

# ***The Messages***

**July 3, 1994**

My servant, take up the pen of my grace and write my words. My countenance has despised the abominations of this generation.

Children, you are murdering for pride and committing blasphemy against the Lord your God. Who shall approach me to sustain the wrath of my judgment?

Children, I am Jesus, beloved Son of God, and the Almighty. I am the Lord, your God, One in the Holy Trinity. Beloved children, the day will soon come upon mankind when my justice shall fall from the heavens. Then shall my sheep see the majesty of their Savior. Remember these warnings, children. Heed my commandments. The laws which I have given you are for eternity. Keep them in your hearts at all times.

Children, I am Yahweh, the Lord, your God. I am calling you to amend your lives. Prepare your hearts to meet your King. I shall come to you as a thief in the night. Be prepared, my children.

Walk with me and stay on the path of righteousness.

Do not invite Satan into your lives, but be sealed in my love. Be sealed in my Spirit. Say the name of "Jesus" often, and repent, my little lost souls, repent. Someday you shall say, "Lord, when did you call to us?" and I shall say "When did I not?" So hear the words of the Lord, your God, who in his mercy has extended his heart to you again. Come, children, come.

Go in the peace of my love, my little mercy. Stay in my love and be blessed.

*Lord, I love you. I'm sorry.*

I forgive you, my little daughter. Rest.

*Lord, I want to come home. It's not that I want to die but I don't belong here. I'm scared of this earth. I don't fit in.*

Child, you shall not die but you shall live with me for eternity in the place I have prepared for all my children. There is nothing, child, that you

could do to be worthy of eternal life. It is my gift to you and to all who would follow me. Come to your Father's arms and recognize my sustaining love.

Oh, little soul, no, you are not of the earth, for you are with me and in me and I am not of the earth. Weary not, little soul. I am by your side. Remember, the most difficult cross to bear is the cross of separation from me. I am the Way, my beloved. My children know me, and I them. Come to me, children, and begin to know me. If you knew me, you would love me, children, for I am Love. Tell others, my daughter. I am thirsty for love. I am weary, my daughter. Bring souls to me that I may permeate their hearts with my Spirit of Love.

*Lord?*

Continue on your journey to me. Go in peace, child. Amen.

**July 4, 1994**

**Beloved, listen to the words of the Lord, your**

**God, the Mighty One of Israel.**

**Listen daughter, listen carefully. Oh, my daughter America, in your pride and greed, you have despised the Lord, your God. You have denied me to my little ones and you have annihilated the word of my law. "In God we trust" no longer applies to you, America.**

**You have been given the most by me and have become a nation to reject me the most. The abortion must stop. You are murdering the innocent and the blood of their torment cries out to me, the Lord God. "Revenge is mine' saith the Lord," and the blood of the innocents shall come upon you, America. Stop murdering my children. Remember your place before me, America. Oh, Mankind, what have you done? You have brought evil and destruction upon you by your very own actions. No longer is my Word read. No longer is my Word honored.**

**America, I am the King of your land. Remember the Lord, your God, and the blessings I have bestowed upon your nation.**

*What should I write, Lord?*

**Daughter, write my words.**

**America, if you do not repent, I shall turn my eyes from you and I shall not know you.**

*What about the ones who love you, Lord?*

**Little one, I shall not turn my eyes from mine, but oh, what suffering they shall have to endure as a great plague falls upon you, daughter America.**

**Repent, and turn from your evil ways. Shed no more blood. I shall not still my wrath much longer.**

**Child, I am weary. The blood of my precious babies cries out to me. Stop committing murder. Stop the abominations lest the Lord, your God, shall turn his eyes from you, America. Heed my warning, I am the Sovereign and Almighty God who despises the murders in your land. Be prepared, children, to account for your lives.**

**Do not worry, my beloved children. I will remember those who have remembered the Lord, their God.**

*(Note from Lori: the Lord had given this message in such a solemn and ominous tone, which rarely occurs, that I believe it was necessary to highlight it in bold for emphasis to express its seriousness).*

I bless you daughter. Thank you for writing my words. I will confirm my words. Go in peace. Go in humility.

Be blessed.

*Lord, have mercy on us.*

**August 11, 1994**

My dear little disciple. Come into your Father's arms and rest, for I know your difficulties. We shall continue. Little child of my heart, tonight my words shall be few, yet serious.

