

The Word of God

... 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 Măneștii 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 Călărașii 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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