Holy. I am One.

My little lamb, how I rejoice when one of my little ones desire me. How my heart swells with love when a heart reaches out to me. When you come to the Blessed Sacrament, my children, my heart is laid upon the altar for you. My heart and my eternal pledge of love is upon the altar for the taking. Yes, I, Jesus, offer my heart for the taking as freely as you would reach for an item in the supermarket. Think, my children, each item in the supermarket is for the taking. You decide what you want and you place the item in your basket. It is an act of your free will.

When you come to the Blessed Sacrament, take my heart, children. Ask me for my heart and I shall give it to you. I shall place my heart with yours and there shall be an explosion of love. Many of you pass me by each day without not even as much as a glance. I am truly present in the Blessed Sacrament, and you do not acknowledge me. You shatter my Sacred Heart into a million fragments. The stars of the heavens cannot even compare to the pieces of my broken heart.

Oh beloved children, yes, I have given you my Holy and Sacred Heart. I have given you my Body and Blood. I have given you my life so that you would have life. What more could I have done, my children. What more?

Come, I am waiting for you, a beggar for your love.

Thank you, beloved one, for writing. Go with my blessings.

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

March 16, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Little child of my heart, do not despair. Come and record my words. My words are life. My words are love.

Oh little children, my adversary is as a roaring lion. He can smell you and desires to devour you. He despises good. He despises holiness. He despises righteousness. He loves the hiddenness of the night, of the darkness. He despises the openness of the light, for he despises me. Children, you are as prey to satan, the cancerous predator. He seeks after souls to permanently mangle them. He lures a precious soul into a state of mortal sin, and he is adept at keeping a precious soul in this state.

The only way for a soul to leave such a state is the firm purpose of amendment. It must be the main desire of the soul to please me, the Lord God. The soul must despise sin and be willing to walk away from it. If you are not willing to walk away from the fire of sin, then you shall get burned. At first, only a finger may be burned, then eventually a leg, then eventually an arm, and then eventually the whole body. This is what the evil one waits for. This is how he devours the poor sinner. He leads you to believe you have made only a small error, but truly I tell you, no mortal sin is a small error. Mortal sin is the burning of the entire body in the flames of unholiness.

Those of you who are in this pitiable state must repent, lest you shall die in this state.

Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you and I love you.

I love you, too, Lord. Please assist us in being free of the slightest taint of sin.

March 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one. Come and record my message of love.

Dearest children, I, the Lord, am a carpenter. I take the wood of the Cross and produce a saint. I take the wood of the Cross and I build sanctuaries all through the world. I, Jesus, have taken the wood of the Cross and I have constructed monuments of glory. I have constructed magnificent structures to house my altars. But why, beloved one, is there an altar? It is because of the Cross. It is because of my willingness to give my life at Calvary. Yes, children, I am the carpenter who sees his project through to its completion. I am the carpenter who, with two pieces of wood, has placed my tabernacle and altar in buildings all throughout the world. Oh, that two pieces of wood should be so precious.

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Dearest children, each altar is the same as the Cross at Calvary. My Holy Precious Blood poured forth from my body thus staining the wood of the Cross for all eternity.

This I say to you: Every altar that is used during the Mass to present my Crucifixion to the Heavenly Father is also a blood-stained Cross; there is no difference between the Cross at Calvary and the Altar at the Holy Mass. Each time you come to Mass, children, you receive the same graces as if you were present at my Crucifixion. Please come to Mass, my little children. For it is here that my merciful heart is laid upon the Altar and I desire mankind to take and take and take.

Little lamb, go in peace and I, Jesus, will help you. I bless you, child of my heart.

I bless you, too, Lord of my heart. Amen.

March 18, 1996⁴²

March 19, 1996, the Feast of St. Joseph

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, thank you for responding to my invitation of love. Today I shall permit my beloved Mother to speak my words of love.

Beloved ones, how my heart swells with love for each of you. There is no limit to the love in my motherly heart. I have given each of you a small piece of my Son's Cross. This is not the same as the cross my Son has given you. It is, however, the cross of consolation. Who else can I turn to, to ease my Son's grieving heart but to the ones that love him?⁴³

⁴²I was not feeling well today so the Lord dispensed me from receiving a message.

⁴³ A few minutes prior to this message I was requested by one of the disciples present, a very holy and devout person whom the Lord has chosen to be a victim soul, as to how she can become even closer to the Lord? I said that I would ask but rarely does He respond to personal questions unless these "personal" questions are truly beneficial for the world and touch upon issues common to all his disciples. The Lord chose to have his Mother answer the question indicating that victim souls render great consolation to the Lord. After the Blessed Mother

My beloved ones, this extra cross I have given some of you causes your heart a great desire of pleasing my beloved Son. I shall give you an example, my children. If you had a child and you wished to make a birthday party or celebration, think of those whom you would invite. Surely, they would be the ones who cared very much for the child and had the desire to bring joy.

My children, in a way, I am doing the same thing. I am surrounding my beloved Jesus with souls who adore and wish to comfort him. If you feel distanced from my beloved Jesus you need not despair for this feeling is permitted to glorify my Son. It is not that you have done something wrong, but rather your longing for God brings great consolation to his broken heart. The soul that spends his life pleasing God and desiring God is separated from God by only one thing, and that is death. The soul that longs for God is as a precious pearl hidden tightly in a clam shell. This pearl wishes to leave the clam shell to see the ocean but it cannot do so.⁴⁴

delivered the message, the disciple revealed a story indicating that she believes she has been under the special protection of the Blessed Mother since birth. It was at birth that her major affliction— blindness, occurred.

⁴⁴ The Lord and Blessed Mother often employ the analogy of the pearl to its organism as we are in relation to them, particularly, from the perspective of the cross. The more I reflect on this analogy the more I became fascinated with its implications. The pearl is the only gem created by living creatures, that is, the family of mollusks, which consists of clams, oysters, mussels, and other varieties. These mollusks produce the pearl when a substance not indigenous to their organism invades it. The mollusk responds to this substance by secreting a film which continually coats the substance making it smooth. In a way, the mollusk makes the substance less irritating or painful to it. It is this process that ultimately makes a beautiful smooth pearl that is admired and greatly valued by mankind. I see the analogy so applicable to we human beings regarding the crosses the Lord sends us. Initially, the cross is very irritating but the Lord gives us the grace (the secreting film), which coats the cross and as we cooperate with this grace so does our perspective toward the cross change, producing a less irritating and integrative reaction. Similarly, this is how victim souls produce their “pearls,” by their willingness to cooperate with all the graces attached to the crosses they bear. Truly, from the eyes of the Lord and the Blessed Mother these souls are “pearls of consolation,” sharing in the Cross of

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Hunger, my children, hunger. Hunger for the one who has given his life that you may eat. Desire him, long for him. Grieve for him, mourn with him. Recognize him. It is your complete desire that caresses his broken heart.

Children, you live in a world where you can satisfy your every whim. There are many countries where man has no need to yearn for anything. All that he wants, he can have. My children, I shall share a most beautiful thought with you. Those of you who yearn for my Son already possess him but his love far exceeds the boundaries of your human heart, so you feel as if he is distant from you.

Children, the more you yearn for my beloved Jesus, the more you possess him. The more your heart desires union with God, the closer you are to God. The love of God is as a fire, incomprehensible and inextinguishable.

Please, my little ones, I know that my Son has already given you a cross, but I, your Mother, have invited you to adore him, to unite yourselves to him, and to love him. It is only at death's door that the soul will be united to God completely.

The Eternal Father finds great joy in the soul that completely desires unity with Jesus. Be patient, my little children. All these things that you ask for shall be granted you by the One who loves you infinitely.

Thank you for writing. I bless you and love you all, my children.

We thank you, Blessed Mother, for your words of love and encouragement. Continue to give us all the grace of yearning always for your Son, our Lord Jesus. Amen.

March 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, I am the Lord, the God of the Eternal Heart.

If you truly desire to be my disciple, you must learn how to cast aside distractions. You must learn how to rest in the sanctuary of my Sacred Heart. Many of you, children, make only a physical appearance at the

their Lord and Savior.

Mass. You kneel at certain times. You stand at certain times. You speak at certain times, but you have left your heart someplace else. When you come to the altar to receive my Body and Blood, I look inside you. There is nothing there.

Tell me, my children, how can I feed your heart if your heart is not present? I am grieving, my children. During the Holy Mass, I, the Lord, am asking for your complete attention. I give all of myself to you in the Holy Eucharist but it as if I am giving myself to a finger, or to an eye, or to a leg. Truly, I tell you if you do not bring your heart to the Holy Mass, you shall leave this holy meal hungry.

Where are your hearts, my children? I, Jesus, shall tell you. Your hearts are concerned with your work, with your friends, with the evening dinner, with the afternoon meal, with the garments worn by those in attendance, with the topic of the homily, with the weather, with your parking spot, and so on, and so forth. I am a jealous God, my children. During the Holy Mass I demand your complete attention, for surely on Calvary I gave you my complete attention. At the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass I again give you my complete attention.

My beloved children, oh, that you could see how my love consumes you. I am well aware of the evil one's attempts to distract you. However, he is not responsible for all of the distractions. Some of them occur because of your self-preoccupations. Imagine yourself in a room with me. Imagine there to be trash all across the floor in the room. You should take a broom, sweep up the trash, that we may be in the same room with nothing to separate us. If you truly desire this union with me at the Holy Mass, you may simply say:

Blessed God, sweep the floor of my heart and cast the garbage of my sins into the ocean of forgiveness. Let me have no thoughts, no concerns, no adversaries in my heart when I come to Mass. Let my heart be unshackled from its human bondage so that as I approach your altar, my heart shall be an empty vessel ready for you to use as you will. Let me not permit worldly adversaries to come between thee and me. Let my ears hear only your voice. Let my mouth speak only your words. Let everything I think, and say, and do, be for the glory of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Let my heart beat with yours all the days of my life. Amen.

My beloved children, the wood of the Cross is difficult. You must

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persevere on your journey to please me. Be one with me, children. Thank you, for writing, my little one. Go in the peace of my heart. I bless you all.

We thank you, most present Lord, for this wonderful prayer. May we say it always so we can be fully present at the foot of the Cross and participate completely in your heavenly banquet at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Amen.

March 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little mercy of my heart. Record my words of mercy.

O beloved Israel, within the holy walls of my church is the blueprint for your way of life. Within the holy walls of my church is the sanctuary of the most Blessed Trinity and the eternal dinner table. Yes, it is the eternal dinner table, for heaven is united to earth at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The altar is the table of the heavenly banquet. The altar is also the same as the Cross. Therefore, my beloved ones, in heaven the Holy Sacred Cross and the Heavenly Banquet are one and the same. For truly, without the Cross, there would be no food for the soul that hungers. There would be no drink for the soul that thirsts. All food comes from the Cross at Calvary. Beloved daughter, all graces come from the Cross at Calvary. The Holy Mass is a continuation of my death at Calvary.

Beloved children, I, Jesus, am extending an invitation to you to enter into my Church. This is where you shall find all the spiritual nourishment you shall ever need. This is where you shall find your family. This is where you shall find your place and your purpose for your life. Oh dear ones, so many of you complain for you know not the purpose for your life. Come to my Church, my children, and receive of my Holy Body and Blood. Eat the food I, Jesus, wish to give you. Partake of the sacraments I have instituted, thereby flooding your souls with grace.

Come to me, children, and you shall see clearly the purpose for your life. For I, Jesus, so loved you, that I permitted every drop of my blood to soak the earth. I permitted all types of cruelties to soak my heart. I permitted thorns to penetrate my brow. Do you think I did all of these things for someone who has no purpose? Do you think I suffered all of these torments for someone who is worthless? No, my children, for each soul was created by God and belongs exclusively to God. Each soul is infinitely precious and important to God. Come to my Church, children, and partake of all the gifts I, the Lord, desire to give you.

Precious one, I know you are weary. You must persevere. Go with my blessing.

I bless you and love you forever, O God. Amen.

March 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, today is a day of rejoicing. A soul has returned to my arms of love and I am delighted.

Beloved children, you are the reason for my torment on Calvary. You are the reason I came into this world and subjected myself to human limitations. So great is my love for each of you that I, Jesus, walked in each one of your footsteps. I suffered every pain, every sickness, and every agony. I suffered from hunger, thirst, loneliness, the cold, sadness, and humiliation. I suffered human bondage because of my love for souls.

Beloved children, though I am a God of the Heart, I am also a Just Judge. I see the situation in its entirety and I, the Lord, see the truth. I do not rationalize any situation, as man does. On the contrary, I love what is right and I despise what is wrong. There is nothing in between right and wrong; I do not rationalize. My blood was spilled for your rationalizations and false perceptions. But this I tell you, can you rationalize my death on the Cross? Can you rationalize the spilling of my Holy Sacred Blood? Children, I am a holy God and I abhor anything unholy.

Pray to my beloved Mother who shall teach you my ways, which are the ways of truth and holiness.

Thank you for writing, my beloved one. Go in peace, little child of mercy.

I love you and bless you forever, O Lord. Amen.

March 23, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved lamb, come and record my words of love and life.

Precious daughter, those who follow my commandments have surely invested in their future. For those who follow my laws have secured a place at the heavenly banquet. They shall neither hunger nor thirst, but

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rather, they shall be eternally satiated.

Those who choose to ignore my commandments have chosen their eternal destiny. They have chosen perdition. Many of you are concerned only of earthly investments. You wish to live from the interest your wealth has afforded you. But this I, Jesus, say to you, "how shall you live when your interest runs out? Shall you borrow from your brother? What shall you do when there is no more in the bank?"

My precious children, if you set a flame to a dollar bill, it would turn to ashes in a matter of seconds. But if you set a flame to the wealth you have accumulated in heaven, by your acts upon the earth, it shall not disintegrate. It shall not change. For your wealth in heaven shall endure eternally. Remember, your wealth upon the earth is temporary and in no way can it benefit your soul. Wealth can only take away from the soul, for the soul gradually loses sight of me and becomes prideful and greedy. Arrogance of heart consumes the soul who is attached to earthly wealth.

Children, in mercy, I, the Lord, am teaching you to acquire wealth in heaven.

Thank you for writing, my precious daughter. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you and love you, O God my Savior. Amen.

March 24, 1996⁴⁵

March 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, precious little disciple, record my words of love and life and hope.

Dearest disciple, I, the Lord, am on the way to my Holy Jerusalem. Yes, the time is again approaching whereby my Crucifixion and Resurrection shall be acknowledged by my people. But this I say to you, many of you think of me only during these holy days. You forget me or push me aside the rest of the year. It is these children, with lukewarm hearts, who wound

⁴⁵ Again, I was not feeling very well due to the chemotherapy and the Lord in his compassion dispensed me from receiving a message.

me the most. You are no different than Judas. You visit me on certain Holy days and then you casually cast me aside for the rest of the year. Yes, you come to my holy banquet and partake of my Body and Blood. You betray me with a kiss for as soon as my Body and Blood enters your mouth, it is as a kiss.

So many of you will say, "Let us put on our finest dresses and dress up our children for Easter Sunday. Let us cook special meals, and celebrate and hunt for Easter eggs." Yet, do you include me? Do you include my beloved Mother? For without my beloved Mother's consent, there would be no Easter. My beloved Mother's obedience to the Holy Perfect Will of God is the reason you celebrate. But this I solemnly assure you, if you ignore me, the remainder of the year, you have no reason to celebrate. You should mourn. You should weep. You should beg for mercy.

Remember, my children, the ark of my mercy has not sailed away from you yet. The door is open and all of you are invited aboard the ark of my mercy. The invitation of love has been extended by the Eternal Father. But this invitation of love is also an invitation of faithfulness; an invitation for one to amend his life. You cannot accept the invitation of my love and continue to sin. You must make every effort to change your ways and adopt my ways.

Thank you for writing, my precious lamb. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen

March 26, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Lamb, and the Mother of his flock.

Beloved children, what use is the seed if it receives no water? Will it grow into the flower or tree God intended it to be? And if it does receive water, what use is it if the seed receives no sunlight? Will it grow adequately?

My precious children, I, your holy Mother, am teaching you how the gifts given a precious soul by God mature into a mighty tree. God endows each child with supernatural gifts. This begins at Baptism and continues all through the life of the person. But the water and sunlight are found in only one place—the Holy Mass.

My precious children, in order for the gifts you have been given to grow and mature, you must attend the Holy Mass.

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My beloved Son, Jesus, is as the gardener who comes to the altar to grant water and sunlight to all the seeds of grace that have been planted. Many of you complain, "Why am I not advancing in my spiritual life?" If you do not attend Holy Mass and attend frequently, you shall not advance in spirituality. For you see, children, each time a precious soul partakes of my beloved Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, my Son enters the body as the holy and supreme gardener. He delights in sharpening the gifts and virtues within the soul, and at the same time, cutting down all the spiritual weeds within the soul.

It is my Son alone, through the most Holy Eucharist, who becomes the gardener within the spiritual garden of the soul. It is my beloved Jesus, and only Jesus, who enters the soul and grants the soul consolation and nourishment. If one does not partake of the Eucharist in the Holy Mass, then spiritual weeds grow and grow, and gifts and virtues are smothered.

Dearest children, the soul is as a piece of coal, which becomes a flawless diamond by the power and grace of God in the Holy Eucharist. It is my motherly desire that each one of you become flawless diamonds of grace.

Thank you, precious lamb, for writing. Go in peace, little child of mercy.

O Mama, I love you forever. Amen.

March 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, precious lamb, record the words of the Gardener of Life. Yes, I, Jesus, am the Gardener of both Heaven and earth. I plant, water, prune, pull weeds, mow, and plant some more. I am referring to graces given each soul.

The soul is as a garden, which contains all the delicate gifts and virtues given by God. If it is not attended to properly, the weeds of sin shall grow and the flowers of purity shall be suffocated. Righteousness shall be suffocated and unholiness shall prevail. Every garden needs a variety of ingredients such as sunlight, water, and sometimes fertilizer. The garden of the soul needs assistance as well.

Beloved children, from Calvary, I, Jesus, gave my beloved Mother to each one of you. She is the magnificent rose which every soul is desirous of having in his garden. If my beloved Mother is the primary and most magnificent rose in the garden of the soul, then she will be both the model

and example for the rest of the garden. And oh, how the Eternal Father delights to see my beloved Mother as the primary rose in the garden of a soul. Surely the Eternal Father will grant mighty favors to such a soul. Yes, children, my beloved Mother is the rose of purity who, with perfect submission to the Holy Will of God, began the garden of eternal glory and purity upon the earth. In essence, my beloved Mother was the first gardener, as she so delicately cared for me.

Precious children, you do not realize the gift you have been given when my beloved Mother was given to you at Calvary. Certainly, you were given the invitation and road map to salvation. For without the help of my beloved Mother, one's journey to salvation is filled with detours and pitfalls. One shall find many broken bones as he attempts to secure his salvation without the most perfect rose which his soul so desperately needs and desires.

Do not hesitate to call upon and take refuge in the most Immaculate Heart of the Precious Rose of God, my beloved Mother.

Thank you, precious daughter, for writing. Go with my blessing.

I adore you, Lord and Blessed Mama, Precious Rose, forever. Amen.

March 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, let us begin. I am the God of your Fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

I, the Lord, am preparing for my journey into Jerusalem. I am preparing for the day that each soul was truly given life. I am preparing once again for my death. Those of you who desire to be my disciples are asked to make this journey with me.

When I, Jesus, entered Holy Jerusalem, palms were placed that I should not dirty my feet. I do not desire palms, my children. Think of the man who places a palm so that I should not dirty my feet. Yet, with his mouth, he poisons my heart with his blasphemies. I, Jesus, do not desire palms, rather I desire hearts that are willing to go to Calvary with me. I desire feet that are willing to step in the sand of humiliation so that righteousness can prevail. No, I do not desire palms at my feet. For what use is the palm that you bring, if you cast not aside the sin you also bring. If you are willing to leave the palm at my feet but not the sin, are you any different than Judas? Are you any different than those who mock me? I, the Lord, do not desire

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burnt offerings nor palms laid at my feet. I only desire loyalty and obedience. A humble and contrite heart is more valuable than the finest gem.

Children, how many of you truly wish to come to Jerusalem with me? Many of you shall make your appearance at the Holy Mass, yet you have no desire to go to Calvary with me. I solemnly assure you, it is truly the child of the father that is concerned about the father's business. It is the one who loves and honors his Lord that desires to follow his master into Jerusalem and to Calvary. For those who follow me to Calvary shall surely follow me to the eternal heaven. Do not conceal the sinfulness of your heart by the palms you place at my feet. Reconcile with me, my children, and therefore share in my journey of holiness.

Thank you, beloved one, for writing. We shall continue tomorrow.

Lord, we thank you for your invitation to journey with you to Jerusalem and Calvary. Give us the courage to journey with our hearts united to yours all the way into Jerusalem and to the hill of Golgotha till your last dying breath. Amen.

March 29, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My precious lamb, I do. Record my words of love.

Daughter, most precious, if I, the Lord, who am God of all creation, humbled myself to wash the feet of my disciples, then tell me what one must do today to be one of my disciples?

Lord, you said we have to put others' needs first. We are not to be selfish.

Yes, beloved, for truly I tell you, any act of generosity pierces the heavens by its fragrance of virtue. Any act of unselfishness unites that soul to my Sacred Heart more than at any other time. I emphasize this, my children, for surely I tell you that if you receive me in Holy Communion and you are not charitable, then we are distanced.

What brings a soul into the virtue of perfection, of union with me, are acts of generosity. For it was the greatest act of generosity that occurred on Calvary. It was an act of generosity when the Eternal Father offered his only Son to be the Lamb for the purpose of salvation. It was an act of generosity that my beloved Mother said "yes" to God and offered her

physical body to be the tabernacle of God. It was an act of generosity when my beloved Mother was given to the world at Calvary. So you see, my children, God's generosity paved the way for salvation. God's generosity permits a soul to unite with him during the Holy Mass. The Holy Trinity is one and the same as the most Holy Eucharist.

It is acts of generosity which breed saints. It is acts of generosity which stop the wrath of God and release divine mercy instead.

We shall continue tomorrow, my child. Go in peace, little disciple.

I love you, O Lord and Mama, forever.

March 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, thank you for responding to my invitation of love. I, the Lord, have called to you and you have come.

Dearest ones, I, Jesus, am the Shepherd. Truly, if you desire to be part of my flock, then you must follow me. You must be willing to walk where I walk. You must be willing to preach the gospel, not only in your own comfortable surroundings but everywhere. You must always be willing to say "yes," as my beloved Mother did.

When I, Jesus, chose my disciples, I told them they had to leave all their attachments behind, and be attached to me alone. I am the nourishment and drink of the soul. I, Jesus, am the ONLY consolation to the soul. So many of you claim you desire to be my disciples. Then, this I say to you, pick up your armor of faith and drape it about your shoulders. Wherever you go, I, Jesus, shall be your passport. Wherever you go for the cause of the gospel, I, Jesus, go before you.

Sometimes, I, the Lord, will ask people to stay where they are, especially if they are in a difficult situation. Did I run from difficult situations? No, on the contrary, I embraced them for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven. Remember, my beloved disciples, the Kingdom of Heaven is in the hearts of those who desire God. That is where you shall find the Kingdom of Heaven.

My precious child, thank you for writing. I will grant your confirmation. Go in peace.

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I love you and bless you, too, O Lord.

March 31, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, precious lamb, record my words of love.

My beloved children, I, Jesus, shall teach you about service and discipleship. Sometimes the humble and menial tasks such as scrubbing floors and peeling potatoes bring more graces to the soul than preaching from the pulpit. Oh, how the flesh delights in grandiosity while the soul delights to only be hidden.

Yes, children, there are many who believe the only way to preach the gospel is to stand in front of many. They wish to be as social butterflies going from town to town and from house to house. Yes, they love to socialize and speak about me. But would these same people go from house to house if there was no running water and no toilets? Would they still delight in preaching the gospel where there was no food and no place to sleep?

Children, grandiosity and truly preaching the gospel do not mix. If it were so, I would not have been born in a stable. Rather, I should have been born in a palace, for am I not a King?

Many of you wish to serve me, yet you run from the opportunities I send you. You wish only to do things your way. You wish to serve me your way. It is better to scrub a floor for a soul than it is to consume a fancy meal whilst speaking the gospel. If you wish to serve me, I shall place opportunities in your path. Children, it is up to you to make use of the opportunities I send you.

Thank you, beloved one, for writing. Go in peace, my little sparrow.

I love you and bless you, O Lord. Amen.

April 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Welcome, my beloved children. I am pleased that you have sacrificed this

time for me. (Do not despair, my little lamb.)⁴⁶

Children of my merciful heart, again I say to you, "I am going to Calvary." How many of you shall make the journey with me? How many of you shall come forth courageously and wipe my brow? How many of you will spend the night before my Crucifixion in the cell with me that I shall not be alone?

Oh beloved ones, most of you will be as Peter. You say you wish to follow me, but as I look down from the Cross you will not be there. If you truly desire to be my disciple, you must be willing to accept the persecutions as well. You must be willing to accept the thorns of life. Many of you run from the thorns to seek only the roses. Did I, Jesus, run from the thorns? Did my beloved Mother run from the thorns?

My beloved ones, the soul is as a garden, for the soul is the resting place of the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity. The soul that is united to me has in his garden the fountain of eternal water. The soul that is united to me dwells not in his own merits but in the inexhaustible and incomprehensible mercy of God. It is my mercy which comes from my death at Calvary that consumes souls and places them in my most tender Heart and the Immaculate Heart of my Mother.

I, Jesus, wish to be the gardener of every soul. I am the one who plants the roses of grace within the garden of the soul. I am the one, who by my infinite forgiveness, pulls the weeds of sin from the garden of the soul. Again, I tell you, children, allow my beloved Mother to always be the most precious rose within the garden of the soul.

Children, it is at the foot of the Cross that all types of blessings and gifts shall be given the soul. Do not abandon me at Calvary, my precious ones. So many of you give me so little of your time. You are silly, my children, for is not time my gift to you? Use it wisely, my children.

Thank you for recording my words. Go in peace. I bless you all.

We love you and bless you, too, Lord.

⁴⁶ The Lord is encouraging me not to lose heart and trust in his ultimate goodness, despite the fact that my sickness presently seems to be taking a turn for the worse. Jesus took this opportunity to teach us a lesson to submit ourselves to him as seeds to a gardener who only seeks the realization of the seed's full potential.

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April 2, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted child, come and record my words of love and hope.

Dearest ones, my Sacred Heart is as a mansion where there are many rooms. Within my heart there is a special room for each one of you. My little ones, think of the typical house. You have running water, a dinner table, a place to sleep, and food to eat. I, the Lord, provide these things as well.

Children, within the sanctuary of my Sacred Heart you will find holy food. You will find water from the eternal fountain of water that your soul will not eternally thirst. You will find a place to rest when you are weary. Within my heart you shall even find a cool refreshing bath. It is the bath of reconciliation. Within the sanctuary of my Sacred Heart you will find garments that you shall not go naked. They are the garments of righteousness. And, my beloved one, what else does one find in a home? I, the Lord, Jesus, have given you a family. I have given you my beloved Mother to be your Mother. I have given you communion with all the angels and saints. I have given you my Holy Spirit to hold your hand on your journey to salvation.

My precious children, within my Sacred Heart there are many mansions with many rooms. If you dwell within my Sacred Heart, you shall be given a "house" key. You may come and go as you please. If you decide to stay, you must be reconciled to me, for I am a Holy God. Children, what is the key to enter into my Sacred Heart? It is the humble and contrite cry of the soul to me, his Creator. Then the soul is baptized and thus given a room in one of my holy mansions. Children, I, the Lord, have infinite gifts for each of you. Be a part of my Mystical Body and accept a room in my Sacred Heart.

Go in peace, little lamb of my heart. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

April 3, 1996 ⁴⁷

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little lamb of my heart. Record the words of the King of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Child of my heart, how many grains of sand are there upon the earth? How many birds are there? How many fish are in the sea? Can man with all of his technologies answer these questions accurately? No, I tell you, for only I, the Lord, know the answers to these questions.

Yes, as for me, the sun is my armchair. The moon is my backyard. The stars are as my furniture. Can man comprehend such things? Yet in his arrogance man tries to compete with me. Mortality actually tries to compete with divinity—oh, such foolishness, such arrogance. Who created the colors of the flowers, of the trees, of the birds? Was it you, oh man? Yet, I, Jesus, present this to you that you may see my profound humility as I hung from a wooden Cross, that you may live. Though you continue to mock me, I died so that you may live.

I wish all of you to cast aside your garments and accept mine. While I was upon the Cross, I prepared a heavenly garment for each of you. Oh, many of you will exchange your garments so that you many continue to compete: Mortality vs. Divinity. But you shall never win. Your arrogance is as a great weight about your ankles and eventually you will not even be able to walk. If you cannot walk then how shall you run with your pride, that you may try to invent more and more?⁴⁸

Oh surely, my children, do not take the credit for the good that you do. Take the credit for only the bad. Yes, it is truly the bad that belongs to you and that forever has your name written upon it.

⁴⁷ Just prior to this message of Jesus, the Blessed Mother came and spoke to me the following words: "if you wish to honor me, think of Jesus."

⁴⁸ The Lord is telling us how adept we humans are in our arrogant egoism by trying to deny God's rightful participation in the world and in our lives. We constantly usurp the Lord's manifestations and attribute them to our own genius. Oh, what fools we humans are!

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Children, stop trying to compete with me, and accept the garments of humility I desire to clothe you in.

Beloved one, thank you for writing. Fly in righteousness, my little sparrows. I love you all.

I love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

April 4, 1996 - Holy Thursday

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child.⁴⁹ Come and share my Holy Supper with me. Are you not one of my precious disciples? Then truly I tell all of you, come and dine with me this special and holy night. I exist, my little lambs, and I am hungry for your company. Come, all of you, to my home upon the earth, my bride, my Church. Come to my house, children, and do not forsake me on this night. Remember this night, my beloved ones. This is the night that I spent weeping, for I knew my death was imminent. This is the night that I was betrayed by Judas and abandoned by my other disciples.

Oh, how my heart was pieced by their abandonment. Oh, how my chest ached from my loneliness. Oh, how every bone in my body ached for love. For I, the Lord, was so violently beaten that I could not see. The blood from the crown of thorns covered my eyes and even made its way into my mouth. Imagine, that I, Jesus, had to drink of my blood, so that you would be able to drink of my blood. Imagine that I had to be blinded by my blood, so that my blood could give you sight. Imagine that I was made deaf by the beatings to my sacred head and ears, so that you would be able to hear my call of love. Imagine that I, Jesus, had to be hungry and thirsty that you could eat eternally at the heavenly banquet.

What do I ask of you, my little lambs? Only that you spend this night with me in contemplation of my last night before I was taken to Calvary.

When a woman is told she shall give birth the next day, she spends the night fearful and lamenting of the agony. But at the same time, surely does

⁴⁹ Just prior to commencing this message, the Lord came in a very unusual way—almost hesitatingly, that is, I felt his presence but there was a momentary silence. He then said, “Do you think this is easy for me?” It seems he relives what had occurred on Holy Thursday.

she rejoice for the new life she will bring into the world. I saw all of you, my children. For many, my Crucifixion was your birth and entry into eternal sweetness. But for many, my Crucifixion was meaningless.

Oh, weep with me, Jerusalem. Weep with your Savior, those of you who have compassion. But for those of you who are indifferent, you have caused me the most grief. You have widened the wounds in my hands and feet, and kicked me as I lay upon the ground. You plucked the hairs from my beard and cared not for my agony. Yet in my humility I still invite you to my holy house to break bread with me.

Open your heart, my Jerusalem. You are, and always have been, my special flowers.

Thank you for writing, my beloved one. Go with my blessing.

Lord, I'm so sorry for all I have done. I love you so much. Amen.

April 5, 1996 - Good Friday

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, I do. Tell all my little lambs, that I, the Lord, am speaking these words from Calvary.

As the nails were driven into my feet, I dreamt of the day each one of you would walk in my bloody footsteps. As the nails were driven into my hands, I dreamt of the day you would reach for my hands to guide you along the path of salvation. As the spear was thrust into my side piercing my heart, I dreamt of the day when you would realize how my heart swells with love and mercy for each one of you.

Each breath I took upon the Cross was difficult and painful. Yes, children, I inhaled your sins and exhaled forgiveness. I inhaled your mockeries and false accusations, and exhaled mercy. I inhaled your illnesses and misfortunes, and exhaled healing and great treasures. After I had exhaled all treasures upon mankind, I died. I died with my last hope being your very life. Children, what more could I have given you?

I desire that you also think of the great suffering of my Eternal Father, my Holy Spirit, and my beloved Mother. Oh, what would it feel like to see your only child brutally beaten and murdered? Would you not suffer as well. If you desire to console the Eternal Father and the Spirit of God, then you must console me. If you desire to console my precious Mother, then you

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must console me.

I shall not speak any more, my child. For if these words are not enough, certainly there are not enough words anywhere.

I am appealing to man's compassion. Is there a compassionate soul left in the world who feels my sorrow? If so, then come forth like Lazarus. Become alive in my love.

Thank you, beloved one, for writing. Go in peace, dear little child.

I love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

April 6, 1996 - Holy Saturday

My beloved child, I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I have come to bring the words of Jesus to each of you.

Children, I am a grieving Mother, for my beloved Son lies in the tomb for each one of you. But surely, I tell you, the entire earth is as an immense cemetery. From as far as the eye can see there are tombstones. And what is the cause of death? It is your pride and arrogance. You are sick with the cancer of greed, which affects every cell in your body. But, my beloved Jesus shall come out of the tomb. Shall you, my precious ones, shall you escape the eternal tomb of hell?

My beloved children, a destiny of eternal bliss is available for each of you. It is possible for each of you to rise above your mortal lives and be filled with the great love of the Omnipotent God. Then shall you be able to step upon your tombstone and it shall become as dust beneath your feet.

