

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.23

The "Legacy" of Sin

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

During the period of the 4th April 2004 and 8th April 2004, being **Passion Sunday**, through to the Thursday of **Passion** week, the "**Visual Images**" that "**Our Blesséd Mother**" had promised to bring down upon me at the 12th station of my Daily "**Stations of the Cross**" for this Lent, had Progressively *Intensified* day by day, starting from the from the first day on **Passion Sunday**, through to **Maundy (Holy) Thursday**.

What took place and how this unfolded, I would like to share with you, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, in keeping with "**Our Blesséd Mothers**" request to be prepared to open my Heart and Soul to everyone.

On each of these days it was, once again, at the Schönstatt's outdoor location in Armadale, W.A., that I carried out my Daily Devotions of the "**Stations of the Cross**".

On **Passion Sunday**, at the 12th Station, and at the beginning of the "**Visual Image**", I "**Witnessed**" for the first time, the moment when Our Blesséd lord was "**Nailed**" to His "**Cross**".

At first what I "**Saw**", was the Cross lying flat on the ground, but with Our Blesséd Lord standing Naked, covered in Blood from *Head to Toe*, next to the Cross, with two Soldiers flanked on either side of Our Blesséd Lord, one on the right of Him, the other on the left.

Then the two Soldiers, forcefully "**Pushed**" Our Blesséd Lord, on His *Back*, onto the Cross, as it lay on the ground, to which Our Blesséd Lord let out an extremely penetrating "**Scream**" of "**Pain and Agony**", as His Sacred *Back*, which at this stage barely had any skin on it, came into contact with the "**Rough Surface**" of the Cross, then one of the Soldiers, with Our Blesséd Lord still "**Screaming**" out in "**Agony**", took hold of His Left *Arm*, and stretched it out along the arm of the Cross, while a second Soldier did the same with Our Blesséd Lord's Right *Arm*.

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A third Soldier, then began to tie Our Blesséd Lord's Right *Arm* with a length of very thick Rope around the right arm of the Cross, and having completed that task, repeated the process with Our Blesséd Lord's Left *Arm*, onto the left arm of the Cross, all the while with Our Blesséd Lord "**Screaming**" out in "**Pain**", as every movement was "**Splintering**" His Sacred *Back*, as described in the Message, "**The Agony Of Christ**".

Having Secured Our Blesséd Lord's *Arms* with a length of Rope onto the arms of the Cross, the two Soldiers who were holding Our Blesséd Lord's *Arms* down, then held His *Feet* against the Foot of the Cross, whilst the third Soldier then secured Our Blesséd Lord's *Feet* to the Foot of the Cross with another length of Rope, again with the Backdrop of Our Blesséd Lord's "**Screams**" of "**Pain**" and "**Agony**".

Having now secured Our Blesséd Lord's *Arms* and *Feet* to the Cross with lengths of Rope, the two Soldiers again, each held onto one *Arm* of Our Blesséd Lord, while the third Soldier, now with a Mallet in his right hand and a Large "**Nail**" in his left hand, a "**Nail**" about the size of a Pin used to Hold down Railway Tracks, but quite clearly, full of Rust, positioned the Rusty "**Nail**" over Our Blesséd Lord's Right *Wrist*, holding it in his left hand, and with one swift blow with the Mallet in his right hand, thrust the Rusty "**Nail**", through Our Blesséd Lord's *Wrist*, pinning the "**Nail**" into the Wood of the Cross, through Our Blesséd Lord's *Wrist*.

With Blood "**Spurting**" out from Our Blesséd Lord's *Wrist*, and into the face of the third Soldier, Our Blesséd Lord, once again in absolute "**Agony**", let out a "**Tormenting Scream**".

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, I cannot begin to describe to you, how much this *Scene* Tore at my Heart and Soul, "**Witnessing, Hearing and Feeling**" the Torment that Our Blesséd Lord was going through, at this point in time.

Having "**Nailed**" His Right *Wrist* to the Cross, the third Soldier repeated the process with Our Blesséd Lord's Left *Wrist*, with the same "**Torturous**" outcome for Our Blesséd Lord.

Finally, the two Soldiers Held Our Blesséd Lord's *Feet* onto a Block, which was secured to the Foot of the Cross, and with one *Foot* placed over the other, the third Soldier then, as he had done with Our Blesséd Lord's *Wrists*, positioned a Rusty "**Nail**" over His *Feet* with his left hand, and with one swift blow with the mallet in the right hand, thrust the "**Nail**" through both of Our Blesséd Lord's *Feet*, securing them to the Block, with the one "**Nail**", again with the resultant "**Screams**" of "**Agony**", from Our Blesséd Lord.