**A great plague shall descend upon you, Amer-**

**ica. The blood of the unborn shall spill upon you and your children, that you shall know the wrath of the Lord, your God. I have warned you, America, and you have not listened. The blood of the innocent cries for revenge and you, America, are an abomination in my sight. If you do not turn from your evil ways now, a great devastation shall befall you.**

**Remember, I am a God of Mercy, yet your pride and arrogance surrounds your hearts.**

**I have spoken daughter, as I have so many times before.**

**Beware, America, for the mighty hand of the Lord of Hosts shall strike you with his fiery wrath. Shed no more blood. Beware. Beware. Beware. I shall descend upon you, America, and I shall multiply the sufferings of one innocent aborted child upon your land and homes.**

**Again I have spoken.**

**Thank you for writing my words.**

*(Note from Lori: Again, because of the seriousness of this message I have highlighted it in bold. We Americans must heed it, for the consequences are grave).*

*Please, have mercy, Jesus. PLEASE, we love you. Amen.*

**September 8, 1994**

Let us begin, little one. I have been waiting for you.

My daughter, this is the time of the outpouring of my Spirit upon humanity. I have rained my grace upon the lowly as to flood their hearts with my love. Little one, do not weary of writing my words. I am asking you, daughter, to speak all that I, the Lord, tell you. Amongst the poor and crippled of heart shall you go. Tell others of my mercy and compassion.

My precious disciples, you have brought joy to my heart by honoring my Mother. Thank you, my little ones.

*Lord, you don't ever have to say, "thank you" to us. We should always say, "thank you" to you.*

My child, I am humble of heart. I, the Lord, say "thank you" to show my humility so that you may know the great love in my heart.

Little ones, I shall teach you a prayer. Open your heart to receive the words of the Spirit of Love:

*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.*

Little ones, continue to honor my Mother and remember always to pray for my innocents. I bless you, children. Go in the peace of my love.

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

**September 25, 1994**

My little one, do not weary of writing my words. Persevere in your prayers and efforts to please me.

My daughter, know that the era in which you live is a period of great grace, yet because mankind has not repented before me, then so shall the wrath of the Lord, thy God, come upon the earth. The continents will tremble and the oceans will devour the land.

For the cry of the innocents shall these things occur. Mankind, you must stop murdering the unborn. For I, the Lord, have seen the atrocities committed on innocent blood. I have heard the cries and groans of the slaughtered and I, the Lord, shall avenge their cruelty unless you repent before me.

For in the day that you see my sign in the heavens, you will know that I AM WHO AM lives and has spoken. You will know that the words of my prophets are true and that the Lord of Hosts is righteous and just. Truly, mankind, realize my

mercy as I continuously call you to repentance. Children, you do not know what awaits you. Return to me. I am Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life. Let all who hear my words come.

I love you and bless you, child. Go in peace.

*I love you and bless you, too, Lord Jesus. Amen. Please, Jesus, have mercy on us. Have mercy on the people who are lost from you. Please.*

## **November 2, 1994**

Little one of my heart, come to me and receive my message of love.

Until the United States of America hears and obeys my command, I, the Lord, shall not dictate another message to this land. I am mocked and my messages discarded.

*(Note from Lori: The Lord has decided not to dictate any further messages to me addressed specifically to the United States as a nation. It is due to our hardheartedness).*

*Lord, will you confirm this message?*

Yes, little one, I, the Lord, Jesus Christ will confirm.

Child, to many of my prophets I have spoken about my daughter, America, yet my words are ignored. Idolatry reigns in this land, and hearts curse and blaspheme me.

Until you repent, America, I, the Lord, shall not speak to you. For the time has come, America, for your hearts to be changed or crushed. Remember, America, they will be crushed until you amend your evil ways and repent before me.

No greater abomination exists before me than the idolatrous path you have chosen. You hypocrites! You judge others, yet you do not see how your souls are crippled by your passion for money and power. You covet and murder the innocent and stand before me unrepentant.

Listen carefully to my words, child. I have heard the cries of the children in this land and I, the Lord, shall not permit the atrocities much longer.

*(Note from Lori: The Lord is referring to the cries of aborted children).*

Yes, America, you shall see my wrath unless you repent and beg for mercy.

*Lord, what about the ones who love you and follow you?*

Remember what I, the Lord, have told you. I shall not forget mine. My faithful ones, have no reason to despair. I will not forsake my faithful ones. Tell others, daughter, of my words. All that I, the Lord, have spoken to you shall come to pass. I will confirm.

Go in peace little one. Be not afraid. I bless you.

*I bless you, too, Lord. I love you.*

**January 12, 1995**

My little disciple of mercy, receive my message of love.

The earth is mine, children, and everything of

the earth was created to bring glory to my holy name. Yet you, my children, have made a mockery of my creation and therefore, a mockery of my name. The greatest mockery is your decision to murder my creation. Oh, children, how you have grieved me. You have murdered so many that I, the Lord, have sent to help you. Priests and prophets have you murdered, children, by your hardness of heart.