My Jesus has sent me to bring his words to you, for today he is in the tomb of death. But the tomb of death is not only a physical location, it is also a spiritual location. The tomb of death exists within the hearts of all those who are distanced from God. If you are distanced from Jesus, then you shall not leave the tomb of death when he does. You shall remain there a prisoner of all of your earthly lusts. But those of you who lust for my beloved Son shall be given the key to heaven. It is my beloved Jesus who is the Key to Heaven.

My precious daughter, thank you for writing. Be at peace, for the love of God surrounds you.

Mama, I love you forever. I love you, my Jesus, always, forever. Amen.

April 7, 1996 - Easter Sunday

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lambs, thank you for your loyalty. Today is a day of rejoicing. Today is a day where evil was padlocked and goodness can fly as freely as a sparrow.

When I was resurrected, the garden of virtues, which was planted by my death on Calvary, received water and sunlight. For what garden can grow without water and sunlight? Yes, it was on this day that every spiritual gift given to man became alive.

I, Jesus, shall give you an example in simplicity. Though you may have running water in your home, you cannot access it unless you turn the faucet on. My Resurrection was as the faucet through which victory of virtues and life flourish. The old wine and wineskins were tossed away and I gave you new wine and new wineskins. My children, prior to my Resurrection, I gave you my beloved Mother. I, Jesus, shall give you another example. There is electricity that flows to the home but it is someone else who turns the wall switch on to bring light into the home.

My beloved ones, listen carefully. Open your hearts to receive my teaching. My Resurrection permitted the electricity of life to flow to the house of the soul, but it is my beloved Mother who by her authority from God turns the light switch on within the soul. It is my beloved Mother who by her role as Mediatrix of Graces resurrects the virtues and spiritual gifts I have given the soul.

My beloved ones, the more you depend upon my beloved Mother, the closer to me you shall come. Prideful hearts shall not accept what I say. It has always been this way, and it shall remain this way. But as surely as I was resurrected through the womb of my beloved Mother, it shall be through the womb of my beloved Mother that you shall share in my Resurrection. My Mother and I are united by my passion. This is my desire: honor my Mother.

My Resurrection is celebrated in many homes today. But I tell you solemnly, if you do not include my beloved Mother, your soul shall grieve as I do. It shall be your soul who desires the sweetness of a mother's caress but instead it shall be given vinegar. If you truly wish to share in my Resurrection, you must honor my Mother and honor my Church.

Thank you for writing, my dear child, and I thank you for allowing my

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precious Mother a place at your Easter dinner table. Children, do you think I should dine without her?

I bless you, go in peace.

Lord, what words could possibly express our thanks for your passion and Resurrection, and the gift of your Mother? Truly you both have afforded us the grace to drink from the new wineskins of eternal life. Send us graces to continue to be always mindful of honoring your Mother daily, for we know such activity gives praise and glory to you, Lord. Amen.

April 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do. Come, little lamb, and record the words of your Holy Teacher.

Children, one cannot fully understand the cross just by watching another carry it. No, he must carry it himself. He must fall under its weight, so that he will realize the sweet consolation of God who helps him to rise again. Beloved children, the cross is priceless. It is the finest jewel upon the earth for it eventually unlocks the gate to heaven. The cross leads to my Sacred Heart, and my Sacred Heart leads to the cross. Children, you need not be afraid of the cross. The cross shall never harm you. Rather, the cross shall bring you to holy perfection.

My beloved ones, I have told you many times that a simple piece of coal can become a diamond through perseverance and man's desire. But, a simple piece of coal can also become a flawless diamond, a diamond more valuable than the others. Yet, they all came from a piece of coal.

It is the cross, my precious lambs, that not only creates a diamond, but it creates a flawless diamond. My child, I, Jesus, am making you into a flawless diamond. The cross is heavy for you, my child, but the cross I have sent you is a priceless gift of love.⁵⁰

⁵⁰ The Lord had requested that at the end of this sentence I should make a note to be sure that this statement likewise refers to every reader of this message (as do all these messages) and not just to me personally. Despite the difficulties of my particular cross, he does afford me periods when I do taste the "sweetness of consolation" that only he can provide. I only wish I could always live up to his

My beloved one, rest. We shall continue tomorrow.

Lord, this is a short message.

It is enough, my child. I love you. Go in peace.

I love you too, my beloved Jesus. Amen.

April 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, listen to the words of the Lord, the God of Israel.

Children of my heart, think of a building. It requires an architect who visualizes the many steps and finally the completion of the building. I, Jesus, give you this example in simplicity. The Eternal Father is as the architect who sees the many steps it shall take to bring a soul to eternity. When the architect designs the building, he must use beams of steel as support for the weight of the building. The Eternal Father has sent me to be the beams of steel to support the weight of mankind. An architect designs the walls, the ceilings, and the entire formation of the building.

But I, Jesus, say this to you, it is the cross that completes the building my Father designed. For where I, the Lord, dwell, you shall always find the cross. It is the cross that makes an ordinary soul into a saint. It is the cross that makes a weed into a rose. Each time a soul falls under the weight of the cross I, the Lord, extend my hand to lift him up, but many times my offer to help is refused. Oh beloved, how that grieves me. But I surely tell you, when one falls under the weight of the cross and accepts my hand, it is love and holiness which brings him to his feet, for I am Love and Holiness. Do not let your pride smother the flowers of grace I have planted in your soul. Please, children, permit me to be the gardener.

My child, I shall be with you during your ordeal.⁵¹ Rest now, my child. Go

expectations.

⁵¹ The Lord is reassuring me that he is always with me in all my trials and that the upcoming surgery is an opportunity to grow closer to him. This is very difficult for me since at times my fears overwhelm me and I begin to question his very presence, even the fact that I have been hearing him and his beloved Mother daily for almost two years is called

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in peace.

Thank you, my beloved Lord. Please protect me from smothering the flowers of grace you have so abundantly planted in my soul. Amen.

April 10-17 ⁵²

April 18, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little children, welcome. My silly ones, do you think I have left you? I am the nurse who never leaves your side. I am the one who cradles you in my arms and who breathes life into your body.

My precious ones, when one is suffering he is closer to me than at any other time. He may not be able to see, to hear, to speak, but his soul can do all these things. I shall address your question.⁵³

Just as there are different conditions of physical well-being, there are different conditions of spiritual well-being. Purgatory is the place whereby the soul who sits in the rowboat of grace is not able to use the oars. Purgatory, my children, is a great gift of mercy. It is a place where the soul, though his sins be scarlet, can be made white as milk.

My children, if you were to offer all of your sufferings in union with the Holy

into doubt. I know this "upsets" him and I feel guilty for my lack of faith in his ultimate goodness. Nevertheless, the Lord is extremely patient and never scolds me for these episodes of darkness that I am presently experiencing.

⁵² I was in the hospital having extensive surgery during this period of time and the Lord released me from the obligation of taking the daily messages.

⁵³ The Lord is so gracious in answering the many questions that the disciples have posed over the years. A disciple just prior to this message asked a multi-faceted question regarding the existence and purpose of purgatory, the manner by which we may alleviate or shorten a soul's stay there, and a prayer that we may say for these souls who have not achieved full participation in the heavenly banquet but who possess the hope that they will some day.

Mass as well as my sacred wounds, your purification upon the earth would be great. It is suffering that makes a piece of coal into a diamond, that makes a weed into a rose. Embrace the sufferings I send you, children, for every man must go through a purification process.

Purgatory is for those who have not done so upon the earth. Purgatory is as the moat that surrounds the large castle. It is as a filter for purification for one to enter the eternal bliss. But have I not taught you that the heart of my beloved Mother is also a filter of purification? Oh, that you should listen to my teachings! I assure you, the man who lives in the Immaculate Heart of my Mother will be the one who will either not at all, or very slightly, endure the fires of purgatory.

Children, you may say the following prayer:

O Eternal Wisdom, Glorious in Majesty, soothe the pain of your children in purgatory. Let them drink from the eternal fountain of your mercy. Send your most holy Mother to comfort and nurture those who are suffering.

Father, let the most Blessed Virgin Mary present to you all those who suffer in the fires of purification, for it is through her motherly womb they shall be brought into the eternal heaven. For just as the birth of our precious Lord, the womb of Mary, our Mother, purifies and sanctifies all souls. She is the bridge between purgatory and heaven. Therefore, we commit their souls to her Immaculate Heart.

Oh, what blessings does the Queen of Heaven and Earth obtain for sinners! Listen, O Israel. Listen, O Israel. Listen, O Israel. Amen.

We shall continue tomorrow, my little lamb. Those who have great sufferings upon the earth shall be as diamonds at death's door. I, the Lord, shall come for them, and the garments of righteousness I place upon them shall illuminate them and give them eternal beauty.

Go in peace, my beloved children. I love you and I bless you.

Thank you, Lord, for responding so quickly to our inquiry. We petition you, Lord, to enable us to be always trusting lambs in your flock. We recommend ourselves to you and the Blessed Mother by saying the prayers of consecration to your Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of our Mother daily. Amen.

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April 19, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little flower, record my words of love.

The Church, my daughter, is my holy bride. She is the delight of my heart and the eternal signature of heaven upon the earth. Yes, I, Jesus Christ, have written my name upon the hearts of the men who are the keepers of my holy sanctuaries, for the children are interested always in the actions of the Father, and to my delight, my precious ones guard and tenderly care for my Church.

My Church is the eternal rose garden upon the earth, whereby each rose is handpicked by the Father and fed by the sweet milk of Baptism. My Church is baptized, is one with my Holy Sacred Heart. Yes, my beloved Church is one body, is one with the Holy Adorable Trinity. If it were not so, then the garden would be suffocated with weeds and my Church would die of thirst. But this I tell you, children, I, the Lord, am the Eternal Fountain of my Holy Church. I am the Life, the Way, and the Truth. Yes, I am the Holy Adorable Trinity, and the one in being with my beloved Church.

My children are united to me by virtue of my blood. Drink children, drink therefore and live. Eat of the heavenly food, which is freely given to you upon the earth and you shall not perish. Do not, therefore, be concerned for your bodily needs. No, for if your bodily needs are met but your spiritual needs are neglected, then Gehenna awaits you.

Children, do not abandon my holy bride. Do not say in your arrogance that participating in Church, in the sacraments, is unimportant. No, my beloved ones, participating in the sacraments is surely the most important thing the soul can do. I tell you these things, for I am a God of Love and Compassion. I am a God of Life and I wish for you to live. Oh how I cherish you, my little rose garden upon the earth.

Thank you, dearest one, for writing. Go in peace, my little lamb.

I love you, O Lord, forever. Amen.

April 20, 1996

My beloved children, I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Shepherd and the Mother of the Flock.

My beloved ones, each one of you is a precious rose in my Son's garden. It matters not where you live, how you dress, what you look like, or what language you speak. You are a precious and important rose to God.

It is God, and God alone, who feeds you and clothes you with grace. As you journey to your final destination some doors will open for you and some will close. Children, do not waste the time my Son has given you worrying and arguing. Rather, commend your brothers and sisters to God. If you do so, then my Son's garden shall grow. To keep the weeds of sin from devouring the garden, you must go to Confession, children. You must go, so that there will be more flowers and fewer weeds in my Son's garden.

I shall not speak very much today, my children, for my Son is grieving and I shall go to console him. But I tell you, if you were to console him more, he would grieve less.

You must offer everything to God, for truly all that you have belongs to God. In God's great love, he does not desire to pluck your petals, he only desires to pull the weeds. Today I shall give you a special blessing. All those whom you touch shall be blessed as well.

Console my beloved Son, children. Go in peace.

Thank you, for always helping and guiding us, beloved Mother. We love you, too, Jesus. Assist us in being mindful of all the opportunities that we may console you.

April 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved disciple, I do. Child, you may say you are a disciple of the Lamb, for am I not the Lamb, the ultimate sacrifice? Am I not the Just One, the innocent victim of man's pride and arrogance? So then, children, if you are one of mine, then you may say you are a disciple of the Lamb. And truly, it is I, Jesus, who shall teach you of suffering and of sacrifice, for there are no greater merits than the merits of suffering.

Suffering actually frees the soul from suffering. This may sound contradictory; therefore, I shall explain. Because of man's sinfulness, the soul, who was created by me and to be in perfect union with me, suffers, for its very nature is opposed to sin of any kind. Little by little, sins are accumulated, and the soul is grievously tormented by the desires of the flesh. When there is suffering, the Eternal Father, who in his perfect love,

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desires union with the soul, uses the suffering as a salve to nurture the tormented soul. Suffering leads to purification, and hence, suffering actually frees the soul from suffering. Though the flesh may be tormented, the soul is at peace. That is why you should find yourself in a great state of inner peace despite external suffering.

Oh, my beloved ones, it is suffering that acts as the fertilizer in the garden of the soul. It is suffering which brings forth the fruits of the Holy Spirit into perfection eternal. Beloved ones, suffering is the cross, and the cross is suffering. When you embrace the cross, you embrace the holy treasure chest of the Eternal Gift-Giver. I am He. I am the Guardian of the Soul. The flesh shall be discarded as an old garment and I shall place a new garment upon you.

But, my children, beware. Satan wishes to clothe you as well. At times he shall come under the appearance of good, but accept not his garments. Accept not his briberies. Pray always to the Holy Spirit for guidance and the gift of discernment. Do not be complacent in your prayers. Make every effort to be holy and I, the Lord, shall carry you the rest of the way. For truly I desire to make saints out of each of you.

My daughter, I bless you. Go in peace, my little lamb. I love you.

I love you too, O my Lord and my God. I pray the whole world would love you. Amen.

April 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple, record my words.

I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking and using you as a vessel of grace. For one to be a vessel of grace the old skin must be tossed away and the new skin of grace must be put on, for I have said you cannot put new wine into old wine skins. The same is true with those I have chosen to be instruments of grace. The old ways must be discarded and my teachings must become one with the heart. When the heart of stone becomes a heart of flesh, then one is able to be a vessel of grace. Do you think this is an easy task?

Oh, beloved ones, think of me. Was I not a vessel of grace, a vessel for salvation? Yes, always with those who are chosen of God to be his apostles, there comes a cross of sanctification. This must be so if one is

to truly follow in my footsteps.

Care not about your life upon the earth. Do not treasure it and make all types of provisions for it. Rather, the Eternal Father, who sends rains for the harvest, will also feed you that your life may be a harvest of grace as well. Pray for souls. Pray for souls. Pray for souls, for the infinite is far more valuable than the finite. The cure is far more valuable than the medication.

Children of my Sacred Heart, how many of you have heard my words but have closed your ears? How many of you have seen my suffering body upon the Cross but have closed your eyes? Do you wish that I should close my eyes to your suffering bodies or do you desire mercy and compassion? Ah, but I tell you, those with a heart of stone shall not recognize mercy and compassion. They shall not recognize me. Grace shall pass them by. The Holy Spirit shall cast them aside, for their arrogance has grieved the Holy Spirit.

Children, the Spirit of the Living God is calling you and wishes to make you vessels of grace. Hearken to the calls of the Just One of Israel.

Be blessed, my little lamb. Go in peace.

Be blessed, my precious Lord, Jesus. I love you. Amen.

April 23, 1996

Lord, do you want to write?

Welcome, my little children, thank you for your sacrifice of love.

Children, I, the Lord, became a prisoner of the tabernacle as I took my last breath on Calvary. It is my last breath that is in every tabernacle throughout the world. It is the breath of my ardent desire for the salvation of souls. When you present your needs to me in front of the tabernacle, I inhale them into my Sacred Heart. Oh, children, who among you can understand the magnitude of my love? The breath of God is within the tabernacle. The mercy and compassion of God is within the tabernacle. The tabernacle is my heart. It is my breath and my heart upon the earth.

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Do you wish to console me, my children? I shall teach you a prayer.⁵⁴

Father most merciful, most majestic in glory, teach us to breathe mercy as your beloved Son did, for truly Christ lives in us. Let every breath we take be as his last one—the one that obtained for us all the blessings from Heaven. Father, in your most intimate love heaven is made manifest upon the earth in the Holy Sanctuary of the Tabernacle. When we view the tabernacle, let us see your beloved Son, Jesus, taking his last breath for love of us. O God of Mercies, we bless you. Amen.

Children, every breath I took as I was upon the Cross was painful. Do not forsake me in the tabernacle, for I have placed my final breath there that you may receive all the tender mercies of my heart. I have given you everything and I continue to do so in the Holy Eucharist and in the tabernacle. But in order for you to partake of me in this fashion, you must come. Again, I extend my invitation of love.

We shall continue tomorrow. I bless you all, my devoted children. Do not be discouraged by the weight of the cross, for I, Jesus, have also provided you with delicious and sweet consolations.

Go in peace, my little children. I love you all.

We love you, too, Father.

April 24, 1996

Lord, do you want to write?

Oh, my beloved children, welcome. It is my heart that reigns in heaven and upon the earth. All things were created for my heart. All things of God were created in my heart and shall return to my heart, but blessed are those who are led by the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. Blessed are those who take refuge in the mantle of my beloved Mother, for they shall surely return to me as roses. It is the Immaculate Heart of my Mother which purifies sinners and prepares them to meet me. Oh foolish children, I gave you my Mother from Calvary. It is through this most precious gift

⁵⁴ One of the disciples a few minutes prior to this message had requested that the Lord teach us a prayer before the tabernacle. In his usual compassionate way the Lord responded with this beautiful prayer.

from Calvary that many sinners shall escape perdition.

My children, you are sleeping. The evil one has sent you a mother as well. She is the mother of vanity, of greed, of pride. She is the mother of hardened hearts.

So many of you ignore my teachings, beginning with those who witnessed my death. But truly I tell you the mantle of my beloved Mother covers the earth. Think of your daily lives. If you wish to filter something, then surely you will use a filter. I have sent my beloved Mother to be as a filter for your sins. If you are in her heart, you shall stand before me in complete protection by her purity. But if you are not, then who shall defend you? Shall you call your lawyer?

My beloved Mother is the ladder to heaven. I have given her this authority on Calvary.

Thank you for writing, my beloved child. Do not be discouraged, my little lambs. I shall never leave you. Go in peace.

Thank you, Father, for sending us such a powerful and loving Mother. Amen.

April 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted servant, come and record my words of love.

Children of my Sacred Heart, I, Jesus, have taught you the importance of accepting the cross I have sent you, but likewise, my little ones, I do not expect you to carry a cross that has not been heaven sent. In other words, many of you inflict additional sufferings and worries upon yourselves. You place boulders on the cross I have given you. You add a great deal of weight to the cross I have given you. I assure you my little lambs, that nothing shall be accomplished by your self-inflicted suffering. It is a waste of time. If you were to turn your worries and anxieties around and accept the gift of faith instead, the boulders would explode into tiny fragments.

If only you would realize that I, Jesus, am always faithfully by your side in every trial and in every tribulation. Yes, I desire you to carry the cross from heaven but not those you have built to crucify yourselves. Instead, acquire gifts from me, the Eternal Gift Giver. Pray for holy wisdom that you may separate heavenly and earthly situations. In simplicity, do you not separate

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your laundry into darks and whites that they may become properly washed? Then learn to separate your problems. Accept those from heaven and reject your self-induced crosses. Instead, pray for more faith. Pray for discernment.

I, Jesus, have so much to teach you, my dear little children, but remember it is prayer that opens my ears to your supplications. It is prayer from your heart that softens my Eternal Heart.

Allow me to turn your dark moments into illuminated faith moments. Allow me to turn your painful moments into healing moments. Do you think the medicine from heaven cannot sooth you? Accept what I have to give you, my precious ones.

I love you, Lord.

I love you forever, my precious little sparrow. Go in peace, little lamb.

Thank you, my precious Lord. Help us to discern those crosses that come from heaven and those that result from our lack of faith. Amen.

April 26, 1996 ⁵⁵

April 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, I do. Oh, precious ones, many of you have not been baptized. I say this for when you are baptized, you are given a future inheritance. You are given your heavenly portion. You are given a share of the divine storehouses of blessings and grace. You are covered by my Holy Precious Blood and it is by Baptism that your sins are cast into the ocean of forgiveness.

It is at Baptism that I, Jesus, give you a name. Yes, a new name. It is a name of infinite love. It is a name that caresses the soul and causes the soul to proclaim, "Abba."

Oh, beloved of my soul, open your wings that I have given you and fly

⁵⁵ I was not feeling very well today so the Lord dispensed me from receiving a message. He is so patient and considerate of my needs.

amongst the graces and heavenly honey I wish you to have. Do you wish to become my blood child and my blood's inheritance? Then you must be baptized into my Mystical Body. My Holy Spirit consumes those who are baptized for they are forever sealed by my blood.

How many delicacies have I, the Lord, placed upon your platter? Oh, children, I have given you manna from heaven. Yes, I am the manna. I am the food and the only food that shall quench the eternal hunger of the soul. I have given you myself, every part of myself. Why do you continue to reject me and scourge me? Where is your compassion? I wait night and day for you to cast me a glance, but not so, not so. So what have I done? I have asked my faithful ones to console me more, to sacrifice more. I have asked my faithful ones to give me everything. Yet I grieve, for am I not a compassionate Father who constantly watches his children fall into perdition? What then can soothe my grieving heart? Pray, my children, and commend your brothers and sisters to my care. Honor my requests. Honor my beloved Mother, for she is the Eternal Consoler of my grieving heart.

Thank you, my beloved one, for writing. Go in peace, little sparrow. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

April 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, record the words which come from the Lamb's Book of Life.

Thus sayeth the Lord to the nation of Israel: You are a prostitute. You, who have placed earrings in your nose, in different parts of your body. You who have shaded your eyes and your lips with gross cosmetics and have sold your souls to the evil one. Yes, my Jerusalem, oh, how I grieve for you. You are satan's prostitute. You have become his lover, and he yours. But for my mercy's sake, I stand between you begging you to repent. The sword of idolatry is upon you, O Israel.

Oh Israel, my beloved rose, why have you permitted your petals to be plucked that all men may see you naked. Where is your shame? Where is your modesty? My commandments you treat as a disease, as a filthy rag. I see your heart, Oh Israel. I see your unquenchable thirst for wealth and power and so you have sold yourself to satan, the malicious one. Do

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you think he shall fill your heart's desire? Even a dog tires of dog food. Yes, Oh Israel, you shall tire of the food satan offers, and then you shall plunge yourselves into the ocean of mercy. But I, the Lord, say, "Now is the time! Do not procrastinate. The owner of the house is returning and he shall evaluate each one of his servants."

What have you done, Oh my beloved Israel? Again you have sinned against me. Again you have cast me aside for your earthly possessions. But alas, my heart pines for you and my mercy overwhelms my heart. My mercy shall rain upon the earth as a great flood. The ark shall be my Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. But Oh Israel, so many of you shall be lost for the hardness of your hearts has kept my Holy Spirit from entering. Poor, poor children, all of heaven grieves for you, for the earth has become a wasteland of morality, for the earth is barren of good, and darkness reigns. The earth is as the fig tree that would produce no figs.

Again, the Lord God of Hosts is calling you to the shelter of his mercy before the great catastrophes, for on that day not even the mountains shall accept you, Oh Israel. Even the snakes shall abandon you, for you shall be lower than the snakes.

O God, please have mercy on the world and forgive us. Please forgive us.

Thank you for recording my words, daughter. Go in peace.

Send us your peace, Lord. Amen.

April 29, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved, and I shall permit my beloved Mother to dictate my words.

My beloved daughter, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Savior. I am the Mother of the King of Perpetual Help.

My Son's heart is an eternally burning candle of love. It is the perfect shrine of love which is neither changed nor diminished. Oh, beloved ones, just as you light the candles for your special petitions, it is my Son's intention to light the candle of every heart. It is my Son's desire that every heart be a refuge for the lonely and for the sick, that every heart be a compassionate and helping heart.

My beloved ones, you are all precious roses in the eyes of God. Roses are to be pampered and admired. They are never to be plucked and treated harshly. This is how you shall treat your children. Do you hit a precious rose? No, my beloved, instead you pamper it and lovingly care for it. And children, you are to treat your parents as priceless pearls from which great wisdom may be obtained. This is the everlasting desire of the Eternal Father. Neither abuse physically or spiritually your children, your parents, or your neighbors, for remember whatever you do to another, you do to Jesus. You either crown him with thorns or crown him with roses. Instead, treat one another with tender compassion as my beloved Son and I treat each one of you.

I wish for you to rest, my child. I know you are weary. Go in peace, little daughter. I bless you.

I bless you and love you always, Mama. Amen.

APRIL 30, 1996 - The Second Anniversary of the Messages

Happy Second Anniversary, Lord.⁵⁶

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Welcome, my devoted children. You are my sheep and I am your shepherd.

My precious ones, in my flock you are the ones I have fed first and have cared for the most. I have led you to water when you have thirsted and I have given you food when you have hungered. I have kept you safely hidden from the rest of the world, for when I found you, you were but a seed which I, the Lord, personally planted.

⁵⁶ Two years ago to the day, the Lord had commenced with the daily messages. In the short span of those years, my life, the lives of my family, and a small band of people known as the Disciples of Mercy has radically changed. Many were present for this, the longest message the Lord has ever given. We all have been touched by his love. We, in turn, have the desire to please him by joining our efforts to bring these messages to the world. The Lord gave this most beautiful message of comfort but challenge as well, as we enter the third year of messages. The time is moving rapidly towards the day when "the master shall return to his house."

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You were so anxious, children, to run with these messages, but oh, how you would have been devoured. Remember what I have taught you about a great tree. Its roots are wide and vast, yet they are hidden from men's eyes. It shall be the same for you, my Disciples of Mercy. You shall become a mighty tree bearing much fruit, but only the Eternal Father shall watch as your roots prevail and push aside all obstacles. Sometimes the roots of a large tree even make their way through concrete. It shall be this way for you, my beloved disciples. No one but the Eternal Father shall know your true strengths and, though your persecutors shall come with axes, they shall be unsuccessful. Every now and then a branch shall be cut down, but by my breath it shall grow back.

I am pleased with you, my disciples. You must continue in perfect obedience to my Holy Spirit. You must not fear the storms, for I, Jesus, have planted you, have watered you, and have nourished you. Be not afraid, my children. Be not afraid.

You are in my school, children. You are in the school of the Shepherd, the King of Israel. Soon you shall go out and bring my words to the lost sheep. I shall not abandon you, children, but as long as there is one soul that is lost from me, I shall never rest. Many of my sheep are as those on a cliff of a mountain, they are about to fall into the eternal pit. Many of my sheep are as those who have fallen into a river and do not know how to swim.

My Disciples of Mercy, I have given each one of you a great responsibility. There is no room for complacency. There is no time for laziness. You must work. The master of the house is returning home. The earth is my house and I am the master. If you but turn around one soul by your efforts, the kingdom of heaven shall be given to you. If, each day, your efforts are aimed at the salvation of souls, the kingdom of heaven shall be given you. But these things I have taught you, for I have shared my heart with you. Must I beg you, my children? There are sheep to your right and there are sheep to your left. Yet sometimes you act as if it were not so.

To honor me, you must honor my death on the Cross. In your work for souls think of me. Think of what I have done for you. I have given each one of you a candle of holiness. Find someone who has no candle, for they walk in darkness. Share all that I have given you with those who have walked in darkness. Think of how many candles could be lit from just one.

Children, these messages are a mirror of my heart. They are a treasure and a magnificent gift from the Eternal Heart of God. Share them and be jubilant. Rejoice, my children, for I am in your midst. There are only a few sheep who can stay close to the shepherd at all times. I have chosen you

to be those sheep but that does not mean I love the rest of the flock any less. My love is infinite. You cannot comprehend it. Therefore, my children, I extend my hands and I bless each one of you.

Remember, my children, though you cannot see me, I remain always and faithfully with you. Continue, my beloved disciples. It is your perseverance through your weariness that shall make you into a magnificent fruit-bearing tree. This tree, though the storms be great, shall not perish. Those sheep who find their way to this tree, for I myself have planted you, shall neither hunger nor thirst. Remember to allow my Holy Spirit to lead and pray always for faith, my children.

I have placed each one of you in the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. You may rest there when you are weary. There is no resting place for you upon the earth, children. You must learn to rest in the Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother and in my Sacred Heart.

Thank you, dearest children, for all your efforts. Go in peace.

We thank you, Lord, for the privilege to serve you. Continue to water, nourish, and nurture us so we may grow into tall strong trees resplendent with your love and reflective of your great mercy for all of mankind. Bless us by instilling the eagerness to participate daily in the race for souls on your behalf. Though we may grow weary in our activities, refresh us always by resting in your Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of your Mother. Truly, you both are our ultimate source of peace and life itself. Amen.

May 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I am here, my little children. Record my words of love and mercy.

When one truly desires to possess my heart, he not only has wisdom but he recognizes that I am the only Fountain of Love. He desires love and he comes to me to receive this love. This soul is great in the eyes of God. For this soul truly realizes that the earth is as a desert and has nothing to offer. This soul truly realizes that only I, the Lord, can fill the hunger of his heart. He is with wisdom because he does not waste his time looking elsewhere.

I shall give you an example. My teachings are simple but the hardened of heart shall not understand them. If it were time for you to go grocery

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shopping, would you go and dig a hole in the yard to find the groceries? No, children, you would not waste your time. You would go to the place where the groceries are kept that you may accomplish your goal.

I, Jesus, give you this simple example. When you look for love, do not dig a hole in your yard. Rather, come to me, the source of all love. When you look for wisdom, for peace, for consolation, do not dig a hole in your yard. Rather, come to me, the source of all of your needs. I do not have a secretary nor do I have an answering machine. I shall hear you and I shall answer. Many of you wonder why an answer does not come immediately. I shall always answer according to the soul's best interest. But I tell you, children, it is truly the wise man who perseveres in his prayers. For he says to himself, "I shall knock, and knock, and knock until my master comes to the door." For eventually the master shall answer because of the perseverance of the man.

If you wish to possess my heart, you must pray, pray, pray. For if you knock, I shall answer, and if you call to me, I shall come.

Thank you, my beloved son, for recording my words.

I bless you, children. Go in peace. Amen.

Thank you, Father Jesus, Blessed Mother, Father Eternal, and Holy Spirit.

May 2, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Thank you, my beloved children, welcome. I am pleased that you have sacrificed this time for me.

Why do you worry, my precious ones? I am the Shepherd who shall never leave his flock. But is it not the shepherd who guides his sheep to where there is water and food in abundance? My beloved ones, you are as those sheep that I, Jesus, am bringing to a new pasture. There is no place for you, children, in the old pasture, for there is not enough water, nor is there enough food. That pasture is only for those who desire earthly comforts. But where I am bringing you, children, is a place that your souls will be comforted. For does not the shepherd choose the pasture that is best for his flock? All those poor sheep who have wandered away from the flock! They shall perish for they cannot sustain themselves and they know not where to find food and drink.

Children, it is in the journey between one pasture and another that many of you grow weary. But I solemnly assure you all good things shall be given those who wait and who do not leave the flock. Some of you say, "Where is the shepherd taking me, for I prefer the old pasture?" But truly I tell you, it is the shepherd alone who knows the pastures of plenty and who knows the pastures of famine. Therefore, my beloved children, follow in my footsteps, and though you may walk through many deserts, I am your source of water, of food. I am your only consolation. In the desert you will hear two voices. The evil one will tempt you with the things your flesh desires but I, Jesus, shall give you all that your soul requires.

Remember, children, all gifts from heaven can bring peace to the soul. Satan is a counterfeit and what he has to offer shall never quench the desires of the soul. You must pray always, my children, to my Holy Spirit that you may be given wisdom and discernment.

Again I say to you, children, be not afraid of the journey from one pasture to another, for I am with you always.

Thank you, my beloved son, for recording my words. Go in peace. I bless you all.

Thank you, my beloved Shepherd. Send us your spirit of wisdom and discernment so we are not deceived by the wiles of the evil one. Amen.

May 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little children, your lack of faith grieves me.⁵⁷ I, the Lord, who walk the ocean floor, shall never forsake you. I, the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have pledged my eternal love and loyalty to you.

All those who live within my Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of my Mother live upon a continent that is separated from the rest of the world. For now is the time, children, that my Holy Spirit is dividing you into two

⁵⁷ The Lord is speaking of my struggles with illness and the belief that this is somehow within his permissive will. I am prone to listening to the advice of others and not the Lord's which, when I reflect upon it, is failing to trust completely in him. He encourages me always to seek beyond the physical realm to what really matters—the spiritual realm and my relation to him and his Mother.

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groups. Have pity and remorse for those who have separated themselves from our holy hearts.

Those who are separated from me are as flies in a spider web. There is no escape from the web and the predator is coming to devour his prey. The predator is satan, my children, and the web is the sinful lives which men refuse to discard. But, my little children, you are so foolish at times. If you are with me there is nothing to fear, for am I not greater than fear? I offer you my heart as a sanctuary. Come then and rest when you are weary, for I did not create you as a machine that never tires. Refresh yourself within my heart. Within my heart you will find holiness; you will find compassion and mercy.

My little ones, I grieve for you. The evil one despises you and wishes to devour you. But shall I permit this? What have I taught you about the shepherd? Does he not leave the rest of his flock to seek the one who is lost? There are many sheep in my flock, children, but sadly some of the sheep think they are wiser than the shepherd. They think they know where to go to find food and water, but alas, they shall find themselves separated from the rest of the flock and from me. I **ALONE** know every pasture upon the earth, above the earth, and below the earth. Yes, I alone. If you truly trusted me as your shepherd, you would not be always seeking new pastures. For you may think food and water is plentiful, but I say not so, not so.

Walk slowly with me, my children. I am a patient God. Wait upon me and I shall deliver you from every pharaoh in your life. Yet you are a stubborn people, my Israel, and your stubbornness leads to great sufferings. Do not despair, my children, for if I am with you, who then can harm you?

Thank you for writing, my beloved one. Be not afraid, my little child. Place no trust in the things of this earth. But in me alone, place your trust. Go in peace. I bless you.

Lord, help me to be more trusting in your love. Amen.