Then, having, both "**Nailed**" and "**Secured**" Our Blesséd Lord to the Cross, the three Soldiers, lifted the Cross up off the ground with Our Blesséd Lord "**Nailed**" to the Cross, and lifted the Cross into a "**Slot**" which had been dug out in the ground, to "**House**" the base of the Cross in order to hold it in an upright position.

In the meantime, Our Blesséd Lord was “**Screaming**” out in “**Pain**”, as all the Open Wounds over His Sacred Body, particularly those on His *Back*, were being further “**Traumatised**” and “**Excoriated**”, along the “**Rough Surface**” of the Wood of the Cross, with every movement of the Cross.

Then, with me “**Weeping**” at having “**Witnessed**” this “**Inhumane**” Torture inflicted on Our Blesséd Lord, and clearly being aware that it was *My Sins*, that were the cause of what I had “**Witnessed**”, the “**Visual Image**”, then continued on in the same way as was described in the Message, “**The Agony of Christ**”, at the end of which, I was completely exhausted, aching all over my body as if I had been “**Beaten**” about the body myself, having great difficulty in lifting myself off the ground from the “**Prostrate**” position in front of the Cross at the 12th Station, in order to continue on with, and complete this days “**Stations of the Cross**”.

Truly, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, I can say that this “**Visual Image**”, together with what I had experienced through the whole of “**Passion Week**”, can quite accurately be described, and from *my own part* I can admit, most “**Shamefully**”, as “**The ‘Legacy’ of Sin**” left by mankind, but especially by *Me*, to Our Blesséd Lord.

On the following two days, being the **Monday** and **Tuesday**, of Passion week, at the 12th Station, and again, at the beginning of the “**Visual Image**”, I “**Witnessed**” the most horrific and “**Barbaric**” way, that the Roman Soldiers had “**Stripped**” Our Blesséd Lord, of his Garments, in preparation for the “**Crucifixion**” itself.

This Horrific *Scene* was extremely Disturbing for me, because I could quite clearly see how His “**Blood Soaked**” Garments, were totally adhered to, and stuck to his *Skin* and Open Wounds that Our Blesséd Lord had been inflicted with, during the “**Scourging**” and “**Beating**” that He had earlier endured, and as the Roman Soldiers literally “**Ripped**” the Garments off His Sacred *Back*, I could quite clearly see the *Skin* of His Sacred Body, being left behind on His Garments, exposing “**Bare Flesh**”, bleeding profusely.

This was totally Stomach Churning for me to “**See**”, and nowhere on His Body was it more apparent, than on His Sacred *Back*, which made it clear to me, as to why, during all the previous “**Visual Images**”, I have been able to see only patches of *Skin*, on His Sacred *Back*, as He Struggled with “**Agonizing**” pain on the Cross.

But **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, what totally compounds the “**Horror**” of this *Scene* is the Terrifyingly “**Agonizing Screams**” that Our Blesséd lord gave out, as He was being “**Stripped**”.

I cannot begin to adequately describe the **“Pain”** and **“Suffering”** that **“Our Blesséd Lord”** had endured during this scene, only to say that I too could **“Feel”** His **“Pain”** with Him, but nowhere near to the extent that He was Feeling it himself.

To **“See”** the now Freshly Opened *Wounds*, Freshly covered with His Sacred Blood, from where once *Skin* covered the *Flesh* of His Sacred Body, and **“Hearing”** His **“Screams of Agony”**, from this **“Barbaric Torture”**, simply left me in a totally Distraught state, only to be further Distressed in completing this **“Visual Image”** by **“Witnessing”** both the **“Nailing”** of Our Blesséd Lord on the Cross *Scene*, as I had only just **“Witnessed”** during the **“Visual Image”** on **Passion Sunday**, and, the now familiar **“Crucifixion”** *Scene*, as described in the Message, **“The Agony of Christ”**.

However, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, I *had* to endure this Personal **“Suffering”**, firstly, because this is what **“Our Blesséd Mother”** has requested of me, and secondly, because I have to be **“Witness”** to what *My Sins* and *All Sin*, does to Our Blesséd Lord, in short, I have to be **“Witness”** to **“The ‘Legacy’ of Sin”**.

