

REVELATION DELIVERED THROUGH FRANCES MARIE KLUG
ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1971 AT 2:40 P.M.

OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER

“My daughters, I am your Heavenly Mother. You have heard of a tearful Madonna. I am that One. The tears I shed are for the children straying from My Way, who are doing many things in a sacrilegious way against The Heavenly Father.

Hell is like an open gap with flames licking out, with the stench of burning flesh, with the screams of horror so dreadful that it is unbearable to hear; and yet satan keeps promising man fun, laughter, cheer. Nothing is real where he is, only to be dreaded, only to be feared.

This *Miracle Of The Beloved Saint Joseph* has been given to the world to save the world; that is to say, to save mankind. My children, never before has a Miracle such as This been placed upon the world. It is here, it is now, and I say to every child: ‘Come to It, listen to It, accept what It says. Follow It, and as you do, you will find Heaven at the end, at the beginning, instead of the horrible place that satan stands for, stands in.’

I am shown in many ways with The Child, which is one of My favorite ways, for as I hold Him I feel closer to God’s Love through Him; for, remember, My daughters, He was The Second Person of The Blessed Trinity, so it would be impossible to hold Him close and not feel Eternity, not feel The Heavenly Father’s Love.

There is one Vision I love to hear children grow close to and that is the Vision that has been put on

Medals called 'Miraculous'. You see, My children, it says what children look to God for: Miracles, Love, tenderness, openness, giving, outstretching, enfolding.

Children should become aware of what each Vision means, the purpose it is and how God holds it dear. Children of all ages should be taught the purpose of each Miracle, of each Vision.

Children should be told of *The Miracle Of Saint Joseph*, the Greatness It is, the Power It is, the Beauty It is, the Degree It is, the Love It is, the Strength It is, the Truth It is.

God has told children through Scripture, through many true prophets, the Way to Him. You live in a time now where man is trying desperately to put God in a level, on a level, with a level, of human relationship alone. This cannot be. He is Superior, He is Real, He is Divinity.

As you accept your daily way, I am ever protecting you, ever waiting for you to say, '*Mother, help me today,*' and when you least expect to see openly a sign of My answering you, God permits it, for He knows exactly when it is best for you.

Too few children really pray. They talk about it, they think about it, they make plans to do it, and then the slightest thing gets in the way. My, so many do not even make excuses. They just go their selfish way.

The tears I shed are many, and I say: 'You, My daughters, must pray more and make it a point to get

to the Railing of Love. Exert a little energy, accept a little sacrifice, extend yourself in penance, and you will receive reward not visible to you, but felt within you. Strength will be yours. No excuses.'

My daughters, as I stood at the foot of the Cross, I heard excuses: excuses of why different men took part in the horror before My Eyes, excuses for so many things, to the point I had to close them out, for when I gazed upon His Body, I knew that the Love He had was so Deep, so Great, so Powerful, that only this Greatness showed.

My daughters, when you deal with man, you will find excuse; not logic, just excuse; not strength but weakness; not love for God, but self-love, self-determination, self-preservation, self-esteem, self-acknowledgment, self-acclaim, self-power. What is self? Nothing, without God. Man pretends it is.

Please, My children, do not look for lightning bolts in the sky. Do not listen for thunder clashing all about. Do not wait for the sky to open, the ground to move and shake. Believe Me, then it would be too late. Use your daily way, your daily life; pray. It will be through prayer that you will gain Heaven and All that is Here.

I, your Mother, speak, and as I extend My Hands to you, I say: 'Cover yourselves with My Mantle every day. Cling to Me and while you do, pray. Hope will ever be your way and pride will dwindle, giving you light and freedom.'

I bless you with My Love, God's Way. So be it."