

THE HOLY SACRIFICE

Sour Beghe – September

My dear Children,

The Holy Sacrifice My Soam is in pain because the world is walking towards its loss. Men do not take into account My Teaching, My warnings, My Presence with them. In general, they despise Me, reject Me and abandon Me. Many of my priests no longer know Me and I am alone, left alone in My Agony, left alone in My Passion and abandoned on My Cross. My Mother, Saint John, the holy women did not abandon Me, they assisted Me, they collected my last words and My Mother received Me on her knees at My descent from the Cross. My dear Children, be many to assist Me, not to abandon Me, to stay with Me. I am always on the Cross, throughout the life of the world because, at every Holy Mass, My Sacrifice is renewed. A Every Holy Mass, I offer My Heavenly Father for the forgiveness of humanity, yours, and if you attend the Mass as the holy women and as St. John attended My Crucifixion, you will enter My Heaven at the end of your days. Mine did not laugh or chatter during these 3 hours of great suffering, no, they were tense towards Me, praying and crying, and contemplating Me because, yes really, this hour was poignant and so impressive. The sky has darkened, night has fallen on the earth, the curtain of the Temple has torn from top to bottom, earthquakes have split the rocks, tombs have opened, and fear has gripped all those around. The centurion and the guards seized with great fright said: "Verily this man was the Son of God" (Mt 27, 54). None of My bones was broken just as we did not break any of the bones of the lamb of the Jewish Passover: I was really the Easter Lamb, crucified and offered for the redemption of all men. Think about this, meditate on this at each mass and know that at the altar the Holy Sacrifice is reproduced, identical. It is the same Sacrifice, it is the same offering to My heavenly Father, it is the same gift of all Myself that I never cease to offer through the hands of the priest who, at the altar, is another Christ, the only Christ, I, the Lord Jesus. He says "this is My Body, this is My Blood", he says nothing else and, on the Cross, I have finished emptying myself of My Blood. The last drop was that of My Sacred Heart, pierced by the spear, which, with the water, showed how much My Sacrifice was the burial of all the sins of the world, their forgiveness, their cleansing. Yes, by My Sacrifice and by the sacrament of baptism, I make all souls white and beautiful, pure and noble, and some saints have kept it as such, immaculate and sanctified. Be holy, My dear Children, be vigilant, be on your guard because the Evil one lurks and no man is safe. He is an insinuator, a liar, a crook, a thief, a murderer. Never have confidence in him, if he promises you wealth in exchange for your person, know that in hell you will be infinitely, totally, miserably poor. The wealth he promises you will not follow you in hell where you will be stripped of everything, your property, your personality, your body because the damned will not take part in the General Resurrection of bodies. The Resurrection of the bodies is an immense grace and the Lord, the Holy of Saints, has shown you the way to follow to share like Him in all heavenly graces. My children, do not miss the Sunday Mass anymore, the Commandments of God oblige you to do so: "The day of the Lord will keep, serving God devoutly." The Lord's Day is Sunday and it is this day that you must keep. Saturday night is not Sunday and the Commandments of God cannot be modified by man. Love God, obey Him, desire Him, worship Him. I bless you, My dear Children, I love you and I want you holy. In the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. So be it.

Your Lord and your God.

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