The Word of God

… My mother and all the prophets and all the patriarchs and all the teachers and spiritual priests pray to you to keep well the way with Me. Be faithful to God. Do not let the weeds at the root of the vineyard. Spray the tree so that the caterpillars may die from it, for the time is coming for the leaf to spring up out of the tree. The caterpillars are the desires that the Christians have in their life. Sprayed with poison, that is with feast and prayer. Be good and do not rush to get out. Let the gates be open and do not get out for outside is gnashing of the teeth and worms eating. Stay with Me Christian, be patient, for the Lord is adding you at the right time. Let not God stay with the stick into His hand against you; the Kingdom is not earned this way. Let the gates be open and let the doorkeeper not be and do not get out of the gate, for getting out, you will not come back, as outside it is the fiddler of the antichrist who plays so that you may feel yourselves.

… My Son, put your hands on My pot, to see how she trembles, being afraid of the shrew. *(The Security Service of the Communist regime, r.n.*). My sons, be careful with your work, be careful with your departures and arrivals, and when you leave, too. My sons, the moles are the ones who left from you. They inform Gheboienii that a shrew's extremity is in their way. They inform Bucharest that a shrew's extremity is in their way. They inform Mănești that a shrew's extremity is in their way. They inform Pietrarii that a shrew's extremity is in their way. They inform Provița. Likewise, they inform Călărași and all the surroundings. *(It is about the Security's informers, r.n.)*

… Look, My trumpet has never been through the pains from today. Look after her, Christian. What say you, will there be a path to walk with her? Some chase her, some despise her, some do not listen to her and this will bring her death. If all these were not, My trumpet would rejoice, but the stroke goes to the soul. How was once My trumpet when she was singing: "Heaven, you garden sweet, from here I would never quit?" because it was in heaven where she enjoyed herself. She was the Christian's arm, full of flowers. *(Spiritual, r.n.)*

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