



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

Jesus was tortured so badly and without remorse during his passion that he had no flesh left on his naked body when he finally expired

19/04/2019 at 21h10

Jesus Christ, Father God, Mother Mary

Jesus Christ

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

My child, my pains that I underwent on Good Friday... it was unbearable – pains that my children never understand or comprehend. Oh, on Holy Thursday I went into the agony in the garden, the Garden of Gethsemane. I was taken prisoner to be judged by Pontius Pilate for a crime that I never committed. But my Petal, beforehand, during my forty days in the desert, fasting and praying, I was alone, I knew all the pains that I was going to undergo. My child, when the soldiers took me that night, I went to the prison in the house of Caiaphas where you had the privilege to take the photo that I allowed you to take, for you to show my children what I shed for each one of them¹. Oh, they threw me down from the top. They tied me up at the pillar and they scourged me. You, my children, will never know exactly how much they scourged me. My flesh was coming out of my body. They had a rod – at the end it had a hook, and each time they hit me, pieces of my flesh were coming out. Oh, they handed me over to the Roman soldiers. They had no compassion at all.

Oh, my child, then on Friday, they took me there again to continue my journey of horrific pains. The crowd were shouting, “Crucify, crucify him!” They were repeating it again and again as Pontius Pilate interrogated me. He found no crime, but the crowd continued screaming, “Crucify him, crucify him and set free Barabbas!” Oh, my Blessed Mother, she was there, between the crowd. She stood side-by-side me. Oh, she underwent the same pains of her Son Jesus Christ.

Oh, the torment, torture, carried on. They placed the heaviest wooden cross of all my children’s horrendous, scarlet sins. Through Via Dolorosa, I carried the cross. I fell three times. Oh, it was too difficult to get up. My knees – the flesh was out of my knees. Oh, I could count my bones. My Precious Blood was on the floor as I was carrying the cross uphill. Oh my child, these are only a small portion of my pains. As I explained to you and my children, my wounded right shoulder was unbearable, and my left shoulder was much more painful. I desire my children to venerate the pains of my wounded shoulder. They forced Simon of Cyrene to carry my cross for a short while, but I had to continue to carry it to the end. Oh, while I was carrying it (as I have said to you before, and as you pray upon my children), as I looked at each one of my children, I regained my strength to carry it till

¹ For the image and some messages linked to it, see: “[The Miraculous Precious Blood of Jesus Photo and Prayer Leaflet](#)” in “Resources” on www.alpha-omega.org.za.

the end. Yes, my children, when you fall, regain your strength with love towards me, your Jesus Christ, and you will find your burdens are much lighter to carry. Think about my passion. Whatever your trials and hardships might be, give them to me in prayer and for the love of me, your Jesus Christ. I will alleviate them through the merits of my excruciating pains of my Precious Blood that was shed there at Via Dolorosa, carrying the cross.

My child, when I came to the end of my *percurso*², of my road, the Roman soldiers again, they laid down the cross that I was carrying. They took huge, huge nails and they nailed me to the cross. They hit me so hard, they *martelar*³ the nails on my left foot and my right foot with no mercy, and they stretched out the nailing on my hands. My wrists – oh, oh what excruciating pains! I never said a word. My pain was extremely visible but again no remorse or compassion – only a few of my children, the women of Jerusalem, they were weeping with pity, pain, to see me but again I replied, “Oh, women of Jerusalem, don't weep for me, but for your families, daughters, sons.” Oh, Veronica, she was full of compassion, she was wiping my Sacred Face. As I left my Sacred Face imprinted on the cloth, oh, my eyes were full of my Precious Blood, dry blood, my face, my body. As my wounds were getting dry again, they were reopened as they carried on with whipping me, as they removed my clothes to be *repartidos*⁴ and to be shared in lots. Oh, my dignity was taken out of me. Yes, my child, I was nailed to the cross. Upon my cross I was naked in front of all my children. Oh, what a sorrow to see my Beloved Mother there, witnessing everything. Oh, she wanted so much to help me, but there was nothing that she could do.

I repeat my child, this is only a tiny seed, a portion, of what I endured for the love of all you, my children.

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

Father God

My little lamb, I, your Father God, I am here to converse with you. Thank you for this time. Yesterday you were with your loved ones. You couldn't be with us in conversation.

As my Son Jesus Christ died upon the cross, yes, the sadness was [and is] still visible upon the world where in many parts of the world this has been celebrated: the holy Good Friday, the passion and death of Jesus Christ. Oh, you were with some of your loved ones that you haven't seen for a long time and afterwards you attended the ceremony of the passion of my Son Jesus Christ, the burial of my Son Jesus Christ that is being celebrated in my Son Jesus' Church.

My little lamb, I, your Father God, I continue to converse with you about the passion of my Son Jesus. As the Roman soldiers put up the cross, as my Son Jesus' excruciating pains continued, he was in the middle like a criminal, and he had two thieves, one on the right and the other on the left. Oh, my Son Jesus was thirsty, and they gave him vinegar with hyssop to drink.