I, the Lord, am the **only** author of life. Only I, the Lord, can grant life or take life. You, my children, have no authority from me to decide life or death. Your sins are atrocities and are poisoning you, creation. My children, open your eyes. Can you not see the poison of your sins upon your world?

O Wicked Generation, be prepared to account for your lives before me, the Lord God.

We shall continue tomorrow, child. I love you and I bless you.

*I love you and bless you, too, my Jesus and Mama Mary. Amen.*



## February 7, 1995

Come, little one. Receive my words of love. Listen carefully, little one of my heart.

My heart is mankind's sanctuary. For as my heart continues to beat with love and mercy, so the earth and all its inhabitants which I, the Lord, created, are sustained. Children, realize that I AM wears the crown of kingship and authority, and you, my children, do not. This crown of glory is Eternal to Eternal as I AM and will never change.

Oh, foolish children, why do you grant yourselves authority over human life? You have not received my permission to act in this manner. No, my children, and you shall be held accountable by me, the Lord God.

So many of you are blinded by your arrogance and pride that you actually perceive my crown upon your very head. I tell you solemnly that the day will come when you shall see me in my glory, and you shall know, mankind, of your foolishness. Remove the crown of pride from

your head and humble yourselves before me. I am Yahweh, the Everlasting to Everlasting, Lord God of Hosts. Hear my words.

Thank you, child, for your sacrifice of love. I bless you, little mercy of my heart.

*I bless you and love you, Jesus Mercy. Amen.*

## May 7, 1995

My dear child, I am here. Receive my words of love and truth.

Dear one, patience breeds faith. With patient endurance, the virtue of trust in me is perfected by me. Yes, my child, I, the Lord, Jesus Christ, am happy to bestow such gifts on all those who ask. Dear one, faith does not exist without patience. The heart must be patient while the soul turns to me.

I am the Lord, the One Who Is, the Alpha and the Omega. I am He Who Sustains All of Creation in the Palm of My Hand. I am He Who Breathes Life into My Creation, that they may return all glory

and honor to me. But is that so? No, precious one, creation revels in her arrogance, glorifying herself. She delights in the sciences, the sciences which create and destroy. She has lost her dignity and respect for life.

“Generation,” thus says the Lord, the God of Israel, “repent and turn from your evil ways, lest I shall come in a storm to strike with my justice. You are not the author of life nor the executioner of life. Only I AM,” says the Lord of Hosts.

You treat human life as a cancer destroying both the good and bad at your choosing. You rob the innocents of the right to life because of your selfish arrogance. You are accountable, Generation. The Lord God of Hosts is coming and you, Generation, are accountable. Be prepared. Be prepared. Be prepared.

*Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.*

Child, thank you for writing. I bless you. Go in peace.

*I bless you, too, forever O Lord. Amen.*

**June 5, 1995**

My beloved disciple, record my words of love.

Child, when I, the Lord, created the earth, I separated man from the animals of the sea. I gave man authority over all things, but to my sorrow man has abused the gifts I have given him. He has made a mockery out of all life, including his own.

The fish are hidden by the powerful waters that conceal them. But is man hidden? No, child, for by the hardness of his heart man commits atrocities and then boasts. Man does not even desire to hide his behavior. There is no modesty or shame in this perverse generation.

Mankind, by my breath the oceans and the land shall be mingled, and they shall not be separate as the poison of your sin mingles with the blood of the unborn. I have warned you, children, yet you have not hearkened to my calls. The abortions must stop. The ocean of water shall

become an ocean of blood and it shall spit forth all types of plagues upon the land.

You shall run, Mankind, but there are no hiding places from me, the Lord God, as there are no hiding places for the unborn at the cruel hands of their tormentors. Remember, my children, when the blood of the innocent infects you with my revenge, I, the Lord, shall not hear your cries. Stop the abominations and heed my warnings. My merciful heart is ready to forgive you, if you desire it.

Thank you, child. Rest in my Sacred Heart. I bless you.

*I love you and bless you, too, Most Holy God. Amen.*

**June 21, 1995**

My beloved disciple, record my words of love.

My beloved children, so many of you have low self-esteem and are disgusted with your lives. I tell you, my children, do not place an emphasis

on your outer appearance. Dear ones, why do you lack dignity? Surely, it is because you value man's opinion and not mine. Surely, it is because you pursue earthly riches and not heavenly ones.

Children, I have created all of you in my image and therefore, I offer you dignity and self-respect. I love each of you to the depths you cannot comprehend, and I, the Lord, respect you. How therefore do you not have respect for yourselves or for one another? By whose standards do you assess another? With cluttered hearts how can you see clearly, my children?