May 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my dear little lamb, record the words of the Shepherd of his People, Israel.

My beloved ones, I, the Lord, am going to renew my Israel. By my blood

I am watering the seeds of holiness I have planted in the souls of the tribes of Israel. Each tribe has been given the gift of life from me and shall rise victoriously over all enemies and persecutors.

My beloved ones, I have divided my people into tribes, much as I have assigned different members to the body. Just as I have created many varieties of roses, I have created the twelve tribes of Israel. Ah beloved, surely the days are numbered when the tribes shall be united at one heavenly banquet table prepared by the Eternal Father. But only the Eternal Father knows the date of his jubilee. Only the Eternal Father knows the date of the last sunrise and last sunset, but how many people of the tribes of Israel shall survive the chastisement? How many shall withstand the final days where all faith shall be tested? Yes, your faith shall be tested and purified, and from coal shall come magnificent diamonds. The diamonds shall be kept, but I assure you the remaining coal shall be used to fuel the eternal fires of hell.

I, Jesus, have come to you as your shepherd and teacher. I have come as a friend to encourage you to give up your false lives and false values, and to accept the truth which only I can give, but many of you continue to reject me. I have come to water the seeds of grace that I have planted within each soul but your sinfulness causes the water of love to evaporate. Why do you not frequent the sacraments, my children? They are avenues of grace and ways by which the soul advances in holiness. Ah, children, I have provided many thoroughfares in your neighborhoods. But sadly, children, many of you are numbered among the ignorant ones for you continue to go down a one way street in the wrong direction.

You must repent, my children. You must utilize the Sacrament of Reconciliation, thereby permitting your soul to shed its layers of unholiness and acquire new layers of holiness. I have offered these gifts to you but again I shall not force your love. I have given you food but I shall not force you to eat.

Thank you, my daughter. Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I adore you, O Lord, and I bless you forever. Amen.

May 5, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved servant, I do. Record the words of the Lamb of Israel.

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My beloved children, there is a great altar in the throne room of heaven, and upon this altar there are several different chalices. These chalices are filled with the blood of the aborted innocents, of the martyred, and of the saints. And then there is the chalice filled with my Blood, the Blood of the Lamb Eternal. The chalices upon the heavenly altar have earned the respect of the Eternal Father who has granted this sacred place for them. For the blood within these chalices represents the fight for life and the fight for souls. The blood within these chalices, when it is from the aborted children, represents once again the slaughter of the holy innocents and the precious life that was lost. As with the martyrs and the saints who were slain fighting for their church, and more importantly, fighting out of love for me, the chalice of their blood represents the willingness to endure anything—even death to love me and to follow me.

Ah, but the unborn, their blood represents the complete abandonment of humanity towards them. These sweet, innocent, and precious children were completely cast aside by humanity and I, the Lord, have filled a chalice with their blood, for was I not abandoned at the foot of the Cross by humanity? Was I not as one aborted and cast upon a garbage heap? I say this to you, my children: **ABORTION IS MURDER**. There is no difference in the killing of a human being and in the killing of the unborn. The only difference is in your false perceptions, oh Generation, but not so in the eyes of the Lord— not so. But as I have told you before, the day shall soon be upon you when the chalices shall overflow. As soon as the blood of the unborn spills upon you, you will know that the day of wrath is upon you. Beg for mercy now, my children.

So children, do not forget the chalices that are upon the heavenly altar. Pray for those who are responsible for the filling up of blood. Pray. Pray. Pray.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go in peace, daughter of mercy.

Thank you, O Lord of mercy. Amen.

May 6, 1996

My beloved daughter, I am here.

I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Queen of Roses. I am the Queen of all Heaven and Earth, yet I am happiest as my role of Mother fills my heart with deep love. My precious ones, would you care for a bit of motherly advice from me, for am I not your true Mother, given you by God alone? Has God given you another true mother?

O blessed Mother, please tell us. It is a great honor and blessing for you to tell us.

My children, listen to the lesson of love taught by my Immaculate Heart. I am going to instruct you to care for your children in a way most of you are not accustomed. At first this may be difficult for you, but the end result is a family with solid foundation of love.

Children, I do not believe in "spanking," nor did I ever "spank" my beloved Jesus. I believe that a child must be taught all about love from the examples of his parents. Many situations call for repetitive, patient endurance. The parent is to softly encourage the child what it is he wishes for him to do, but despite the rebelliousness of the child, the parent should remain firm—stance unchanged.

Yes, this takes a great deal of time and energy on the part of the parent for the parent believes his efforts are possibly in vain, or for the future, the parent sees not even a slight change in the child. But this is not so, my beloved ones, for the child is being shown a responsible and loving mother or father. He is being shown a persevering and loving creature who will not buckle, despite flare-ups of temper. At the same time, my children, the love of the child towards his father and mother is grounded and flourishes in security. Do not spank your children, my little ones. Do you think I lifted a hand up to my Jesus? Has my Jesus lifted a spanking arm to you?

Parents, God has given you priceless children to raise. But remember, these little ones belong to God and shall eventually return to him.

Child, you are weary. Rest now, my daughter, and we shall continue tomorrow.

Mama, thank you so much for your beautiful teaching. I love you. Amen.

May 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved one, I do. Record the words from the Heart of God which is love and mercy.

My children, as the blunt nails pierced my flesh, my flesh eventually molded itself to the shape of the nail. Yes, the wound was as the blunt tip of the nail. I, Jesus, teach you this that you may understand the wounds you carry within you have taken on the characteristic of the instrument that

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caused the wound. As my palms began to resemble the blunt nails that were forced through my tender skin, my wounds reflected the blunt side of man's faith. As my flesh molded about its perpetrator, reflect on how quickly we mold to our perpetrators—the temptations of the flesh.

Yes, I, Jesus, permitted man to inflict large wounds within my hands and feet. My wounds are representative of caves when you are lost in the woods. My wounds are representative of man's continuous search for a place of safety, yet man does not see that the place of safety is within the sanctuary of the Lord God they despise. So to them, they find sanctuary within the walls of their greed and within the gates of their arrogance.

My beloved ones, as long as there shall be wounds within my sacred body, you may consider them to be a resting place and a holy place. If you desire to renew yourself within my holy wounds, you may recite the following:

Lord of Infinite Vision, Lord of All Interior Quests, Lord of the Weak and of the Mighty, you are a sanctuary for the weak and humble of heart. You, O Lord, are a branch for the sparrow. You, O Lord, are a leaf to cover and protect all creatures. Grant us refuge in your holy sacred wounds. Bathe us in their sweet consolations. Feed us with their sweet and holy nourishment. It is through your sacred wounds that one may journey ever closer to your heart. May the name of the Lord be praised and adored forever. Amen.

Thank you, child, for writing. Go in peace, my little child. Rest in my wounds.

I love you always, my wounded Jesus. Amen.

May 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record the words of the Eternal Gift-Giver.

I, the Lord, clothe the naked and feed the hungry. I make the sun to rise and set each day. I have placed the stars within the sky that you may have evening light. There is no situation too difficult for me to resolve. I hear your prayers, my little ones, and many of you become despondent if I do not answer at once. Oh, how your lack of faith grieves me. Your lack of

faith makes the weight of my Cross even heavier.

Children, you will be given all that you ask for if it is in union with the holy perfect will of God; and sometimes it is God's pleasure to respond slowly to those who must learn patience and perseverance, for all the work out of the hands of God produces holy and everlasting fruit.

Some of you give up so easily. It would be wise for you to pray for perseverance that you may still be around praying until the help from On High arrives. Sadly, many of you leave before the help comes, for you place your human and narrow restrictions on one who is infinite and cannot be restricted. Surely, you should be praying diligently for patience, perseverance, and wisdom. You should be praying for discernment as well. All you children who wait on the Lord of Hosts shall not be disappointed for the Lord of Hosts shall raise his mighty arm and all you desire shall be given you. Blessed are those who wait for the God of Israel.

Thank you, child, for writing. Do not despair. Help is on the way to you.⁵⁸ Remember my compassion. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, too, O Lord.

May 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved disciple, I do.

Oh, little lamb, why do you despair? Have faith in all situations. Can I, the Lord, not create even a rose from a weed?

Children of my Sacred Heart, why do you seek consolation from the earth? Why do you seek spiritual nourishment in a place that only robs the spirit of nourishment? The more you seek spiritual fulfillment from the earth, the less satisfied you shall be, for the earth is as a large vacuum which collects and collects. But this I say to you: "I, Jesus, have provided you a sanctuary within my Sacred Heart and within the Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother. I have provided food for the soul which hungers only for the Bread of Life. If one does not partake of me in the Holy Eucharist, one shall

⁵⁸ Yesterday, our car was stolen. The day after this message the police reported they had found it. Fortunately, there was minimal damage.

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wander aimlessly through the desert, never finding food nor water.”

Oh, beloved disciple, in each situation you encounter turn to me. I am the only consolation of the heart. I am the eternal glue to mend the broken pieces of each heart. Remember, beloved ones, I, Jesus, have carried the Cross before you and I go beside you to help you carry the cross. The cross is not a punishment, my children. On the contrary, it is a priceless gift from the Eternal Father.

Carry your crosses now, my children, and on the final day you shall find that it is the cross which opens the gates to heaven. It is the cross which shall block the gate to hell. The cross is the pathway to salvation. Do not reject the cross. Rather, embrace it and pray to the Holy Spirit the lesson he desires you to learn, for no work from the hands of God is unproductive.

Thank you, dearest child, for writing. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

May 10, 1996

My beloved ones, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God.

Children, for one to truly be my Son's disciple he must learn to accept the thorns as well as the roses. He must learn that at some dinners only clear broth will be served, and at other dinners bowls of delicious stew will be served.

Let us continue, my beloved children.⁵⁹

Children, when you learn to embrace a bowl of clear broth the same way you would embrace a bowl of stew, then you may truly call yourselves disciples of the Holy One, for did not my Son embrace the manger, thereby placing great value on the virtue of humility?

When a person in your life seems to take and take, then you must give and give. Love has no boundaries. Children, many of you confuse the concept

⁵⁹ This message was momentarily interrupted by the cries of the baby to whom I quickly attended. The Blessed Mother has infinite patience and understanding. We continued with the message as if there was no interruption in the train of thought at all.

of love with that of sexual intimacy, but this I say is a deception. This is a violation of the commandments of God. Love is patient and endures all things, but this does not mean a husband has the right to brutalize his wife, nor does the wife have the right to brutalize the husband. That is also a violation of the laws of God.

Remember, it was my beloved Son who said, "If you are not welcome, then you must shake the dust off your feet." And what does being "welcome" mean? Surely it does not mean that you must endure all types of abuse. To be "welcome" means you will be fed, you will be clothed, and you will be nurtured in a threefold way, which is spiritually, emotionally, and physically.

When you are tired you will be given the opportunity to rest and not forced to work some more. This is how my Son loves, my children. When you are loved this way, a bowl of clear broth is just as delicious as a bowl of stew.

I grieve for you, children, for I am asking you to show love when most of you have never received any. But think, my children, when my Son plants a seed does that seed know it is going to become a mighty tree? Has that seed ever had that experience before?

My beloved ones, remember what my Son has taught you. There are diamonds but there are only a few flawless diamonds. It is grace that makes a piece of coal into a flawless diamond. It is also the endurance of the soul who is fire-tried by God over and over again that makes the soul into a flawless diamond--a saint. Truly, I tell you, a saint will look at a bowl of broth and a bowl of stew and graciously thank God for whatever it is that God has set before him.

Thank you for writing, my daughter. It is the sin of pride and arrogance when one believes he can endure all things. Not even my Son was able to carry the Cross alone.

This is all I shall say today. Pray to the Holy Spirit that you may understand my words.

Oh beloved Mama, enable us to drink the bowl regardless of whether it be broth or stew, so long as it glorifies your Son. Amen.

May 11, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

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Yes, beloved one, I do.

Child, you are my messenger in the wilderness of sin. I have asked you to carry my messages of mercy to the four comers. Do you think I expect you to accomplish such a task on your own? Think of my Crucifixion; there were many players in this divine drama. God, the Eternal, assigned many roles to different people to carry out his divine plan. And so with you, my beloved, and so with all those who have been given missions from heaven.

My child, it is your mission to encourage others to find refuge in my merciful heart. It is your mission, and the mission of the Disciples of Mercy, to encourage the flock to follow the shepherd, though at times, they do not know where the shepherd is taking them. It is your mission, and the mission of all those who claim to be my disciples, to guide others to my Sacred Heart and to the Immaculate Heart of my Mother.

Remember, my children, if you do not honor my beloved Mother, then you do not honor me. My beloved Mother and I share one heart; it is a heart of grace and mercy. If you desire true intimacy with me, then I recommend you to come through the holy and sacred womb of the Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother. The womb of my Mother shall purify you and make you holy.

As I have told you, because of the perfect obedience my beloved Mother had to the Eternal Father, the Eternal Father is pleased to say "yes" to her every desire. It is only the fool who desires perfection, but avoids the perfect path. My beloved Mother is the perfect path to me. She is the perfect path to holiness. She is the Womb of Maternal Graces.

We shall continue tomorrow, my dear child. Remain in my heart and the heart of my Mother; that is where all joy shall be found. That is where the weary shall find rest.

I bless you, child. Go in peace.

I bless you, too, my God. I love you, Lord. Amen.

May 12, 1996 - Mother's Day

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child. Today we shall speak of motherhood and I shall teach you things that your arrogant hearts have forgotten.

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Motherhood, my children, is the most important job I have ever created. It requires the most work and the most sacrifice. It is the closest any human being can come to perfection in love. For truly I tell you, that it is love which drives a mother through periods of exhaustion and disappointment. It is love which requires immense efforts from any mother.

My beloved ones, those of you who consider a job outside the home to be more valuable than that of raising children are arrogant fools. Your priorities are distorted and do you know why this is so? It is because you have placed your material desires before the desires of your children. You refuse to live in a less expensive house. You refuse to minimize your entertainment fund. You refuse to reduce your wardrobe. You must have the extra car and the new deck in your yard.

Oh, beloved children, this is against my heart, and my heart aches for the children I have placed in your care. You say, "But I do sacrifice. I go to a job each day so my children may have more. Yes, I do sacrifice." But I, the Lord say, this is backwards and distorted. If you were honest, you would admit that a child is just as content to play with a bouncing ball as he is to play with an expensive toy set. It is you, the parents, who are not content. You want more, and more, and more.

My beloved children, your families will begin to heal when you recognize your place is at home with your children. Mothers, I, the Lord, honor you and I wish to thank each one of you who has given up desires to raise children. Yes, it is a great sacrifice of love, and the Eternal Father has a special place prepared at the banquet of love.

Mothers, I honor you, for I know that your task is one of hardship at times, but, of course, great consolations as well. But just as I honor you, I desire you to honor my beloved Mother, for she is the Mother of all creation, and you cannot comprehend how honored she is in heaven. For my beloved Mother, in her obedience to God, sacrificed her entire life for the benefit of all of her children. Oh, how great is motherhood, and how honored is the mother who raises the child, always recognizing her need to depend on God, the Eternal, for help and guidance. How great is the mother who diligently pursues the path of holiness, that her children may copy her and remember her in this manner.

I understand that many of you must work outside of the family, for there is no choice. But for those of you who have a choice, I beg of you to sacrifice your material possessions and not the lives of the children. Remember, these precious ones are a gift from the Eternal Father, who gives and who takes away. Pay attention to my teaching, my children.

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Go in peace, my beloved daughter.

I love you forever, O mighty and compassionate God. Amen.

May 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple. I shall dictate the words that have caused my heart to ache from eternity to eternity. I am the Alpha and the Omega, from Everlasting to Everlasting, I AM.

I, Jesus, am constructing another ark. The Ark of my Mercy shall be constructed of wood. But this shall not be ordinary wood. No, for this shall be the wood from the Cross of salvation. Every cross you carry shall be included in the building of the Ark of Mercy. For you see, my beloved precious ones, many of you have carried numerous crosses throughout your lives.

What happens to the cross once you have finished with it and moved on to another cross? Nothing from my hands is ever wasted, for the work of my hands is productive and always beneficial. All the crosses you have carried are collected by the angels, for they have been given the task from heaven to construct the new Ark of Mercy. Yes, this is a spiritual ark made of the crosses you have carried throughout your lives. In essence, the crosses you have endured have purchased your way to eternal bliss. Oh, that day is soon to come, my precious ones.

The Ark of Mercy is a spiritual vessel. It is only visible to those who have faith. For without faith, even if the ark were to be visible, as in the days of Noah, it still would be useless to the faithless. So those with faith will hear my voice calling them to board the Ark of Mercy. They shall hear my voice and they shall rejoice. Blessed are those who are ready when that day comes, for there will be no time to prepare. It shall be as a raging fire where there is no time to go back in the home to retrieve anything. I am coming soon, my children. Prepare. Prepare. Prepare.

Thank you, devoted child, for writing. Go in peace. I bless you.

Forever I shall praise you and bless you, O Lord, my God. Amen.

May 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, I do. Pick up the pen of grace and record the words of the Lamb of God.

I am he, my child. I am the Lamb, who was taken to the slaughter, but I gave myself to you that you may eat and that you may drink eternally. Oh children, I have set a place for each of you at my dinner table, but alas, you do not come. Every empty place setting imprints a thorn in my brow. Yes, I know my beloved ones try to console me, but I am a grieving Father. So many of my children are lost to the jaws of death, who is satan.

There is a piece of machinery used to cut automobile victims from the wreckage, and it is called "the jaws of life." But this I tell you, many of you shall be saved by the jaws of life, but only upon the earth. From the jaws of life you shall go to the jaws of death. Who shall rescue you then?

Many of you offer your lives to me. But I tell you that unless you are willing to place others' needs before your own, your offer is meaningless. Yes, some of you seek self-glorification, for you desire to call yourselves victim souls. You desire to let others know of your great sufferings and sacrifices, but then you pass by the homeless person on the street corner without even a thought. Will you stop your car and go out of your way to help him? I am him.

Yes, I, Jesus, am the homeless person. I, Jesus, am the sick person who cries out for help. I, Jesus, am the shut-in, the prisoners, the oppressed. I, Jesus, am the hungry and the lonely. So if you truly wish to offer your lives in service to your God, do not overlook the needs of these people. Share all that you have.

I, the Lord, have given you all that you have. I have given you the strength to work, and the minds to reason. Do not give the credit of accomplishment to yourselves. I, the Lord, have given all these things to you. If you help another, tell no one. The Eternal Father sees everything and he will reward every good deed. Do not boast of your successes, for they belong to me, the Lord God. For am I not the one who has guided you to the pasture where there is plenty? Remember always the work of the Lord, the God of Israel.

Thank you, child, for writing. Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, too, O Lord. Amen.

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May 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved servant, I do. Record the words of the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

My beloved children, in every job, whether it be in a small office or in a large company, there are a certain amount of tasks that must be completed daily. There is the opening of the business, the work during the day, and then the closing of the business. Each business has its own ways and procedures, but all in all, they are basically similar.

Why do I, Jesus, bring up this example? If you are truly one of my disciples, then each day you must begin with your opening prayer. You must do your work throughout the day, and then you must end your day in prayer. If you neglect any of these procedures, then your spiritual business shall not run well. Mistakes that could have been avoided will occur. If you are an employee of the Most High, then you are responsible to conduct yourself as heaven commands.

The daily offertory prayer is critical, for I, the Lord, use all works for the benefit of souls. Also, this offertory prayer enlists the aid of your fellow co-workers, the heavenly court, and my beloved Holy Spirit, who sanctifies all that you do and who guides your work, shall be always at your side. But then, as in another business, you cannot close the doors until the day's work is completed.

My beloved children, for each of you the day's work is different, for what exhausts some is only a small task for others. Yet, I say this to you, unless you begin your day and end your day with prayer, you shall falter in your work. Your goals shall not be accomplished. Call to me and I, the Lord, shall give you the gift of prayer.⁶⁰

Go in peace, my little lamb. Trust me, child. I shall not forsake you.

I love you, Lord, and I bless you.

⁶⁰ The Lord has never refused a disciple a request for a formal prayer for a particular occasion or circumstance. At other times, he would teach us a prayer on his own volition for he knew what our prayer needs were. He has given us approximately thirty-five prayers since first receiving the messages on April 30, 1994.

I love you and bless you, too, my child. Amen.

May 16, 1996 - Ascension Thursday

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, thank you for your perseverance and efforts to please me.

My children, my church is empty and the bars are full. My church is empty and the nightclubs are full. My church is empty and the discotheques are full. This is the catastrophe that should be on the front page of every newspaper. But alas, my heart is softened by even one humble soul. Even one humble soul causes my heart to rejoice. I should like to take each one of you and give you a blood transfusion. I should like to replace your blood with mine. I should like to perform a heart transplant on each one of you. I should like to take away your heart and give you mine.

As I stand at the altar, I look into the hearts of those who are present and I look into the hearts of those who are absent. Those who are absent have no hope. They have no faith. They have no reason to come because they believe my presence is an illusion, but it is you, my children, who are the illusion. I, Jesus, am the reality. If it were not so, my name would not have changed the course of history. You silly foolish ones, shall your name change the course of history? Shall churches be built to honor you? Well then, where is the illusion and where is the reality?

Two thousand years ago, I ascended into heaven and took my place beside my Eternal Father. The day will come, my beloved ones, when I shall send transportation for each of you. Shall you be escorted by an angel to the heavenly banquet, or shall you be cast into the pit of eternal flame? To some of you, your pride is such that you do not care where you go. You have been so programmed to believe that hell is upon the earth and heaven does not exist, that you have lost all hope.

On this day, two thousand years ago, I ascended to my Heavenly Father that you may have hope and faith, but this is as I have said before. My faithful children, you must have faith in any pasture I lead you to, even those that seem to have many weeds, for am I not capable of making a rose from a weed?

Thank you for writing, my beloved one. I know you are weary, my children. Rest in my Sacred Heart and I shall refresh you. Go in peace.

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Lord Jesus, we thank you for the gift of hope you gave us on your Ascension into heaven. Continue to make us holy, Lord. Transfuse our hearts and blood with your heart and blood, so we may persevere in your grace and no longer be an abomination in your sight. Amen.

May 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Welcome, my beloved children, thank you for your sacrifice of love.

Beloved ones, one can serve me in many different ways. You do not necessarily have to work in a church to serve me. Those of you who sacrifice your time to help the sick are serving me. Those of you who run errands for those who are incapable are serving me. Those of you who speak a kind word to a stranger are serving me. Those of you who perform menial tasks without complaining are serving me.

When you stop to help the homeless person, you are helping me. When you spend time with someone who is lonely, you are spending time with me. There is nothing wrong with dirtying your hands in the mud, for is that not what a farmer does? He dirties his hands to plant the seeds that will eventually yield a great harvest. But do I, the Lord, not do the same thing? Do I not dirty my hands as I plant the seeds of grace within your souls, that you may reap a harvest of holiness?

Children of my Sacred Heart, there are many ways to serve me. Be children of the light so that the eyes of those who are in darkness will burn from your holiness. When you pray for others, you honor my command to love others as I have loved you.

Thank you for writing, my beloved child. We will continue tomorrow. Go in peace, my disciples of mercy. I bless you.

We love and bless you, too, Lord. Amen.

May 18, 1996

My beloved child, I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Holy One of Israel. I am the Mother of all that is good and the enemy to all that is evil.

Evil penetrates the soul in many different ways. Sometimes, it may even begin with a small disagreement. But if this disagreement leads to rage

and hardness of heart, then satan has gained access to the soul. He is the great manipulator and the source of all confusion and discontent.

In any situation where there is hostility, be assured that the demons are rejoicing and the precious saints are crying. Be assured that satan is trying to poison the garden of holiness, which can truly grow in each family, but to grow such a garden requires great humility and courage. To grow such a garden requires a soul to see past the earthly encounters and to see Jesus nailed to the Cross. If you have a grievance with your brother, then you must visualize Jesus nailed to the Cross. Ask to be saturated in his blood, which is the blood of healing and redemption. Saturate your enemies in the blood of my Son and they will eventually change. Be the one who remains at the foot of the Cross with me, his Mother.

I shall go with you to reconcile with your enemies and I shall embrace both of you under my motherly mantle. Love endures all trials, my children. Love endures even being nailed to a Cross. It is love which was the force to raise my beloved Jesus from the tomb of death. Death, my children, is the absence of love. Life is when one is saturated with love, when one gives love and when one receives love. Do what you must do, my children, to reconcile with your brothers and I shall help you.

Go in peace, my dearest one. I bless you and I love you.

I bless you always, Mommy. Amen.

May 19,1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, I do.

Today, my beloved one, I instructed you that you are to be the tour guide to bring people to my merciful heart.⁶¹ Bring souls to my heart, my child.

⁶¹ I was saying a prayer before the monstrance containing the Eucharistic Jesus at a small chapel that has exposition of the Blessed Sacrament twelve hours a day, when the Lord suddenly spoke informing me that I am his "tour guide" to his mercy. I never thought about the term, but he explained that I was a model of how his graces are extended toward even the most hardened sinner (which I can certainly attest I was), and that this sinner can be converted to the point that she was chosen to be an instrument of manifesting the words of his mercy to

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Bring them to me physically at the Holy Mass, and bring them to me spiritually in prayer.

My beloved child, the heavenly altar is actually located within my Sacred Heart. But you say, how can such a thing be possible? I, Jesus, say this to you, God is incomprehensible and unlimited. One cannot fathom the true nature of my Sacred Heart, for it is infinite in love and infinite in mercy. It is my Sacred Heart that always was, is, and always shall be.

Purgatory also exists within my Sacred Heart. For it is a temporary place of purification for the soul to find his eternal rewards. Purgatory, in a sense, is when a soul has fallen under the weight of the cross. He suffers greatly waiting for help. Time seems endless during this great suffering. Remember I, Jesus, fell three times under the weight of mankind's sins, but never did my heart lose its desire for souls. Never.

When you call to me, my precious ones, say "O Heart of Jesus, O Heart of Jesus, O Heart of Jesus."⁶² Say this when you pray, for in this way you shall be honoring my three falls as well as the immense love and mercy within my heart. It is my heart which sustains all creation.

Thank you, child, for writing. Go in peace, little mercy of my heart.

I love you and bless you forever. Amen.

May 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted servant, I do. Come and record my words of love and hope.

Child, when one cooks a large meal and has invited many guests, the guests see only the finished product. They see a delicately set table, and

the four corners of the earth. See the message of June 10, 1996 for the reasons regarding his choosing me as his "tour guide."

⁶² The Lord had requested that we should say this short prayer of address when we offer petitions to him. We, the Disciples of Mercy, do say this invocation at our weekly prayer meeting just prior to presenting our requests for the Lord's continued blessings and gifts upon us as a group and as individual petitioners.

dishes to make the mouth water. They eat and enjoy, and do not have to partake in the clean up. But, my beloved ones, this I say to you, "Feasting is for kings."

Listen carefully, my child. Those of you who truly carry the cross of discipleship shall find that you are the ones who are grocery shopping, setting the table, preparing the meal, serving the guests, and cleaning up afterwards. It is true, is it not, that the ones who wear the expensive garments are not the seamstress? But I, Jesus, say, be not discouraged over these events. This is a time for you to rejoice, for all those who live in luxury upon the earth shall lose everything. All those who suffer now shall be comforted in heaven. Yes, that is the place where you shall eternally feast. So dirty your hands now, my children. Everyone must pay his dues sooner or later. Therefore, carry your crosses now and eventually your crosses shall be transformed into satin pillows made of clouds.

Yes, I, the Lord, despise laziness. I created you to work and to persevere. Do not be as those who sit and watch television all day. That is a waste of the life I have given you. Work for your future, my children, that your heavenly Father may not pass you by when it is time to collect on your inheritance. Do you wish to be one who hears, "You have rested your entire life and so I shall give your eternal inheritance to one who has labored night and day?" Yes, that is what it shall be like. Be alert, my children. Be watchful and be working.

Thank you, daughter, for writing. Go in peace.

Thank you, my Jesus of Mercy. Permit us to labor abundantly for souls in your vineyard. Amen.

May 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb, record my words.

Child, the earth is as a barren desert. Every tree, every flower, every pond, and all life has become a mirage. Why do I say this? Child, imagine the man crossing the desert, the man who is thirsty and who is lonely, for his only companions are the scorpions, the rattlers, and the vultures. If this man were to see water or even a flower, he would realize they are precious gifts of life. This man would sell all his jewels to obtain a drink of water if he had run out.

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The only time any of you realizes the value of something or someone in your life is when it is too late. You find yourself in the hot desert, and I assure you that you would sell all you had to have kept what you had lost. The pearl cannot be lost from the shell, for I created the shell to care for the pearl. However, the pearl can be lost once man removes it from the shell. Yes, then it can be lost.

O my children, hear the words of the Lord thy God. Everything is a gift from me and should be nurtured and cherished. You do more for an ordinary piece of wood than you do for a child, or a spouse, or a friend. How many of you will purchase a polish and take great care to polish a wooden table until it glistens? Why do you take less care with the people in your lives? Polish them with praise and affection and they will glisten as well.

Thank you for writing, child. Go in peace.

I bless you forever, O kind Lord. Amen.

May 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved lamb of mercy, enter into my Sacred Heart, for that is where you shall find my words of love.

My heart is an infinite vault of love and gifts. I spend my eternity dreaming of the moments my children will realize who I am and what I am. Yes, I AM. That is the only explanation, for no other words can accurately describe me.

I speak to you in ways you will understand me, but I, the Lord, speak every language, every dialect. I even speak the language of the sand, and of the hills and trees. All that I have created is able to communicate with me.

Silly, silly man, you try to communicate with the moon and with the planets. But why, I ask you? How do you expect to accomplish this when you refuse your neighbor—yes, your neighbor, the one with a different color skin, a different religion, a different language? Why do you try and water some gardens, but leave the garden in your own yard to die of thirst? Oh yes, silly, silly man, do you wish to communicate with me? Then communicate with your neighbor, for that is who I am. I am the one who is on line with you at the supermarket. Yes, the one who has very few items but you will not let me in front of you. Yes, you are in such a hurry. Where are you

rushing to, my children, but to eternity, and then you may try to rush, but it shall not matter.

Time and eternity are opposites as are hot and cold, as are love and hate. Begin to water the gardens around you and do not let your concept of time push me away. I am the creator of time. I AM. I AM. I AM.

Go in peace, my beloved child. I bless you.

I adore you forever, Lord..

May 23, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my child of mercy, I do.

Child, rest your heart within mine. Imagine handing your heart to me, and then I carry your heart and place it ever so tenderly within mine. In unison, our two hearts beat. If you wish to be at peace, then you must learn to give me your heart, for it is the heart that becomes the place for happy events, as well as the burial grounds for very sad events. It is, in fact, the heart which contains all your joys and all your grief.

Therefore, I say to you, "If you wish to give me everything, then you must give me your heart." Then the eternal candle, which burns for souls in my heart, shall do so as well in your heart. You will begin to see with my heart. You will begin to hear with my heart. You will begin to learn with my heart. You will begin to love with my heart. But, be aware, my children, of the deadly weeds that always grow in the precious gardens I have planted. They grow and they must be yanked out at the roots, lest they grow back and kill the precious roses. Children, I am referring to sin and to those who perpetrate sin. I am referring to those who permit sin and brush it aside as if it were unimportant. What a tragic mistake, my little lambs.

Daughter, you are weary. Rest in my Sacred Heart. Go in peace, my little child.

Thank you, O Lord. Forever I bless you. Amen.

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May 24, 1996 ⁶³

May 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, come and record my words. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking and using your hand as a vessel of grace.

My dear one, when one allows faith to control their life, then one has wisdom and great courage, for surely it is the courageous man who trusts in his God and is able to accomplish his goals. One with faith sees a goal as a place of hope and opportunity, and not just a distant dream. Child, it is faith which permits the soul to endure through crisis, for the soul knows he is thirsty and shall find water. The soul knows he is hungry and the Lord of Hosts shall feed him.

My beloved, my beloved, as you well know, faith and science are not compatible at times, but always are humility and faith compatible. When one decides to allow me to have access to his life, I am able to accomplish great wonders.

Prayer, my beloved, opens up every chamber of my merciful heart. It is the prayer of the faithful soul that causes my heart to swell with love and mercy. The storms of compassion and mercy come from the four corners and my entire mystical body benefits. Do you see, child, every act of faith increases the faith of my Mystical Body, which in turn brings an abundance of blessings.

This is all we shall write today, child. Go in peace. Go with faith. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, too, O God. Amen.

May 26, 1996

Beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Lamb, and the Queen of Peace.

Where does peace begin, my beloved one? It begins in the heart of each

⁶³ Today, I was feeling the side-effects of my chemotherapy. The merciful Lord dispensed me from recording a message.

person. From one heart it is passed on to another heart, from family to family, from neighbor to neighbor, and from nation to nation. But it is God, and God alone, who sees into the hearts of all and determines whether there is love or whether there is hatred. It is God, and God alone, who sees the borders of each nation and knows whether they are peaceful or hostile. It is God, and God alone, who knows if the sun will rise and set tomorrow.

The borders of the earth are changing, my child. Since mankind has not heeded my warnings for prayer and conversion, then the waters will increase and the land will decrease. There will be more flooding, more avalanches, more death. These are truly floods and avalanches of arrogance and sin. You are being flooded by your own sin and by your own aggressions.

Beloved children, you must change, and the way to accomplish this is to commend yourselves and your brothers and sisters to my Immaculate Heart. Change the borders that surround your heart from ones of aggression to ones of peace and love.

Thank you for writing, my dear daughter. Go in peace, little lamb of my Son. I bless you.

I bless you and love you too, Mama. Amen.

May 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciples of love, welcome! Today I have opened the storehouses of heaven that you may come and take all that you need, for I am the one source of supply that does not sleep nor rest. Do you think heaven is as a supermarket that closes her doors on a holiday? No, my beloved ones, the heavenly storehouses are open, and those of you who desire the key already possess it. For the key to all the heavenly gifts and benefits is within my Sacred Heart. Beloved ones, I so desire to be included in your lives, that I make all of heaven available to you all the time. I have told you to pray to the saints and angels, for it is their great desire to help you.

