

The Word of God at The feast of the Lord's Birth (the Nativity)

I become the word of feast of the memorial of My birth of the Virgin mother two thousand years ago, for it is written: **«He was in the world and the world was made through Him, and the world didn't recognize Him. He came to His own, and those who were His own didn't receive Him. But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become God's children, to those who believe in His name».** (John 1:10-12) Amen, amen, amen.

Oh, children who believe that I came from the Father and from the Virgin mother to make the world again! Oh, how sweetly and how longingly My mother, the Virgin, read the Scriptures of My coming, by whom I made Myself known over the earth, and then I also made My Father known, for the beloved John said: **«No one has seen God at any time. The One and only Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He has declared Him, for the Son and the Word of the Father became flesh and lived among us. And we saw His glory, such glory as of the One and only Son of the Father, full of grace and truth».** (John 1:14, 18) Amen.

Oh, children who believe that I came from the bosom of the Father and I became flesh and that I also declared the Father! Oh, sons, I have come as word at the manger of My word to inhabit in you and among you full of grace and full truth and to declare to you the Father, Whom no one has ever seen but His only Son, born of Him, from the Father, sons. Amen. I have come with My mother, the Virgin, of whom I receive the body of a man, and we went to speak about pain, about love and about humility, and to comfort each other in our pains, for we are without any joys, but we do have a rich life, for I told you that the people who has water has what to drink of; it has life from heaven and it is not overcome, but it is humbled instead and I am well pleased with it and for it, because the one who is humble just as I was, is My love, and I am his love, and that one knows Me and follows Me and becomes My image and My likeness, for I am the humble One, and that is why I am He Who is, and I am, becoming humble before the man, for this is how God is. Amen.

Oh, how beautifully the shepherds of the sheep believed in the night of My birth! I sent My angel and there was a great light around them and he gave them the good news about My birth, and then a heavenly host got together at the news of My angel and they all sang glory to the Lord both in heaven and on earth, and good news and peace among the people, and then the angels went up from them into heaven, and the shepherds came to Bethlehem and found Me and believed and confessed with a great joy the sight of the annunciation of My angel. Amen.

Oh, My people, I am celebrated with My birth among the people and My mother is sweet upon Me and upon you in My word between Me and her, and her word between her and Me. Amen, amen, amen.

— *My Son, my son born of the Father and of me, the one who is forever Virgin! Oh, the man does not put an end to his thinking to be careful with much pain, much love and much humility at Your birth from me, at the sufferance of this mystery, which You have been carrying for seven centuries, dear Son, the only One born of the Father and of me. Let Your speaking with me before our people of today be for its building, for the pain, for the love and for the humility that We had, painful, loving and humble Son. It is the feast of Your birth among the people, and the world does not know what a birth celebration is. Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful the pain is, the pain after God and the being of those who carry it! How beautiful are those who are as painful as I and You are, Son bathed in my tears on earth and in heaven! Oh, how much You love those who suffer from You! Oh, how much pain is in You and in all the heavenly hosts from the man who has no pain in his moments of Your remembrance, which You spoke with Your disciples*

about to be united with Your Body and Your Blood, after they would deeply remember Your sufferance for the reward of man's life and salvation, loving and merciful Son! Oh, blessed is the man who has his face and his heart humbled at the thought of Your sufferance for the man, at the thought of Your pain of seven ages, at the thought of my sufferance for you, my Son, Son Who suffered from the man and from His lack of love! The man does not know the spring his everlasting happiness springs up from. Tell the man, Son of sufferance that springs up of Your love for the man, and for whom You were born among the people two thousand years ago. Amen, amen, amen.

— Oh, this spring is the man's sufferance always after God, mother of pain. Your love for Me gave power to your pain in you, these two were a spring to one another, for the love was the spring of your sufferance, and the sufferance was the spring of your love, and these both suffered for Me in you and gave you power of life, and they also give power to My sufferings, mother.

There is no man to remember My pain and yours with tears in the time before and after the breaking of the bread which becomes My Body and My Blood on the cross, mother, each time when My passions are remembered and mentioned and of My painful life on earth because of My mercy for the man. (*At the Holy Liturgy, r.n.*). My Body and Blood is real truth in the cup of My new Passover, eaten by the disciples together with My word which makes the new man, and so new has to be the heart of the one who takes Me with all its remembrance of the memorial of My pains, of My cross. Oh, mother, the man does not know to love sufferance, and he takes My Body and My Blood without being seized by his mourning after Me, so that I may become food for the man afterwards, the last supper as I said that I would dine with the man after My passions. The man does not shed any tears when he communes with My Body and My Blood from the cup, mother. No pain of Mine hurts him and it does not wake him up to Me; it does not touch his soul because of much painful sufferance of Mine and yours for the man.

Oh, I miss My Passover in the man's heart so much, the union between My heart and his, for great was the mourning of My disciples in the time when I ate My Passover with them in the time of My pains, of My supper with them, and then of the pains after her, but the man cannot take in him My pain for him. I long after the love from the man. I want, with tearful longing, for the man to love Me much, and I come together with this pain in those who bear the pain of My love for man, mother, and I have so much compassion when I come in them with My pain, with My love, with My tear which is not wiped out by man, mother. Oh, who shall always wipe out My tear and its sting? Who else has time for My tear, mother, and for My heart in which I cry because of My love for man? I comfort Myself with you, for you were only comfort, power and love for Me. It was only you that I have been thinking of even before eternity, only of your pain that you were to bear for Me, only of your painful love, for you were beautiful through your pain in you, dear mother, and a dwelling place of your Son.