Oh, my beloved children, if only you focused on me, instead of worldly things. I, the Lord, Jesus Christ, would grant you all that you need. I am the Treasure Keeper of Dignity and Self-Respect. If I value you so, my dear ones, why do you have such disrespect for life? From the moment of conception a soul is given by me and consecrated to me. I AM breathes life into every creature. Do not destroy what I, the Lord, have created.

Daughter, my beloved, thank you for recording

my words. I bless you.

*I bless you, too, O Lord, my beloved, and Holy God and Father. Amen.*

### **July 25, 1995**

My little child of mercy, I AM is speaking. Listen to the words of the Holy One of Israel.

Children, the earth has become a barren wasteland. It has become a garden of weeds where the very essence of goodness has been suffocated by sin. My children, the earth has the virus of sin consuming it. I, the Lord, am the only cure of the poisoning of humanity. Can you deny, my dear ones, the abominations of immorality that are a part of your everyday lives? Can you deny that your greed and pride has transformed you into a cannibalistic people? You devour the innocent to obtain more possessions.

Dear little one, let us continue. There is blood upon you, O Earth. The blood of the unborn covers you, and I, the Lord, have warned you repeatedly: stop the abortions! The choice of

life or death is not up to you. It is my decision and mine alone. Thus says the Lord, the God of Israel, "I am watching you, Generation, there shall be a bloodbath upon the entire world if my warnings are not heeded."

I am weary, children. Return to the sacraments. Return to my commandments. Return to righteousness. Do not remain a part of the abominations lest you shall be crushed by them.

Thank you for writing, my beloved child. Rest in my love. I bless you.

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

### **August 13, 1995**

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

Children, I am your heavenly Mother sent as a messenger of the Most High God to entice souls to return to his heart of love. I have come as the advocate for righteousness, and as the taber-

nacle for sinners. Children, my motherly mantle protects you from the savage one as well as shields you from divine justice. I, your Mother of Mercy, plead for each one of you to obtain mercy and pardon for you.

This Generation has committed abominable crimes, that of which the killing of the unborn is the most serious. Many of you are so consumed by earthly pleasures that you are sleeping. Instead of being alert and heeding my calls and the calls of my beloved Son, you sleep and therefore you make a mockery of God.

Children, unless you repent and convert, you shall not escape the hand of justice. The choice is yours. I am a messenger of the heavenly kingdom and my grief and mourning is great. Each day many, many are lost to the abyss of hell, never to return.

Children, call to me. Consider me your one, true Mother Most Holy. Many of you have never known your earth mothers and you are reluctant to call upon me. I assure you that my motherly love transcends all other love except for the love

of God. Come to me, children, I am waiting.

*Mama Mary, thank you. I bless you and love you forever.*

I love you and bless you, too, dearest child.

*Lord?*

My beloved child, we shall not write today. Meditate on these words from my beloved Mother. I love you and I bless you.

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

**August 14, 1995**

My devoted child, come and record my words of love.

Children, I, the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, have heard the groaning of my people and of the earth I have created. I have heard the cries of my faithful ones at the hands of persecutors, both physical and moral. I have heard the cries of the innocent victims savagely betrayed.

Do you not despise the world in which you live? You are a hardened and uncivilized people who slaughter for sport. You are no different from the cannibals. You have ears, yet you do not hear. You have eyes, yet you do not see. The sins of the earth are upon the earth, who cries out for vengeance. For the sins of mankind weigh heavily upon the heart of the earth, who cries to me for revenge. Mankind, your sins have come upon you. There shall be plagues. There shall be groans of hunger in places that have not experienced such sufferings. The earth shall become as a womb, wherein, you, the unborn of holiness shall have no place to flee. Unless you repent and convert, you are as dead. You shall become as part of the plague to cover the earth.

Call upon my mercy, child, and be born into holiness. Be consumed with my love and mercy.

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

*I bless you and love you, too, Jesus. I love you, Holy Spirit. Blessed be God forever! Amen.*

**August 26, 1995**

My little child of mercy, come and record my words of love. I am he who pours forth oceans of mercy upon the earth.

Children, your arrogance has blinded you to the truth of my love. I, the Lord, did not create man and then place him in the ocean. Nor did I take the fish and place him upon dry land. Children, I, the Lord, am a God with infinite love and respect for life. I created the womb to be a shield for the unborn. But you, wicked ones, have taken knives and have lacerated the safety of the womb. Again, I, the Lord, the God of Israel, am warning you to stop the abortions. If you do not heed my warning, then every womb of safety and comfort you have in your lives will be lacerated by catastrophes. You shall become as a woman giving birth to triplets, there shall be no time for you to recover before the next catastrophe strikes.