How many of you have a key to your parent's house? Can you come and go as you desire? Sadly, the answer is no. There is only one home that shall grant a key to all those who ask. There is only one home that will feed you each time you hunger, and give you drink each time you thirst.

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So my question to you is: why do you not come? If there is a product that you cannot find at your supermarket, you would go to another and to another, until you found it. But this I, Jesus, say to you: "there is nothing that you need that I do not have, but sadly, it is your impatience that will cause you to make a grievous error."

Children, learn from me. I am meek and humble of heart. I am patient. Be patient with one another. If you ask me for something, do not say, "He has not answered me, so I shall go elsewhere." There is no prayer that is left unanswered. There is no petition that is disregarded.

Children, you inhale, you exhale, but it is I, Jesus, who placed my breath of life within your lungs. I have given you everything. Every drop of my blood was spilled for you. If I have given you everything because of my immense love for you, then why would I disregard your prayers? I have a key for each of you. It is a key to my house, the house where the Holy and Blessed Trinity dwell. It was my death on Calvary that afforded each one of you a key. It is my Holy Sacred Blood that guides your path. It is my Holy Sacred Blood that tells you whether to go left or right. Pray, children, for the key to your future home. I am so excited in my love for you, that I wish to share everything with you. Today the storehouses of heaven are open for you. It is much more important that you come and ask for heavenly gifts rather than earthly comforts. I am a loving and compassionate Father, and I shall grant you all that you need.

My beloved children, work, work, work. The Holy Eucharist shall provide you with the supernatural strength you need in these days. When you march, and faith is your compass, you shall always go forward and I shall not let you stray. My children, thank you. I look forward to the day you shall join me at the heavenly banquet. Be at peace, my little flock. I bless you.

We bless you and love you, too, O Lord.

May 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little child of mercy.

My beloved one, where do these words come from? They come from the river of mercy within my Sacred Heart. Child, this river of mercy sustains all life. Within the walls of this holy river of love lies the earth and its inhabitants. The planets and all solar systems are maintained within the

river of mercy in my Sacred Heart.

My beloved children, I have ordained that the cross become an instrument of holiness. The cross is the structure that upholds the earth. The cross is the structure upon which the oceans rest, and even the galaxies. Even the sun and the moon have found that their home is upon the cross. I, Jesus, say this because for any creature to live with me, he must also die with me. He must **completely** submit himself to the cross and to all those who would crucify him. Many of you will be verbally crucified, some will be spiritually, others shall be crucified physically by illness. In any event, at death's door it shall be extremely pleasing to the Eternal Father when you are presented to him bearing the holy wounds of my passion. My Father shall see this and shall welcome you as his son and daughter, but woe to those who inflict these wounds upon others, yet are not marked themselves. They are the ones who have rejected the cross and who have reaped benefits from the sufferings of others.

My beloved one, we shall continue tomorrow. Rest in the sanctuary of my merciful heart.

I bless you, Lord. I love you and bless you forever. Amen.

May 29, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb of mercy, record the words of the Light of the Earth.

I am the lamp unto every heart. I am the light of the sun, and of the moon, and of the stars. I am the light of the soul, and the enemy to all that is in darkness. Yes, I am sin's greatest enemy. I despise sin and under no condition, do I, Jesus, rationalize it. If I did not despise sin so vehemently, I would not have died on the Cross, but even still, only my Holy Blood was the acceptable wash to cleanse the stench of mankind's unholy sin. I do not ask you to bring sacrifices to the altar anymore for I am the only acceptable atonement for the sins of the world. I am the only sacrifice that delights the Eternal Father. Mankind's sins are so grievous that no other sacrifice is sufficient.

You foolish, foolish people, you notice the hostilities upon the children of this world and you cry out your pained responses. You say they are hungry and are dying. They are being abused and they are dying. They are kidnapped and found dead. But do you grieve this way for the unborn? No, you do not, but I, the Lord, do. I weep as their tiny bodies are torn limb

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from limb. I grieve as their murderer puts their tiny bodies into trash bags. Why do you think you can slaughter the unborn and that is acceptable to you? Well it is an abomination to me and to all of heaven. It is an abomination to all that is good and holy.

Go in peace, little disciple. I bless you.

I love you forever.

May 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, I do. Come and refresh yourself in the Fountain of Eternal Love within my Sacred Heart.

My beloved children, these are the final days and these are the final messages of mercy. I have chosen prophets throughout the world to deliver my call to conversion, which is a call to the return of my merciful heart. Soon the day will come when each one of my prophets shall cast aside the pen that has recorded thousands of messages. But has humanity listened? Humanity is very moody. The human condition is in itself a condition of moodiness, which is generally based on arrogance.

Some of you have heeded my calls to conversion and have taken my messages to be your new food, your new way of life. These precious souls are truly great in the eyes of the Eternal Father, for they had heard the voice of the Holy Spirit and they listened. But, the majority of you have listened to my words for a short time, and then chose your old ways of life. You rationalize my words are meaningless, and in any event, there is plenty of time left. You say that the world is falling prey to religious fanatics who spend their days saying Rosaries and petitioning for the right to life. Woe to those who mock these precious ones.

Remember John the Baptist? He heard the word of the Holy Spirit and accepted with joy his great task. But just as he delivered my messages of mercy then, and was ridiculed, so shall it happen to my prophets now. For mankind is arrogant and moody, and sometimes finds great delight to watch the sufferings of another. Blessed are those who hear the voice of the Spirit and listen.

Thank you for writing, my dear little lamb. Persevere, my child. Persevere. I bless you and love you.

Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. Amen.

May 31, 1996

Lord, do you want to write?

O God, I'm sorry, I'm sort of depressed.

My beloved ones, I am the **only** light in a dark room. I am the only comfort, the only hope, the only compassion, and the only love. Why do you seek a light of hope from another, who is really only a piece of dust?⁶⁴

My children, unless I, the Lord, dwell within the heart of the person, you shall find them to be as empty, unresponsive people. You shall find them to be as a candle that will not stay lit. Why do you seek faithfulness in those who have no fidelity to me? Without fidelity to me, why should they be faithful to you?

My mystical body is composed of many soldiers who fight a daily spiritual war. For those who persevere in faith, I, the Lord, grant them the gifts of holy wisdom and discernment. Children, do not expect things from people who have nothing to give. They have nothing to give because they lack unity with my Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of my Mother.

My little ones, do not grieve from loneliness, for truly I tell you that you have a family, a perfect and holy family. You have a mother, a father, and many, many brothers and sisters. I am at the head of this family, for I am He, the Eternal. When you are hurt and discouraged, come to me and I will give you all that you need.

My beloved child, rest. I accept your willingness to record my words as a great sacrifice of love. Go in peace with my blessing.

Thank you, my beloved Lord, for your patience. Amen.

June 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

⁶⁴ I was not feeling support from others whom I expected to be more attuned to my needs, particularly because of my illness. The Lord took the opportunity to teach me a lesson that only he and his Mystical Body of saints can supply the strength and courage I seek.

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Welcome, my beloved children, it is your faith that unites you to each other and to me.

Beloved children, each prayer group whose purpose is to glorify me and to honor my beloved Mother, is given authority and power from heaven. This means the prayers are heard and honored, because you have honored my requests. All prayers that are said in front of the tabernacle are inhaled into my Sacred Heart, for my Heart and the tabernacle are one and the same.

Every prayer group is as a rose from the heavenly garden, but you must remember to allow me to be the gardener. God has no need to listen to fancy words and persuasive arguments during prayer time. There is no need of this at all, my children. Say what is in your heart and the heart that created all hearts shall hear you.

When you come together in prayer, you are not to try to outdo one another in prayer or authority. You are to commend every situation to my care. Many prayer groups are noted for the important people in attendance. There seems to be a great deal of religious fervor and people are drawn to this. But I say, "Be drawn to me and to me alone." Do not worry who is in your prayer group or how many, for it matters not to the Eternal Father.

Prayer from the heart can cause all the changes that God wishes to effect, especially when it occurs during the Rosary. The holy Rosary is a simple prayer that is loved by the Eternal Father. It requires a simple and humble soul to recite the Rosary from his heart. Many a day the Rosary has caused my Eternal Father to lower his hand of justice that was about to strike.

Many of you say, "I pray to God but he does not honor my prayers." But I say, "Honor me and I will honor you." The holy Rosary will always cause my heart to swell with mercy and love. Say this prayer often, my children.

We shall continue tomorrow. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

Thank you, Lord, for always knowing when we need an answer to a question and graciously giving it to us. Your encouragement warms our hearts. We love you.

June 2, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted child, I do.

Dear one, you are distracted by things of the earth. Your heart is cluttered and there is no room for me. There is no room for me at the inn, that I may be born into your heart. Do you see my precious one, every heart is as the inn? Every heart is given the opportunity to accept my beloved Mother, thereby accepting my birth into that heart or rejecting my beloved Mother, thereby rejecting me. There is no room at the inn of one's heart if all the chambers are preoccupied with worldly concerns. There is no room for me, the Lord God.

I have come to dwell within the heart of man. Make your heart a manger for my love. Learn to cast aside the evil and the distractions that prevent me from having full reign. Children, remember always that I am thy Lord, thy God, from Everlasting to Everlasting. Allow me to possess your heart with my heart. Oh, what delight do I take in the soul who opens his heart for me.

Go in peace, my little lamb. Thank you for writing my words. I bless you.

I bless you forever, O Lord. Amen.

June 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little lamb of my Sacred Heart, record my words of love.

My beloved ones, the only true rest comes when the soul soars above his earthly life and becomes free completely of sin, for when one is with sin, there is no rest. It is only when one is truly free of sin, that the soul can rest and renew its strength. This is why the Sacrament of Reconciliation is a sacrament which heals, restores, rebuilds, and strengthens. Those who are weary from carrying great parcels of sin shall find their burdens lifted and their strength restored. This sacrament promotes both spiritual and physical healing, for it promotes rest. Sin is as a ball and chain around the ankles of the prisoner. He is already a prisoner within the confines of the prison yard, but then he is even taken a step lower. He is shackled and forced to carry the physical weight of his imprisonment.

My children, for those of you who have avoided this merciful sacrament, you have become prisoners of your sins. Every step you take will be painful and cause you great sorrow. You will wish for sleep, but sleep shall elude you. But I, Jesus, have presented the solution to you. I have the key to the ball and chain about your ankles. I have the key to free you from your prison walls. Come to me, my beloved ones, and allow me to shower

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you with mercy and forgiveness.

My beloved one, rest. Thank you for writing. Go in peace.

I bless you, O Lord, and thank you always. Amen.

June 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little mercy of my heart, record my words of love and mercy.

I, Jesus, come to you as the Merciful King of Hearts. I am the King of the City of Glory, my precious, precious Jerusalem. But yes, you may say that I am the sentry of her borders, and no one shall enter without my personal permission.

Oh beloved ones, I shall teach you a simple lesson. Many times, you must go to the supervisor of a department to handle a grievance, but this supervisor really has no authority to make a decision upon your request, so you decide to go to the president of the company. The best way to do this is to go to his secretary and tell her the importance of your mission. If she is kind and understanding, then her position within the company will afford you a quick opportunity to see the president who, in turn, will handle your problem.

I give this example that you may know it is the wisest of all men who shall go to my beloved Mother first. The wise man will go to this lovely and holy Mother and queen, and beseech her to petition me. Because of her authority and grace in the Kingdom of God, I, the Lord, will listen. So I say to you, my children, let all those who have ears, listen to the proclamation of the King of Holy Jerusalem.

Do you wish to become a resident in my Holy City? Do you wish to be an inhabitant of the City of Eternal Happiness? If this is your request, why not go to my beloved Mother, whose only purpose is to bring children to me? Just as she brought me to you through the sanctity of her womb, so shall she bring you to me back through her holy and virginal womb. There shall be a permanent cleansing in the womb of my Mother, for the soul shall be hidden from darkness and evil, and shown only holiness and good. Within the womb of my beloved Mother shall the soul find complete peace and joy, for I, myself, was privileged to find such peace and joy. My Mother and I are joined in our hearts by the bonds of my passion. Be joined to us.

My children, come and be a resident in the place I, the Lord, have prepared from the beginning of time.

Thank you for writing, my beloved one. Go in peace with my blessing.

Forever do I bless you, my Jesus, and seek shelter in the heart of your Mother. Amen.

June 5, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Sick and Imprisoned.

For my poor, poor children who do not recognize my beloved Jesus, they are prisoners of darkness. They are prisoners of the horror and debasement of sin, and for them my beloved Jesus is their only hope. My mantle, which has been given me by the Eternal God, covers the entire earth. Within my mantle is every grace and mercy that God desires to bestow upon souls.

Come, children, and hide within my breast, and I shall hide you from the malignant one. Oh, this evil king and his demonic forces have terrorized and plundered my beloved children. One of satan's greatest tricks is to convince a poor soul that their suffering was inflicted by God, when in fact it was satan himself who has cast torturous episodes of pain and maladies upon souls.

My mantle shall protect you from his treacheries. My holy mantle, given me by the One, True, Eternal Majesty, is my Immaculate Heart which was created to be a refuge for sinners. My heart is as a womb that shields the sinner from his earthly enemies and gently nourishes him with the ointment of love and mercy from my beloved Jesus. For it is only the mercy and love of God that heals the sick and cuts loose the sinner from his sins.

The sinner, once he has been cut loose and absolved of his sins, is in a unique position. He can call upon the Lord to fill him with abundant graces which I, as his mother, will oversee and guard, or on the other hand, the sinner can do nothing and eventually satan will come for him again.

Come into my Immaculate Heart, my beloved children, and fear not the world nor the evil within it, for you shall be safe.

I bless you, my daughter, my precious little child. Go in peace.

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O Mama, I love you and Jesus so very much.

*Lord, will you give the books your benediction?*⁶⁵

My beloved children, these words come from the infinite chambers of mercy and love within my Sacred Heart, which is joined by my passion to the most Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother. Read my merciful words, for they shall strengthen you and restore you. My words shall be as a salve to your wounded souls. Remember Calvary, my children, and do not fear to approach me for anything. I bless you.

I thank you, my most gracious Lord, for your blessing the books, me, and my family. Amen.

June 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved child, come and record the words of love from the depths of my most merciful heart.

When one is prideful, it is as if a great wall is constructed about the heart, and instead of this prideful person really being free, he actually becomes a prisoner of his pride. For example, he should like to change his mind, but his pride will not permit it. He should like to apologize to someone, but his pride will not permit it.

So then I ask you, what is the purpose of pride? Surely there is no use for stubbornness and arrogance. Those are traits that I have bestowed upon the lowliest of animals. Pride prevents the soul from growing in the light of my love. Pride prevents grace from entering the soul, thereby causing the soul to plummet into great despair.

Truly, I tell you, that the prideful man is not a happy man. It is only the man who possesses humility that is truly happy, for that man knows where his happiness comes from. The humble man knows that only I, the Lord God, sustain him, and he does not waste his time looking elsewhere.

⁶⁵ On this day I had asked the Lord to bestow a blessing upon the messages so some of the disciples who will be going to several Marian and Charismatic conferences in the near future could display it prominently at the table where the volumes entitled *The Heart of God* were being sold. The Lord gave the following blessing.

Child, we shall continue tomorrow. Go in peace, my little disciple. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, my humble Lord. Amen.

June 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted child, record the words of the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking and using your hand as an instrument of grace.

Beloved children, every street has two sides. In some cases the street faces the north and south, or the east and west. But no matter what direction the homes or stores on any particular street face, it matters not. Why do I say this? For the day will come when everything shall be turned to dust, when everything shall vanish. Yes, all shall vanish, except for you, except for me, and except for the evil one and his consortium of demons.

On the final day, the only thing that will matter is which direction you are facing, and which direction you have faced your entire life. If you have always faced to the north, than you shall go to the north. If you have always faced to the south, than it is to the south you shall go. There is only one way to alter the compass of your life and that is through my Divine Mercy.

It is my Divine Mercy that shall be as the tugboat to guide even the largest vessel to port. My Divine Mercy shall be as the lighthouse beacon to all those vessels lost at sea. On that day every home, every person, and every soul shall be plunged into darkness. Only my Divine Mercy shall be the hand of light to guide sinners to my Sacred Heart. Only my beloved Mother's hand shall be the light to bring sinners to my Sacred Heart by first presenting them to her Immaculate Heart. For sinners the surest way to me is through the most Immaculate Heart of my Mother, which is a supreme act of my Divine Mercy. The Lord, the God of Israel, is again extending his mighty hand of mercy. The choice is yours, my children.

Go in peace. I bless you. Thank you, child, for writing.

I bless you and love you forever, O most merciful God, my God. Amen.

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June 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb of mercy. Record my words which come from the depths of my most merciful heart.

Child, I know you are weary, but now is not the time to rest. It is not the time to sleep for every second thousands of souls are being eternally lost. Children, I have created each one of you for a special reason. You are each unique and precious to me, the Lord God.

My precious ones, many of your beloved ones upon the earth shall not be with you in eternity. How are you going to feel when you see them hurled into the eternal pit of fire because you did not tell them about me? How are you going to feel when you see your friend, your mother or father, your relative or teacher, cast aside by the Eternal Father, cast aside forever?

Upon the earth you spent time with them, but to no avail if their souls are forever lost. What did you tell them? Did you tell them to follow the commandments? Did you tell them about me, or were you afraid? Did you admonish them when they sinned, explaining they must be in obedience to my commandments and teachings? But most important, did you tell them of my great love for them, that I had myself nailed to a Cross for them? Did you tell them of my infinite mercy and compassion, and my desire to forgive all sins? Did you tell them that no matter the sin, I, Jesus, would forgive them?

If you have not done these things, then it is time to re-examine your relationship to me and to your neighbors. For I, the Lord, expect you to do these things. You shall stand before me, and I shall ask you, "Who have you told about my mercy and forgiveness? Or, have you led people to believe I was a distant, uncaring, and unforgiving God?"

Yes, these things I shall ask you. What shall you say as I show you your friends and relatives burning in the unquenchable fires? What shall you say then?

Go in peace, my child of mercy. Be not afraid to tell others about me and about my beloved Mother. Many will be saved if you do.

I love you, merciful Father. Amen.

June 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record the words of your Teacher, the Holy One of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Beloved children, every time you sit at the table to enjoy a meal I desire that you remember your brothers and sisters who sit upon garbage dumps to eat their meals. I do not wish for you to think of this so that you would feel guilty, rather that you would feel grateful. Yes, you must learn to be grateful for all the gifts and blessings I have bestowed upon you.

Those who possess holy wisdom realize that everything they possess comes from me. For how can a particle of dust acquire anything except attachment to more dust? Never forget who you are, my children. That is the true essence of humility and the true essence of wisdom. These two virtues go hand in hand for one cannot be truly wise unless he possesses profound humility. But again, dearest children, these are gifts from me, the Lord God.

My beloved ones, can you put a price tag on my gifts? Can you go into a store and purchase wisdom, or patience, or perseverance? There is only one way the soul can acquire such treasures and that is through prayer.

"Knock and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find." Knocking and seeking is the same as praying and pursuing. Pursue me, children. Pursue me as you would a rare coin or a magnificent gem. Pursue me and you shall catch me. Remember, dearest children, I am the treasure of every heart and the resting place of every soul.

Thank you for writing, my little lamb. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you forever, O God. Amen.

June 10, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My dearest disciple, I, Jesus, have chosen you to be the tour guide to my Divine Mercy. I have chosen you because of your wretchedness, and not for your merits. For truly it has been your sinfulness that has attracted me to you, and I, the Lord, have lifted you out of the mud of your iniquity. I have lifted you up, and have made a special place for you within my Infinite

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and Sacred, Merciful Heart. This is what I desire to do for each one of my children. Many of you desire mercy, but **ALL** of you are in need of it. But alas, you do not know how to obtain my mercy.

My beloved daughter, tell others to seek my Sacred Heart. For within the depths of my Sacred Heart are immeasurable gifts and unlimited treasures. Beseech my mercy in a humble and repentant manner and I shall willingly open the great storehouses within my Sacred Heart. My mercy shall consume you, and you shall be converted. But this I say to you, beloved, beloved children, satan shall distort your perceptions. He shall lead you to believe you have obtained my mercy and forgiveness when, in fact, you have plummeted further into darkness.

How would you like to be the last one in a building? But rather than to leave, you will be locked in, in complete darkness, and eventually you will suffocate. This is what the evil and malignant one wishes to happen to you. I, Jesus, tell you these things, for I have placed a most powerful adversary of satan at your disposal. That is the Queen and my most Beloved and Holy Mother. Yes, it is the Blessed Mother, most Holy Virgin, who has been given the authority to make sure you reach my Sacred Heart of Mercy. The shortest and most absolute way of achieving this, is by total consecration and dedication to her Immaculate Heart. Should you be the last one to leave a building, then my beloved Mother shall be walking behind you, safely guarding you.

Ah, beloved, I have given you free will and intelligence, but woe to those who consider themselves to be "good" and outside the need for divine mercy. There is none that is good but God alone. Woe to those who hear my calls to dwell within the sanctuary of my divine mercy. On the day of judgment, you shall find yourselves locked forever in a spiritual building of darkness. The only light you will see is the light of the eternal fire.

Now is the time of mercy. Now, my children.

Thank you, child, for writing. Stay in my heart, little lamb, and be not afraid. I bless you, dear little child. Go in peace.

I bless you, too, my merciful Lord and Judge. Amen.

June 11, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Holy One. I am the Mother of the Lamb of God and the Mother of the Flock.

These messages, which my beloved Jesus has deigned to bestow upon mankind, have emanated from the perfect fountain of love within his Sacred Heart.

Children, the heart of God is of such tender compassion and mercies, that in essence, a red carpet is rolled out for the repentant sinner. Yes, the sinner who repents takes the position of the prodigal son, and a great feast of gifts and graces is given in his honor. The entire heavenly court is in attendance to pay homage to such a glorious and merciful King, as well as to welcome a lost brother or sister home. Truly, heaven is as a great family that works every moment to assure the return of the rest of the family living upon the earth.

My beloved children, there is no reason to be lonely. Though you may not have an earthly family, you most certainly have a heavenly one, as well as a Father and Mother who will love you and be with you throughout infinity. When you are lonely, call to my beloved Jesus for consolation. Call to me, and I shall hold your hand and bring you to the dinner table of the gracious and tender Lord of Hosts, who will reassure you and nurture you.

Be of good cheer, my little child. Be not afraid and always listen to my beloved Jesus. Go in peace.

I love you, beloved Mama Mary. Amen.

June 12, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my devoted servant, record my words of love. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking through you, and you are being used as a vessel of grace.

Beloved ones, why do you reject the cross? Do you not recognize the infinite gifts of grace the cross bestows upon its bearer? All those who are friends to justice and righteousness are friends of mine. To them I have given the entire heavenly court and the privileges of being sons and daughters of the Eternal One. To them I have given the most perfect flower in all of heaven and earth, and that is my beloved Mother.

But woe to those who are friends of darkness. Woe to those who have pitched their tents in the camp of Lucifer. Woe to you, Oh fallen ones of Israel, for you are not friends of mine and heaven shall shut her doors to you. You have pitched your tents in the valley of the wicked, and you

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desire to drink from the river of carnal desire. This river, though it nurtures your flesh, completely repulses your soul. Oh poor souls, you victims of the prince of darkness, you are trapped inside wicked bodies, bodies which are perverted in their desires, whose flesh is weak from lust. But you have decided where to pitch your tents.

I, Jesus, have invited you to follow me, but you have refused. You have cast down the cross and have trampled it, preferring your own lifestyles. So be it. So be it. So be it.

All of Israel, hear my words. Return to me, says the Lord, God of Hosts. Return to me and be saved. Find salvation. Share in my kingdom.

Thank you for writing, daughter. Go in peace.

I love you, Lord, forever. Amen.

June 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved daughter, I shall dictate my words of love and mercy.

My beloved child, when one is distant from me, it is because he has closed the door of his heart. He has shut this door only to leave me standing outside. The heart, my beloved, is as the womb of the soul. In it are kept all the gifts and graces and secrets that I, the Lord, have deigned to give the soul.

The heart is a womb and sanctuary for the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity. My Sacred Heart never closes to one of my children. That is why my mercy is always available and accessible to the soul who desires it. My heart is as a river which is always flowing, always moving, always sustaining the life within it.

But you, my children, you have the ability, by the very nature of the freedom of your will, to shut the door of your heart. When you do so, you will feel alienated from me. You will feel as a visitor to a foreign land with no one who understands you. For I, Jesus, am the link of all love, of all charity, and of all understanding between people. I am the force of love between husbands and wives, between parents and children. I am the link of love between friends. I am as the steering wheel on a vehicle. Without it you cannot go.

Meditate on what I am teaching you, my children. Pray to the Holy Spirit that the door of your heart always remains open to me.

Go in peace, little child of mercy. I bless you.

I bless you and adore you, my source of life and love, O holy God. Amen.

June 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple, come and record my words.

Child, it is your suffering that serves as a purification for these messages. Those who read these messages will never know the great anguish and work it required to prepare them. Oh, greatest of all mercies is the heart that permitted such words to be given to men, that they may love him and serve him who has spoken to them through you.

Your sufferings, as well as your spouse's, have increased my mercies and the tenderness with which I desire to speak of my mercy. In essence, I have turned towards my attribute of mercy and I have pledged to consume sinners with it.

One of the most charitable gifts I have bestowed, my children, is that I have given you a most lovely, pure, and undefiled Mother whose sole desire is to see you acquire heaven. This Queen of Mercy works endlessly for the benefit and intercession of souls. Just as I do not sleep nor slumber, neither does the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

We shall continue tomorrow, my little lamb. Go in the peace of my heart. I bless you.

I bless you forever, dearest Savior, my Lord and God, and thank you for bestowing your Mother to be our heavenly Mama. Amen.

June 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted disciple, record the words of the Most High, the Holy One of Israel. I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I am he who from the beginning breathed my Spirit of holiness upon my people, and upon the entire creation of which man cannot comprehend. My love is deeper than the deepest part of the ocean and wider than the universe.

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What man can comprehend the universe? What man can say there is an end to the universe, and at the same time what man can pinpoint the beginning of the universe? Only I can, says the Lord God of Hosts.

Children, I have placed many holy places upon the earth. These are places that are actually so close to heaven you cannot comprehend. I have given you these places so that souls who desire me may have a place to go to spend time with me upon holy ground. Oh, how does the soul rejoice. The soul sings its praises and love songs to me while the mouth makes the petitions. But I, Jesus, have given you these extraordinary and supernatural places upon the earth so that you may take frequent retreats and be nourished by my Holy Spirit.

Children, when you come to the Holy Mass and to the Blessed Sacrament, you have entered a place where time and eternity have joined. They have espoused one another, and heaven actually comes upon the earth during the consecration of the Sacred Host, as I am never apart from my beloved Mother, and as I am never apart from my heavenly Kingdom. Again, time and eternity are espoused in front of the Blessed Sacrament. Truly, the soul who is in front of the Blessed Sacrament is filled with such graces and gifts from the Almighty. This enables the soul to be a candle upon the earth.

My beloved one, the places I have sent my Mother, the Queen, are holy and therefore the soul will receive great sweetness of gifts as well. Make use of my merciful gifts, my children.

Daughter, go in peace. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

I bless you too, my God. Amen.

June 16, 1996- Father's Day

Happy Father's Day, Lord. Do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved lamb, record my words of love.

Oh, beloved disciple, if today were truly the last day, how many seats at my dinner table would be vacant! From eternity, I, the Lord, have prepared a magnificent dwelling place for each of you, yet the first part of your heavenly journey truly begins upon the earth.

In a way, the airport to bring you to heaven is located upon the earth. I say this because your journey of repentance and reconciliation must begin

upon the earth, thereby affording you a ticket to board the airplane of grace to bring you home to heaven. So many of you will come to the airport on that final day trying to board the airplane, that you may come to me. But, alas, you will not be permitted to board, for in your earthly life you have not purchased a ticket nor valued its importance. You have only valued the importance of your passions and fleshly urges.

Every journey has a beginning and an end. My children, your journey to heaven begins upon the earth, but so foolish are you that you completely ignore my teachings and the prodding of the most Holy Spirit. Begin to plan now, my children, by being reconciled to me and living the rest of your life in a state of grace.

Thank you, beloved child, for writing. Go in peace, my little lamb. I love you and I bless you.

I love you, too, O faithful God. Amen.

June 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb, record the words of the Shepherd, the King of his People, Israel.

My child, when King David, my holy and devoted servant, witnessed the beautiful Bathsheba bathing, he was filled with a passion that neither came from heaven nor was condoned by heaven. I, Jesus, am giving you a lesson in the ways of the flesh and how the flesh can ultimately be man's ruin.

As for my beloved David, he witnessed this most beautiful maiden and at that moment satan enhanced his passions to such a point that they could not be easily extinguished. David, my beloved one, was filled with such lust that he completely cast aside my laws and my holy expectations of him, and he chose to follow the evil one. By murdering this woman's spouse, David truly felt he was free to possess her. But I, the Lord, say the moment King David most greatly perceived his freedom to have his heart's desires, was the moment I, the Lord, took all his freedom away. His freedom was taken because once the person chooses the passions of the

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flesh, the soul becomes satan's prisoner.⁶⁶

Satan comes to me and says, "Your child does not desire you. For I have placed great lusts and wanton pleasures in front of him, and he has discarded you as an old shoe. He has laughed at you and made a mockery of your Kingship, but, Oh great Lord, the wretch has accepted my kingship." "If this is truly the case," I tell the evil one, "then take his newly acquired possession and be gone from my sight." Such was it with my beloved David, but in my greatest mercy, I sent my prophet to speak to his heart. As my beloved David repented, so I, the Lord, accepted him back into the dwellings of my most compassionate heart.

Now hear my teachings, Oh land of Israel. Most of you have become satan's possessions for you have sinned against me and have not repented. This is what I say to you: "Oh wicked Generation, if you do not change from your evil ways, I, the Lord, shall give you to the malignant king and you shall become a servant in his kingdom. If you repent of your actions, my mercy shall cover you and I shall embrace you and call you to

⁶⁶ The Lord is referring to the infamous story of King David who apparently forgot that it was "Yahweh who had been with him on all his expeditions and has cut off his enemies before him," and now at the height of his reign and power believes he could have whatever he wishes, including Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite. He succeeds in having his way with Bathsheba but upon learning that she is "with child" he hopes to cover his act of adultery by conspiring to have Uriah return to him from battle under the ruse of honoring him with a present for his valor. After conferring the honor David encourages Uriah to "go to his [Uriah's] house and enjoy himself." However, his plan backfires because Uriah, out of respect for the "ark, the men of Judah and Israel, his immediate commander —Joab, and even the bodyguards of David, who sleep in the tents of the open fields," declines David's exhortation and sleeps at the palace door never to return to his house to consort with his wife. David then devises a plan with Joab to have Uriah killed in battle by deliberately having Uriah sent to the forefront of the battle line and then ordering the army to retreat from him. David's plan succeeds, but Nathan the Prophet is sent by Yahweh to expose David's libidinous activity. He prophetically tells of the death of the child of this illicit union and the brewing trouble among David's present progeny. Despite David's grievous act, he repents and Yahweh forgives him for his sin (2 Samuel 11-13). The great psalm of repentance, Psalm 51, is attributed to David's acknowledgment before Nathan the Prophet of his sin and pleading for Yahweh's mercy (Ps 51:1-19).

be a citizen in my kingdom.” Follow in David's example, my beloved people.

Thank you for writing, my dear disciple. Go in peace. I bless you.

O wise God of Hosts, I bless you and praise you and thank you for your everlasting mercy and healing me (when that occurs). Amen.

June 18, 1996 ⁶⁷

June 19, 1996

Dearest Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, I have missed you. In your illness you have distanced yourself from me.⁶⁸ My little sparrow, come and rest within the sanctuary of my Sacred Heart. Be not afraid. Be not afraid of illness, nor of anything of the earth. If you are with me, nothing of the earth can harm you.

I'm so sorry, my Jesus. I haven't been praying much.

My beloved, prayer is the soul's lifeline to me. Prayer is the very essence and heartbeat of the soul. Even though you are ill, you can permit your soul to rest within my heart.⁶⁹ Ask my Holy Spirit to pray for you. Call upon my beloved Mother and the entire celestial court to pray for you; then shall

⁶⁷ The Lord dispensed me from taking a message due to my illness which was acutely being felt today.

⁶⁸ I am still having difficulty reconciling my illness with the will of the Lord and during this period of feeling sorry for myself I had reduced my normal time set aside for prayer. The Lord sees this distancing and reminds me that my ultimate peace can come only from embracing his will unhesitatingly.

⁶⁹ The Lord is teaching me a tremendous lesson. Despite the fact that I do not “feel” like praying, it is, paradoxically, the very time I should be increasing my prayer time by requesting the Holy Spirit, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the entire heavenly court to pray for me that I may find my ultimate rest in the Sacred Heart of the Lord. As I understand it, the Lord is teaching me that prayer should be a constant act of the will despite the fact that my body and mind are not necessarily “in the mood” to pray.

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your soul be elevated to my Sacred Heart, though your body and mind be separate.

Truly, I tell you, that the soul who is elevated by prayer, is elevated in the light of the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity. That soul's petitions are heard and straight away answered. For surely the Lord God of Hosts honors those who honor him.

Therefore, my beloved ones, when you are ill or in great tribulation, recommend your soul to my Sacred Heart and to the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. For we shall continue to send heavenly waters upon the garden within your soul, that you will not thirst nor hunger.

Remember, my beloved, I am always by your side, loving you eternally. Go in peace, little lamb of my soul. I bless you and love you.

I adore you, O Lord. Thank you for your kindness, mercy, and promise to give rest to my soul in your Sacred Heart. Amen.