Your earthly parents took you to the temple even since you were a little child and they gave you to the Lord; they gave you to Me so that I might be hurt in you and for you to be hurt in Me, mother of My pain. And after you started to know from the prophets about My coming and about My pain, you wanted to do anything for My coming, for My pain, written ahead of time in the Scriptures. Then you were My mother and since My angel came to you and who told you that you were to give Me birth, your pain for Me became greater and greater and you had never known any joy but only pain. Your joy was that that I was your Son and no one on earth had been able to love Me more than you, for I was not only your Son, but also the true God, born of the eternal Father, and I was your God, Whom you loved with greater longing not only after the annunciation of the angels but also before that time. You were My house on earth after the angel told you about Me and then you were always My house, for there was nothing in your heart, nothing even for a split of a second, but there was only your pain for Me. Your little heart was full of pain all the time at the thought of the torment, which I had to go through for every man,

from every man, all My life on earth, and at its end, the road of the cross, and the cross and My death on it.

There was no day or night or sleep in which you had not been able to see Me on the road of the cross and dying on the cross, and there was no heart more wounded than yours on earth, and out of which I was not absent even for little a moment, and your heart was My house, and I had always, always dwelt in it, for I could not have a single moment than I not think about you and of your pain for Me even for a little time, as everywhere I was walking in order to finish the work for which I became man and for which My Father took Me from His bosom and sent Me after the man, mother.

Oh, I could not help being hurt even for a moment by My thought, which was only at you once with My mercy and yours for the man. Wherever I was, I was hurt because of you, and you were hurt in Me, and I could not be in My thought without you as your image was always in My eyes and I loved you with so much power, with so much longing that My love and My longing after you were My power in all of My pains, and I was with you in them, and I could bear them. However, you bore the pain of the mother of God for Me, and there has never been a more painful heart on earth like yours.

You were so good before everyone because of the pain of My love in you, and no one had been able to see on your face anything else but a deep, deep thought and a holy tear, with much pain in it, known and unknown by everyone who had seen you, and your whole tear was gathered by God's angels and with it they watered the heaven, mother. You bathed Me in tears, when you took Me in your arms after I was taken down from the cross by Joseph and Nicodemus. Oh, mother of love, you covered your tears when you embraced Me in the time of My life to the cross and you poured them out like a spring, and I saw them wherever I was and I was also crying and I hid in order that could cry, because I loved you so much, so much, and the power of My spirit melted for your mercy, for your longing, for you, the one full of pain and longing for Me, because you could not leave Me out from your thought even for a moment, from your heart which wanted to be My house until I took you near Me after I went to My Father to make room for you and to take you there so that all who loved God, mother, might gathered together in the same place.

Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful is the pain after God and the being of those who carry it! Oh, how beautiful are those who are wounded for Me and with Me, mother! Behold with how much power We come within those who are Our house in the days of My second coming with the saints on earth to make the world again, mother, and with My creative word I pass through those who are Our house of coming, and God is hurt in man, mother, for the pains of the new birth of the world are bigger and bigger, and We are hurt in man, and Our pain becomes power in those who bring Us down on earth to be able to keep Us, mother. Amen, amen, amen.

The feasts of the birth are pains, pains of birth, but the man on earth does not want pains and he does not want to be born and to see the word, which came into the world, for I am in the world, and I become word and I dwell among you with My glory such as that of the Only One born of the Father, full of grace and truth, children of My coming, and I have also make the Father known to you, Whom no one has ever seen but His Son, the One born of Him, and His Son dwells among you and dines with you and He appears to you for you to believe that I came from the bosom of the Father and I became flesh two thousand years ago, and now I am word, for I have found strong faith on earth, and I could make My coming, and I could make gates for My coming, to be able to come in through the them into the book of today of My coming. Amen.

Receive My word from its manger, you who grow through it and let those who are born of him receive it as well, and let the world receive its new birth too, for this Scripture is written to be, and I declare its fulfillment as it is written, for the world was made through Me, but the world did not know Me for I came for those who were Mine and they did not receive Me, and to

whoever have received Me, who have believed in Me and in My coming, I have given them the power to become the sons of God. Amen.

My people, you, who believe in My coming to you, I want very much to see you suffering after Me, to see this beauty on your face always, always, child of My kingdom with which I give Myself to you when you speak, opening your little mouth to take Me in you from the cup, saying: **«Blessed is He Who comes into the name of the Lord! God is the Lord and He has appeared to us»**. You should say this while seeing Me, and you should see Me in the one who is united with Me, once with you, and to be able to appear to you in the one near you who is united with Me, and to show Me to him, in you after you unite yourself with Me saying: **«God is the Lord and He has appeared to us»**. Amen.

The full joy of your union with My pain and that of My mother for the sufferings, which become a spring of the love of God in man, let this be your power and My kingdom in you, New Jerusalem, born of My word from the end of the time. Love is a spring for its pain and pain is the spring for its love and let these both become one to another a spring in your heart for Me in you, child born of My coming as word on earth. Amen.

Love the mystery of the church. The church is whole and this is how My church and My body are called, and let My word dwell into your midst, Jerusalem, My mystery from eternity and the one from the end of the time, for I have been teaching you so much and this is how you should appear, for I want to make the man into My image and after My likeness and yours, for this is what I said to My disciples: I in you and you in Me, for the world to know that the Father sent Me and that the Father is in Me and I in Him, and I am with Him into the world. Amen, amen, amen.

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