



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

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## No one will ever know the immensity of Jesus' suffering in his passion, yet he endures many more pains today because of our sins

25/03/2015 at 01h15

### Father God

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Thank you, my child Fernanda, to wake up to converse with me, your Father God.

My child Fernanda, you are in pain. You are trembling because of my Son Jesus' pains. Yes, my Son Jesus, he is suffering. He has been in the desert for forty days in prayer, fasting for his passion, which he will endure in the week ahead. My child, I, your Father, I see that your heart had some tiny [seed] of his immense pain. Can you imagine how much my Son endures every second of the day? Do you know, [can you] imagine the amount of crime, killings, war, malice against one another? There is so much that happens in this entire world. There is so much suffering every second of the day that my Son Jesus Christ's Sacred Heart receives – blows, sharp pains inflicted on his loving heart!

My little lamb, tonight you and my other people at my Son's church watched "The Passion of Christ", but it was only a bit of his passion, because none of my people will ever know the number of blows given, the sharp instruments, upon my Only Begotten Son. It's a Father's love for all his children that made me allow my Son Jesus to endure such an atrocity, [such an] extended amount of suffering. Oh my child, I saw you were crying, and some of my people too. Oh, you and my people saw only a very tiny piece of my Son Jesus' pains. As you know, my Son Jesus still today endures so many more pains. Oh my child, when the soldier pierced my Son Jesus with a lance and only water from his side came out, oh, the soldier fell to the ground, shocked with fear, in ecstasy of surprise to witness my Son's martyrdom. And by the end only water was left in my Beloved Son's body, with flesh coming out in pieces.

Oh, Mother Mary's pains were unbearable to watch every step, every drop of her Beloved Son's blood being out of her loving Son's precious body. Yes, my children, my people say, "Oh, it's horrific, horrendous what the Lord Jesus went through," but even so, they turn around and carry on with the same sins. Oh, what a price that he paid, and to see that most of the time it is in vain.

My child, rest. Your heart – you are in pain as well, and your pain continues in your heart because my children are asking for their money. Rest in peace, in my Son Jesus' arms. He is holding you at the moment. I repeat, through the pains of my Son Jesus' pierced heart, his Precious Blood, you will get the money for my daughter \_\_\_\_\_.

I bless you with my peace, my peace upon your heart, your loved ones and all my people. Amen.

[Fernanda] *Thank you, my Father. I love you. Sua bênção<sup>1</sup>.*

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<sup>1</sup> Portuguese to English translation: Your blessing