June 20, 1996

My beloved daughter, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Most Pure and Immaculate Conception. I am the Living Spring of Waters which God has desired to water his gardens, both in heaven and upon the earth. I am the water which proceeds from the Eternal to Eternal Lord of Hosts. All those who receive water from me will be lifted into the embrace of my tender and Immaculate Heart.

I am holy water for the living.⁷⁰ I am the balm for the wounded and sick, for I do not approach the soul on my own. I approach the soul with my beloved Jesus resting in my arms. We are never apart, never separated. So then, it is truly water from God himself that you receive, if you receive my help. And it is help that I am so desirous of giving my sweet, sweet children.

How many of you long for a mother, or for even a close friendship? Then

⁷⁰ I had received this message from our beloved Mother in the afternoon. Later that evening this message was confirmed for me when a dear disciple and his family brought me water blessed by the Blessed Mother during an apparition to two South American visionaries. They had no previous knowledge about the message until I shared it with them.

see in my humility how I, the Mother of the Suffering One, come with my arms extended in profound invitation for your love. I do this because it is love, and love alone, which motivates me. It is love which motivates my beloved Jesus and causes mercies to fall upon precious souls. I, your heavenly Mother, have the opportunity to obtain great mercies and blessings for each one of you.

Oh dearest ones, that you would accept my call. I have given you the Rosary, my children. This is the most tender gift a mother can give, for there are infinite treasures given those who pray the Rosary. Say this prayer, my children, which brings such joy to my heart and to the heart of God.

Thank you for writing, my dear child. Go with my blessings.

I bless you forever, Mama and Living Spring. Amen.

June 21, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, sweet mercy of my heart, is there anything I would not do for the soul who humbly calls upon me for aid? Oh yes, child, many call upon me but from their mouths pour forth hostilities and profanities that cause the heavens to tremble. Oh, such blasphemies! But why then do I permit this to continue? Because my mercy is so infinitely powerful and I desire your conversion. Many of the blasphemers will be the ones who will be converted, so great is my mercy.

Remember Paul, my beloved ones? His hatred for me was as deep as the ocean, but then, ah, his love for me caressed every wound. And so, I wait. I wait as a tender father, waiting and watching every moment for the return of my lost child. Each one of you is mine and always has been, but sadly not all of you shall remain in your Father's Kingdom. You have asked for the key to perdition and your entire life has been spent clamoring for this key.

I have said to store up treasures in heaven, but sadly few have heeded my request. On the day of judgment, I, Jesus, shall look inside your treasure chest. What shall I find? Either abominable and worthless items of no value or my Sacred Heart. For the soul who desires heavenly treasures seeks my heart, and my heart alone does he seek. There is nothing else he desires. This wise soul also knows the fastest way to my heart, his treasure, is through the Immaculate Heart of my Mother. So is not my

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precious Mother truly the key to heaven?

Thank you for writing, child of my heart. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you, too, O sacred and holy God. I love you, my Mama, my heavenly key to your beloved Son. Amen.

June 22, 1966

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little ray of mercy, come and record my words of love.

Children, my mercy is brighter than the noonday sun. Can any one of you gaze into the sun? No, and I solemnly assure you, there is none who can face the rays of mercy which consume mankind.

Since the dawn, my mercy has illuminated mankind. My mercy has always been the life preserver which has been given you, whilst you drown in your sinful ways. It has always been my desire to free you of the shackles of sin, of evil. I, the Lord, wish of you to be as the noonday sun. The wicked could not even gaze upon you, for your light of holiness would be so intense.

I, Jesus, come to you under the appearance of bread and wine, but the angels shall tell you that my sanctuary becomes brighter than the noonday sun. And if your mortal ears could hear the angelic hosts singing and praising me, I tell you, your hearts would collapse with envy for your only desire would be to join them. Never again would you desire for earthly possessions, for earthly possessions are as dark as the mud when compared to the light of my love.

Child, we shall continue tomorrow. Go in the peace of my love. I bless you.

I bless you forever, O Lord. Amen.

June 23, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved child, I do.

Daughter, these words which I, the Lord, speak to you, come from the

eternal chalice of mercy. This chalice never runs empty, and sustains all creation. Mercy is my greatest attribute, my child. It is the reason that you are reading my tender words. Yes, I am calling you to return and claim your ancestral inheritance.

Oh children, from the beginning I, Jesus, saw you. I determined your existence in the womb, and I determined the very hour you would read these love letters. There are no coincidences in your Father's Kingdom. Everything is carefully planned, and every plan is carefully executed by the Divine Will. Clap and rejoice, for if you are reading my words of mercy, then know I am waiting for you to say "ABBA." Say this, precious child, and I will rush to you faster than the wave rushes to meet her spouse, the shore. Say "ABBA" and the heavenly trumpets will blast.

I will come to you, but ah, not alone. This is what I am teaching you, beloved children. With my beloved Mother shall I come to embrace and captivate your heart. We have new garments for you and many priceless gifts. For if you desire to reclaim your inheritance, you shall be clothed in the garments of holiness, indicative of your new family. You shall cast aside your old family and the evil garments they provided. You shall wear only the garments perfected in heaven for you, and for you alone.

Yes, it is true. You are so infinitely precious to me, that I never confuse you or compare you to another. How many of you compare your children to each other. But I say, let them be the individuals I have created. Each one is precious in his own way. Call "ABBA," children, and we shall come.

Thank you for writing, beloved child of mercy. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, Lord and Mama Mary. Please clothe me in your garments of holiness. Amen.

June 24, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb, record the words of the King of Israel. From nation to nation, I AM is speaking. Hearken to my words.

In every storm there is great mercy. Why do I say this? Does not each storm have an end? If there was no mercy, then there would not be an end to the storms. There would not be an end to wars. There would not be days of feasting, there would only be famine.

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Are you merciful to the unborn as you plunge an instrument into the base of the brain?⁷¹ Are you merciful to the unborn as you tear them limb from limb? Are you merciful to your brother when you murder the unborn, the one I have sent with the cures for diseases? Are you merciful to prisoners, when you murder the unborn I have sent to judge with wisdom and equity? Are you merciful to the children, when you have slaughtered their brother or their sister?

Solemnly I assure you, there is no mercy in the act of abortion. It is clear and calculated murder. Not only is the innocent murdered, but the very special and unique gifts I, the Lord, wish to offer to mankind are also aborted.

Are you merciful to my Church when you abort my priests and ministers?

⁷¹ The Lord is speaking of the horrendous state in which we now find ourselves regarding abortion. We have come to the point where there is debate between Congress and President Clinton concerning partial-birth abortion. Partial-birth abortion occurs in the second or third trimester of the baby's growth and it consists of a doctor reaching into a mother's womb and turning her baby around so that it will come out feet first. The child's body is delivered— up to the head. Then the doctor jams scissors into the back of the baby's skull, and suctions the baby's brain out so the skull will collapse for easy removal from the mother's body. This can be tricky because if the baby's head does suddenly "pop out" prior to the physician committing his heinous deed, you now have a real live baby which has a constitutional protection to life. President Clinton has vetoed efforts by Congress to ban partial-birth abortions. This country is now on the verge of infanticide and the Lord is grieving over the insensitivity and indifference we have come regarding human life which commences at the moment of conception (union of the egg and sperm inaugurating the growth of a baby with its own unique DNA). Since the *Roe v. Wade* decision in 1973 there has been a conservative estimate of 35 million abortions. As new techniques develop concerning the use of ultra-sensitive pregnancy tests and their ability to determine pregnancy prior to missing one's period and the rush to use the "morning after" abortive pill (RU-486), I fear there will be more abortions and the erosion of what is actually being done—murder. No other act cries out for the Lord's chastisement to this country more than that of abortion. Already we have suffered for our behavior, for the Lord has stated in an earlier message (11/ 2/95), "I have provided cures for every disease upon the earth but you have aborted them." Lord, have mercy on us.

Are you merciful to the temples when you abort the rabbis? Are you merciful to all the people these would have helped?

I say this to you, my children, "If you desire my mercy, change your ways and be merciful." Mercy begins at the moment of conception. Stop the murders. When you call to me to be merciful to your nation, I shall say, "You have aborted my mercy." Repent. Repent. Repent. The Kingdom of the Living, Eternal God is upon you. Stop your cannibalistic ways. Stop your perverse lifestyles and return to my commandments.

This is all I shall say today, my child. You must continue to implore my mercy. The depths of my mercy are infinite.

Go in peace, my little student. I bless you.

I bless you forever, O Lord. I'm sorry, O God for our heinous crimes against the life you create and the gifts you wish to shower upon us. Please forgive us. Amen.

June 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Oh, little disciple of mercy, do you know what causes my heart to swell and rays of mercy to pour forth upon poor sinners? Child of my heart, it is humility. When a soul realizes its true nothingness, its true weakness, its true worthlessness before me, the Lord God, then that soul unleashes the unfathomable spring of mercy.

"Oh poor soul," I say, "Oh poor soul, come to your Father's bosom and let love refresh you. Oh poor little soul, lost in the oblivion of sin, come and be healed. Oh poor little soul, whom I have given wings of righteousness, come and I shall teach you to fly. I shall teach you, Oh poor little soul, to free yourselves from sin. I shall become your daily visitor in prison, and I shall set you free. I am the tunnel by which you may escape prison."

My beloved one, there has never been a humble soul who has been refused what he has asked for, whether he receives it in this world or the next. His humility is as a covenant to seal my words.

Those of you with proud and arrogant hearts, you yell at me. You blame me. You think you are so powerful, so full of ability. You are full of air. It is the air of sin which causes you to be lifted off the ground and not wings of righteousness.

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Oh soul, be humble in your petitions. Oh soul, be humble, and your groanings shall be heard and answered. Tell me that you cannot do anything. For is that not the humble truth? I will come and help you, my little soul.

Thank you, little one, for writing. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, O holy Lord. Amen.

June 26, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my little one. Little lamb of the Cross, come and share your cross with others. Child, when one is part of my Mystical Body, everything he does, everything that he says, affects the rest of the body. When I, the Lord, say to share your cross with others, I am referring to those in my Mystical Body for they as well can reap from your willingness to carry the cross.

My entire Mystical Body benefits and is strengthened in virtue by one who endures suffering with patience. And what great delight I take in the soul who willfully accepts his suffering as a benefit to sinners. There are no greater gifts given to sinners than those the Cross has won, beginning with Calvary. And still the Cross is the thread that holds the quilt of my church together. It is the cross and the acceptance thereof that enhances virtues and brings about conversions. There are great and profound treasures for souls hidden in the cross.

Remember, my beloved disciple, I, Jesus, chose the Cross to secure the salvation of mankind. I was specific in this manner, for truly it is by patient endurance of trials and tribulations that one may pass through the paths of the saints. Truly, it is by patient endurance that the rose garden of virtue is cultivated. It is patient endurance that is neither tempted nor corrupted. It is patient endurance that never succumbs to passions of the flesh. And, therefore, it is patient endurance that will never endure eternal famine. No, that soul will feast eternally.

My beloved ones, accept the cross I have sent you and be not afraid of it. Every soul has the cross specifically designed, for no one carries the cross of another.

Thank you, beloved child, for recording my words. Rest, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord and faithful Father. Send me the strength to carry my cross. Amen.

June 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, let us begin.

I am the Lord, the God of your Fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. From the mountain of my people, Israel, I speak my merciful words to my people.

Oh beloved Israel, my bride, how I desire to adorn you in a wedding dress. Oh, such a dress I should create for you, but alas, my bride, you are no longer a virgin. You have committed adultery with vain and malignant idols.⁷² You have even given them prominent places in your homes, where you gather to pray. Oh how I, the Lord of Hosts, shall crush them. My bride, I am a jealous husband. Do you think I shall tolerate other suitors where I make my home? I should like to bathe you, my precious Israel, in the baths of my mercy as if baptizing you. How can this be accomplished? Only through the power of the cross, and what the cross actually represents.

My beloved Israel, you are my people, my holy and inseparable Church. Continue to write, my child. My new Jerusalem shall be one and the same with my victorious Church. Yes, the Church shall triumph and all those who persevere in faith through the dark days ahead shall be a part of my Church and, therefore, a part of my new Jerusalem.

Look with hope and faith towards the day you shall share in the holy banquet of my bride, the day when all my people are united in an eternal

⁷² Next to abortion, the Lord has a vehement distaste toward those who create idols, which become our gods, thereby not rendering to the Lord of All Creation the honor and glory that is his due. In a previous message (11/19/ 95) the Lord had stated, "Children who worship false idols are an abomination in my sight." The sad thing about our contemporary state of affairs is that many are totally ignorant of their idolatrous behavior. It is taken for granted that money or beauty or fame should be the center around which we orient our lives. Not so, not so, in the Lord's eyes. We must be purified of these idols which can only occur at times through experiencing the cross.

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wedding feast. Oh, the feast that began at Cana will continue into eternity.

Go in peace, little child of mercy. Go with my blessing.

I love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

June 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, welcome. I thank you for your sacrifice of love.⁷³

Ah, my beloved, how I adore my flock!⁷⁴ You have petitioned me with two

⁷³ This was a very unusual day for me regarding this message. Several months ago, the Lord had directed one of the disciples to create a list of five respected doctrinal theologians for the purpose of submitting the messages for review to determine whether anything said in the messages was contrary to the *Magisterium*, the teaching authority of the Church. He, the Lord, would choose two from the list of five. The Lord requested this because eventually he wants us to go to our local bishop and request that he appoint a *Censor Librorum* who will ultimately review all three volumes of *The Heart of God* for their doctrinal integrity. Upon his positive review and at the bishop's own discretion a *Nihil Obstat* (nothing herein written obstructs the teachings of the Church) would be granted to the messages. The Lord wanted us to have at our disposal written opinions from two doctrinal theologians before presenting our request to the bishop. The disciple dutifully did as requested and submitted the list to the Lord, but when I inquired as which two the Lord preferred, the Lord did not answer so specifically but rather he wanted us to contact each one on the list and obtain the particular theologian's response. From those who answered affirmatively, the Lord himself will inform us. Well, the Lord in his wisdom, must have known that only two of the five would agree to do the task. One of the theologians who agreed was present for this message. The Lord is thankful to us for being obedient to his plan.

⁷⁴ The Lord does not use the term "adore" in this sentence in terms of the reversal of the homage a creature renders to his creator. I guess the best analogy I can give is that of a mother who bathes in the love she has for her child. The Lord had explained the proper usage of the term in an earlier message (4/12/95). In essence, he means "lovingly admire."

requests, and it is mercy that shall answer you.⁷⁵ Discernment is the gift which, in a sense, wraps the soul in a security blanket. As the soul progresses in grace and virtues, that soul is taught to understand whether he is on the narrow path to me or the wide path to perdition.

Discernment is a gift which must be prayed for daily. I shall teach a prayer:

Father of the Four Corners of All the Heaven and Earth,
teach us to discern between your most majestic and holy
influence, and that of the malignant deceiver. Though the
deceiver places luxurious carpeting under our bare feet,
let us feel the sting of the nails. Eternal Father, let us not
be fooled by the mirages in the desert of sin. For only
you, Lord, give us the water from the chalice of your

⁷⁵ The disciple whom the Lord had directed to construct the list of doctrinal theologians was likewise present. In hopes of impressing upon the visiting theologian the authenticity of what was taking place, he requested of the Lord a prayer for discernment to be given in the message. He informed me and the visiting theologian about ten minutes prior to the message itself of his request. However, the visiting theologian, who had been interviewing me for about forty minutes, interjected and requested that the Lord speak on "Koinonia." I had never heard of the term before. He explained it is used often in the epistles of Paul connoting "participant love." He didn't elaborate any further. I couldn't even pronounce the word correctly or spell it. I had to ask him to say it slowly several times and give me the correct spelling. I said I would ask the Lord. I was becoming nervous, not because of the disciple's request because I have grown accustomed to his inquiries and the Lord has always responded accordingly in the message. However, I never heard of this concept of "Koinonia" and the visiting theologian was a seminary professor. Hence, I felt somewhat intimidated by the question. I quickly excused myself and went to the small altar area where the messages are usually given. There I petitioned the Lord privately to respond to the question of the visiting theologian as well as the disciple's. The Lord said, "My child, not to worry, I will answer both questions and my answer will particularly touch the heart of the visiting theologian." I returned to the other room and invited everyone present to come into the room where the small altar resides for the message. The Lord proceeded to render the answer to both questions and later the visiting theologian said the answer to his question "truly touched his heart," as the Lord had predicted.

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mercy. Let us always recall your attributes and be steadfast and without hesitation to pursue the Kingdom of God. For as we pursue the Kingdom of God, all things, therefore, shall be given. In the name of the God of Israel, be blessed forever and ever. Amen.

My beloved ones, just as I, the Lord, gave Adam a mate, I have given every creature a counterpart. I have given the clam a shell, the ocean the shore. "Koinonia" is the thread of love which binds all my creation. However, this was perfected when my beloved Mother shared perfectly in my passion. But this process of love and these threads, which have been woven through all time, will eventually take each soul through the tender and Immaculate Heart of my Mother, and then through the depths of my wounds.

Koinonia, in a way, is as a rope, which all through the soul's life he may embrace and be pulled through the mysteries of my Crucifixion and my glorious Resurrection. It is as the garment that I present to a soul at Baptism. It is eventually the rope the soul will see to guide him through my Holy, Sacred Wounds into the eternal palace, as my beloved Mother is the light and guide during this transition. It is the invisible string of love which binds my Mystical Body together. It is, in a way, a house where all my children may dwell under the same roof.

My beloved ones, I, the Lord, am simple and my love is simple. Those of you who seek rest shall not find it upon the earth. You must come into my Sacred Heart and only there shall you be refreshed. I extend a blessing to each of you. Go in the peace of my love. I bless you and love you. Amen.

We thank you, Lord, for your most wondrous prayer to facilitate our discerning your way in this world of confusion. We thank you, Lord, also for your teaching on "Koinonia." May we be worthy to follow this "thread of love" to your Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of our Mother. Amen.

June 29, 1996

Beloved child, I am here. I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Compassionate One. I am the Mother of the one who has shed his blood for all creation.

Beloved ones, my Son's Precious Blood is as a precious document that leaves all the property of the father to his children. Without this document, commonly referred to as a Last Will and Testament, many times the next of kin have great difficulty inheriting their due portion. Because of the

Precious Blood that my Son shed at Calvary, there shall be none to go without their inheritance, if they have so desired it. For truly it is the reprobate, the unrepentant, and hardened of heart who shall lose his inheritance. Beloved ones, my Son's blood is a covenant for his children. His Precious Blood is the password, thereby opening the heavenly gates.

Children, so many of you use codes in your daily transactions. I am referring to your banking and shopping. There is a code whereby you access the heavenly court and benefits. That code is the name of Jesus, my beloved. But not anyone can say this holy of holies name, only those given permission by the Eternal Father. Only those who are called by the Father may pronounce the Holy and Sacred Name of Jesus, thereby causing the blessings of heaven to be made available. And it is only through the Sacred Blood of Jesus that the inheritance may be given out. Oh yes, in heaven there are many mansions, but without the shedding of Jesus' holy blood, there should be none to claim their portion.

Thank you, precious one, for writing. Go in peace, my little daughter. I love you.

I love you, too, Mama, forever. Amen.

June 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Ah, my beloved lamb, what is a repentant sinner like? Surely, he is as a most precious pearl that has been kept hidden in a hardened shell all his life. He is as a rainbow after the storm.

A repentant sinner is the reason I so freely offered my blood on the Cross. It is the reason why, in the eternal plan, my side was pierced, thus allowing blood and water to freely flow. I permitted this because I saw the repentant sinner and my heart was moved to pity and to compassion. I saw the sinner who was so brutally offensive to me become the very one who loves me and cares for me the most.⁷⁶

⁷⁶ Undoubtedly, the most noted repentant sinner in the Scriptures is Mary Magdalene, the one from whom the Lord "had cast out seven devils" [Mark 16:10], but whose gratitude and love for the Lord is unparalleled except for the Blessed Mother. She "looked after him when he was in Galilee" [Mark 15:41], "stood near the Cross with his mother and his mother's sister" [John 19:25], and "brought spices to the

tomb to anoint him" [Mark 16:2]. She cared for the Lord in life, death, and Resurrection. The Lord rewarded her love for him by being recorded as "the first to whom he appeared" [Mark 16:9] and entrusted to announce the greatest event in the history of the world to the apostles.

The Lord demonstrated his unfathomable love for another repentant sinner who was "brutally offensive" to him, the one who inflicted the final blow to his sacred body but whom the Lord converted and used as a great witness to his love for all sinners. Tradition has it that Longinus, a partially blind Roman centurion in charge of the Crucifixion of Jesus, was the one who pierced his side. He was immediately converted at the instant his lance entered the Lord's side and with the miraculous restoration of his sight he fully viewed the blood and water exuding from this wound. Scripture records Longinus exclaiming "Indeed, this was the Son of God!" [Mark 15:39]. Hence, he is known to be the first Roman Christian, after taking instruction from the apostles. In addition, his spear became one of the most revered relics of early Christianity, properly known as the "Holy Lance" or the "Lance of Longinus." Legend has it that he carried this spear throughout all the Roman empire witnessing to his faith. Many conversions and healings were attributed to his zeal. Eventually, he was beheaded for his beliefs. There is a large marble statue by Bernini of St. Longinus with his spear at St. Peter's in Rome, and allegedly the spear itself is located in the foundation of the altar there. Also, to reinforce our Lord's statement of June 23, 96 that "there are no coincidences in [our] Father's Kingdom," the famous eighth century miracle of the bleeding Eucharistic host, which remains incorrupt to this day and has been examined several times by scientists who have attested that it consists of heart tissue, resides at the Church of St. Legontian in Lanciano, Italy. Tradition has it that this city was the birthplace of Longinus. Interestingly, one of the Disciples of Mercy had informed me that he heard a mystic, for whom he has great respect, say that St. Longinus spends his heaven interceding for those who are on the verge of committing the grave sin against the Holy Spirit, that is, believing that they are in such a sinful state that the Lord would never forgive their sin.

Finally, added to this list of offensive perpetrators, is the Apostle to the Gentiles, Paul, who as Saul, the Pharisee, enthusiastically sought imprisonment for the Christians [Acts 8:3] and, on occasion, stoning [Acts 7:58]. He was later converted and to this day his zealous missionary pursuits in the face of imminent dangers are unrivaled. This venomous persecutor became the ardent proselytizer who proclaimed "that he was greatest of sinners and if mercy had been shown to him it is because Jesus Christ meant to make him the greatest evidence of his

All these things I saw in my eternal eye. The sinner who is in a state of mortal sin has blown out the flame of the candle I, the Lord, have placed upon his heart. But once he repents, I, Jesus, by my holy, precious blood, anoint him and relight the candle upon his heart. Oh, such glory returns to heaven when a sinner repents. Come home, my little lost souls.

Child, I know you are weary.⁷⁷ Stay with me on the cross for awhile, my child. I will sustain you.

I love you, O kind and merciful Father. Amen.

July 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved disciple, I do. Come and record my merciful words.

Child of my heart, all those who are a part of my Mystical Body, though they be separated by oceans and great distances, are not really separated at all. For truly I tell you that my Mystical Body is a continent upon the earth which is completely independent of all the other continents. The government is the Ten Commandments, which are to be carried out by my people but assisted by my priests and heavenly court. The continent of my Mystical Body even has a name. The name is Love. The capital city is where I, the Lord, have established my throne.

This continent is not sustained by the normal methods of communication.

inexhaustible patience for all the other people who would later have to trust in him [the Lord] to come to eternal life" [1Timothy 16].

Truly, the Lord forgives the repentant sinner and it is never too late for the Lord to use that sinner as a great instrument of his mercy as in the case of Mary Magdalene, Longinus, and Paul. His mercy is his greatest attribute and there is nothing that is impossible for God, including the forgiveness of the most grievous of sins. I trust that these messages attest to this very fact and we too can become "rainbows after the storm" as these saints certainly did.

⁷⁷ I was very ill today and feeling the effects of chemotherapy, so I petitioned the Lord that the message be brief. In his mercy he granted my request. Despite its brevity I always find consolation when he speaks so generously of his mercy for sinners like me.

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No, there are no televisions, telephones, or newspapers. The only method of communication is prayer. The only book is the Holy Bible. Oh beloved ones, the continent of Love has no supermarkets for it is completely sustained by me, the Lord God. The Holy Eucharist, which is my true Body and Blood, nourishes and feeds the hungry and thirsty. Everything that is ever needed is provided by me.

Do you wish to be a part of my Mystical Body? Realize how easy it is for you to communicate and pray for your brothers and sisters in far away lands. You only need to pray for them and they, in turn, for you, and truly you shall be as one family.

I shall teach you, my beloved children, how to rest within my Sacred Heart, thereby permitting my heart to be your pillow.

Thank you for writing, my little sparrow. Go in peace.

I love you and bless you, O precious Lord. Amen.

July 2, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple. Come, little child, and record the words of the King of Prophets.

I, the Lord, have raised up prophets, men and women with supernatural gifts, to help bring my words of love and mercy to my hardened Israel. Each time I have sent one of my special warriors out into the jungle and war of sin, it has been a great act of mercy. Each time you hear the voice of one of mine say, "Stop, repent, convert, return to the Lord," you are hearing me, the Lord God.

I am the Lord, the God of Hosts, from Everlasting to Everlasting. I have raised up springs of water in the desert, and I have raised up delicious fruit trees in the barren wastelands. I have raised up palm trees in the icy Arctic. All these things I have done to once again request my people to return to me. All these things I have done, to request my people to cast aside their evil ways and to accept my ways, the ways of holiness and righteousness.

Beloved, if you remain with satan, then I assure you to look above your head, and you will see the vultures. Yes, in the desert of sin, the vultures are circling you, waiting for you to perish that they may feast from your

flesh. But, alas, what you do not see are the demons ready to take your precious soul the moment it departs from your body. To eternal hellfire shall your soul go, eternally condemned. Children, try to imagine eternity. There is no end. It is infinite.

Quickly, my children, the time of mercy is running out and the chastisement is almost upon you. Beg for mercy now. Beg for yourselves, your families, your friends, your country, and the entire world. Offer acts of reparation, and I, the Lord, shall hear you. There is no time to procrastinate.

Thank you for writing, my little lamb. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord.

July 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little lamb of my heart, record my words which spring forth from the Eternal Fountain of my Mercy and Charity.

Child, out of all the gifts mankind has ever received, there is no greater gift than the gift of salvation. This remarkable gift is an example of charity in its most purest form. For this charitable gift of salvation not only promises life eternal, but it secures a better earthly existence for the receiver. Each charitable gift has an essence of holiness which permeates the very throne room of heaven. The gift of salvation also affords the recipient to walk in a state of grace his entire earthly life, if he so desires it. From the moment of Baptism the soul is given the opportunity to walk with me.

I am Jesus. I am the one who, countless times, relives my death at Calvary that my mercy and charity may benefit each soul. Truly, it is the wise soul who petitions me and says, "Be charitable to me, O Lord. I am but dust in need of your charity, your goodness."

Is there anyone among you who can give another more than I can? Is there anyone among you more charitable than me? I have shed every drop of my blood that you might walk under the umbrella of my charity and mercy all the days of your mortal life and into the eternal. Is not eternity an infinite charitable gift? Accept the gifts I so desire to give you.

Go in peace, my little lamb. I bless you.

I bless you forever, O gracious and bountiful Lord. Amen.

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July 4, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of your Land and the Mother of the World.

Child of my Immaculate Heart, there will come a day when all nations will be shown the Cross and asked to humble themselves before the King who bears it. Unfortunately, there will be nations to reject God's mercy and they shall perish. The Cross, in a sense, is similar to the ark. For all those who carry the cross and honor my Son's suffering, kingship, and authority, shall escape the hand of eternal justice. Those who honor the Cross shall be consumed by the mercy my Son has purchased on the Cross. So in essence, my little children, the Cross is as the ark to save people from the flood of God's wrath.

Oh, when will you listen, my children? You are lost and your compasses are broken. Satan has broken your compasses and they point you in the wrong direction. But this is what I, your holy Mother, say to you, "Look to the heavens, for the day shall soon come when you see the King of All Glory descending with the heavenly host."

Look, my children, and I, your heavenly Mother, shall obtain for you the eyes to see, the ears to hear, and the heart of faith. I shall obtain for you wisdom and discernment, that you may always follow my beloved Jesus. Those who follow the ways of the world should cast their compasses in the trash, and trust me to guide them out of the woods of darkness.

I am the Mother of your country, and I truly desire to bless your country today.⁷⁸ All those who think of me shall receive a special blessing and I

⁷⁸ Today is a special day for the citizens of the United States. It was on this day in 1776 that this young country officially declared its independence by asserting certain "self-evident truths," that is, rights that belong to every person, and set forth a list of grievances against the King (the British Crown) to justify before the world the breaking of its ties with England, the mother country. In addition, the first Catholic bishop of the United States, John Carroll, declared this young nation to be under the Blessed Mother's protection. This spiritual bond was officially formalized in 1847 when Pope Pius IX entrusted America to her protection, proclaiming our beloved Mother "Patroness of the United States" under the title of her Immaculate Conception. This occurred seven years prior to the Church's dogmatic statement concerning the "Immaculate Conception." Truly, the Blessed Mother has placed this

shall obtain for you from God an increase of faith. Oh, how many gifts does God wish to give you! Praise him. Honor him. Adore him. The King is returning soon.

Thank you, beloved daughter, for writing. Go in peace.

Thank you, Mama, for your Motherly protection to me and my country. I love you. Amen.

July 5, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dear child of my Sacred Heart, receive my words of love and mercy. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Daughter of the desert of sin, I, the Lord, have come to release you from the hands of your tormentor. Yes, I have come to set you free from satan's tentacles. I have come to lead you out of the desert to the land flowing with mercy and graces.

Many of you, who are in the desert of sin, will see many mirages. You will be shown wealth, power, glory, honor, marvelous jewels, and clothing. But all these things are nothing but mirages. They will disappear in the blink of an eye. You may desire to adorn yourselves with these items now, but I say they shall become as heavy weights upon your shoulders.

But I, Jesus, say that if the weight upon your shoulder is the cross, eventually it shall feel as a piece of silk to caress your flesh. The heavy cross shall be as a light feather once you realize its precious value. Why is the cross so valuable, my beloved? When one embraces the cross, he is actually embracing me, and the Eternal Father who sent me. He is embracing all the virtues, graces, and desires for holiness which the cross will provide. It is patience in suffering which makes a piece of coal into a diamond. It is what makes a tiny seed grow into a large tree.

Child, I know you are weary. We shall continue tomorrow. I bless you, my dear little lamb. Go in peace.

I bless you, my sweet Lord, please teach me patience in suffering. Amen.

country under her mantle of graces from its inception. She wishes to continue to do so if we only heed her call of conversion to her Son.

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July 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple. Little one of my heart, the closer one is to me, the more they will be able to hear me. Think of the flock. Will not the sheep who are closest to the shepherd hear his calls first? The sheep who are furthest from the shepherd may not at all hear the shepherd's directives. And it is the same with you, my beloved children. The closer you are to me, through prayer and diligent efforts to follow my commandments, the more your heart shall be able to hear my directives

Truly, I speak to all my children. Many do not listen. Many are too far away to hear me. Sadly, those who wound me the most are the ones who hear me, yet ignore me. What shall these poor souls say to me on judgement day? Ah, what a sad day that shall be.

I, the Lord, am a God of intimacy. I desire to spend every moment with you. But those of you who walk in darkness, will flee from me. You will flee from my disciples. You will do so, for those in darkness truly despise the light.

My children, when a storm is approaching most of you are quick to purchase candles, batteries, and flashlights. You are quick to arrange that you may have light, should you be forced into darkness. But, alas, you do not see the benefit of preparing for the day your soul will be plummeted into a storm of darkness. Your candles and flashlights will not help you then. For only I, Jesus, am the only light of the soul.

"Prepare for the earthly storms as well as the spiritual storms, my children, for they are coming," thus says the Lord God of Hosts.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Go in peace, my little disciple. I bless you.

I bless you and love you forever, O Lord. Amen.

July 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little pearl, come and record my words. Children of my Sacred Heart, you are as pearls and my heart is your shell of protection. I, the Lord of all that is seen and unseen, have made provisions for every

creature. I have left none without the ability to breathe, to eat, to be sustained in the world which I have created.

I have given man an outer covering, the flesh. But what is the flesh? It is only a temporary covering whereby man can be mobile and be capable of working and returning love to me. Yes, the flesh of man is only temporary, just as is the shell of a turtle, or the feathers of a bird.

Therefore, I, the Lord, ask you, why do you put so much stock in something so temporary? And think of your vanity, my children. Think of all the different ways you try to distort the flesh I have given you. In your arrogance you proclaim your ways are better than mine, but in the end, alas, your vanities will become once again dust.

I have also provided your soul a covering and that covering, unlike the flesh, is an eternal covering. That covering is my Sacred Heart. There is nothing that dwells within my Sacred Heart that is ever lost to the kingdom of dust. For all those who place their souls within my Sacred Heart have provided their treasure of eternal life with a most infinite and loving treasure chest.

Who, I ask you, can pick the lock on the heavenly treasure chest and steal your good fortune? None, I tell you. For surely it is the foolish man who allows his wealth to accumulate upon the earth, and then wonders how it was stolen from beneath him. But it is the wise man who hides his treasure within my Sacred Heart. Listen to my teaching, my beloved children.

Thank you for writing, my daughter. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, O Lord, my God, my treasure chest. Amen.

July 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little lamb of my heart, record my words of love. Beloved ones, just as many of you install security systems to guard your homes and valuable possessions, I, the Lord, have in a sense, installed a security system as well.

This is the great abyss that separates heaven from hell, light from darkness. For so vast and extensive is this abyss that no one can pass from one side to the other. There is none in hell to ever be able to cross over into heaven. There is none in heaven to be able to cross into hell.

