

The Word of God at The Sunday of the memorial of the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican

I write Myself down into My book with you today, too, and you should open for Me, sons, who are My gates! Open the gates, for I come down as the word in the book, a word of teaching over the earth and over you. Amen.

Today we remember the tax collector (*The Publican*) and the Pharisee, who came to pray in the temple. I want to teach the man in this day too, for I am with you as word, I am Teacher and I shepherd all the nations of the earth with an iron staff, with the teaching, which the man does not find on earth, for there is haughtiness and pride upon the man on the earth, and such a man cannot yield fruit with his teaching about the kingdom of the heavens, if even he does not remain in it in such a way that the man may see that he has got it, and then to follow him.

The good works, which the man does in My name from his earnings, these can be a snare for his soul, for the Master of the heaven and of the earth asks from the man those that are in him, not those that are outside of him, and I said: **«I desire mercy not sacrifice»**. There is no man on earth to understand this word, but I have found you, faithful children, and I have been teaching you to believe, the way I like the man to believe, and first I have taught you the wisdom of the mind and then its works into your little hearts, and only after that the work of your hands and all the work that starts from the things of the man. Amen. I have been seeking mercy from the man for seven thousand years and the multitude of his sacrifice does not comfort Me. When I see the man that he heaps up works upon works into My name upon the man, when I see that he does not know that this is not the kingdom of the heavens, which I, the Lord, wait to exist in the man, then it hurts Me, it really hurts Me, sons and children. What shall I do to the man? What shall really I do to him? What shall I do to those who think that they are the Christians of the church, who do so many works to the joy of their heart? There is no one to tell them that Scripture, which says that: **«Whoever exalts himself will be humbled, and whoever humbles himself will be exalted»**. (Mat. 23:12) The man does to the man not to Me, and after he does so, he exalts himself in his mind thinking that he is Mine, that he has Me by his deeds. My plan with the man is another one, but poor of him, he does not find any teaching to lead the man to Me, the One Who gives eternal life to the humble man in his heart and by the work of his hand.

I have come now, after two thousand years, like a thief, and I have found the man without God on earth, without faith on earth, for I said: **«When the Son of Man comes, will He find faith on earth to do justice to His chosen ones, who cry out to Him day and night and for whom He has long endurance? Yes, He will do them justice, soon, soon, I say»**. Amen. But who are those, My chosen ones? They are those who call for Me to come and they are those who desire Me to save them from their death and from the eternal perdition; they are not like those who say like the Pharisee, who coming to the temple to pray, was thanking Me that he was not like the other people, who stole and did wrong and went into revelry, or like the tax collector who also came before Me with his prayer: and the Pharisee was also reminding Me that he was fasting two days a week and that he was giving tithes of everything he had got. Behold, that one had only the impression that he was My chosen one, but My elected are those who cry out to Me day and night, staying within My coming with their spirit, with their soul and with their body, within the humility that was pleasant to Me, because anyone who humbles himself, that one knows how to exalt himself before God. Amen.

Oh, how shall I make the man see his wondering away? How shall I make the Pharisee give up his haughtiness and his sleep that loses his soul? How shall I make him know how to pray in

such a way that I may be merciful to him and to be his debtor? How shall I make the Pharisee not think of himself that he was righteous and in this way to make Me his debtor for the righteousness that asks Me in return of his works and of his fasting and of those that he gives from his earnings? But to whom does he give? Oh, the Pharisee does not give Me anything? He gives to those of his kind, and because he has earnings, he does not steal, he does not do any wrong to anyone, but rather he gives to those that are like him and to those that serve at the altar, not to Me. Oh, the one who gives Me, gives otherwise. The tax collector gave Me his crying, being shy to come closer even in his crying, and standing far away he did not have the courage to lift up his eyes to heaven but instead he only beat his breast saying, **«God, be merciful to me, a sinner, Lord!»** The tax collector beat his breast. And in this way he was knocking at My door and not lifting his eyes up. He was beating his heart, and there he found Me and called Me to be merciful to him and to wipe out his sins because of humility of his heart, which was helping him to exalt himself to take Me as his help in his life full of temptations and perdition.

Oh, how shall I do it in order to teach the man to keep knocking at God's gate and to receive the forgiveness of his many sins? I want the man to see his sins, not his deeds. Oh, when are you going to do this, Pharisee man? Until when are you going to call Me your debtor because of your fasting, for your tithe of what you have got, for your law, about which you say that you fulfill it? Until when, really? When are you going to hang your head and beating your breast in which I am supposed to dwell and not you, to be able then to say that I have mercy on you, and persevering day and night to keep asking Me this? Do you see, man Pharisee, what does it mean to be My chosen? It means the one who cries out day and night to Me to bring him justice against his enemy, the devil, who walks to swallow, if possible, even those that are My chosen ones, who always keep crying out to Me.

The tax collector saw his sins, and the Pharisee did not. The Pharisee acknowledged his evil works and the heaviest of his sin, the haughtiness, did not see it. The man alone cannot; the Christian alone cannot see the sin of his haughtiness, which he covers with his works brought before Me. I have a guide before you, My people, and you should stay under its counsel with great humility when it looks after you to put you always, always, before Me, as a pleasant one. But with the man from the world, who thinks that he is Mine by his haughty works, how shall I teach him? I teach him through My word between Me and you and I do My duty as Teacher upon all the nations of the earth before My coming when I will give each one according to his works. Amen.

Oh, children, who are guidance on My behalf for the holy and humble walk before Me of My people of today! Give each one according to his deed. Work with each one according to his deed and not otherwise. And meet out justice to those who call Me to come and save them from their adversary, the devil, who goes about to swallow even My elect, children sons. Work like Me, for I am a merciful judge to those that are Mine who call out to Me, day and night, and for whom I am long-enduring.

