

Message of October 24th 1977

Jesus to Marguerite

Today's world would make Me loathe if my Love wouldn't function as an antidote. I am the pure one par excellence. Where is pureness down here? Even so called faithful souls are contaminated by the decay of vice. The enemy attacks from all sides. His main purpose: the fall of Rome? His wicked power expands with astonishing speed throughout the world. There is not a single place left that he doesn't search thoroughly to grasp unwatchful souls at his passage.

He shows himself with the appearance of the righteous and actually he is mere rottenness which he disguises under the poison of false devotion. That multiplies to choke with its weed the good cereal that my Love sows down here.

Certain decisions break the heart of the ones who are faithful to my law of love. Skilfully he manipulates the rulers of the earth, for the small is inaccessible to him. The Little Souls succeed in escaping from the net that tries to immobilize them. My children are adapted by Me to the size so that nothing can stop them.

Where I get through, they get through.

Little Souls are the antidote to decay, decay that even shows up in holy places!

Marguerite to Jesus

Lord, You know it, I didn't want to write at all.

Jesus to Marguerite

This is part of your mission; the world has to know.

Marguerite to Jesus

What is the purpose of writing as nobody will know?

Jesus to Marguerite

Who says so?

Marguerite to Jesus

But You know that I am forbidden to speak.

Jesus to Marguerite

You may be stopped, but nobody can stop Me.

Marguerite to Jesus

I have to obey.

Jesus to Marguerite

Yes, unfortunately. One doesn't want to comprehend the blessing of the world: the blinding reaches its summit. The loss of souls for which payed with my Blood is being considered inevitable! The one who is capable of acting and doesn't do so is guilty, because, most assuredly I tell you: "Obedience is not inaction."

Marguerite to Jesus

Lord, I don't understand any of it anymore.

Jesus to Marguerite

Don't try to understand: that wouldn't change anything to it.

Marguerite to Jesus

(The synode came to my mind). The synode?
One step backward, two steps forward. The Holy Father?
Victim, stuck to the ... cross, similar to me.

The synode fathers? A buzzing beehive, where the family spirit is extinct and where everyone tries to press through his own perception without considering anyone else's.

Some bees want to join the Queen to feed her. A swarm blocks the way and the Queen perishes in the middle of a hive where absurdity reigns.