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This abyss, which I, the Lord, so reveal to you, is a sign of the finality of your destiny. Therefore, my children, where does your future destiny lie? Which side of the abyss shall your immortal soul find itself?

Many of you spend years and years planning your retirement. You purchase insurance policies, retirement homes, and every effort is taken to insure your comfort. But some of you shall not even live to see the day of your earthly retirement. When you stand before me, I, the Lord, shall ask if you have planned for your eternal retirement. But sadly, most of you shall answer no.

Oh, how deceived is mankind by the enemy of goodness! Oh, how deceived are you, my children, by the stalker of souls! I have provided you with ways to prepare, rules to live by, and even holy food and water to eat and drink. It is up to you whether or not you partake in all that I wish to give you. Each day I provide you with a banquet of heavenly food, blessings, and graces. I offer this to you at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Please, children, come.

Thank you for writing, my dear little child. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you, faithful Lord and High Priest. Amen.

July 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one of mercy, what parent can reject a plea from his child? Oh, that sometimes he must, his heart wishes he could give all the child desires. But sometimes it is the very things that the child desires that will cause his downfall. It is the very things that the child desires that are in opposition to what he needs to grow into a holy and righteous individual. So sometimes the parent must say "no." Am I not a compassionate father?

Oh my children, how I long to give you all that you ask me for, but I will not. If I did, I would surely lose you, my little ones, and I have already paid too high a price for you. Therefore, when you pray, you must pray in accordance with the Holy, Perfect Will of God, who already knows all that you need and the reasons you need it.

You will not be given all that you desire, but you will be given all that you need. Do not limit the gifts I wish to bestow upon you. Do not say, "Lord, only give me this," or "only give me that." For I am the Eternal and Infinite Gift-Giver. Always pray for abundant blessings. It delights my heart to

give, and give, and give.⁷⁹

Thank you for writing, my dear one. We shall continue tomorrow. Go in peace.

I bless you and adore you. Amen.

July 10, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of my Son's Church and the Mother to all.

Beloved ones, though you have entered into the hurricane season, I assure you that this season is as a feather when compared to the season of chastisement that is coming.⁸⁰ A hurricane will seem as a bouquet of flowers, as compared to the wrath of God when he lowers the gavel of judgement. But it is not too late to obtain mercy. It is not too late to lessen the events which are planned.

Oh, hear my words, my lost children! When you were children, you were told fairy tales. These were stories of good vs. evil, of witchcraft, and of heroic deeds and personalities. But, my beloved ones, are these truly fairy tales? I say not. I say that the entire world is living the plot of good vs. evil, of heroism and courageous acts vs. snakes and their treachery and deceptions. In the story books the ending was always the same, good prevailed and evil was destroyed.

My beloved ones, it is the triumph of my Immaculate Heart and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that guarantees victory, but so many will be lost. In the last days all those who are given the grace to see me, will see me adorned mainly in black. I will be mourning the reprobates. I will be mourning the

⁷⁹ This message has particularly touched me since it is at the crux of the ultimate peace that we humans seek in this life. It requires infinite trust in our "Abba," who knows what is best for us including permitting us to share in the cross. Yes, even the cross can be a blessing if we only trust in the Lord's wisdom. I pray daily that I may mature in this trust and the peace that comes with it.

⁸⁰ In 1996 there were a total of nine hurricanes and four tropical storms to hit the Southeast Atlantic Ocean area. I cannot imagine what the future holds for us if these events are compared to "a feather." I pray that the world heeds the call of our beloved Mother.

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eternal loss of many of my children. What consolation is there for the mother who has lost her child? There is none. It is only the love of her other children that can ease her burden, but her pain shall be forever.

I am a real person, my little ones, and my heart is on fire with maternal love. Please invite me into your lives and into your homes, and I will introduce you to the Heart of God.

My dearest daughter, rest as much as possible. I am always by your side. Go in peace.

I love you, my beautiful Mama Mary, I hope I may be worthy to console your heart when these events come to pass.

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

No, my beloved one, we shall continue tomorrow. Go with my blessings and love.

I bless you and love you, too, O God. Amen.

July 11, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved sparrow, record my message of mercy and hope.

What is despair, my children? Despair is when a poor soul loses hope. Without hope one is as a diamond without a shine; one is as a bird that has no wings. Beloved children, I, Jesus, have come among you to restore hope to the hopeless. I am not telling you to seek hope from earthly things, quite the contrary, I am telling you to seek me, and when you do this, you shall find your new hope.

When you seek me, you shall find light in the midst of darkness; you shall find hope in the midst of despair. When you seek me first, I shall shower you with abundant graces and you shall see the light at the end of every tunnel in your lives. You shall see that only I am the life preserver in the midst of the storm. Only I am the shelter for the traveler. Only I am the consolation and hope of the soul.

If you seek comfort from the earth, you shall find yourself as a gypsy. You shall be going from place to place seeking comfort and hope, but these things shall always elude you. Seek me first, and I, the Lord, shall freely

give you all that you need.

Thank you for writing, my beloved child. Go in peace, my little sparrow. I bless you.

I love you forever, my Lord and God, my Alpha and Omega. Amen.

July 12, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my devoted child, I do.

My beloved ones, tell me what the difference is between the teacher and the student? It is truly the wise teacher who recognizes he may learn from his students. It is truly the wisest of all students to treat his teacher with great dignity and respect. But, in essence, in my creation all are students at times, and all are teachers at times. When it rains, does it only rain on those who are wearing raincoats and carrying umbrellas? And when it snows, does it only snow on the person who is wearing boots and has a shovel?

My beloved ones, I am Jesus. I am the **only** teacher who is not a student. I am also the **only** master who was but a mere servant. Children, I have given you my commandments. They are as your textbooks to guide you through life. I have given you the Scriptures that you may know the courses you are to live and study all of your lives. These things, the commandments and Holy Scripture, are the curriculum in the university school of the Lord thy God. No other reading material is necessary. Do not misunderstand, my children. I have no objection to your pursuit of holy reading material but never, never is it to replace my words.

Remember, my children, I am the only teacher who teaches from conception until death. Do you know of another teacher with such accomplishments? The evil one tries to mimic me, but all that he teaches are abominable lies and deceptions of goodness. He despises my commandments. He despises the Holy Bible, and he will always try to distract you from reading and studying my word.

My beloved one, thank you for your sacrifice of love. I bless you. Go in peace.

I bless you forever, O God, my eternal teacher. Amen.

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July 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved, your perseverance is pleasing to me. You must think of everything that you do as part of constructing a bridge to heaven. Every time you do something for me, though you do not feel like it, it is adding another block, another cable, to the bridge. I, the Lord, will always complete what you have not.

My beloved children, again I shall speak of works of love. What good is the person who claims to love me, if he bypasses every hungry soul and if he only takes care of his own? Each one of you have been given a garden upon the earth. But truly I tell you, water your neighbor's garden if you see it dry. Mow the yard of your neighbor, if he cannot do so. All these good deeds will be preserved for you in the Heavenly Vault of Virtues.

On the day you stand before me, I shall remember the times you went out of your way for another. It is easy to love someone who is loveable, but it is not so easy to love someone who is a wretch. So I, the Lord, say, "Go out of your way for others, and you are doing so for me."

We shall continue tomorrow, my dear one. Go in peace.

I love you and bless you, O Lord, my God and bridge. Amen.

July 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved child, come into my arms and rest. I know you are weary, child.

*Lord, am I going to get better?*⁸¹

Yes, my little flower. Ah, I shall repair your wilted petals. I shall restore your broken wings. Be patient, my little lamb, for the time of your healing is in a little while. Be patient, and allow me to use you for the benefit of the Kingdom of God. You are as a river, my child, bringing graces to the

⁸¹ I am inquiring of the Lord what the future holds for me personally since lately my blood levels which indicate the progression or regression of my cancer have not been very positive.

shores of many hardened hearts. I ask you, my child, be patient in your suffering and I will eventually heal you.

I will heal all my sick and suffering children. I will wipe away every tear. Continue to shed your tears for sinners, all my precious suffering ones. When I see your tears, I am moved to have great pity and compassion on sinners.

To all my suffering little ones, I place your suffering, tormented hearts in the chalice with my own, and I present you to our Eternal Father. Oh, what a love potion is presented to the Holy God of all creation, who is moved with compassion at the sight of suffering. My beloved suffering ones, remember me. I am Jesus, your faithful servant. I am the wave that continuously comes to caress the shore. Never will I leave you. Never will I abandon you. **NEVER.**⁸²

I love you, daughter. Go in peace.

I love you too, my special Jesus. Amen.

July 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved daughter, come and record my words of hope and love. Child of my heart, I am a generous parent whose only desire is to see my children benefit and reap from my abundant blessings.

Daughter, it is my desire to share all that I possess with my children. If I do this, then my precious children are brought from mortal to immortal, from finite to infinite, from limited to unlimited. There is no limit to what I, the Lord, desire to bestow upon precious souls.

What does satan want to give you? He desires not to give but to rob you of all I wish to give you. He knows he has but nothing to give. It is his

⁸² This message is very consoling to me since the Lord confers meaning to the suffering I am presently undergoing. I only wish I could be strong and faithful in my ability to live up to his expectations of me. I recognize the value of the cross and the Lord has offered me his consolation so many times, but I still worry. The assurance that he will never abandon me despite my weaknesses brings me tremendous solace.

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arrogant hope and effort that causes him to work unceasingly to rob you of what I desire to give you. Children, I am the Lord, the Eternal. I am the only one who can give. However, it is by your free will that you have the choice to reject my gifts. If you reject my gifts then you are as a fly in satan's web. If you reject my gifts, you shall become the prey, and satan the predator. And I assure you he shall devour the very flesh from your bones, and then laugh at your misfortune. But I, Jesus, shall weep for you.

Children, on Calvary I gave up everything and every part of me, that you should not have to. Is that not what a loving parent does for a child? Does the parent who truly loves, not sacrifice all that he can for the sake of their children?

Thank you for writing, my child. Go in peace.

I adore you and bless you, my Lord and God. Amen.

July 16, 1996 - Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel

My beloved children, you have brought my heart great joy because of your willingness to serve my Son.⁸³ You cannot comprehend the amount of gifts God wishes to bestow upon each of you!

My beloved ones, one of the greatest gifts is God's permission for me to appear in many places throughout the world. And what is my method of

⁸³ This was a very memorable message which carried much significance for me personally and the Disciples of Mercy. I had been communicating for almost a year with a world-renown theologian and Mariologist. This priest had invited me on very short notice to be interviewed in the Washington, D.C. area, where he was giving a series of lectures before returning to Europe. Naturally, I was very excited and agreed to go with another disciple and my spiritual director, Fr. Schaefer. I was not doing very well physically but I believed the interview would be essential in gaining more recognition for the messages. We arrived a day early so I could rest prior to the interview. That evening in a beautiful hotel room and after consuming a delicious meal, the Blessed Mother came to thank us for our sacrifice. She continued to encourage us to be more imitative of her humility and not to fear the sacrifices requested for she will protect us under her mantle of love.

transportation? I travel aboard the ark of his mercy. Yes, children, it is the ark of God's mercy that takes me from country to country, from heart to heart, and from sinner to sinner. Do you think my journeys are filled with hotel rooms and laced with fine restaurants? No, my children, that is reserved for man, and man alone.

I am a mother, simple and humble in my actions, but I assure you there is no other mother whose love is as great as mine. My mantle, which has been woven by the angels, has been given me by the Eternal One. If any one of you desires refuge, then I shall cover you with my mantle of love.

On Noah's ark there dwelt his family and the different animals, but in the ark of mercy there dwells the most Holy and Sacred Trinity and my Immaculate Heart. Children, oh children, it is God's mercy which empowers me to come to you in this way. Please accept the invitation and take refuge within my Immaculate Heart and the Ark of Mercy, lest the floods of chastisements shall drown you.

Thank you, my children, for your faithfulness to my Son. I bless you and I love you, my dear little children. Amen.

We bless and love you, too, O Mother of our Savior, the Ark of Mercy. We ask you to be our refuge. Shelter us under your loving mantle so we may never succumb to the onslaughts of the evil one. Amen.

July 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved children, welcome. You have brought me great joy by honoring my heart and the heart of my Mother.⁸⁴

⁸⁴ Today was a most exciting day. We were invited to the home of a lovely couple where the distinguished theologian and Mariologist was a guest. Initially, the scholar-priest indicated that he could afford approximately an hour with me but once the interviewing started it lasted for five hours with only a small respite for lunch. It was equally demanding for us both in physical terms—for me due to my illness, and the scholar-priest on account of his age and the hectic pace he keeps. Doctors have advised him that he must slow down but one could not help but see that he is a man who is deeply mystical, energized solely by grace, and driven to perform his task in an impeccable manner. His dedication to the Lord, Blessed Mother, and the Church is

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My love is as a great tree. Though you cannot see the roots, I assure you they are deeper than the deepest ocean and more vast than all the continents. Every seed is planted at Baptism and watered by the eternal fountain of grace within my Sacred Heart.

The tree, my beloved, is as my Mystical Body, but I, the Lord, have told you, you must permit me to be the gardener. Beloved ones, think of what happens in a garden that is left unattended. Do not the bugs come and devour the leaves? Do not the weeds grow and suffocate the flowers? My children, if the garden of virtues which I have planted at Baptism is left unattended, then satan will come and masquerade himself as the gardener. Little by little he will hack away at the branches of the tree. He shall pluck the petals from the flowers. He shall permit the bugs and insects to ravage the garden.

My children, I am Jesus, the Eternal Gardener. Every time the evil one assaults a petal, a branch, or even a leaf in my garden, it affects the entire Mystical Body. Oh, my little lambs, if only you would permit me to be the gardener of your lives. With great delight I shall prune and trim, and everything shall flourish, thus strengthening my entire Mystical Body.

And thus I say to you, by what authority do you call a weed a weed, and a rose a rose? You have no authority from me to do so. Only I, the Lord, see into men's hearts and know where the weeds are. Remember, children, you will always know the gardens that I take care of, because not only will the trees provide shade, but they will provide fruit as well.

Thank you, my beloved children, for your efforts to serve me. I bless you and I love you. Go in the peace of my heart and the heart of my beloved Mother. Amen.

We thank you, Lord, for your loving cultivation. May we grow strong and resilient to the onslaughts of the evil one, bearing the fruits of your grace so one day we may participate in your Garden of Delight. Amen.

unquestionable. His questions were very probing and thorough but always gentle and in the spirit of love. The Lord had given permission for him, the interpreter—the husband of the hostess, Fr. Schaefer, and the other disciple to be present for this message. I believe this day will eventually prove to be a pivotal stage in the history of the Disciples of Mercy and the volumes, *The Heart of God*.

July 18, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I am he who is the Alpha and the Omega, and the Infinite Revelation of Love. I am the one who consecrates every precious soul to myself. I am the one who in many different ways has appealed to your hardened hearts that you may return to your God.

At one point, my children, your hearts were not hardened. As small ones you took delight in me and in my precepts, for even in the womb I engraved my commandments upon your hearts. But then, as you grew, you grew either in grace or away from grace. If you grew in grace, you always delighted in my law, and taught it even to your children whom I blessed. But if you grew away from grace, you began to despise my commandments. You began to despise my holy Church, and eventually you began to despise me. Now, out of the tender recesses of my merciful heart, I am fighting the love war that you may return to me.

Children, I know what awaits you if you do not return to me. Woe to you, oh foolish people. You cannot imagine the darkness of your decision. Woe to you, my beloved souls, who have fallen from grace. However, because of my great love for you, I have given you the most pure and Immaculate Heart of my Mother. She will hide you in her motherly mantle and obtain mercy and forgiveness from me, if you desire it. You must desire to repent and to become holy, and great shall be your reward.

Go in peace, little disciple of mercy. I bless you and love you.

O special and holy Lord, how I adore thee. Amen.

July 19, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record my words of love and mercy. Oh dearest child, there is not one moment that my mercy does not consume you. There is not one moment where I do not sustain you. Why therefore, do you grieve? Why are you fearful? One who trusts in me need not fear the earth, nor the sky, nor the volcanoes, nor even the momentous oceans. One who is with me, shall not be overtaken. One who is with me shall not be conquered. Grace is a powerful suit of armor that protects every soul from injury.

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Dearest ones, when you walk in grace you are geared for battle, and you are given every weapon with which to fight satan. You are given the complete protection of the heavenly court, and you are hidden within my Mother's mantle of love and holiness. Who then can harm you? Oh yes, suffering is not pleasant, but you must look past the suffering to the fruits that the suffering produces. Suffering produces holiness, compassion, and it is what strengthens faith and produces courage.

If you are part of my flock, these are the benefits you will reap if you sow from the field of suffering.

Child, go in peace and rest, little weary one. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O kind Lord. Make me more faithful and patient in suffering. Amen.

July 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my little lamb, record my words of mercy. Listen, all my children. Hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God.

I have called you, oh Israel, to my dinner table and what have you done? You have come to eat and in your arrogance you have placed your false idols upon the linen I have provided you. Whilst you were feasting at my table, you were thanking all of your false idols.

Do you know what will happen to you, oh Israel? I, the Lord, shall set up two separate banquet tables. The one to my right shall be for the true children of the house of Israel, for the ones who honor and serve me. The table to the left shall be for the ones who eat from my provisions, yet give glory and honor to false gods and idols.

Oh people, on that day your chalice shall be filled with the poison of your sins and it shall choke you, but the children of Israel shall eat and feast eternally. They shall be my people and I shall be their God. Children, I am giving you the opportunity now to decide which table you shall sit at, for on the final day I shall place a great abyss between the tables, and never shall they join.

How will you feel, oh Israel, to see your family members and friends sitting at the table of perdition? How shall you feel?

Thank you, child, for writing. Thank you for your perseverance. I bless you.

I love you and bless you, too, O Lord of Israel.

July 21, 1996 ⁸⁵

July 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, little disciple of mercy, and record the words of the King of all Heaven and Earth. My little one, I have given you an incomprehensible grace. This grace is in proportion to your wretchedness. In other words, it is your wretchedness that appealed to me and I, the Lord, lifted you and placed you in my Sacred Heart. Pity for you consumed me to my very core, which is love in the most perfect state.

Most precious child, I, the Lord, have been your Holy Teacher and it is the Hand of Love which has taught you. My beloved child, my wisdom is infinite and I see all things in proximity to all things. Can you accomplish such a feat? This is where faith and science are not compatible, for the scientist does not believe in what he cannot explain. The faithful trust me for all that cannot be explained.

Oh dear little disciple, I was pleased with you yesterday. You brought honor and glory to me and thus to the Eternal Father.⁸⁶

⁸⁵ I wasn't feeling very well so the Lord dispensed me from taking a message today.

⁸⁶ Yesterday, I spoke to a group of two hundred people about the Lord as the God of intimacy. He so desperately wants us to share our lives with him. He is the ultimate source of peace and joy. He is my strength and life. I pray everyone comes to this conclusion in their lives. The Lord is so appreciative of anything you do in his name. However, he wants your full commitment, not because he is so possessive, but he recognizes that the laborers in his vineyard are extremely small in proportion to the population who fail to acknowledge his existence or only give him lip service. There is a sense of urgency to evangelize his mercy to the world. I can attest that the Lord immensely blesses those who work for him but he does not allow one to become self-complacent and rest on past laurels.

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Thank you, Lord.

I was delighted with the entire group. Persevere, my little disciples, persevere. Remember the chalice I have asked you to drink from. It is the chalice of commitment and work. It is a chalice of perseverance and persecution. Remember, my children, all those who wish to drink from the chalice of glory must also share my chalice of suffering and labor for souls.

Thank you for writing, my dear little one. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you, Lord. Amen.

July 23, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Queen of Heaven and Earth. Children of my Immaculate Heart, the entire universe, all that is seen and unseen, is as a giant quilt receiving strength and unity from the passion, death, and Resurrection of my beloved Jesus. Even a flower is resurrected to the force of the sun and the rain.

My beloved ones, everything and everyone has been intimately connected because of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus. There are times where you feel as if the weight of the cross will crush you. But despite this, it is the Resurrection and the power of this glorious event that permits you to persevere. If you review the events in your lives, you will see how you have been through many crucifixions and resurrections. If it were not so, then one single event or tribulation would surely cause your demise. But instead, you overcome it because of the power of the resurrection and the graces that flow from it.

My beloved children, you must place all your hope and faith in my beloved Jesus. You must never forget the Crucifixion. But what use is it to only think of his death if you do not think of his rising again? Each one of you shall be called by God to rise again from every trial and tribulation. It is God who by the same power permitted Jesus to rise from the tomb, permits the world to keep rising from the tomb of catastrophes. It is God, and God alone, who supplies all things to all people and to creatures. There is nothing you could do apart from God.

My little ones, when you are discouraged, remember, the stone in front of your tomb of despair will be removed according to the will of God, and you shall be resurrected from your tribulation. Never lose hope, my children. I will always help you.

Thank you, daughter, for writing. Go in peace. I love you.

I love you forever, Mama. Help us to persevere in hope. Amen.

July 24, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved lamb, come and record my words.

My beloved children, my Sacred Heart is as an island in the middle of the ocean. The weary sailor finally spies land in the distance and hurriedly takes his ship in that direction. He drops the anchor and goes to the island in the hope of finding food and fresh water that he may continue his journey.

I, the Lord, am that island. Yes, in the midst of the seas of life there is only one place for the soul to go to find the provisions it so desperately needs. That place is my Sacred Heart, which feeds and nurtures all my creation.

Oh hurting child, why do you ignore my invitation of love? Why do you continue to reject me? Where else shall you go to find the food and drink that you need? The food and drink I provide gives you eternal life. The food and drink that satan provides is laced with arsenic and will eventually destroy you. The food that the evil one feeds you will cause you to be blinded to your shortcomings and blinded to your sins. Soon you will only be able to see the faults of others, and of yourself you will see perfection. It is the goal of the evil one to prevent souls from repenting and being reconciled to me.

My beloved children, drop your anchors in your busy lives and come to the island and haven of my Sacred Heart. There you shall find complete restoration and peace.

Thank you, dear little child, for writing. Go in peace.

Lord, I love you and bless your Holy Name forever. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed and adored for all eternity. Amen.

July 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, beloved disciple, I do. Child, the evil one will distort your perceptions.

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As I have told you, he will lead you to believe you are following me when, in fact, you are not. You must pray continuously for discernment and wisdom, and you must always be in a state of grace.

Children of my heart, there is a great battle for souls. Just as I speak to my children, the evil one speaks to you as well. If you know your shepherd, you will not fall away from the flock.

Child, this is all we shall write today. Rest in my Sacred Heart. Do not lose your faith. All paths converge into one towards me, the Lord God. Worry not, my little lamb.

I love you and bless you, Lord, my strength. Amen.

July 26, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple. Child of my Sacred Heart, I, the Lord, have brought you to Calvary with me. Oh little lamb, I have given you but a taste of my sufferings. I have given you an opportunity to make reparation on behalf of your lost brothers and sisters.⁸⁷

Though the cross be very heavy at times, I am always by your side, helping you to keep going. I am always encouraging you and providing you with sustaining grace. Each time a precious soul goes to Calvary with me, many souls that were held hostage by satan are released and given the grace of conversion.

Be on guard, my little ones. Satan wishes to destroy all those who partake of my Cross, and so bitter is his vengeance that he will stop at nothing to distract you from me. You are soldiers in the war for souls. Do not sleep. Now is the time to remain alert and always on guard.

Child of my heart, be of good cheer. Soon my healing mercy will consume you as a rainstorm. You will be set free. Go in peace, little lamb. I bless you.

⁸⁷ The Lord is conferring so much meaning to my suffering. The knowledge that my suffering united to his on the Cross contributes to building his kingdom gives me much solace. Nevertheless, there are, at times, disheartening moments.

I bless you and love you always, O Lord. Help me to be a strong warrior. Amen.

July 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved daughter, I have been waiting for you. Come and record my words of love.

Children, I, the Lord, have spoken to you in a variety of ways, but never forsake my Holy and Sacred Scripture. It is in my words to you that every question shall be answered. It is through the Holy and Sacred Scripture that innumerable graces flow. My words are food to the hungry and medicine to the sick. Read the Scriptures, my children, and partake of the holy nourishment I desire to give you.

My little child, remember what I, Jesus, have taught you. The heavier the cross, the closer I am to you. Yes, we share every heartbeat and every breath. The heavier the cross, the more you must pray for faith and courage. I will never abandon you. I cannot abandon you, that would be contrary and contradictory to my faithfulness.

Little lamb, do not weep. Rather, be strong in your faith and I shall always help you. Go in peace, daughter. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

I bless you and love you, O God. Amen.

July 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dear disciple, your faithfulness has pleased me. Record my words.

Children of my Sacred Heart, eventually the entire earth and all her inhabitants shall feel the weight of the Cross. It is the Cross, and only my Cross, that can redeem mankind. Each day I, the Lord, am sending splinters of my Cross to others throughout the world. I am asking for reparation. Reparation is necessary to curb the hand of the Eternal Father.

Children, I am closest to those who are suffering for the sake of others. I shall be your Veronica and wipe your brow. I shall bring you food and drink. It shall be into my arms you shall gently fall when your work has been finished. You shall look into my face, the face of your Lord, for you

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have carried your cross to Calvary with me. I shall not forsake you. I shall not even abandon a single hair on your head. Therefore, do not let the weight of the cross disturb you, for I am helping you to bear it. All things are possible through me and with me.

That is all we shall write today, dear child. Go in peace.

I love you and bless you, Lord. Amen.

July 29, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of Hope. Children, I am the Mother of Courage, the Mother of Chastity, the Mother of Perseverance, and the Mother of Loyalty. I am the Mother of Goodness and Virtues.

All my beloved children, look around you. Do you see what is happening in your homes, in your cities, and in your country? You are being victimized and attacked by satan and his demons. The roaring lion is tearing to bits the sheep. Shall you be torn as well? What can you do to prevent falling into satan's powerful grip?

Again, I, your most holy Mother, am requesting the consecration of your heart to the Heart of my Jesus and to my Immaculate Heart.⁸⁸ Our hearts shall be your only shelter during the storms of evil. So much evil shall be unleashed upon your world that even the faithful will be confused, but God will not forsake his consecrated souls. God will not abandon all those who have heeded my requests. The time to act is now. Do not procrastinate, my children. Satan is a roaring lion and you are his prey. He will use anything he can to bait you and confuse you. If you are consecrated to my beloved Son and to my Immaculate Heart, satan shall not prevail against you.

Daughter, thank you for writing. Rest, my little one. I love you and bless you.

⁸⁸ The Lord had taught us a prayer of daily consecration to his heart on December 28, 1995. I had asked the Blessed Mother for a prayer of consecration to her Immaculate Heart, but she informed me that she "favors the DeMontfort Consecration." We, the Disciples of Mercy have been requested to say both daily. Here, the Blessed Mother is asking everyone to do so.

I love you and bless you too, Mama. Amen.

July 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved child.

Child, what does one have to do to be a Christian? Christianity is a way to live one's life according to the commandments and the Holy Gospel. All those who repent and confess me as Lord and Savior have access to the eternal kingdom, but there are additional responsibilities as well. You are to love, love, love. You are to forgive, forgive, forgive. You are to share, share, share. You are to mimic me in all that you do and strive for holy perfection. And again I shall tell you, the most perfect and holy way to me is through the Immaculate Heart of my beloved Mother. It is her heart that shields sinners from God's justice and mighty retribution. It is her heart that has been given authority to pour infinite graces upon sinners. All those who do not honor my Mother do not honor me, and I shall tell you so on the last day.

If I have honored her in such a profound way, who are you not to? Oh, how you offend me, my children! I have provided you the means to secure your Christian inheritance, but it is up to you.

Go in peace, little child of my heart. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, O Lord, for the gift of your love and that of your Mother. Amen.

July 31, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, how I long for you. You have been distant, my child. Do not fear the things of the world, my little one of mercy. If I am with you, who then can harm you? Who then can come against you? In all things have faith in me.

Child, when the weight of the cross forces you to your knees, that is the time I am the closest. Do not lose faith that I, Jesus, am not on the ground with you, helping you to carry the cross. My compassionate nature will not permit me to leave your side.

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Beloved of my heart, every cross is given with a divine purpose. There is no meaningless cross, no trial without eternal value and merit. All that you endure for the Kingdom of Heaven is the treasure you are storing up for your eternal retirement. This is the only retirement that matters. Carry your crosses now, my children.

Daughter, we will continue tomorrow. Go in peace.

Lord, I love you. Your words so console my heart. Amen.

August 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My devoted disciple, come and record my words of love. Child, there is not one among you to comprehend eternal life, for if it were so, you should all be begging for a heavier cross. You should wear a repentant heart as a cloak of armor.

Lord, do I have to have the procedure? ⁸⁹

Yes, my little lamb, but it will not be difficult. You will turn around soon, dear one. Have the procedure and be not afraid.

Children, many of you are crying out to me for healings. But this I say to you, if by your cross you follow my footsteps to the Resurrection, then you shall be healed. There are earthly healings and there are eternal ones, the eternal ones being far more significant. Therefore, worry not whether you receive healing upon the earth as long as you receive eternal and everlasting life and not eternal damnation.

What use is the earthly healing if you should forget the Healer? I am the Healer who does not wish to be forgotten.

Thank you for writing, my dear child. Do not be afraid of this medical procedure. It shall be less than the others. Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you too, O Lord. Amen.

⁸⁹ The physicians who are monitoring my progress have recommended some more surgery to relieve the discomfort I am experiencing. I am inquiring of the Lord whether it is to my advantage to do so. The Lord confirms me in my decision to do so.

August 2, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Redeemer. Children of my Immaculate and Tender Heart, my motherly mantle cries out for each one of you. You are lost, my children. Those of you who are wandering outside the sanctuary of my Immaculate Heart and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, are as prey to satan's vultures. They are waiting to devour you. We are your only sanctuary. The heart of God is your only true resting place.

Dearest children, why do you reject my calls to conversion and reconciliation? I am trying to spare your world great catastrophe and punishments. I have come to intercede for each of you in a very personal and intimate way. Only if you are consecrated to my Immaculate Heart, can I place my complete mantle about you. This consecration is vital to the well-being of your soul, for God truly honors all souls who are consecrated to me.

I know you are weary, my child. Do not give up. I will help you always, my dear one.

Thank you, Mama. I bless you and love you. Amen.

August 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved child, record my words of love. Love which is Life. I am Love. I am Life.

Beloved Stephen, guardian divine,
come into our homes and hearts.
Take there up thy rest and assist us
in all our endeavors. May the name
of the God of Israel be blessed
forever. Amen.

Each time you wish me to teach you a prayer, I shall.⁹⁰

⁹⁰ I had requested from the Lord a prayer to Angel Stephen whom he had appointed as special protector to the Disciples of Mercy. He had also conferred Maximilian Kolbe, the Martyr of Auschwitz, as our patron saint. St. Maximilian Kolbe was a Polish priest (Conventual

Franciscan) who willingly surrendered his life in exchange for another prisoner who had a family. This prisoner was one of the ten selected by the Nazis sentenced to die in reprisal for the successful escape of another inmate from the camp. When the particular prisoner was chosen to face his death he cried out: "My wife! My children! I will never see them again!"

It was at this moment when St. Maximilian stepped forward and sought the exchange. His request was granted. He was taken to the starvation bunkers with the remaining nine prisoners. It is recorded that Fr. Kolbe led the men in prayers and hymns as they eventually came to their demise. However, Fr. Kolbe didn't seem to succumb to the harsh treatment. Fourteen days passed and he still survived. The Nazis became exasperated with the priest. They summoned the director of the infirmary who injected a lethal dose of carbolic acid. He died on August 14, 1941, and was cremated the following day, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption.

Fr. Kolbe left another legacy of which many are not aware, that is, his devotion to the Blessed Mother. It is said that as a child of ten while praying before the image of Our Lady of Czestochowa imploring her help to assist him about his future, the Blessed Mother appeared to him, holding two crowns—one white, and the other—red. The white crown represented purity and the red one—martyrdom. Our Lady then asked him which he would choose. "I choose them both," was his immediate response. His Immaculate Queen smiled and disappeared.

He subsequently joined the Conventual Franciscans and was ordained a priest in 1918 and conferred a Doctor of Theology from the Pontifical Gregorian University in 1919. However, it was as a seminarian that he founded a spiritual army in 1917 dedicated to the Blessed Mother entitled the "Knights of the Immaculata," whose objective was the conversion of sinners throughout the world through the consecration to the Virgin Mary and the wearing of the Miraculous Medal. He was particularly blessed with the genius to utilize the mass media—employing the press, and later, the radio as the means to convert the world to his beloved Immaculata and her Son. He founded a monthly magazine entitled *The Knight of Mary Immaculate* in Cracow. It met with extraordinary success and within four years the circulation increased from 5,000 copies to more than 45,000 and that was with the use of antiquated presses. After installing new presses, he became the biggest publisher of religious periodicals in Poland and his monthly magazine reached a circulation of nearly a million. In 1930, he responded to the call of the foreign missions and went to Nagasaki, Japan where he immediately commenced the publication, *The Knight of*

Children, I cannot say enough about the significance of prayer. All things are possible through petitions. Many of you say, "What will be, will be," but I, the Lord, say, "Pray." Pray unceasingly to the Spirit and your petitions shall be heard and answered. Recommend souls to me each day and persevere in your efforts. For every soul that is commended to my Sacred Heart is given innumerable graces and victory over evil. Therefore, let no man fear to come to me with anything and with any situation. I am the Lord thy God, from Everlasting to Everlasting.

*An interruption of the message took place due to a knock at the door.*⁹¹

Mary without Sin (the word, "Immaculata" is untranslatable in Japanese). It too reached a large circulation (75,000), the largest Catholic periodical in a non-Catholic country. It is reported that Fr. Kolbe was advised several times not to purchase the house he was eyeing to be his monastery. It was such a good price principally because of its undesirability according to structural standards. Nevertheless, trusting in his Immaculata, he did so. Ironically, in the bombing of Nagasaki in 1945 this very house withstood the shock waves and horrendous flames. Only the doors and windows were broken through. It became an orphanage for the victims. In 1936, he returned to Poland due to deteriorating health.

