

Pray for me O Holy Mother of God, that I, your Humble Servant, will carry out, Your requests, with True and Unfailing Faith in You, and Your Blesséd Son, Jesus Christ.

No. 17

The "Agony" of Christ

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

Whilst carrying out my **"Daily"** Stations of the Cross for this Lent, during the afternoon of the 27th March 2004, as requested of me by **"Our Blesséd Mother"**, and during the Promised **"Visual Image"**, at the 12th Station of **"The Stations of the Cross"**, again at the Schönstatts Outdoor location in Armadale, W.A., another most extraordinary Manifestation took place, which in keeping with **"Our Blesséd Mothers"** request to open my Heart and Soul to everyone, I would like to share with you all.

The scene that I am about to describe, is, and most definitely was, at the time, most Disturbing, and extremely Painful for me to have **"Witnessed"** and **"Felt"**.

In this **"Visual Image"**, on **"Witnessing"** **"Our Blesséd Lord"** Jesus Christ, **"Nailed"** to, and **"Hanging"** on the Cross, it was as though I had somehow **"zoomed"** in, like a Camera can **"zoom in"** on an image, but in this case, to a **"Close up"** of the **Back** of Jesus, where I could clearly see that He had only **"Patches"** of skin on His **Back**, where, by far the Majority of his **Back** was **"Open Flesh"**, with a Multitude of Deep Cuts, clearly from the **"Scourging"** that he so Cruelly and Unjustly had received, and from this vantage point, I could clearly see that the Wood of the Cross behind his **Back** was full of Notches and Nodules, and the surface was completely **"Splintered"** in much the same way as Firewood splinters when it is **"Split"** by an axe.

Then, hardly having taken in what I have just now described, I then saw Jesus **"Jerk"** in **"Pain"** and simultaneously **"Witnessed"** His **Back**, in fact, the **"Open Flesh"** of His **Back**, being **"Splintered"** by the **"Rough Surface"** of the Cross, and at the same time, I could **"Audibly"** Hear Him **"Screaming"** with a most **"Horrendously"** Penetrating and **"Agonising"** voice, as the **"Pain"** Shot through His Sacred Body.

But as if this wasn't painful enough for me to **"Witness"** and **"Hear"**, I myself could **"Actually"** **FEEL** His **"Pain"** as I was **"Witnessing"** and **"Hearing"** it.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, I cannot even begin to adequately describe to you what an impact, that this **“Experience”** had on me at the time, and has left me with, right now after the event, and I am absolutely certain, will have on me for the rest of my life, from here on in.

This Manifestation, of **“Witnessing”** and **“Actually Feeling”**, the **“Agony”** of Christ, carried on for what seemed like hours, as I **“Witnessed”** and **“Felt”** the pain from every movement that Our Blesséd Lord made, each time that He would **“Try”** to move into an **“Impossibly”** Comfortable, or more accurately, **“Less Painful”** Position.

With every movement, He let out a **“Horrendous Scream”** of **“Agonising Pain”**, such Torturous **“Pain”**, which was simply **“Relentless”**.

As He moved His *Back*, then the Nails tore at His *Wrists* and seemingly *involuntarily* Opened up his **“Clenched” Hands**, which would simultaneously send the **“Pain”** along His *Arm*, through to His *Shoulders* and *Neck*, which in turn would **“Shoot”** down His *Spine* and into His *Groins* via His Bare *Buttocks* (as He was totally naked on the Cross), with which He was **“Trying”** to support the weight of His Sacred Body, then down his *Thighs* and *Legs*, finally reaching His *Feet*.

Having reached His *Feet*, this **“Shooting Pain”** then caused His *Feet* to **“Jerk”**, which in turn caused the Nails in His *Feet* to send a **“Shooting”** and **“Agonising Pain”** up his *Legs*, and so the Torturous Process of the **“Shooting Pain”** travelled in the reverse direction from whence it started from the **“Jerking”** of His *Back* up against the **“Rough, Splintered”** Wood of the Cross.

All the while, whilst **“Witnessing”** this Totally **“Inhumane Agony”** I could **“Actually Feel”**, along with **“My Blesséd Lord”** - Our Blesséd Lord - each and every movement of **“Pain”** through my own body, but doubtless, nowhere as near in Depth and *intensity* of the **“Pain”**, that He was enduring.

His Sacred Face was totally covered in His Sacred Blood, with so many Deep **“Gashes”** from both the **“Scourging”** that He received, and the **“Cruel”** nature of the way the Roman Soldiers must have **“Forced”** the **“Crown of Thorns”**, to penetrate His Skull.

