



Behold, he cometh with the clouds,
and every eye shall see him, and they
also that pierced him. And all the tribes of
the earth shall bewail themselves because of him.
Even so. Amen.
I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end,
saith the Lord God, who is, and who was,
and who is to come, the Almighty.

Revelation 1:7–8

If you truly love and trust Jesus Christ, some will be puzzled at your humility, sincerity, dignity and acceptance of whatever life brings you

30/11/2010 at 22h50

Jesus Christ, Mother Mary

Jesus Christ

My daughter, thank you for sitting with me, your Jesus, and my Blessed Mother.

My daughter, be in my peace. Everything is under my control. I have placed you and our son Frank in the palm of my hand. I heard all of the conversation, the dialogue between the two of you. My child, why do you fear? I said, "Do you trust me, your Jesus." You said, "Yes, I trust my Jesus." My Petal, soon everything is going to be realised for you and our son Frank. Oh my child, I want you to have peace in your heart, not to be troubled because of earthly things. You are so purified now. Stay the way you are now. Our son will have what I, your Jesus, promised.

[Fernanda] Thank you, my Jesus. I am sorry for always nagging and asking, asking all the time. My Jesus knows that if our son is okay financially, with work, I will have peace of mind that he can help me as well. I ask pardon, my Jesus, for always asking this request. I love you, my Jesus. I praise you, I adore you.

Thank you, my little parrot.

My child, today at my Holy Mass, it was marvellous. My child, my Holy Mass brings so much joy into my heart. Thank you for always praying during my Consecration, for interceding for my children. My son priest's homily fitted perfectly with my living Word – the explanation was well said. My daughter's testimony, the praises, thanksgiving and singing, oh, what a balm for our pierced hearts!

My daughter, I heard the prayer request from you for my little baby Baholi. Thank you for relaying my message to my children and for praying for my daughter Marian. My child, you never discussed with her, your landlord, about your rare gift. You are always humble. Do not fear to tell my children about your rare gift that I, your Jesus, have given to you.

My child, I was listening to my daughter Marian's sister when she asked you if you work. Humbly, you said, "I work for the Church." She then asked you, "Do they pay you?" You said, "No, the Lord will pay me." What a humble answer! She carried on with so many inquisitive questions, "How do you survive? How is it going to be in your old age?" You answered correctly that it's all about me, your Jesus, that I will provide. My child, you explained to her that you had such a beautiful home, that you lost so much, the ups and downs, and that now you live in a rented place. My Petal, your humbleness, the smile and joy in your heart, telling my daughter all this – you puzzled her. You could've explained to my daughter how you were feeling about me, but she wouldn't understand. Thank you, my humble servant, for your dignity and sincerity of heart. You could've told her that you

had another income, but your honesty is with you. Your heart is sincere, pure, with no bitterness in relaying this to her. You are so content with life. You accept whatever life brings to you. You are never bitter, angry or rebellious against me, your God. Your fear of me, your God, is appreciated by us. You do not to offend me or hurt me, always hoping in the silence of your heart that I will bring you out of despair.

My daughter, just to let you know, I, your God, know everything that my children are thinking, their hearts.

My daughter, my Blessed Mother, she is waiting to converse with you.

Mother Mary

My daughter, thank you for your time spent with my Son Jesus and me, your Mother Mary.

My daughter, I see today you have been busy with all our messages. Do not worry, the angels will help you to finish everything in the proper way. I am very happy. You are choosing all the important messages, secrets, to be relayed. As you are writing them, you are conversing with us.

My daughter, I will help you with your eyes until my Son's spectacular miracle occurs. I repeat: you do not need the operation. My Beloved Son Jesus Christ is the Physician to operate on you. When you receive your sign for you to be recognised as my Son's messenger, he will operate on your eyes to recuperate your vision. My daughter, believe in my words. Your Mother loves you very much. I want to alleviate your preoccupation about everything. Know, my child, my Son cannot tell you yet which day and date, but soon, soon you will see the fruits of it.

My daughter, soon my Son is going to be born: the Saviour of the world. If only my children would appreciate what my Son Jesus' birth means. For most of my children, his birth is Christmas Day only, that's it. They don't know the real meaning. My daughter, I, your Mother Mary, say to you that on your mission you have to explain [to my children about] all my pains that you wrote down in the book and reflected upon, the message that I relayed to you about my pains. What you know, your knowledge, is far advanced for your schooling. You understand that which most of my children don't know. You have been growing, absorbing like a sponge. Your heart is imbibed, *embebido*¹, in the love, blood of my Son's heart. It's amazing to see your growth, flourishing day by day. When you try telling people all about your feelings about me, the passion in you for us, they will not meet your point of view. Even some of your friends, my children, still don't know and they do not comprehend what your situation is. Your growth towards my Son and me, your character is the most amazing to all of us. Know that heaven is preparing the banquet for your mission. They all know about our Andorinha².

[Fernanda] *Thank you, my Mother. Can I ask this question? If it's not proper to ask, sorry, my dear Mother.*

My little one, you may ask what is in your heart.

[Fernanda] *My dear Mother, are there family members, loved ones, in heaven as well to celebrate my mission. Do they know that it's me? Thank you, my dear Mother.*

My child, my daughter, what an intriguing, sensitive question.

¹ Portuguese to English translation: soaked, imbibed

² Portuguese to English translation: Swallow

[Fernanda] *My dear Mother, if I am not allowed to know, I accept that, my dear Mother.*

My daughter, the Holy Trinity and I are all here with you. They are smiling about our Andorinha's question. My daughter, know that heaven is aware of everything that happens on earth. Yes, my Son is smiling. He says that I must answer you.

My child, you have some of your loved ones, family in heaven. They are all aware of your big task on earth for my Son. They are all very happy about your task and your will given to my Son Jesus. There was a big celebration about that. Yes, there were a lot of guests at that celebration. They will help you too. Ask them this way...

My loved ones, my friends, I ask you to help me on my mission, my finances, and with the intercession of our Blessed Mother, to overcome all my difficulties, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

My daughter, I will call you soon to converse.

I bless you and your loved ones, family and the whole world. Thank you for responding to my call.

Jesus Christ

My child, I want you to sit and fix your eyes upon me. I am waiting for some love. Thank you, my child. I want to manifest myself more to you, but your eyes are closing.

Thank you for keeping me company. You saw my water coming out my lips, my water that I wished to receive on Calvary.

I will call you soon to converse more with you. I give my peace to you, your loved ones, family, friends and all my children all over the world.

[Fernanda] *Thank you, my loving Jesus. I love you. I adore you. I praise you for all eternity.*

Thank you, my child, for all the kisses given to me and my Mother.

[Fernanda] *I love you, Jesus.*