

Word of Our Lord to the suffering, sick. . .

My most beloved children!

You who are now suffering, how close you are to my Heart.

I want you to know that human suffering moves me and makes me blind to all your faults, mistakes and omissions, and when mankind, in pain, fear, and exhausted, asks me to come — I, your Lord, Father, and Savior, God of infinite majesty and power, I immediately run to my child, to be with him, to help him, and to soothe him. No mother loves you more, nor worries more, nor watches over you with more care than I, Jesus, your friend, because I gave my life and have paid for your salvation with my own suffering. I know the pain of the human body, the fear and worry about the future. In the night of the Garden (of Olives) I not only lived through my future Passion, but I experienced your ingratitude, your future heartlessness and your hatred of me, your rejection of my Sacrifice — by everyone who will do it in the coming thousands of years — and nevertheless I did not back away, because my love for you was stronger than all your present and future offenses. My love was and is infinite.

I yearn for you to benefit from this time of mercy, which I am giving you. It is an endowment of brotherhood. If you agree to unite with Me, Jesus Christ, your Savior, in brotherhood of suffering and join it to my Sacrifice on the Cross, however insignificant it might be, if it means little in comparison to the horrible death of the crucified God-Man, tortured spiritually and physically, that brotherhood will last forever, shielding you from the justice of God, in the splendor of infinite holiness of the Holy Trinity.

Never could it happen that I, God of Mercy, forgiving Love, will reject anyone who calls out to me in suffering and in fear. Therefore use the time given to you, so that you can stay with Me, not fearing the state of your soul, without shame and worry — in your poverty and sin — before Me, the healer of your soul.

A mother does not remember the faults of her sick child, even if it were perverse, deceitful, and despised her. The child is suffering — and that is enough for the mother to forget everything, except that her child needs her. Thus, so am I.

The worse you are, the more necessary I become for you, the more eagerly I rush to you, and if only your will tells me to come, I immediately stand by your side and will remain with you. Nothing can draw me away from you, neither your sin, nor your anger, nor your previous prejudices, hatred or indifference. I do not want to see nor to remember them. I only know that this child of mine is endangered, lonely, afraid, helpless, and that his heart is crying. Then I have for him tranquillity, tenderness, goodness, understanding and infinite patience.

Therefore do not fear or avoid Me. After all I can give you relief and peace and fill your yearning hunger with my love. I can do anything. I am the best physician. I long to serve you with my power, strength, and courage, to fill your loneliness with friendship, to give hope and assurance of my love. When I am by your side, I remove all your fears. You so desperately need me, my poor, helpless, hurting, and sorrowful children.

Take advantage of the time of suffering — the time of grace and mercy — because it is full of my gifts, my compassion for you. Children! For you I designed the Sacrament of the Sick — my act of forgiveness, by which I erase all your sins, above all, those against your brothers. In it I take over your debts, incurred towards justice of the Father, and I pay them off with my Blood, shed for you to make you free. Then, cleansed and full of joy, you can enter directly into my home, which abounds in happiness. I long to soothe your pain, to fill you with love, to spare you purgatory — a time of mortification, pain of the soul, grief and penance. Every one of you who suffers I yearn to embrace and gently, while you sleep on my heart, carry you over the threshold of death into my Kingdom. Near Me, death has no power over you; neither fear nor dread exists. You cross over from life into Life with Me in the blessedness of eternal happiness.

I have never disappointed anybody who trusted in me. But I am also the Healer, and the Sacrament of the Sick might be the way for you to heal your body and cure your soul. I, myself, choose what is the best for you, and who knows and understands any of you better than I. . . ? Therefore, you do not have to fear Me; I am your Life, the Soul of your souls. You need me as much as a body needs light and water, air and blood.

And I, my especially beloved children, need you. The time of suffering, time of helplessness, fear and sorrow is the time of my grace. Do you know that at this time you can obtain everything from Me? Especially if you ask uniting your condition with my redeeming passion because then we are asking the Father together. If, you unite with me in pleading for happiness, peace, and reconciliation of the world, you could obtain them for all mankind. . . To an unselfish request of a weak and suffering humanity I open my Heart; such a request I cannot refuse.

People plead with me while still living in dirt, but rarely do they ask for things truly good. Look at the earth; all mankind is in danger: over and over again people get killed by their brothers, hunger increases as a result of indifference of the well-fed; crime, depravity, deformities, and all kinds of degeneration of the human psyche escalate; new illnesses and contamination appear, as well as new motives for war and inflicting suffering upon one another. How many broken families are there in your country? How many orphaned and sorrowful children? How many children could not live because of the sin of their parents and families? How uncontrolled grow alcoholism, drug addiction, hatred, envy, greed, selfishness, foulness and intrigues. . . ?

I am shielding you, children, for some time, from this poisonous atmosphere of longing and race for possessions, from the struggle for useless things and insignificant matters so that you could see they are meaningless compared to the only thing that is important — my struggle for your salvation. Please, help me with it.

I struggle for everlasting happiness for every one of you. And no one is loved less than others. I love everyone for himself, different from others, loved so much that I have given him opportunities to choose what is best for him, what will make him happy, not for a short period of time, but for eternity. I would like everyone to understand that he, himself, is the most important to me. Although others may disregard or scorn him, or treat him as useless; although he may be lonely, forgotten, old and helpless, I love him and love him even more deeply if people love him less. It is so because everyone of you gained existence from my love, which desires to be given and to make you happy. I have given you the fullness of freedom so that you can choose what you desire, this kind of life with Me, or eternity without love.

The world deludes and deceives you; how rarely is your environment cordial, helpful and good. You all struggle and are troubled, experiencing pain, rejection, and deceit. Your mistakes and failings are most often your common fault. But I help you; I defend you; I long to live in close friendship with every one of you. I don't condemn you; I excuse you. All of you are weak, fickle and inclined to fall; but you always have my mighty help at your every slightest cry.

However, when you are ill, suffering, and helpless, then without waiting for your call, I surround you with my help and forgive you everything; I see only your bad condition. And then I offer you this time of mercy and grace. Now I am asking those who understand my anxiety for mankind, don't waste, don't throw my gift away; intercede for one another; offer your sufferings to Me for whomever you choose. Needs are plentiful. The whole earth is crying. Be merciful to those unfortunate brothers of yours who are in error and intercede in their name; offer our daily sufferings for your families, physicians and medical staff, for the Church, for the country, for the perished, lonely and dying. . . — according to the needs of your heart.

Ask because no one was ever granted more than a suffering human being. Who else receives more graces than you? And who else might help me if not you? Make your requests, my most beloved children, for the world, for your neighbors, and I will surround with my burning love both those who make the request and those in whose name the request is made. Then none of you will perish, but will be blessed by those who gained Heaven through him.

Help Me, children, save the world!