



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

There are no words to describe Jesus' excruciating pains he went through for all of us, nor the pains of his sorrowful Mother's heart

03/04/2015 at 23h30

Father God, Jesus Christ, Mother Mary

Jesus Christ

Thank you, my daughter Fernanda, for sitting with me, your Jesus Christ, my Father, the Holy Spirit and my Blessed Mother Mary. My little one, I, your Jesus, I am here to converse with you.

My child, today is Good Friday, my passion, my crucifixion, my death for the salvation of all my children. My little one, yes, my pains were unbearable – there are no words that I can use explain, describe, my torment, my excruciating, *extenuante*¹, pains. Oh, the weight of the cross, yes, it was the weight of each one of my children's [sins]: do you know how many of my children existed, exist, and the ones still to be born, that I had to endure, undergo [pains for]? The amount of my children and the weight of their sins is countless. Oh my child, I, your Jesus, accepted the weight of the cross, a cross that I carried. It didn't belong to me, but I, your Jesus, I was obedient to my Father to carry the cross of each one of you, with no exception of anyone – each one of you. I didn't pick and choose any race or colour, sinner or not a sinner. My purpose: my Father has chosen me to be the salvation of all of you. My Father, the Holy Spirit and I, your Jesus, we do love you with an unconditional love, an ocean of mercy, compassion, to see you all at the Banquet of Heaven, in our Kingdom of Heaven.

Oh, the scourging at the pillar – you have the photo that I, your Jesus, allowed you to take in my Holy Land² – it was painful, the blows! Oh, there are so many pains suffered there. Oh, there are my secret pains, my fifteen secret pains that my children never knew³.

¹ Portuguese to English translation: strenuous

² See "[The Miraculous Precious Blood of Jesus Photo and Prayer Leaflet](#)" in "Resources" on www.alpha-omega.org.za

³ The fifteen secret tortures and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, as revealed by Our Lord to Blessed Maria Maddalena Martinengo: Jesus related: "The Jews considered me as the most wretched man living on earth, so that is why: They fastened my feet with a rope and dragged me over the stepping stones of the staircase, down into a filthy, nauseating cellar. They took off my clothing and stung my body with iron joints. They attached a rope around my body and pulled me on the ground from end to end. They hanged me on a wooden piece with a slip knot until I slipped out and fell down. Overwhelmed by this torture, I wept bloody tears. They tied me to a post and pierced my body with various arms. They struck me with stones and burnt me with blazing embers and torches. They pierced me with awls; sharp spears tore my skin, flesh and arteries out of my body. They tied me to a post and made me stand barefoot on an incandescent metal sheet. They crowned me with an iron crown and wrapped my eyes with the dirtiest possible rags. They made me sit on a chair covered with sharp pointed nails, causing deep wounds in my body. They poured on my wounds liquid lead and resin; and after this torture, they pressed me on the nailed chair, so that the nails went deeper and deeper into my

My child, tomorrow is the day of my Resurrection: a big feast day on earth and heaven, a huge celebration. I will come back to you, to teach you, to explain to you my tortures that I underwent to save you all, my dear children. At this time, my children don't have the *mínimo*⁴ idea of what my pains really were – the purpose of all these tortures, horrific, barbaric, indescribable pains.

My child, my Father God, he is here to converse with you.

Father God

My little one, I, your Father God, I am here to converse with you.

My little Petal, I, your Father, I say thank you for being at the mission for all of Holy Week, for accompanying my Son Jesus at Holy Mass and for receiving my Son Jesus in your heart, worthy of him. Thank you for your humble, sincere Confession.

My child, my Son Jesus has been crucified today and is now in the sepulchre. Oh, Mother Mary's sorrowful heart – receiving her Son Jesus in her arms, his dead body, as she witnessed every pain, every sharp instrument, every step on Via Dolorosa, the carrying of the cross. She wanted to help her Son to carry that heavy cross as she walked side by side with her Son Jesus, but she knew she couldn't do that – it had to be. Yet her sorrowful heart was in little pieces to watch all that.

My little lamb, I, your Father God, I say to you that I also witness every pain of my Son Jesus of today. Oh, the Calvary, the crucifixion, it was horrific for a Father to watch his Only Begotten Son and to allow him to carry a cross for each one of you, my people. My child Fernanda, at this hour, my Son Jesus, my Son Jesus' body, is still lying there, dead, but tomorrow after the third day, he will rise again from the dead.

My child, my peace I place upon you, my peace I give you, to your loved ones and all my children upon this entire world. Amen.

[Fernanda] *Thank you, my loving Father, for giving us your Only Begotten Son to save us all. I love you forever. Amen.*

Jesus Christ

My child, my dear Mother, she is here to converse with you.

Mother Mary

My child, I, your Mother Mary, I am here in so much pain. My heart, a mother's sorrowful tears of blood, Our Mother of Sorrows [heart], to watch my Son Jesus' sacrifice, being scourged, falsely accused, going to a prison for a crime he never committed, being judged [yet] innocent. I was next to my Son praying. His eyes met my eyes. We had no words to say to each other, but our pains were the most incredible, horrific – our hearts were in so much pain. My pain to see my Son Jesus Christ's

flesh. For shame and affliction, they drove needles into the holes of my uprooted beard. They tied my hands behind my back and led me walking out of prison with strikes and blows. They threw me upon a cross and attached me so tightly that I could hardly breathe anymore. They threw at my head as I lay on the earth, and they stepped on me, hurting my breast. Then, taking a thorn from my crown, they drove it into my tongue. They poured into my mouth the most immodest excretions, as they uttered the most infamous expressions about me." Then Jesus added: "My daughter, I desire that you let everyone know these fifteen secret tortures, in order that every one of them be honoured. Anyone who daily offers me, with love, one of these sufferings and says with fervour the following prayer, will be rewarded with eternal glory on the day of judgement."

(source: www.mostsacredheart.com)

⁴ Portuguese to English to translation: least

flesh being taken out [of his body], the flesh that, once upon a time, I gave birth to, the Saviour of the world. I took care of my Son as any other Mother does, and to see him going to be crucified and then his dead body placed in my arms – as he was laid in the sepulchre, that moment in the tomb – oh my child, it was very hurtful, and for my Son as well. I walked side by side. His pains as well to see me, his Mother, witnessing all his pains, but it had to be...

Thank you, my child, for placing [the post] on Facebook about my Son's Divine Mercy Chaplet, to teach some of my ignorant children about this powerful chaplet to save my children, to cleanse their sins. Oh, you recited my Son Jesus' Divine Mercy Chaplet with zeal – proud, joyous, to wear a robe with my Son Jesus' Divine Mercy picture on it.

I bless you, your loved ones and all my children. Amen.

Thank you, my daughter Fernanda, for being here with us to converse to alleviate my Son's pierced heart and my Immaculate Heart. I bless you.

Jesus Christ

I, your Jesus, I give you my peace, my peace I give you, to you, our sons, your loved ones and all my children. Amen.

[Fernanda] ♥♥♥♥xxxx Thank you, my Holy Trinity, my dear Mother. I love you. Sua bênção⁵, my guardian angel St Filipe, archangels, forgotten saints of heaven, saints. St Ana and St Joachim, take care of our grandchildren, our sons, family, my entire family and all your children. Amen. Beijinhos⁶xxxx.

⁵ Portuguese to English translation: Your blessing

⁶ Portuguese to English translation: kisses