

OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER

**“My beloved children, no child has ever walked such a tightrope for The Divine. No child has ever experienced the torture of mankind. No child has ever forfeited so much for the life and the good and the way and the goal of mankind. No child has ever asked The Father in so many ways to release her from the ties. No child has ever sought freedom like *this one* has, and no child has ever suffered the blows continuously, by man, in this manner, according to God’s Plan.**

**Men weep for themselves, never *the child*. Men cry out loud, ‘I want justice.’ They want it for themselves, not *the child*. Men shout, ‘Make her stand so strong that all the things I do will be worthwhile.’ Men say, ‘Is she real?’ and, ‘Is she really in our day?’ Men do not shout: ‘What is the price she pays? Can I alleviate the price? Can I help pay it Your Way?’**

**I, My children, am your Heavenly Mother. The world stands righteous, and in many ways, forceful, in the matter, in the manner, and in the area of this Great Miracle. *The little one* who is beat against the shore like the waves pounding, is beat consistently, constantly by men’s words, thoughts, ideas, moves, anticipations, and their righteous manner, their injustice to how she truly stands.**

**She fights a battle. A warrior has never been put upon the earth to fight such a battle for all things of great worth. *The little one*, so physically exhausted, gives strength to each one she comes in contact with.**

I, The Heavenly Mother say to the world, ‘How long do you feel, do you think this can take place without the physical eruption that would have to be?’ The world says, ‘Be strong for me.’ God says, ‘She is strong for Me.’

The Strings that hold her up, *the little puppet* for The Divine, and The Puppeteer — The Great One, The King of all mankind, The King of the Heavens Where I am — takes the Strings, draws Them tight, and points *the child* in the direction He sees clear.

Men have mocked her and will do more, and she will have to gaze into their eyes, look into their eyes and say: ‘I want no more. I am what I am. I am God’s creation. I am His instrument. Be aware of His Wrath.’

Men are frightened of *this child*. She sits so calmly, so direct, and so lovingly, but no man truly knows the love she bears. It is one alone; the tiredness, one alone; the restlessness, the balance like the sea. As the sea is restless, so is she, yet restless to do His Will, to obey, to give balance, logic and life all ways. From the sea, many things come, good and bad, but it is a balance of life. Through this Great Miracle, all Good is given to the world. Men are the ones that cause the bad.

I bless you, My children, with great Hope, much Love, and True Direction from Above. I bless you and I say, ‘*The little one* through whom I speak, is God’s Gift to the world for all days, for all Souls, for all men to see and to know and to reach out for her, to her, for the Truth that has never been truly told.’ So be it.”