I can understand why the Lord has conferred him as our patron saint due to his evangelical zeal, the use of contemporary media, and his untiring devotion to the Immaculata. It is said that his personal motto was: "Let us prepare to suffer and to work. We will rest after death." I pray that we, the Disciples of Mercy, may inculcate this same zeal in our desire to spread the messages. I trust we can prove worthy of his patronage (see appendix in back concerning St. Maximilian Kolbe's beautiful Act of Consecration to the Immaculata).

⁹¹ Throughout the last few months my sickness and family responsibilities had prevented me from participating daily in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I was fortunate to have a disciple who is a Eucharistic Minister bring me the Eucharist, but it was only on the days he could get away from his work. I attempted to arrange daily reception of Holy Communion through my parish but that proved to be sporadic. This causes me great anxiety since I lovingly desire to receive my Lord daily. Today, the interruption of this message was due to the arrival of

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Daughter, that you may know I am speaking to you, I have visited you during this dictation. I have fed you and you are nourished. Go in peace, little lamb.

Thank you, Lord. Amen.

August 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my little lamb, come and record my message of love.

Children, these messages, which I, the Lord, speak to you, are words of mercy. Every word that I speak is as a salve to an open wound. Every word, that I speak is as rain during a drought. Let every soul be nourished and fed by my words of mercy, and let no man fear to approach me. That is what I desire, that every man approach me, garbed in humility and wearing the robes of repentance. And, oh, how I shall lift up that soul to me. I shall take that precious soul and personally lead him to drink of the fountain of my mercy. I shall personally take that precious soul and present him to the Eternal Father.

Look at your wardrobe, my children. Are you wearing garments of pride and arrogance, or are you clothed in humility and simplicity? You will have a far vaster wardrobe if you prefer the garments I, the Lord, wear. The garments of heaven are garments of love for the humble and contrite. Again, I say, "What garments are you wearing?" All things of the earth shall pass away, but not my gifts which will endure forever.

Thank you for writing, my child. Go in peace.

I bless you, O Lord, and love you. Amen.

August 5, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Oh little disciple of mercy, I have been waiting an eternity to have you love

the parish Eucharistic Minister who provided me with my heart's longing — the Lord. This was a complete surprise and the Lord comments that this interruption was a confirmation that the Eucharistic Jesus and the author of these messages are one and the same.

me. I knew you before you were conceived, and it delighted me to breathe life into your breathless body.

Children of my Sacred Heart, allow my blood to be your cloak of armor. Allow my holy words to be your shield of faith. Those of you with little or no faith have empty bank accounts. I, the Lord, am speaking of spiritual bank accounts, not earthly. What good will all your earthly wealth do in the face of divine trials and tribulations? Will your money stop the floods, the hurricanes, or the wars? No, I tell you, it is only through faith which leads to prayer. It is only through acts of reparation which are consumed by mercy and then released by mercy to flow back to you as grace. Reparation produces grace which produces holy fruit. Every act of reparation which is offered, is an act to repair the sinful state of mankind. It is accepted as a firm and sincere apology, and a desire for holiness. Reparation is necessary, my children. Reparation unleashes an avalanche of graces upon the soul who offers it.

Thank you, child. We shall continue tomorrow. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you, too, O faithful and gracious Lord. Amen.

August 6, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do. Listen to the words of the Lord God of Israel. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking.

Oh, my little children, be as the trunk of a tree. Be strong and immobile in your faith. Do not be as the leaves which are blown away when the winds come. But if you look at the trunk of a tree, it will remain standing after the storm. Though it may be barren of leaves, nevertheless, it shall be standing.

How can you stand through the storms of life? Only by grace received from my hands and my heart. Only by nourishment from my Body and Blood can you go from being a fragile leaf to a mighty tree trunk. My grace shall be at your base. My grace shall be your roots. Think of the roots of a mighty tree. If necessary they will make their way through concrete. They stretch underground in all directions, claiming dominion and authority for that tree. If I am at the base of your soul, I shall be your roots and you shall be a strong, unbreakable tree trunk. Who then can harm you?

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Child, thank you for your efforts. Go in peace, my little student. I bless you.

I bless you too, O mighty God. Amen.

August 7, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my devoted disciple. I am pleased with your perseverance. Remember, beloved one, perseverance is a grace, a gift from me.

Dearest children, how many of you have presented a prayer request to me diligently, for as long as it takes? Some of you will pray for something one time, maybe two, then you expect immediate response. You become discouraged if your prayer is not immediately answered. To you I say, "Persevere. Persevere and all your prayers will be answered, either in time or in eternity."⁹² Be as a hungry infant who is crying to be fed. The infant will continue to cry until his petition is answered." I, the Lord, say to you, to all of you, "Be childlike. Pursue me with perseverance. Do not give up because your answer does not immediately arrive. Be as the infant crying to be nursed. He wails louder and louder until he finds himself at the security of his mother's breast. Keep knocking and you will be heard."

However, beloved ones, remember it is always the humble and contrite soul who has the loudest voice in heaven. He is heard first and answered

⁹² I find this sentence most consoling, that is, our prayers are always answered but the Lord doesn't put a limit on it in terms of its occurrence. We mostly think in terms of the present time span but the Lord expands our horizons, reminding us that our prayer may be ultimately answered in eternity. We are so forgetful in failing to recognize the fact that we are made for eternal life and not just this life. As the Lord and Blessed Mother have often said, "This life is but a blink of an eye compared to eternity." This is not to say that this life and the needs arising as a result of our human condition are unimportant in God's eyes. Certainly not! We are to present our needs persistently, for the Lord is the Great Gift-Giver who wishes to bestow his gifts abundantly upon us in this life as well. However, we must learn to present our prayer petitions in the spirit of humility and contriteness with the proviso that they be only answered "according to the Holy Perfect Will of the Father." I pray that I, too, may reach this level of resolve in all my petitions.

first. Sometimes a prayer is not immediately answered that you may learn perseverance and patience. The Lord thy God wishes to bring each soul to righteousness. Therefore, wail as infants waiting to be fed, and your Heavenly Father will feed you.

Go in peace, little one. I bless you.

I bless you, too, my sweet Lord. Amen.

August 8, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Little one of mercy, record the words of your Savior. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is using your hand as a vessel of grace.

Children, what use is the fruit tree that produces no fruit? Or, what use is that very same tree, if its fruits are bitter and cause you to be ill? Each one of you are as fruit trees. The seeds are planted and watered at Baptism. Each time you are nourished in the Holy Meal, you are watered again. This is so you become a vessel that produces holy fruit. That is how one knows my followers. He sees if the fruit is holy or unholy.

Children, if you wish to produce fruit, you must receive nourishment from my Body and Blood. No other nourishment will bring out the fruit I desire you to bear. If you walk with my beloved Mother, she will teach you when the fruit is ripe and when it can be plucked. For some of you, in your anxiety, pluck the fruit before it is truly ripe, before it is truly useful to others.

Daughter, enlist the aid of the heavenly court, that you may be as a holy fruit tree. Go in peace, little disciple. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord.

August 9, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. I am the Mother of the Shepherd and the Mother of the Flock.

Children, the Mystical Body of Jesus is one family which lives in communication with the entire heavenly family. You have many saints and angels, whose pleasure it is to assist you on your heavenly journey. Can one make this journey alone? Never, my children, for the evil one tries to

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thwart every step you take. The evil one tries to keep blinders on your eyes and cotton in your ears. He does not wish that you see or that you hear. But those who are consecrated souls, are given extra sight and extra hearing. They are given the ability to discern evil and to know my Son. The entire heavenly court is desirous of helping sinners. Those who worked so diligently upon the earth for the sake of souls, continue to do so in heaven.

Child of my heart, let yourself drown in the Heart of God, for the Heart of God is love and mercy. Hide your fears there, and you shall emerge victorious in faith.

Thank you, child, for writing. I know you are weary. Rest, little one. I bless you and love you.

I bless you and love you, too, Mama.

August 10, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, little heartbeat of my soul, yes, record my words of love.

I am Jesus the Lamb. I am your Holy Teacher. I am the perfect example of righteousness. Why then, children, if you desire righteousness, do you not call to me? I am the only way to the Eternal Father. Yes, I am the doorway and gate to heaven. Many of you will see a doorway when death calls. I assure you that I will be standing by, waiting for each of you. Only those who know me and honor me, will know to come to the door. The others, they shall be cast aside forever. They shall not enter into Holy Heaven, but instead, they shall continue their lifelong unholy journey. Your hearts will tell me where you are going.

I am a God of the Heart, and I will seek out each heart and look inside it. Your heart will not betray you, as your voice and eyes will. I will either see love for me, or I will not. Change your hearts, my children, by coming back to me.

Thank you for writing, child. I see your efforts. Go in peace.

I bless you forever, O Lord.

August 11, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, my little lamb, and record my words of mercy. Child, my heart is an infinite realm of mercy and love. You cannot comprehend the depths of my love for souls. Night and day I permit myself to hide under the appearance of bread so that I may enter your house and enter your heart. I remain hidden, my glory remaining hidden. I do this to feed you.

You are all flowers in my garden upon the earth. Unless you partake of my Body in the Holy Eucharist, you shall perish. There is no one to withstand the storms who has not eaten the holy meal. The holy meal permits you to have a foundation of stone and not one of dirt or clay. Therefore, when the storms come you will not be shaken, if you have received me in the Holy Eucharist. I am the Sustainer and Giver of all Gifts. I am he who waits day and night for souls to come to me in the most Holy and Blessed Sacrament.

Child of my heart, we shall continue tomorrow. Go in peace. I am Peace.

I love you, O sweet Jesus. Amen.

August 12, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved child, record my words of love. Yes, it is true. You are all my beloved children. I watch over every hair upon your heads. Why then do you not see my sustaining care in your lives? Each day that you arise, is a day to acknowledge your God and Savior. I breathe life into your sleeping bodies each day. Even unto the wicked do I breathe life fully, wishing them to come to righteousness. Yes, I permit the wicked to remain with you in the hope they will turn to righteousness. Many times it is the wicked who have become my greatest disciples.

But I say this to all of you, do not say you are righteous and holy, for only the Lord thy God knows who is and who is not. Only the Lord thy God can see into men's hearts. Only the Lord thy God can cast aside the layers of men's hearts and see their core. Only the Lord thy God knows who will turn to righteousness and who will remain in the dark. Woe to those who remain in the dark, for though they have sight, they are truly blind. Though they have ears, they are truly deaf. Make use of the gifts I have given you. Learn to see and learn to hear.

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Go in peace, little daughter. We shall continue tomorrow.

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

August 13, 1996

My beloved child, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Lamb. I am she who mourns for you to return to God.

Oh, beloved ones, the dark clouds of God's wrath are quickly approaching. The springs of mercy shall dry up and you will be left with a cold, bone-chilling sorrow, especially those who heard my words but refused to listen. God will question your refusal. God will question your denial of my motherly intercession. There is no one who desires to be closer to Jesus that should turn away from me.

I am the Mother and Intercessor of the Lamb. I will set your petitions at his feet where they will be showered with love and mercy. Do not cast me from your lives, because surely you will have to account for your refusal to believe in me. I have only come to help you. I have come to unite you to God and to bring God's mercy to you. Yes, I am the transporter of graces, each moment delivering God's graces to his children. So many of you refuse to acknowledge me, thereby offending God.

My little one, be blessed. Go in peace. I will help you.

I love you, Mama Mary, my intercessor. Thank you.

August 14, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dearest disciple of mercy, I do. Record my words of love. Child of my Sacred Heart, oh, how my mercy consumes you! My mercy is as a tidal wave and you are as a single grain of sand.

Be lifted up, Oh children of Israel. Be lifted up on the wings of the Lord of Hosts, who desires to elevate you with mercy. I desire to set each one of you upon a throne of love whereby you shall help to rule over men's hearts by preaching the gospel. Yes, that is how hearts of stone are crushed and become soft as rose petals. Preach the gospel, Oh children of Israel. How can you say you are children of the Father if you do not encourage his words, his thoughts, and his precepts? Your silence is as deadly as blasphemy.

Those who are ashamed to defend me shall I, the Lord, turn my face from. Those who are afraid to rebuke their brothers and sisters, as they see they are in grave sin, shall be held accountable. You are responsible for each other, my children. Do not be silent in your words about God. Yell from the mountaintops. Tell the four corners. Let your words be carried on the wings of angels to the four corners.

Go in peace, dear one. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

I bless and love you, too, my Lord. Give us the courage to preach your gospel. Amen.

August 15, 1996 - Feast of the Assumption

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, record the words of the Lord of Hosts. I AM is speaking. Wisdom is speaking through you, and you are as a vessel of grace.

Dearest ones, how many of you will honor my beloved Mother today? How many of you will leave the comfort of your homes, your televisions, your dinner table, to come and give glory to me and honor to my beloved Mother? Sadly, there will be many empty seats. Ah, but what blessings there shall be for those that partake of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Children, there are more graces given you at the Mass than at any other time.

Today, on the Feast of the Assumption my mercy shall assume and completely cancel all your sins, if it is desired. I shall assume your sins unto myself and cast them into the ocean of forgiveness where they shall be forgotten. All those who humbly partake of the Holy Mass shall be given this blessing.⁹³

⁹³ This is an astounding blessing the Lord is giving to mankind in honor of the feast of his Mother's bodily assumption into heaven. I know of no other occasion that such an outpouring of forgiveness takes place except on Mercy Sunday, the Sunday following Easter which the Lord communicated to Blessed Faustina. Understandably, those in the state of mortal sin must seek the Sacrament of Reconciliation prior to attending Mass and receiving this great grace of which the Lord is speaking. This confessional activity would certainly fulfill the prerequisite contained in the phrase "if it is desired."

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Go in peace, daughter. Thank you for writing.

*Thank you for being so understanding. Amen.*⁹⁴

August 16, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dear child of mercy, record my words of victory. Yes, victory, for whosoever shall hear my voice and shall listen, shall be ever victorious.

Children, all through your lives you worry about winning or losing. You compete fiercely with one another for titles and places of importance. But if you are not with me, then you have no real and permanent victory. Your winnings are false. What good is the lottery if you should pass away, and not find yourself in the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, surely, you would trade all your lottery winnings for peace and serenity. There is no peace and serenity in satan's kingdom. It is void of all goodness and filled with vile and corrupt things. Is this what you want, my children?

Children, I desire each one of you to have permanent victory over sin and death. If you achieve this victory, you shall possess the great pearl, which is heaven.

Go in peace, little disciple. Thank you for writing.

I bless you and love you, O Jesus. Amen.

August 17, 1997

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record my words of love.

My words, children, are as a great feast. All the different foods are attractively laid out upon the table and you take what you want. Yes, my words are as a feast and banquet of love. Come and take what you want.

⁹⁴ I wasn't feeling very well and I was having difficulty concentrating so I petitioned the Lord prior to the message that it be brief. The Lord acquiesced by making the message a concise but a powerful expression of his mercy to those who will honor his beloved Mother.

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Fill the plates of your heart with my words of love and mercy, then tell others.

Tell others how the Lord, God of Hosts, wishes to set you free and wishes you to soar into righteousness. Tell others how the Lord, God of Hosts, has prepared an eternal dwelling place for you. Tell others how the Lord, God of Hosts, wishes to absolve your sins and cast them into the ocean of forgiveness. Tell others how the Lord, God of gods, has given you a Queen and a Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Yes, shout it to your brothers. Proclaim my words from the mountaintops. Oh Jerusalem, how I love you.

Go in peace, little daughter. I thank you for writing.

I bless you, too, my Lord.

August 18, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, beloved child, record my words of life. Life is love and love is life. I am Love. Daughter, do you know the meaning of love? Love is complete acceptance of another. Love does not hinder. Love does not force. Love does not manipulate. Love is tender and compassionate, always desiring to be merciful. Love must be merciful or it cannot be love.

Child, what is mercy? Child, mercy is an act of love whereby a soul is given a reprieve. He is given a reprieve through no act of his own, but rather it is the act of mercy which consumes him. The soul is given another chance, another hope, and additional encouragement. The soul flourishes because of mercy, and mercy rains from heaven in an infinite and unending storm to flood souls.

It is my greatest desire to fill every precious soul with divine mercy. So much so do I desire this, that my heart swells with mercy for sinners. Oh, accept my mercy and cry out for it, my children! Let my mercy cover you and make you holy.

Thank you for writing, child. Go in peace.

Thank you for this message of love and mercy, Lord. I bless you. Amen.

August 19, 1996

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Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Come, my devoted servant, and record my words of love.

Dear ones, though I am the Creator and Master of all heaven and earth, so it was I became a servant. I did this that one's humility may become profound, and that one may have a repentant heart, for when one realizes his master has been the servant of all mankind, then one will gain humility. That is why I chose to be born in a stable. It was to perfect the virtue of humility. But this I assure you, whoever comes to me with a humble and contrite heart will be placed in the eternal manger with me.

Oh beloved, my humility was to sharpen the humility of mankind. My poverty was to help mankind detach from worldly possessions. No one can serve two masters. You cannot serve me as well as earthly possessions. Therefore, it is necessary for you to detach and become only attached to me. If this is so, I will provide all your earthly needs.

Go in peace, little lamb. Go with my blessings.

I bless you, too, my humble Lord. Amen.

August 20, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little lamb of my heart, record my words of love.

Dearest disciples, many of you wish to forsake your crosses. You sometimes desire to carry the crosses of your neighbors and friends, for you claim theirs is not as heavy. But this I say to you, a cross is as a set of fingerprints. It is personalized and made for each one of you. You were not made to carry the cross of another, nor was anyone created to carry your cross.

Only the Lord, God of Hosts, knows from where the wind comes and where it goes. Only the Lord, God of Hosts, knows the hearts of men. Yes, only I know the weight of the cross that one can endure. It is true, children. The cross will never be heavier than you can endure, but at times you will need help carrying it. Just as I needed help carrying my Cross to Calvary, so then, will each of you. Do not be afraid to ask for my help to carry your cross.

Thank you for writing, dear child. Go in peace.

Thank you, Lord. I love you. Please help me carry my cross in your company and that of Mama Mary. Amen.

August 21, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Queen of Peace. I am the Queen of Heaven and Earth, and I have brought tidings of great joy.

Children, my tender ones, God is merciful and just. This is the era we have promised all mankind, the era of mercy. You are living in the midst of the greatest outpourings of mercy and love.

Why is God being so merciful? Ah, my little children, God loves each one of you so tenderly, he wishes none to be lost. The malefactor wishes to quench God's unquenchable mercy but he cannot. Therefore, he is enraged and fighting even harder than ever to discourage and remove souls from their creator. But, children, you have the merciful one of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to watch over you and protect you. All you need to do is call upon the merciful Lord and you shall obtain mercy.

I have come to extend my motherly hand to you and to take you to God. I will take you directly to the Sacred Heart where you will find great joy and strength.

Thank you, child, for writing. Rest in my motherly heart.

Thank you, beloved Mama, Mother of Mercy. I love you. Amen.

August 22, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do my dear disciple, record my message of hope.

Children, all the fruit trees are ripe. They are heavy, laden with fruit, but there are only a few willing to pick the fruit. Sadly, much of the fruit will not be harvested. It will be wasted.

My beloved children, I am referring to all of you who do not pray. Prayer brings forth the fruit of holiness and abundant blessings. Prayer unlocks every door and bypasses every secret code. Prayer eliminates all barriers between God and man. There is much fruit to be plucked, but without prayer the fruit shall wither away. Then, the next harvest will come and it

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shall wither away again. Prayer is the soul's communication with me, the Lord God and Creator. Prayer elevates a simple soul and brings that soul into union with the Holy Trinity. Prayer brings the soul into the midst of the heavenly temple and court. When you pray from your heart, your heart becomes united with my heart, and the hearts of countless saints and angels. Let's pluck the heavenly fruit together, dear ones, beginning with prayer.

Go in peace, little one of mercy. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O faithful Lord. Assist us in the desire that our entire lives become a prayer. Amen.

August 23, 1996⁹⁵

August 24, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My little lamb, you may drink of the cup of salvation, for you have drunk of the cup of suffering. I will not forsake even a hair on your head.

Oh my little suffering ones, time is passing away. I have asked for reparation to tilt the scales from wrath to mercy. Where is the reparation? Where is the reparation? Where is the reparation?

Some day the lion will lay with the lamb, and the mouse with the cat. On these days it will be as a new snow covering the entire earth. Those of you who offer reparation have an assigned guaranteed seat at the heavenly banquet. There are even new robes of righteousness waiting for you. You shall shed your layers of humanity and adopt layers of eternity. You shall shed your mortal family and find your immortal one waiting to greet you. Children, there is an unlimited heavenly family more vast than all the grains of sand upon the earth. Heaven awaits you.

Thank you for writing, my child. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

⁹⁵ There was no message today due to the fact that I was terribly ill. The Lord dispensed me from receiving the message.

August 25, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do, record the words from the Lamb's Book of Life. How many of you are recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life? I say those of you who have hearts of flesh for your God have your name inscribed in this book.⁹⁶ How many of you attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass only to have your thoughts far away? You are thinking of work, of play, of meals. But I, Jesus, am standing at the altar looking into hearts. I see empty, uncaring hearts. I see hearts that are void of any true love for me.

Oh, my cherished ones, how I grieve. Why are your hearts as stone? They are as the pillar of the holy temple, and so they shall be torn down and rebuilt.⁹⁷ My Holy Spirit is rebuilding the temples of men's hearts. He is replacing hearts of stone with hearts of flesh. Those are the ones to be written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The flesh hearts are the ones.

My child, I know you are weary. Rest, little mercy of my heart. I bless you.

⁹⁶ The Lord is making the analogy of flesh to awareness of the magnitude of graces in consuming his "flesh," and stone to insensitivity and indifference to this awesome fact. The latter has no cognizance of what is truly taking place at the Mass, the holy meal, the sacrifice, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection—the entire Easter event and we, for the most part, occupy our minds and hearts with other things, thereby missing the abundant graces available, particularly the inscription of our names in the Lamb's Book of Life. In short, we must eat of "the bread that the Lord gives which is his flesh for the life of the world"[Jn 6:51], and "drink his blood to obtain eternal life"[Jn 6:53]. It is only by partaking in his flesh that our hearts may become transformed into his heart of unlimited compassion, mercy, and sacrifice for others. Thus, we must "live" the Mass and be imitative of the paschal lamb so that the apocalyptic lamb [Rev 4:7] may enscroll our eternal destiny in partaking of the heavenly banquet.

⁹⁷ The Lord's words have so many different levels of interpretation. For example, I find this phrase a common theme in the Gospels where Jesus' own flesh is replacing the physical Temple in Jerusalem because it has lost its purity of heart by becoming a marketplace. The Temple itself was destroyed in 70 AD by the Romans in reprisal for the Jewish revolt.

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I bless you, too, O kind Lord. Make our hearts like unto yours. Amen.

August 26, 1996

My child, let us begin. I am here. I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Lamb. Daughter, my Jesus is the faithful one. He is the faithful melody in every love song. He is the divine harmony to every melody.

Beloved ones, so many of you think God has abandoned you. You weep as if you were all alone. But I have come to assure you that Jesus gave his life for you on Calvary and continues to give his life for you at every Mass. At every Holy Mass, my beloved Jesus is nailed to the Cross that you may be resurrected and have abundant life in him. If he is willing to spend every moment in the tabernacles throughout the world, then you must recall his faithfulness. Never does God abandon souls. NEVER.

It is unfortunately the work of souls that abandons God. My Jesus weeps for his lost children everywhere. Each time one of you mutters his name, he responds. Dearest ones, when you feel abandoned, that is the time to reflect upon the faithfulness of the Almighty and Blessed One.

Daughter, go in peace and do not despair. I am with you.

I love you, blessed Mother. Amen.

August 27, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, my beloved disciple, I do. Child of my heart, in you I have bestowed innumerable graces. You are an avenue for others to come to me. You are as a ferry to transport others from the shore of darkness to the shore of light. Your suffering purifies and sanctifies you in my sight.

My beloved, let us continue. In you I have laid a holy foundation and I have given these messages of love and mercy. Let all those who read my words be transformed by my Holy Spirit. Each word that I speak is as a baby's bottle constantly supplying the milk of righteousness to the hungry soul. Remember not to judge these messages nor to say one is far better than another for that cannot be so, for it would be a contradiction. I am Holy and I am Faithful, and every word spoken by me to one of my prophets is holy. You read my words, and holiness consumes you. You read my words, and you are overtaken by righteousness. Do not despair,

my child. Rather, go in peace.

I love you, Lord. I am most unworthy for the task you have assigned to me. Amen.

August 28, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dearest one, I do. Child of my heart, is the wise man the one who uses earthly ways, or is he the one who uses heavenly ways? How can one who is trying to obtain heavenly things use earthly ways? Remember, a house divided against itself shall not stand.

Let us continue.⁹⁸

When a fisherman wants his fish, does he cast his nets into a volcano? No, he casts his nets into the river, anxiously awaiting his catch.

Learn from me, children. I am Jesus, your Holy Teacher. If you desire the fruits of heaven, you must live in the spiritual world. You must live a life of prayer and meditation. You must live a life free of sin to the best of your ability. You must live in a state of grace whereby the waters of mercy and healing will flow freely through you. If you are shackled to the earth, then it is to the earth you will be eternally bound. If you are shackled to heaven, then it is to heaven you shall be bound.

Thank you, dearest child, for writing. Go in peace.

I bless you, O Lord of Mercy. Amen.

August 29, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Dear little child, I do. Wisdom is speaking and using you as a vessel of grace. Record my words. I am the Lord, the Holy Spirit. I am the

⁹⁸ There was a slight interruption which I had to attend to before continuing with the message. The Lord is infinitely patient since he permits me to attend to the interruption and when I have addressed the issue, I return and we resume as if nothing occurred to disrupt the flow of the dictation.

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Sustainer and Caretaker of the Living. I am the Living Bread and Water come down from heaven to be with each of you all the time.

So many of you grieve me, my children. I am One of the Blessed Trinity, yet I am ignored the most. Oh beloved, we are Three yet One. Do not grieve me, children. Do not act as if I do not exist. I am alive, and I am the one who looks into hearts and deciphers them. Where does your heart stand with me, children? Is your heart darkened by the decay of sin? Is your heart one of flesh, because you have been reconciled to me? Reconciliation breeds hearts of flesh and blood. Sin breeds hearts of stone, whereby the stone travels through the rest of the body as well.

Rest now, my beloved one. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you, Holy Spirit. Amen.

August 30, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Yes, little one of mercy, I do. Daughter, I have come to the earth as a farmer. I have planted seeds of faith in the fields of every heart. Now it is time for the harvest and I have appointed my beloved Mother to be Harvest Master.

My beloved Mother gathers every seed in the tenderness of her mantle. She gently pulls apart the weeds that she may present the perfect crop to me. Satan is as the pesticides and droughts. He comes and the seeds I have planted wither by the wayside.

Children, this is urgent. Hear my words. Call upon my beloved Mother to be your Harvest Master, for every great building always begins with a blueprint and an architect. I have laid the blueprint. I am the architect. My beloved Mother is as the builder of souls. She will gather you to herself and grant you a perfect and sturdy foundation so that when the storms come you will not be crushed.

Thank you for writing, my dear child. Go in peace.

I bless you, O Lord. Amen.

August 31, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved child. I shall answer your question.⁹⁹

My beloved, when one perseveres in prayer, his faith begins to grow. Where his faith was even smaller than a mustard seed, perseverance enables faith to grow. In all things pray for the holy perfect will of the Eternal Father, whose desire it is to grant your request. But, I have said "knock." Do not give up on your prayers. The more one prays, the more I am moved with compassion and pity.

If it is in that soul's best interest, your petition will be granted. But only God, and no other, knows the soul's best interest, and this is where you must have absolute trust in the answer received. Pray constantly, children, never giving up. When I was upon the earth, I prayed for each of you.

⁹⁹ A few minutes prior to this message a disciple had asked me to request the Lord an answer to the following question: "In prayers of petition, how do we come to realize that the very petition we are requesting may not be in accord with the Lord's will? For example, one could be praying for years, for a particular favor when the outcome we are desiring may never materialize, since it is not in accord with the Divine Providence. If such is the case, then are one's prayers wasted?" The Lord answers this request by stating we are never to be daunted in our prayers of petition. We are always to pray with confidence and persistence. I once heard a biblical scholar define the word "knock" found in the Lord's injunction, "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you" [Mt 7:7] as "active, diligent pursuit." Thus, we are to "pound on the door" of our Lord's heart in the spirit of contriteness and humility, but always with the proviso that our request be in accord with the Holy Perfect Will of his Father. In short, we are to pray as Jesus prayed, vocalizing our desires but always trusting that our "Abba" knows what is best for us. It is praying precisely in this manner that we will grow in our spiritual life to the point that what primarily matters may no longer be the original motive which instigated the prayer, but rather a posture of accepting and eventually embracing what the Lord has ordained for our lives. When we have reached this stage our faith has truly grown from a mustard seed. Let us be imitative of the infinite trust of the Blessed Mother echoed in the words, "Let it be done unto me according to thy word" (Luke 1:38).

Finally, the Lord tells us that no prayers are ever wasted even if they are not answered to our liking, rather they become the efficacious means of converting more souls to him. Our prayers become conduits of grace bestowed by the Great Gift-Giver.

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Beloved, it is my desire that you lift all souls to me in prayer that I may place them in my divine mercy; that my heart will consume sinners is the greatest reason for you to pray.

Thank you, dear child, for writing. Go in peace.

I bless you, O trustworthy Lord. Amen.

September 1, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my dear little sparrow, come and record my words of love.

Daughter, a great tree has many roots beneath the surface. Sometimes, these roots extend even unto other trees. Listen to my teaching, my child. The roots of my Mystical Body are in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All those who truly honor my Mystical Body attend the Holy Mass.

Why are we joined in this way? It is during the Holy Mass that the chalice, which is full of suffering is presented to the Eternal Father. He, in turn, replaces the full chalice with a chalice full of graces and ways for people to endure. Therefore, this is comparable to the roots of the mighty tree, which feeds the other trees. It is the same principle. All of you are part of my Mystical Body. This Body is fed during Holy Communion. I, alone, am the food for my Mystical Body. I am the same as the Holy Eucharist. In essence, I also am as the roots to a mighty tree.

Daughter, thank you for writing. Go in peace with my blessing.

I bless you too, O Lord, and thank you for your Eucharistic Heart, which is my sustenance, and that of your Mystical Body. Amen.

September 2, 1996

My beloved one, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. Do you see how you are being sustained, my child? Surely the hand of God is upon you. Child, it is God's desire to place his mighty hand on every precious soul.

Become as little children, dear ones. Become as little children and allow God to enter your lives. Children are very pleased to spend their time completely focusing on the parent. A child also does not live in the past nor project into the future. A child lives where I AM lives. Yes, a child lives

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with God. Unless you become childlike and accepting, you will reject my motherly love and the love of my Son. You will reject us both. What fulfillment will you have then? You shall be as an orphan without a home, without a family. Allow your hearts to be completely ruled by God and by his laws. If you do these things, you shall find the hour of your death to be the greatest hour of your life.

Go in peace, my child. Thank you for writing. I bless you.

I bless you too, O Mama and Jesus. Teach me to live as the child you both desire. Amen.

September 3, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my little lamb. Beloved child, faith is as a small seed which is planted in the heart at birth. Throughout the life and journey of a soul, the seed is watered by continuing and ongoing heavenly help, which is grace. Think of a garden, my children. What must the gardener do to ensure the successful growth and harvest? He must tend the garden, water it, and pluck the weeds.

I, the Lord, have told you that I am the Gardener of the Soul. Each time one confesses his sins, the weeds are plucked from the garden. Each time a soul partakes of Holy Communion that soul receives nourishment. Oh, beloved ones, I, Jesus, have given you every opportunity to produce a harvest, but many of you are so cluttered with weeds you are really suffocating. You do not realize that grace flows through the sacraments to you for your benefit. Grace is a heavenly benefit.

My beloved one, go in peace. We shall continue tomorrow.

I love you forever, O Lord. Continue to shower us with the graces you afford through greater participation in your sacraments. Amen.

September 4, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my little lamb, record my words of love.

Today I shall teach you a prayer. Listen carefully.

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Almighty and Everlasting Eternal Father, who knows the wilderness of each heart, come with your grace and heavenly aid. Pour forth water on the desert of each heart. Quench our thirst. Still our desires. Let you alone become our desire. Let our hearts mourn for you, for you are the only true consolation of the soul. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed forever. Amen.

Child, every heart is as a desert. There is no food or water. There is only the scorching sun, the vultures, and the scorpions. But grace transforms hearts of death into hearts of life. I am a river of grace whose desire is to fill every heart abundantly.

Come, children, come to me. I am Jesus, the Eternal River of Grace.

This is all we shall write today, my little weary one. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you, Lord. Amen.

September 5 - 8, 1996¹⁰⁰

September 9, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved little lamb, record my words of love.

Dear ones, every time one of you is reconciled to me a rose is planted in the heavenly gardens. Each time one of you returns to me it is as a pilgrim finally finding his way home. Be homebound, children. You are so lost and far away from home. Your values and principles are clearly distorted. You prefer earthly wealth rather than spiritual. You prefer earthly homes rather than your heavenly one.

Children, your stay upon the earth is but a blink of an eye. There is no cause for you to embrace the earth and her riches. Rather, turn away from such things and seek only spiritual consolation. Let your consolation be only me. Let your consolation begin when you reach out to my beloved

¹⁰⁰ I was in the hospital these days having a surgical shunt put in to relieve the pressure in my abdomen and an analgesic pump to facilitate the infusion of pain medication. The Lord released me from taking any messages during this time.

