The Word of God

I want to make a home to Me but there is no one to build with. I do not have a place. I want to make a home to Me and the heathen made himself a master of My own land and got high power to stop Me. Oh, what an emptiness! Where shall I find a place to make Me a house? Where are you Noah to make a house for Me? I made then, I accomplished, but what got left to Me I cannot fulfill to Me today. The heathen took away My home. He is not afraid of Me; he goes side by side with Me. Oh, son, I do not complain as the poor does because he has not got a place to make him a house, but I whine you, Christian, that the time for harvest has come; the time of mash has come and there is no more time. On the vine stake I will mash them! Worship Me, groan, repent and cry for poverty as you do not have a cage. Do not cry of hunger as the one that does not eat lives as well. Only the homeless does not live. Spiritually! Get up, as I have a whistle and you are not going to know to whom I whistled and when I whistled.

… Christians, the wolves are howling at the borders. My Christian children, here lies the Romanian hearth, from where honey and milk will flow. You shall not go elsewhere, you shall settle here. Wait for the estranged one *(King Mihai, r.n.)*, who is now preparing himself, far away, for Lord brings him onto his land.

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