

VISION

I will tell you what I see; it is with the eyes of my Soul. And it's a crowd gathering. Some of them are hysterical. Some of them are very calm, but you can see terror in their eyes.

OUR LORD

“I introduced the subject, through the child, of how I learned to walk. First I stood, tried to talk, and then I fell, only to be placed in a standing position by My earthly Parents Who loved Me.

And now I go back to the time when it first happened. They showed such care for the fall I took from the chair, and yet They knew it had to be, for to fall, get up again, was part of the training each child had to go through to walk in the light of air. What They did not know was, that in this action of Mine, it would happen one day amidst a crowd where only One would be there.

When I fell later on, My Beloved Mother could not pick Me up and stand My Feet on the ground. I had reached an age and the time when I had to do it solely for The Heavenly Father, Divine. As I speak through this child, I show her the falls. They were ugly. They hurt. But I was so blinded by the Blood that poured in My Eyes, it was difficult to see beyond a certain distance for Me, and I would trip easily. Of course, the weight of the Cross was much a part of the fall, but the looks in the eyes of the children was a horror.

When My Beloved Father, Joseph, saw Me fall, He leaped to His Feet to help Me. But there was no horror in His Eyes, only Love, and certainly not in disguise, Love for Me. But now, when I fell in the midst of all these men, those who stood in terror turned their head, because they could not stand the Blood I did shed from the Wounds

on My Body and My Head. I show the child purely.

Humanly, I would have reached for retreat, hoping to end the whole feat; but I knew I had to walk on, and the only retreat I had along the way was to stop for a moment, perhaps in weakness, step back one step and then go forward. I show the child what I mean. The garment was torn. Humility they forced upon Me. And I remembered every once in awhile, how My Parents placed Me on My Feet. Believe it or not, My little ones, it gave Me strength for Him, for I knew that's where I belonged, on My Feet, until men raised Me off the ground.

The child through whom I speak jests much, but in the jesting, there is burden you cannot see. I am showing her a place along the path, where a woman wiped My Face with what you might call a rag. Compassion, she felt; fear, but she could not raise Me to My Feet. And as I looked into her face through this piece of cloth, I felt a human love of which I never was for naught. I loved each man I met. I loved each child brought to the world, and yet I knew they would not rush to place Me on My Feet. Many of them would be in the crowd, fearful of their own life.

And now I take you to a spot, and here I was able to gaze into the Eyes of The Woman Who The Father gave to watch over Me and teach Me in the human way. Her Eyes glistened. Her Love, tearing Her to shreds inside. Her Arms, held close to Her, not daring to cause Me any more harm, for through kindness brutality came. And as I looked at Her Face, what passed between Us was understanding and Total Grace. She knew I had no choice. She knew I had no other way. She knew I had to accept, for all Souls to have the chance to go to a Higher Way.

And now, I take you to a spot where men were rough, not gentle like My Father was. They tore My garment off of the Wounds that were drying in certain places. The Flesh, you could hear it tear. The

Blood, as it would try to dry, was reopened, and the cuts, by the manhandling that they forced. What they did not see was, that if I had not been driven by a Higher Force, I would have died long before they put the nails inside.

And now, I come to the world through another woman so that all men will better understand the privilege that it is to be man. I come to the world to teach, through Wisdom, all men how to stand on their feet; and when they fall, to rise again. I come through this child to let you know that in sacrifice of one, it will save many, many Souls.

I say to you now, 'What is sacrifice?' I will give you My Definition. I ask that you hold it dear. Sacrifice is a combination of many things: Sacrifice is doing something for someone else. Sacrifice is sometimes sharing. Sacrifice is always daring. Sacrifice is putting forth energy. Sacrifice is goal for The Holy Trinity. Sacrifice is many things.

My earthly Parents sacrificed, for the very chair, the bench I clung to, was made by Him. They sacrificed for comfort, family way. They cherished this piece that I clung to, to learn man's way. Men have divided the tree I hung from. The bench was never divided, and yet it was the first thing I clung to; the first and the last, both a piece of a tree. I ask you tonight, 'Today, have you sacrificed for Me?'

There are so many children in the world who are willing to criticize the path of sacrifice. When you do, I say to you, 'Would you sacrifice each hour of the day, each minute of your physical life, to serve in a burdensome way to save Souls?' It is tiring and awesome. It is exhausting, and there are no real pleasures nor acclaim attached to it. Now what do you say?

As I stand Here in the Heavens and I remember with you those days, tonight when you stand to your feet, keep in mind, that those

who taught you might need your prayers or sacrifice.

Oh, My children, I hold the child deeply for she could not bear the sight I show her now. I hang from the Cross. The pain is unending; the Sacrifice, for the good of Souls. Men are yet mocking Me and My Way, and some of the very men that I taught along the way. Some are noticeable to her, for she cannot figure out why they can stand and look. She says to Me, 'I would die from the sight of You.' Yes, she would.

And now I show her the look on My Mother's Face, the One Who never stood in anything but Grace. And now I show Her at the time She had to walk away, bearing the pain, remembering the little things, times that We shared in Our Family Way. Many times, I have forced this child to the ground to bear the pain of the falls — too many to mention, too painful to remark about, but tonight she has suffered enough from the sight.

My Mother went off into the world to teach others how to live, and many people gathered with Her, and the Wisdom was carried on through Her, for all She could give. She worked long hours, for children would come and talk over the past with Her; they would reminisce. And when the time did come and Her work was totally done, She laid Her Head and said: 'Thank You, Holy One, for the privilege of walking with Your Son. Do with Me what You Will. Do with Me how You Will, for I know Your Justice is for everyone.'

The physical was over, the time shortly to come when She would be Assumed, carried by the Angels, carried by the Power; the same Power that, only in a very small part here, that holds this little one. The Power that Assumed My Mother into Heaven was a Power beyond man's dream, man's knowledge. And as She entered in a Glorified Manner, All Heaven sang. The Angels gathered all around, a celebration Here when She was crowned The Queen. The Father said, 'Oh, My Daughter, at last You have come.' And when Joseph, My

SEPTEMBER 7, 1973 AT 8:21 P.M.

VISION AND OUR LORD

Father, saw His earthly Wife, All Heaven seemed complete for Him, for you see, now They could share Heaven for All Eternity. So be it.”