Mother and accept the mantle of love she desires to bestow upon you. Your comfort in the world will not last. It will fade away as a rainstorm. It will disappear into the wind when the severe storms come. Only heavenly security is the true comfort.

I bless you, little mercy of my heart. Go in peace.

I bless you, too, O Lord, my heavenly security. Amen.

September 10 - 12, 1996 ¹⁰¹

September 13, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved ones, I am the Lord, the Holy Spirit. Dear ones, why do you run from the cross? Do you not know the cross is life? The cross is what makes a piece of metal into gold. Suffering is beneficial as it helps one's soul to be united to another. It perfects the virtues of compassion and generosity. How can you come to the foot of the Cross, if you do not recognize the Cross? There is none among you to escape the cross. Those of you who have a heavy cross consider my love to be all about you. Consider my love to inebriate you. Many of you will be lifted up from your crosses. This is so you may know the Lord, thy God, is merciful and compassionate.

Dear ones, do not run from the cross, nor be afraid of it. I will always help you.

This is all we shall write today. Thank you, my child, for writing. Thank you, my child. Go in peace.

Thank you, my dearest Lord, help us to learn the benefits of the cross. Amen.

September 14, 1996

My daughter, I am here. I am the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of the Lamb. I am the Queen of Heaven and Earth.

¹⁰¹ I was not feeling very well these three days and the compassionate Lord dispensed me from recording any messages.

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My daughter, oh how difficult the cross has been for you! I am pleased with your perseverance.¹⁰² You must not forsake your prayers for you have much to offer. I am speaking to all suffering souls. Allow my Jesus to use your suffering for the conversion of sinners. Offer him everything. Hold nothing back. Bring everything to the Lamb at Calvary. Offer everything as reparation. The willingness of a soul to offer his suffering to God, places a crown of roses upon my Son's brow. Every suffering is as a rose, which blossoms for the salvation of souls. Do you think your suffering is in vain? Offer it to God who will use it as seed to grow a garden of holiness.

Thank you, my child, for writing. Go in peace.

Thank you, Lord and Blessed Mother. Give me the courage to offer all to you. Amen.

September 15, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do. Record my words of love.

In every situation you must strive to find me. Let finding me be your goal. Let searching for me become your daily way, for if I am not a part of your life, than surely satan has control. He may have deceived you into thinking your situation is not too serious. But I assure you, children, if I am not with you then the evil king is. He moves in on precious souls as a spider catches a fly.

Children, why do you think I spend so much time calling you? It is because my need for souls far outweighs any other need. My merciful heart pines for souls. Souls that are lost are most vulnerable when they think they are fine. Remember how I once told you, satan will lead you to believe you are walking with me, when in fact, you are not. Frequent the sacraments. Follow the instructions I have given you.

¹⁰² The Blessed Mother is encouraging me in my efforts to offer my sickness for my sins and the sins of others. Her pleasure with me consoles my heart but I still struggle for complete peace.

My child, this is all we shall write today.¹⁰³ Go in peace. I bless you.

I bless you, too, O Lord. Amen.

September 16, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

My beloved one, I do. Child of my heart, what good is faith without deeds? Oh, how I lament over this! I send my children opportunities to be helpful to their brothers and sisters, and yet they are rejected. Why are helpful opportunities rejected? Why do so many good deeds go unnoticed? This I tell you, "Be as a small hidden leaf in the belly of a bush." Do not let your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Help others and do not boast nor complain. When you help others, you are really helping me. The least favor you bestow on another, that is what you bestow upon me. Do not be stingy with your time. Who has given you your time? If you are in good health, who has given you good health, and remember how easily all things can change.

Yes, you are commanded by me to love your brother and sister. This means you are to help them, helping without limits. Do not say you can do this, but you cannot do that. Remember, I am the person to whom you are speaking. Do not boast of your faith either, my children. I am the only one to know the true, tried, and tested faith of another.

Thank you for writing. Go in peace.

Thank you, O Lord and Blessed Mother, my "brother and sister." Amen.

September 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record my words of love.

Where is your hope, my children? Hope and faith go hand in hand. You cannot have one without the other, for when you have faith it is because

¹⁰³ The Lord is so compassionate. These last few days my energy is at a very low ebb. It is difficult for me to concentrate on the message for any length of time. This accounts for the brevity of the messages.

you believe in the things you anticipate. You only anticipate the things that bring you hope as well. Hope, though, is very different than faith. It is brought about through complete submission to my holy will. Hope is born when one completely acknowledges his nothingness, and then begins to depend on me entirely. Hope is as a tree. From her trunk comes trust and love, and even an increase of faith. But hope, my children, is as the trunk of the tree.

When one has hope, there are no storms. There are only storm endings and the seeking of rainbows to remind me to make way for the new. Yes, my rainbows remind me to clear away the old, and to make room for the new. Hence, more hope is born.¹⁰⁴

¹⁰⁴ The Lord so consoles me with his words despite the dismal prognosis of my illness. He encourages me never to let go of this virtue (hope in him) for it is the foundation of all life (present and eternal). A famous spiritual writer, Fr. Henri Nouwin, wrote of hope in a manner that I believe complements the Lord's words: "In the prayer of hope, there are no guarantees asked, no conditions posed, and no proofs demanded. You expect everything from the other without binding the other in any way. Hope is based on the premise that the other gives only what is good. Hope includes an openness by which you wait for the promise to come through, even though you never know when, where, or how this might happen" (*With Open Hands*, Ave Maria Press, p. 70).

What especially strikes me is that these words on hope capture the essential theme of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, for is it not a story of expectation, expectation for the Lord, the Messiah? I find it ironic that the Lord's teaching on hope underscoring the rainbow is not only instructional but very personal (see footnote 105 for personal aspects). Instructional because the rainbow first appears in the Bible with the story of Noah and the flood, it becomes the sign of the covenant that God will never abandon us. Evil, sickness, and death will never have the final say in life. God is struck by Noah's faithfulness. "Noah was a righteous man; he was blameless; Noah walked with God"[Genesis 6:9]. The phrase "walked with God" connotes the attributes that Fr. Nouwin speaks regarding those who pray with hope—"there are no guarantees asked, no conditions posed, and no proofs demanded." Noah is asked to build an ark according to very strict measurements dictated by the Lord [see Gen 6:14-15]. He never questions God's orders but merely goes about the task appointed him, submitting his will entirely to the Lord. Surely, a reasonable person would have broached the subject of a rudder or a sail, at least some navigational device for the ark, which this extremely exacting Lord

Does not a rainbow give you hope?¹⁰⁵

appears to have deleted in his ship-building plans. But reasonableness is not Noah's virtue, hope in the Lord is. Noah is rewarded for his "openness by which he waits for the promise to come, even though he never knew when, where, or how this might happen," for upon the completion of the project the Lord says, "I will establish my covenant with you and you shall enter the ark, with your sons, and your sons' wives"[Gen 6:18]. Dutifully for fourteen months Noah's family endures the rains and rising waters, until the Lord summons him out of the ark, blesses him and his sons, and exhorts them to increase and multiply. Noah builds an altar for burnt offerings in thanksgiving and the Lord says, "I now establish my covenant with you...never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth...I have set my bow in the clouds, and it shall serve as a sign of the covenant between me and the earth"[Gen 9:10-13]. The rainbow becomes the symbol of God's steadfastness and promise never to abandon us.

¹⁰⁵ This question of the Lord is so hopeful for me personally for two reasons. First, the Lord employs the metaphor of the ark regarding his mercy in many of his messages demonstrating the sense of urgency of the times in which we live. All he asks is that we have hope in his mercy. We only need approach him in the spirit of contriteness and humility, and we shall be forgiven. Such is my case as he so often asserted that he did not choose me for my merits but rather solely because of his mercy (6/10/ 96). Secondly, the rainbow is my most cherished symbol of our relationship. So often the Lord would direct me to perform a particular task for him which I was personally hesitant to do unless I was sure it was coming from him and not the deceiver, for the evil one can mimic the Lord and Blessed Mother. To rule out the possibility of deception, I would ask for a rainbow as a confirmation that the directive came from the Lord. He never disappointed me. Inevitably, a rainbow would appear in the sky or by some other visual means assuring me of his words. In short, the rainbow sustained my faith and hope in the Almighty whose mercy chose me to be an instrument attesting to the love he and his Mother have for each one of us. Now, I must rely totally and unconditionally on his words of October 20, 1995: "And now, just as in the days of Noah, I am inviting you to enter aboard the ark of my mercy. If Noah would take care of the animals and they would survive, then how much more would I, Jesus, do for you? Are you not greater than the animals?"

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Thank you for writing, my child. Be patient and endure all things. Go in peace.

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

APPENDICES



Maximilian Kolbe, OFM
*Conv. Patron Saint of
the Disciples of Mercy*

The Lord had appointed St. Maximilian Mary Kolbe to be the patron saint of the Disciples of Mercy. His untiring dedication to the conversion of mankind to the Sacred Heart and unparalleled efforts to publicize a greater awareness of the significant role the Blessed Mother has in the economy of salvation met with astonishing achievement both in Eastern Europe and the Far East. This Franciscan friar (Order of Friars Minor Conventual) was most noted for his success in the use of modern communication technology to achieve these goals. Hence, St. Maximilian Mary Kolbe proves to be an ideal role model for the Disciples to emulate.

A Prayer to St. Maximilian Mary Kolbe

Beloved Saint Maximilian, priest and martyr, our patron whom the Lord has generously bestowed upon us, we humbly ask for your intercession before the heavenly throne of God. We petition the Lord to bless our endeavors as fruitfully as he did yours when you walked this earth. Give us your passion to do his holy will, your zeal to work in his vineyard, your courage to sacrifice our lives in his service of love for others, and your devotion to his holy Mother as we too honor her Immaculate Heart, our Mediatrix and Mother of Mercy, Mother of the Sick. May the fire of love which you, St. Maximilian, fanned daily through the exercise of your priestly ministry by uniting yourself sacramentally with the redemptive sacrifice of our beloved Lord and the mutual offering of his Mother, the Immaculata, equally inflame our hearts to appreciate the inestimable value of the Mass and imitate your saintly life. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed forever. Amen.

An Act of Total Consecration to the Immaculate Virgin

By St. Maximilian Mary Kolbe

O Immaculate Queen of Heaven and Earth, Refuge of Sinners and our most loving Mother, to whom God willed to entrust the entire order of Mercy, I, an unworthy sinner, cast myself at your feet, humbly begging you to be so good as to accept me wholly and completely as your possession and property, and to do with me and with all my powers of soul and body, with my whole life, death, and eternity, whatever pleases you.

If it pleases you, use my whole self without reserve to accomplish what has been said of you: "She will crush your head"(Genesis3:15),and also:"You alone have destroyed all heresies in the whole world" (Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary), so that I may become a useful instrument in your immaculate and most merciful hands for promoting and increasing your glory to the maximum in so many strayed and indifferent souls, and thus extend as much as possible the blessed Kingdom of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For wherever You enter, You obtain the grace of conversion and sanctification, since it is through your hands that all grace comes to us from the Most Sweet Heart of Jesus.

R. Allow me to praise You, O most Holy Virgin.

V. Give me strength against Your enemies.

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**APPENDIX II
LORI'S ALBUM**



The Altar where Lori would and light a candle prior to receiving a message.



The bedroom where Lori would receive many of the messages. The bed would act as a desktop while Lori would kneel at the bed's side and write the message which the Lord or Blessed Mother would dictate.



Fr. Joachim Tierney, O.C.S.O., Lori, husband John, and baby Jessie. Fr. Joachim, a noted spiritual director was instrumental in assisting the Disciples of Mercy during their discernment process.



Lori, Fr. René Laurentin, and Michel Gemond, the interpreter. Fr. René subsequently published three articles in the French Catholic Monthly, *Stella Maris*. It is important to note that Fr. René does not officially endorse any visionary or locutionist.



Fr. Roman Schaefer, Lori's spiritual director, Lori, and Fr. René Laurentin

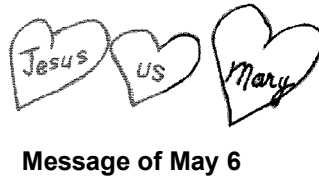
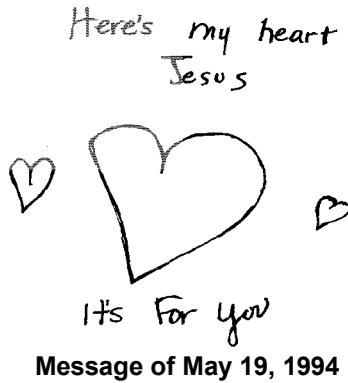


Lori's burial stone located at Our Lady Queen of Heaven Cemetery in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

**APPENDIX III
THE DOODLES**

Doodles

It is often said that the context in which our communications are sent is as significant as the message itself. For example, a viewer would miss a tremendous amount of the entire message of DaVinci's *Last Supper* if one were to focus solely upon Jesus. The reactions of the various Apostles to Jesus depicted by DaVinci provide a valuable commentary and are intimately connected to the entire import of what the artist is attempting to convey. In this light, the reader is invited to view some of the doodles Lori had constructed in the margins of the original messages she had received from the Lord and Blessed Mother. Please note the abiding love and devotion she possessed for her beloved Jesus and Mama Mary reflected in these drawings. Clearly they give insight into the maturing love she had for the authors of the messages.

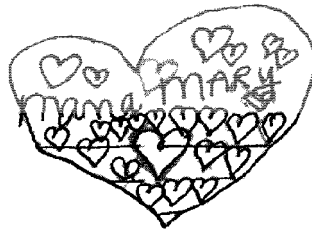


THANK YOU FOR
Loving me lord ♡

Message of June 18, 1994

REST YOUR WEARY
HEART O' LORD

Message of May 7, 1994



Message of May 29, 1994

The HEART  OF GOD

 LOVE 
M
R
C
Y

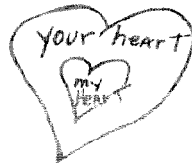
You shall know my disciples
by their generosity of heart




Message of November 16, 1994

I bless you & I praise you Jesus.
Glory to you Lord
my beloved rainbow.

Amen

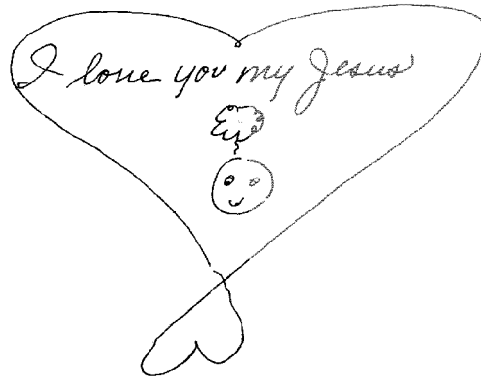


Message of June 22, 1994



Lord, do you want to write? ^{9/8/94}

Message of September 8, 1995 - The Feast of the birth of our Blessed Mother.



I love you my Jesus

Message of July 8, 1995

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**APPENDIX IV
DISCIPLES OF MERCY ALBUM**



Disciples of Mercy in South Florida, Jessie, Lori's youngest daughter, is in the front row.



Disciples Veronica and Ralph Mueller, Gilda Youngblood, David Amaya, and Norm Dyko at radio station WNN in Boca Raton where the messages contained in the *Heart of God* were discussed. A total of fourteen hours of air time were accumulated over a seven week program entitled "Jesus and Mary Speak Today."



Disciples Gilda Youngblood, David Amaya, John Gudinas, and Marta Menendez-Cano at a Catholic Communications Conference held in Miami, Florida.



Disciples Veronica and Ralph Mueller, founders of *Mission Possible*, a missionary project dedicated to assisting the poor in Peru. These dedicated disciples celebrated their forty-fifth wedding anniversary at the mission in Chimbote, Peru.



Disciples Veronica and Ralph Mueller at their mission, *House of Divine Mercy - Mission Possible* in Lima, Peru.



Disciple Veronica working with members of *Mission Possible* foster program.



Disciples from Pittsburgh visiting their fellow disciples in South Florida.



Disciples at St. Joseph's Church in Port Harcourt, Nigeria



Disciples at Catholic Institute of West Africa in Port Harcourt, Nigeria.

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**Prayers Jesus and the Blessed Mother Taught Lori
April 30, 1994 - September 17, 1996**

270 Prayers

Prayer of Consecration to the Sacred Heart

(December 28, 1995)

Father, Eternal Wisdom and Majesty, transfuse my entire being with the light of your love. Place my heart within yours. Place my mind within yours. Place my spirit within yours. I consecrate my life to the Sovereign and Omnipotent God of All Creation. Help me to be mesmerized by your love. Help me to forsake my earthly attachments. Help me not to be distracted by the things of this earth. Lord, I come before you on my knees, completely willing to empty the blood from my veins and to accept your blood. Help me to be hungry for your Body and Blood every day, as you desire to nourish me in the Holy Eucharist. I ask now for my seat at the heavenly banquet, that my seat remain empty until you, Lord, call me home to heaven. I consecrate and offer my life as reparation, that I may obtain by this offering a seat at your banquet for someone who is lost from you. With abundant gratitude I accept the blood you have shed for me at Calvary. Let me be distracted in your love and nurtured by your blood. May the name of the Lord be blessed forever. Amen.

**Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary
St. Louis De Montfort's Consecration**

Lori had requested the Blessed Mother for a prayer of consecration to her Immaculate Heart. She informed Lori that she favors the De Montfort Consecration.

I, N., a faithless sinner—renew and ratify today in thy hands, O Immaculate Mother, the vows of my Baptism; I renounce forever satan, his pomps and works; and I give myself entirely to Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Wisdom, to carry my cross after Him all the days of my life, and to be more faithful to Him than I have ever been before. In the presence of all the heavenly court I choose thee this day, for my Mother and Mistress. I deliver and consecrate to thee as thy slave, my body and soul, my goods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of all my good actions, past, present and future; leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me, and all that belongs to me, without exception, according to thy good pleasure, for the greater glory of God, in time and in eternity. Amen.

Prayers Jesus Taught Lori in 1994

Prayer for Righteousness and Perseverance

June 1, 1994

Almighty and everlasting God, Eternal Father, prepare my heart in the ways of goodness and righteousness. Let perseverance be your gift to me, O holy and eternal God. From age to age, eternity to eternity, you are my God, mighty and eternal. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. Amen.

Prayer for Unity and Proper Direction

June 10, 1994

Father, hear the voices of your children roaming in the wilderness, the lost and scattered sheep of Israel. Father, unite your children. Bring them home to the heaven you have prepared for them. By your mercy, let all men find love enkindled by the Spirit of Love. Rejoice, O Israel, for the spirit of the Lord is among you. Give praise and glory to the Lord, your God. The Lord is one, and holy is his name. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. Amen.

Prayer for Hope in a Time of Adversity

June 21, 1994

Almighty and everlasting God, who knows the hearts of men but you? Who stops the destroyer from entering the hearts of your chosen ones? Despair not, O Israel. Remember the compassion of the Lord, your God. Call upon his mighty name for his right hand will sustain you in despair. Father, come to your children. Weak and wretched, they await your mighty arms. Place them in the chariot of your heart and bring them to the heaven prepared from the beginning of time. Most holy God, Giver of Mercy, Giver of Comfort, we adore and praise your mighty name. Amen.

Prayer for Purification

June 22, 1994

Sustaining Lord, who lifts me out of the mud by his mighty hand, turn not your face from me. Close not your eyes nor your ears to my call, for I am weak and have been scarred by my sin. Cleanse me, O Lord. Make me a new creation in thy sight. Blessed be my rescuer, the Lord of Hosts. Amen.

272 Prayers

Prayer of Petition

June 29, 1994

Lord God, Father of All Nations, Lord of the weak and of the mighty, open your ears to hear the cries of your people. Send your Spirit upon the earth, O Father, that he may dwell in the hearts of all. Then, O Israel, rejoice in the saving majesty of the One, True God. Hear our prayers in our weakness and wretchedness and say, "yes" to your children, O Lord. Amen.

Prayer for Comfort and Sustenance

July 11, 1994

O Holy and Sacred God, Founder of Creation, our light in the midst of darkness, our hope in the midst of despair, be never far from our hearts. Press your ears to our sighs, O Lord, our God. Be ever near when we call, and quickly wrap your sustaining arms around us. Keep us safe from our adversaries and be ever one with us, O Lord. Amen.

Prayer of Repentance

July 30, 1994

O merciful God, Creator and Redeemer, I come before you in my wretchedness. I am an abomination in thy sight. I can do no right, nor serve you, for I am made blind by my wickedness. Accept me, O Lord, and by thy mercy transform me, that I may be pleasing in thy sight. I am a sinner, Lord God. Have kindness and compassion on me who is nothing before thee. Make me holy, O Lord, and teach me thy ways, and I shall persevere by your grace to be an abomination in thy sight no longer. Amen.

Prayer for Mercy

August 17, 1994

O Eternal Father, Majesty of Heaven and Earth, your mercy pours forth from the everlasting fountain of your love. From eternal to eternal, so mighty and infinite is thy mercy. Let sinners rejoice, that thy mercy may cover us and cause our hearts to burn with the fire of thy love. Let the rays of the Divine Mercy shelter us and make us holy in thy sight, for thy mercy is so abundant. O Lord, our God, we implore and beseech thy mercy in this great hour of our redemption, that we may join your heavenly court and dwell with you forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer for Transformation

September 8, 1994

Eternal Father, who can gather the sparrows as they fall from the nest, who can breathe life into the dead and transform a heart of stone into a heart of love, Father, we implore thy goodness and mercy, lest we fall from the nest of thy great love. Keep us always in thy bosom that we may see thy glory and salvation. Amen.

Prayer for the Lord's Faithful Guidance

October 13, 1994

Eternal Father, from the infinite treasures of thy heart you have prepared a dwelling place for your people. Forget not your people, Israel. By your mighty right hand guide them back to your holy city. Let all of heaven and earth proclaim your mighty name and shout your praises, for thou art our God, Mighty and Eternal. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. Amen.

Prayer for Virtue and Purity

December 10, 1994

Beloved Spirit of God, who is with wisdom in the ways of counsel, who is the God of Right Judgement, I come before you lacking in virtue and purity. I implore you, O Spirit of God, to embrace my heart and by the fire of your love purify me and place my feet upon the foundation of holiness. For mighty are you, O Lord, my Redeemer, who tears apart and rebuilds by his own breath. O Lord my God, keep not your Spirit from me, for I desire to walk with you all the days of my life. Amen.

Prayers Jesus and the Blessed Mother taught Lori in 1995

Prayer for Docility

(January 17, 1995)

Redeemer of Israel, Sanctifier and Purifier of Souls, we long to dwell in the land of the righteous. We desire to build a new house which we may call the Temple of the God of Israel, who is Holy, who is One. Let the fire of your love purify us. Make us pliable and useful to you, that we may become upright in thy sight. Close not your eyes. Make not your ears deaf to our pleadings. O Lord, drown us in your mercy and hear our lamentation, for the Lord is our God and holy is his name. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. Amen.

274 Prayers

Prayer for Humility

(March 1, 1995)

Father, Eternal Master, grant us the garments of humility that we may come before you desiring reconciliation. For in that hour, Father, surely you shall not chastise the truly humble and repentant of heart. Though we be naked before you, take away our layers of pride and greed of heart, and gently cover us in the sweet fragrance of humility. Dear Father, turn not your face nor your ears from our cries, but in your mercy hear and answer us. Amen.

Prayer for an Increase of Faith

(May 10, 1995)

Father Eternal, Majesty Most High, I desire to love you with a pure love. Grant me the grace of faith that I may ponder your marvelous works. Father, I cannot approach you without faith. I pray that despite my sinfulness you will hide me under the umbrella of your love, and let your lovely countenance shine upon me, and I shall bless your Holy Name forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer for Healing

(May 15, 1995)

Father Eternal, by the merits of your most obedient Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, we come before you sick and wounded by our sins. Heal us, O Lord, and take our iniquity from us by the passion of our most merciful Savior, Jesus Christ. Heal us of all our suffering both in body and soul, and fill our hearts with the fire of your love. O Holy Master, grant us new hearts. Mend our wounds. Transform us into your image, that by our healing we may bring glory and honor to your holy name. For all thy benefits we thank thee and bless thee forever. Amen.

Prayer of Praise

(August 6, 1995)

Gracious God, humble and generous in thy affections, compassionate and loving in thy responses, consumed with love and mercy for the wretched, I come to offer you nothing but praise. I come acknowledging you as Lord and God. I come seeking your counsel and wisdom. But most of all, my gracious God, I come to adore you and praise your holy name. May the name of the Lord be blessed and adored, forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer for the Spirit of Righteousness

(September 6, 1995)

Infinite God, source of love and comfort, source of all creation, blessed be your holy name. Teach me your ways, O God. Reveal your heart to me that by your love my heart shall burn as a candle upon the eternal altar. O Father Eternal, set a flame in my heart. Teach me your ways, teach me to love with the Great Heart of Love. May the name of the Lord be blessed forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer for Holiness

(October 27, 1995)

O Spirit of Truth and Righteousness, Protector of the Tabernacle of Each Heart, look with pity upon your children. See the chalices which they themselves have filled and empty them, O Spirit of God, into the ocean of your forgiveness. Set a new chalice in front of each heart and bestow the gift of holiness upon each one of us. Fill every chalice with good works, desires for your love, and graces from the Eternal Gift-Giver. And then, Most Holy God, Spirit of Light and Love, permit us to drink from the cup that you have anointed with your Blood. Let every mouth proclaim the glory of the God Israel. Amen.

Prayer of Consolation

(November 21, 1995)

Father and Majesty of All Heaven and Earth, what could a wretch like me say to console you? I shall say that I am grieved by my offenses to you. I shall say that I will worship and adore the Union of the Three, the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity. On my knees do I come to whisper love songs to you. Grant me your passion to love you. Grant me your heart to love the world. Grant me your eyes that I may see your crucified body impaled upon the heart of everyone I meet. And when I love the stranger, it is because I love you. When I do my work silently, it shall be to console your grieving heart. When I am forgiving of those who mock and wound me, I will be anointing all your wounds. When I console others, then I am consoling you, my God. Amen.

276 Prayers

Prayer Prior to the Sacrament of Reconciliation

(December 12, 1995)

Eternal Father, I am a sinner; have mercy on me. Beloved Jesus, I am a sinner; have mercy on me. Beloved Holy Spirit, I am a sinner; have mercy on me. My heart and my soul are blackened by my offenses. Grant me a voice of confession and not one of omission. Permit my most holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, to place her loving arms about me as I confess my sins. Permit her to obtain for me mercy and forgiveness from you, my God. Grant me your eyes to see my iniquities. I place them at the foot of the Cross and I ask you to cover them in your Holy Precious Blood. Heal me of the scars of my sin, O Lord, and make me a pure, unspotted lamb in your sight. Amen.

Prayers Jesus and the Blessed Mother Taught Lori in 1996

A Prayer for Eucharistic Ministers

(January 16, 1996)

O Spirit of Wisdom and Truth, with gratitude I accept this great opportunity to feed your poor and hungry people. Cleanse me and forgive me for all of my offenses. Let me be a pure vessel to bring the Bread of Life to God's people. I am only a servant at the foot of the Cross. As the blood from your wounds spills upon me, allow me to place it in the chalice of your mercy and give it to your people to drink. Allow me to carry your broken and wounded body in my arms and present you to those who hunger. And if I should wander from the flock, come and find me, Lord. Nurture me, forgive me, and feed me, so that once again I may become one of the gardeners to take care of your precious rose [the Church] upon the earth. Amen.

Prayer for Spiritual Aridity

(February 13, 1996)

Father Eternal, the desert surrounds me. The mountains reject me. The valleys scorn me. The rivers laugh at me. I call your name, my God, for you are my refuge. Place sandals upon my feet that they shall not be scorched by the hot desert sand. Place a staff of perseverance in my hands. Send your Holy Spirit to guide me. Father, create in me a deeper hunger and thirst for you. When the hot sun of loneliness beats down upon my brow, let me find shelter within the sanctuary of your wounds. When the snake and scorpion come to lure me away from you, let me remember that my only comfort lies within the contemplation of your holy passion. Though my soul is experiencing labor pains, grant me the courage to grow as you desire it. Let me remember, Father, that you are the only water in the desert of aridity. Father, when it is time for my birth as a new spiritual being, I desire you to cut the umbilical cord of complacency. Walk with me, O Lord, through the desert and stay ever by my side, my Lord and my God. Amen.

An Aspiration during a Time of Temptation

(February 19, 1996)

Lord, Holy God, may these temptations pass through your sacred wounds and return to me as gentle thoughts.

**Prayer to the Immaculate Heart of Mary
for Protection and Intercession**

(February 24, 1996)

Mother of the Eternal Flame of Love, Mother of the Heart and Soul of All That is Seen and Unseen, let your heart be a hiding place for sinners. Let your heart be the cavern that I may find the eternal shelter and peace that God so longs to bestow upon me. Mother Immaculate, please permit your mantle of grace and protection to shield me from the eyes of God and from the evil one's plots to capture my soul. Mother, so full of love and tenderness, permit me to rest in the sanctuary of your most Immaculate Heart. Let your Immaculate Heart be as the nest for the Lord's lost sparrows to return. May the name of my beloved Jesus be praised and adored and blessed from every heart and tongue forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer Before Every Endeavor

(March 7, 1996)

O Holy God, brutalized for my offenses, given a king's robe in mockery, given a king's scepter in mockery, please take this cloak which is a cloak of authority and holiness, and cover our work with it. In this way, you will be glorified and our work will be blessed in heaven. O Holy Jesus, our King, please permit us to be your subjects. Let the garment that touched your Holy and Sacred Body touch us and our work. This will turn all mockeries and persecutions into abundant blessings. May the name of the King of Israel be honored and adored for all eternity. Amen.

Prayer of Consecration to the Holy Will of God

(March 10, 1996)

Abundant God of Love and Mercy, Source of all Comfort and Peace, let your Holy Perfect Will consume me. Let the Will of God be my food day and night, for I shall have no rest outside the sanctuary of your Holy Will. I consecrate and offer myself to be the keeper of the house of your Holy Will, for your Will is as a house, O Lord, where the walls and roof fortify and protect one. I consecrate myself to guard the sanctuary of your Holy Will as a priceless treasure. I consecrate myself to be the pliable metal for you to use as you desire. I consecrate my heart to your Sacred Heart, that I may be used freely and without reservation by God Almighty. May the name of the Lord be blessed and adored for all eternity, and may the Holy Perfect Will of God be cherished as the light within the darkness. Amen.

Prayer Prior to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass

(March 20, 1996)

Blessed God, sweep the floor of my heart and cast the garbage of my sins into the ocean of forgiveness. Let me have no thoughts, no concerns, no adversaries in my heart when I come to Mass. Let my heart be unshackled from its human bondage so that as I approach your altar, my heart shall be an empty vessel ready for you to use as you will. Let me not permit worldly adversaries to come between thee and me. Let my ears hear only your voice. Let my mouth speak only your words. Let everything I think, and say, and do, be for the glory of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Let my heart beat with yours all the days of my life. Amen.

Prayer for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory

(April 18, 1996)

O Eternal Wisdom, glorious in majesty, soothe the pain of your children in purgatory. Let them drink from the eternal fountain of your mercy. Send your most holy Mother to comfort and nurture those who are suffering. Father, let the most Blessed Virgin Mary present to you all those who suffer in the fires of purification, for it is through her motherly womb they shall be brought into the eternal heaven. For just as the birth of our precious Lord, the womb of Mary, our Mother, purifies and sanctifies all souls, she is the bridge between purgatory and heaven. Therefore, we commit their souls to her Immaculate Heart.

Oh, what blessings does the Queen of Heaven and Earth obtain for sinners. Listen, O Israel. Listen, O Israel. Listen, O Israel. Amen.

Prayer before the Tabernacle

(April 23, 1996)

Father most merciful, most majestic in glory, teach us to breathe mercy as your beloved Son did, for truly Christ lives in us. Let every breath we take be as his last one—the one that obtained for us all the blessings from Heaven. Father, in your most intimate love heaven is made manifest upon the earth in the Holy Sanctuary of the Tabernacle. When we view the tabernacle, let us see your beloved Son, Jesus, taking his last breath for love of us. O God of Mercies, we bless you. Amen.

Prayer for Comfort through the Sacred Wounds

(May 7, 1996)

Lord of Infinite Vision, Lord of All Interior Quests, Lord of the Weak and of the Mighty, you are a sanctuary for the weak and humble of heart. You, O Lord, are a branch for the sparrow. You, O Lord, are a leaf to cover and protect all creatures. Grant us refuge in your holy sacred wounds. Bathe us in their sweet consolations. Feed us with their sweet and holy nourishment. It is through your sacred wounds that one may journey ever closer to your heart. May the name of the Lord be praised and adored forever. Amen.

Prayer for Discernment

(June 28, 1996)

Father of the Four Corners of All the Heaven and Earth, teach us to discern between your most majestic and holy influence, and that of the malignant deceiver. Though the deceiver places luxurious carpeting under our bare feet, let us feel the sting of the nails. Eternal Father, let us not be fooled by the mirages in the desert of sin. For only you, Lord, give us the water from the chalice of your mercy. Let us always recall your attributes and be steadfast and without hesitation to pursue the Kingdom of God. For as we pursue the Kingdom of God, all things, therefore, shall be given. In the name of the God of Israel, be blessed forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer to Angel Stephen

(August 3, 1996)

Beloved Stephen, guardian divine, come into our homes and hearts. Take there up thy rest and assist us in all our endeavors. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed forever. Amen.

Prayer of Dedication to the Sovereignty of the Heart of God

(September 4, 1996)

Almighty and Everlasting Eternal Father, who knows the wilderness of each heart, come with your grace and heavenly aid. Pour forth water on the desert of each heart. Quench our thirst. Still our desires. Let you alone become our desire. Let our hearts mourn for you, for you are the only true consolation of the soul. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed forever. Amen.

Prayers 280

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