All of this immense Torture, meant that His Sacred Face became totally **“Twisted”** and **“Distorted”** with **“Pain”**, and the more He **“Screamed”** out, the more **“Distorted”** His Sacred Face became.

He was **“Screaming”** out so loudly for the **“Pain”** to go, but the more that He **“Screamed”**, the more the **“Pain”** increased, and the more **“Excoriation”** and **“Splintering”** His sacred Body would receive from the very exertion of the **“Screaming”**.

Then momentarily, from Shear **“Exhaustion”** of the exertion of the **“Screaming”**, and **“Suffering”** from the **“Pain”**, His Sacred Body, slumped down with His Sacred Head bent forward onto his **“Blood”** stained Chest, and for a short moment, there was a respite from the **“Screaming”** - but only for a short time, because then he started to Suffocate, and so, in trying to *inhale* Air into His Lungs, He began to choke with **“Phloem”** and **“Blood”**, which in turn caused Him to Cough.

This in turn, then set off a **“Chain”** reaction, for another bout of **“Agony, Pain and Screaming”**, as the Coughing once again caused His Sacred Body to be **“Excoriated”** and **“Splintered”** against the **“Rough Surface”** of the Wood of the Cross.

Once again, while I was **“Witnessing”** this most **“Inhumane”** of tortures, I was **“Actually Feeling”** all of the **“Pain”**, that He was going through.

Then as if this wasn't a *Horrific* enough **“Scene”** on its own, I then saw **“Our Blesséd Mother”** looking up at Him, also **“Witnessing”** what I was **“Seeing”**, and as **“Our Blesséd Lord”** was **“Screaming”** out, She also **“Screamed”** out with Him, with Torment and Anguish, wanting so much to take the **“Pain”** away from Him, as any Loving Mother on earth would, if they themselves, were **“Witness”** to such a *Horror*, with their own children.

Then **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, still **“Screaming”**, tried to reach out to touch **“Our Blesséd Lord's”** Feet, in an attempt to try and ease the **“Pain”**, and on **“Seeing”** this, He **“Jerked”** His Sacred Body in the Anticipation of the **“Pain”**, of the Contact of His Mother's Hands on the **“Open Wounds”**, and this in turn caused His *Back* even more **“Splintering”**, and even more **“Screaming”** of **“Agony”**.

This fresh onset of **“Screaming”** and **“Agony”**, then in turn caused even more Anguish and **“Screaming”** of Total **“Helplessness”** from **“Our Blesséd Mother”**.

She was in a Total State of **“Despair”** and Her Heart was totally *Torn* apart with **“Agony”**, as She was feeling totally **“Helpless”** in Her attempt to **“Take Away”** the **“Pain”**, the **“Agony”**, the **“Suffering”**, from Her Belovéd Son, Our Blesséd Lord.

In turn, Our Blesséd Lord, in spite of His Torturous Physical **“Agony”**, was then totally **“Heartbroken”** and Distraught, in **“Witnessing”** His Belovéd Mothers' **“Helplessness”** in helping Him, feeling **“Helpless”** Himself in **“Taking Away”** Her *Pain* and *Anguish*.

This scene that I have **“Tried”** to describe as accurately, with the inadequacies of the English Language to find words that could describe it as I Felt and Saw it, seemed to endure for hours, although in **“Realtime”** and in reality, lasted only for a matter of minutes, left me totally drained, Physically, Mentally and most importantly Spiritually.

I could barely lift myself up from the ground in my Prostrate position in front of the Crucifix, as, not only was I *Weeping* almost profusely, but I was **“Aching”** all over, as if I had been battered about.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, this **“Experience”**, which was to be repeated the following day, again at the 12th Station, was so **“Real”**, that I feel that if anyone could have **“Witnessed”** and **“Felt”**, what I had gone through, and with it gain an appreciation of the fact that this is what Sin **“REALLY”** does to Our Blesséd Lord, and in turn **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, then I truly believe that we would all think *Long* and *Hard* about Committing Sin again.

Even though **“Our Blesséd Mother”** has not told me so, at least to this point, I am, however, convinced that this **“Experience”**, would undoubtedly serve as far more an appropriate a **“Penance”** for *My* Sins, than any form of **“Penance”** that has have ever been given to me, by any Priest, in the past.

Thank you, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, for allowing me to share this most extraordinary **“Experience”**, with you, and I truly hope that it may assist, all of you, as well.

I pray, O Holy Mother of God, that those who choose to Read or Hear Your Messages, will receive them with Your Blessings, and that their Heart's too, will be filled with Your Graces and Love.