Whoever will not receive God's kingdom like an infant, will not come into it, because anyone who humbles himself will be exalted and he will be exalted to Me with his heart in him, with his submission, which exalts him among those that are well pleased to Me. Those who are well pleased to Me come up with their prayer in pains after Me and they cry out day and night to save them from death, and I am long-enduring for these, and because of My patience for them, the haughty and unrepentant man gets courage, only that he may be able to see that My goodness leads him to repentance and to a prayer like that of the tax collector, who was beating his breast, not even daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, but rather saying with pain: **«God, be merciful to me, a sinner!»**

I want mercy. Why does the man not hear what I want? Why does he not bring Me a sacrifice for his sin and a tithe of his earnings, so that he may have Me his debtor afterwards, the

same as the Pharisee had Me, reminding Me of his good deeds and of his tithes to the temple and of the evil deeds of the tax collector? Those who serve at the altar are those who receive sacrifices from the man for the sin of the man, who was obviously a sinner by the sacrifice he brought to the altar, a sacrifice of which the one who serves at the altar lives and not I, and I do not live either in the one who brings the sacrifice to the altar for his sin, or in the one who receives on the altar his sacrifice for the sin, the sacrifice shown in the law for the sin. However I want mercy. The one, who serves at the altar for the sinful man, wants sacrifice, and I want mercy from the man and from the one who does not help the man who sins, but receives his sacrifice for the sin instead, as also today people upon people and crowds of people who are gathered in the worldly churches give memorials, money and offerings to the ministers from the altars as in the time of the sacrifices for the sins of Israel, and I do not want these sacrifices, but I rather want the man's repentance, the man's heart, while the ministers from the altars suck the blood of those that are poor and rich who bring their offering to the altars, and the ministers of the altars do nothing else; they do not help the people to give up their evil deeds and then to keep crying out to Me day and night to do them justice against their adversary, the devil, who keeps them slaves to the temptation of the spirit of the world, the temptation of their bodies and to any kind of temptation. I desire mercy so that I may be merciful to the man. The tax collector was merciful to Me and he was calling Me to comfort him with his repentance beating his breast because of his remorse and because of the terror of the punishment for his deeds.

I desire mercy, both from the man to Me and from Me to the man, but especially from the man to Me. The sacrifice for the sin or the tithe is for the one who serves at the altar, and is not for Me, and the man is loaded with his sins for Me and with the sins of the servant who lives on the sins of the man. Oh, if any man on the earth would not commit any sin, what would the ministers of the altars live on, those who minister before Me for the sinful man? They would live on the Pharisee's tithe, and they would still live from the altar. Soon, soon, soon, I will take revenge on them, for they do not help either those that are born and nor do they help those that die to enter the kingdom of the heavens as little children, but rather they keep asking them for money and money again, even after the man dies. Oh, when are they going to do good things for the poor? When are they going to have mercy on their soul, and then to have mercy on Me? When, Pharisee? When, you minister at the altar? When, are you, scribe, going to bring Me your pleasant sacrifice to Me, the humility of your heart and the spirit of your humility, to exalt you to heaven with the heart and not with the eyes and not with the work of your hands, which has reached to My bone making me your debtor? When are you going to learn what mercy is and not sacrifice? I come soon, and I will pay you according to your deed. And to those who keep crying to Me day and night to come, I will come to them and I will make My house with them and I will dine with them and I will appear to them. However, I have already come and I have done this and I have fulfilled under your eyes the justice of those for whom, I, the Lord, was long enduring, waiting for the Pharisee's repentance to come before Me, as that one of the tax collector, who was calling Me with his crushed heart to be merciful to him.

Oh, why did I have to choose a Pharisee and a tax collector's name for this parable mentioned today in a spirit of the church? The haughtiness and humility, these is what I underlined by remembering of this parable; the righteous and the sinful. The righteous one does no longer bow to the sinful, and the sinful exalts himself to Me through the crushing of his heart after the heavenly Savior, and the righteous denounces him to Me for his sins. Oh, it is not possible this way, because for a sinful man who repents, I leave ninety-nine righteous people and I listen to the despair of the one who knocks in the middle of the night for mercy at My gate. Humility is the one, which enters the gate of the heaven, and the haughtiness remains below, on the earth. Amen.

I would like you, My people, not even for a little moment to stay without any guidance, son, for I want you to be humble in your heart and to pray forever for you and for the human kind to come to humility, My people. The man alone cannot see the sin of his haughtiness, which he covers with his works for his neighbor or with his tithe brought to the altar. The haughty man cannot see the sin of his haughtiness. The sin of haughtiness is the lack of the humility of the heart. The clean heart receives God, both from heaven and from earth, and the eyes of the one, who is humble within his heart and with his deed, see, but the eyes of those who are proud do not see. However, you should believe what I tell you and not make Me be wounded from you, but rather you should welcome your neighbor and take as an example the one who becomes a parable for the kingdom of the heavens before you, for he, who will not receive the kingdom of the heavens as a little child, will not enter it at all. Amen. Seek to be a little infant, always an infant, and then you will always receive the little hand, which keeps you standing for My kingdom, which is of those who are humble in their heart, the same as those who are small and submit to any good thing, which comes to embrace them, My people.

I want to embrace you all into the kingdom of the heavens, sons, but still it belongs to those who are small. You should not be great over the others but rather you should be like babies who have a father and love from the father. Soon, soon, I want to speak to you again about the kingdom of the heavens in you and among you, for I want all the nations of the earth to see My kingdom in you. Let yourselves be moldable for it and with it. Be dolls and let Me do to you whatever I want, and always let your will be always My will, children lead by Me, lead by God, sons. Amen, amen, amen.

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