Because of your abominable and grievous ways, you are deciding your own punishments. Many have blamed me as the stench of your iniquity

has sickened you. tell you solemnly that you are to blame.

You have cursed the heavens and have cursed me, thereby making a mockery of all that is righteous and holy. Those who have no regard for the sanctity of the womb shall find themselves in the eternal womb of hell, enclosed forever by their unholy principles and lifestyles. Again, I implore you to heed my warnings and repent of your ways.

Thank you, child, for writing my words. Be secure in my love. I bless you.

*I bless you forever, O Lord. Amen.*

## **October 19, 1995**

My beloved disciple, listen to the words of the One Who Is. Dearest child, Wisdom is speaking.

The crown of a king or queen is usually made of various jewels embedded in gold. Sometimes the number of points on a crown will be indicative of the number of provinces within the king's juris-

diction.

Now, beloved ones, think of me. Think of the crown of thorns placed upon my brow. What could a crown of thorns represent? Ah, children, sadly, the crown of thorns is indicative of my kingdom on earth. Each thorn represents cruelty, abandonment, humiliation, and violent disrespect for human life. Each thorn is as the cruel instrument used to kill the unborn.

Each thorn represents the youth and how they carve and mutilate their bodies and minds with drugs and alcohol. Oh, it is true. The crown bestowed on a king's brow surely signifies his kingdom.

Ah, my beloved, in heaven my crown is a crown of roses. The flower representing beauty and life is my crown. The soft velvety texture of the rose signifies the tenderness and compassion of your God. The rose is a flower that has many varieties. This represents the vast garden of my love in which there is no discrimination. There is only love. Oh, beloved ones, each time you praise me another rose is added to my crown.

Each time you deny me, another thorn is added to my crown of thorns. Think of me, my beloved ones, which one would you rather see upon my head? Which crown are you willing to share with me? I am Jesus, I am the Eternal Mind and Heart. Accept my love, children.

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

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

## **November 2, 1995**

Beloved children of my heart, I am here. I am the God of the Resurrection. I know you are weary, my little lamb. Persevere in your efforts, my child, I will not forsake you. You are only ill temporarily and it is to benefit the Kingdom of God.

I did not come upon this earth to bring illness and suffering. On the contrary, I despise sickness and it is my desire to heal the sick. Many of you wonder why there is so much illness when I, Jesus, am the Divine Healer.

Children, with my bare hands I scooped out part of the earth, filled it with water, and called it an ocean. However, I tell you, because you have placed toxic chemicals and wastes of all kinds into the oceans, you have sickened that part of my creation. But none of you worry if the animals or if the fish are sick because of your efforts, you only wonder why there are diseases and human beings become ill. You cannot cut yourself with a sharp piece of glass and not be scarred. You cannot poison part of my creation without it affecting you. All of creation rests in the palm of my hand. If part of my creation bestows injury and illness upon the other part, how shall the entire creation be not affected?

And now, my children, you have turned the sword of cannibalism and immorality in your direction. You have placed the sword of abomination and it now points to the womb. Do you think it is an unselfish and compassionate person that terminates the life of the unborn child? This is murder. This is murder. This is murder. Do you not send murderers to prison?

Yes, I, Jesus, have come upon the earth to heal



the sick and make low the proud. But I have healed you and you have rejected it. I have provided cures for every disease upon the earth but you have aborted them. What more do you wish me to do? In your selfish arrogance you call yourself "god." You shall wear your ignorance as a cloak about your shoulders for all eternity. I carry you in the palm of my hand but it is you, children, who, by your nature, bring about diseases and pestilences. Your arrogance is a more deadly and virulent disease than ebola. When you are ready to accept my teachings and to accept my commandments, healings will be plentiful.

Thank you, devoted scribe, for recording my words.

Have faith, my little children, persevere in your efforts. I bless you.

*We thank you, Lord, for your words of wisdom, admonishment, and consolation. May your people change their ways so that the great day of all healings may come soon. Amen.*

**January 26, 1996**

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.

*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.

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

**January 30, 1996**

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.*

### **February 13, 1996**

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

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.

### **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.*

**May 5, 1996**

My beloved servant, record the words of the Lamb of Israel.

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 29, 1996**

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 vehe-

mently, 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 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 for ever, Lord.*

**June 23, 1996**

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**

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.

Are you merciful to the unborn as you plunge an instrument into the base of the brain? 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.

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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? 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 way. 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 disciple. I bless you.

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*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.*