Oh, my Son Jesus said, “Father, Father, ‘Aloi, Aloi’, why do you forsake me?” He said, “Father, forgive them, they do not know what they're doing.” This is all for you, my people, for you to understand the example that he set, for you all to love with unconditional love and forgiveness towards your enemies.

² Portuguese to English translation: route

³ Portuguese to English translation: hammered

⁴ Portuguese to English translation: apportioned, allocated

My dear people, as a Father, I witnessed all this, my Son Jesus' pains. My people, they don't know about these pains that I allowed my Son Jesus Christ, my Only Begotten Son, to undergo, to save you all. Even my Son Jesus, he was conceived and born. This was my plan for my Son Jesus Christ to undergo for your salvation. And you, my people, what do you give my Son Jesus in return for his sacrifice, for the love of you? Oh, my Son Jesus Christ, what he desires in return is for you to love him, to come closer to his heart. Your past horrendous sins don't matter, just repent, come to Confession with a contrite heart, amend your sinful life, forgive one another, love one another, live a life with simplicity and humility. There is no time for competitiveness, arrogance, pride, vanity. Be ready at all times. Don't let my Son Jesus' pains be in vain. Oh, the most painful pains that hurt my Son Jesus the most were the lukewarm, tepid souls, because he could see his pains being in vain. He then asked me, "Father, remove this chalice away from me if it is your holy will?" Know my people, this was the reason that my Son Jesus asked to remove this chalice.

My dear children, my people, this is the love of me, your loving Father. I love you unconditionally as I even allowed my beautiful Only Begotten Son to die, to save you from Gehenna to be seated one day in paradise. Know that the Father's house is so big that each one of you can be seated there at the Banquet of Heaven.

I give you my peace, my peace I give you, your loved ones and all my people. Amen.

[Fernanda] *Thank you, my loving Father. I love you. I adore you. I praise you and your Son Jesus' holy name. All honour and glory be to our Lord Jesus Christ. Thank you, my Father, for your love, for the sacrifice of your Son Jesus Christ to wash away all our sins to save us. I thank you. I love you. Sua bênção*⁵.

Jesus Christ

Thank you, my Petal my Blessed Mother, she is here to converse with you.

Mother Mary

Thank you my little Andorinha⁶. I thank you for sitting here with me, your Mother Virgin Mary.

My little one, as [per] my Son Jesus and our loving Father God's dialogue with you about my Son's passion, his death – oh, my child, I was with my Son Jesus, I walked side-by-side. My pains, my Immaculate Heart was pierced with a crown of thorns – Our Lady of Sorrows'. Oh, my dear children don't know, never comprehend the extent of my Son Jesus' horrific pains and my pains to see, to witness my Son Jesus' gradual, intense, inexplicable pains. My heart was pounding, trembling, in every step walked with my Son Jesus Christ.

See, my child, that photo taken at the House of Caiaphas at the scourging at the pillar, I couldn't be inside the jail, but as you can see in the photo, I was alive in my Son's Sacred Heart. Yes, the eyes that you can see, yes, it was the enemy trying to persuade me to stop my Son Jesus from going forth with his sacrifice to save you all. But as my Son Jesus Christ's Blessed Virgin Mother, I never said a word to my Son Jesus Christ. I have said [before] that when our eyes met, my Son Jesus said, "Take courage, there is a reason, a purpose for all these excruciating pains." Yes, your salvation. I knew it had to be, so I walked silently, praying.

⁵ Portuguese to English translation: Your blessing

⁶ Portuguese to English translation: Swallow

When I saw my Son Jesus expired upon the cross, my pains were even greater, bitter pains. They brought down my Son Jesus from the cross. He lay down on my lap, my precious loving Son's lifeless body – "the Pieta", as it has been called since then.

Oh, my dear children, I tried to clean my Son Jesus' Sacred Face and his body that was full of blood, dry blood. His flesh was out of his body, all his bones – I could count them. Oh, what a sight to see: my beautiful Son, Baby Jesus, whom I had wrapped before, a perfect child – now I was holding a lifeless body all full of blood, his flesh ripped off completely. I wrapped him as a little child in my arms, then they took him to the tomb. Yes, they buried my Son Jesus of Nazareth, *Jesús Nazareno*. I cried tears of blood. My heart was pierced with seven swords. Yes, I mourned, and I grieved my Son Jesus' death, but my pain was alleviated when I saw he expired, because his suffering ended. It was hours, but those hours, the day, seemed like an eternity.

I bless you, your loved ones and all my children. I thank you for responding to my call. Amen.

[Fernanda] *Thank you my Blessed Virgin Mother Mary for your pains. I will pray for your pains. I love you, sua bênção. Thank you, my Holy Trinity, I love you, sua bênção. ♥♥♥♥xxxx Beijinhos⁷.*

Jesus Christ

Thank you, my child Fernanda. I love you, your loved ones and all my children. Amen.

♥ Our heart from heaven. Amen.

⁷ Portuguese to English translation: kisses