Then at the end of the **“Visual Image”** on **Tuesdays “Stations of the Cross”**, as described above, **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, completed that day’s **“Visual Image”** with a request of me, and this is what She said;

“My Dear Son, I, your Heavenly Mother, ask of you to ‘Invite’ ‘Faithful’ friends of your choosing, to walk the ‘Road to Calvary’, on ‘Good Friday’, in order that they too can share in the ‘Graces’, that you have received from My Belovéd Son, Jesus, each day that you have travelled the ‘Road to Calvary’ this Lent.

*For whoever takes up My ‘Invitation’ through you, their participation will result in the Salvation of one of your Fellow **Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, at the end of their Journey in this life on earth, and this for each individual who takes up the ‘Invitation’, just as each one of your daily ‘Stations of the Cross’ has done, this Lent.*

However, I ask of you, My Dear Son, not to reveal this to them until after you have completed the ‘Road to Calvary’ on ‘Good Friday’, because I, your Heavenly Mother, wish this ‘Invitation’ to be ‘Unconditional’.

I further ask you, My Dear Son, to undertake this Journey of the ‘Road to Calvary’ twice on ‘Good Friday’, offering up the second ‘Station’, for the Sins of ‘All’ My Children throughout the world, on this most Solemn and Special of days.”

At the completion of this short Message and Request from “*Our Blesséd Mother*”, the “*Visual Image*” came to its conclusion, and has been the case on all other occasions with the “*Visual Images*” since the first “*Visual Image*” where I began to “*Actually Feel*” the “*Pain*” and “*Suffering*” of Our Blesséd Lord, during the “*Stations of the Cross*” on the 27th March, as first revealed and described in the Message, “*The Agony of Christ*”, I found myself, once again on this occasion as well, aching all over my body as if I had been totally “*Bashed*” about, or “*kicked*” about, like a football.

On the **Wednesday**, of Passion Week, and again on **Maundy (Holy) Thursday**, once again at the 12th Station, and again at the start of the “*Visual Image*”, I was to “*Witness*”, and again to “*Feel*”, two additional “*Horrific*” Scenes of “*Suffering*” that Our Blesséd Lord had endured on His “*Road to Calvary*”, namely the “*Scourging at the Pillar*” and “*The Crowning of Thorns*” .

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, as with the additional scenes that I had “*Witnessed*” and “*Felt*”, during the previous three days of the “*Stations of the Cross*”, of **Passion Week**, these two additional scenes for these two day’s “*Stations of the Cross*”, were immensely Intense and Painful to be “*Witness*” to, and equally Draining.

At first I saw Our Blessed Lord being Dragged by the arms by two Roman Soldiers across a “*Courtyard*” towards a Pillar around which was attached a long and Heavy Chain.

On reaching the Pillar with Our Blesséd Lord lying Face down on the ground, one of the Soldiers dragged Our Blesséd Lord by His *Hair*, up off the ground onto His *Feet*, and then another Soldier, “*Ripped*” His Garment off His Sacred Body, leaving Our Blesséd Lord standing Naked, at the Pillar.

Then two Soldiers secured the Chain that was attached to the Pillar, onto Our Blesséd Lords *Wrists*, and left Him standing Naked, alongside the Pillar, Chained to it like one would imagine a person would do, with a “*Wild Beast*”.

Then three Soldiers, positioned about Our Blesséd Lord, in the formation of a Semi Circle, all three Soldiers with Long “*Whips*” in hand, which appeared to have what looked like small pieces of Flint, or maybe even Fragments of Bone, or even both, attached to the end of the “*Whips*”, began to “*Lash*” out onto Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred Body, in what seemed to be, in an *Orchestrated Sequence*.

Firstly one Soldier would “**Lash**” out from the Left of Our Blesséd Lord, followed in sequence with the Soldier to the Right of Our Blesséd Lord, and then finally by the Soldier positioned directly behind Our Blesséd Lord, with Our Blesséd Lord, at first trying to hold onto the Pillar as He was facing the Pillar during these first few “**Strokes**” of the “**Whips**”.

Then after the First Three “**Lashes**”, as just described, the Soldiers continued with the “**Lashes**” in the same sequence, and continued with that sequence for what seemed a dreadfully long time.

With each and every “**Lash**”, Our Blesséd Lord let out an extremely Penetrating “**Scream**”, from the “**Agonizing Pain**” which He was feeling, and I could “**See**” the *Skin* on His Sacred Body, particularly on His *Back*, as He had His *Back* Facing towards the Soldiers, being “**Torn**” open, with His “**Sacred Blood**” exploding out from the *Open Wounds*.

For the first two Sets of Three “**Strokes**”, Our Blesséd Lord somehow had Sufficient Strength in His Sacred Body, with the aid of the Pillar itself, to remain upright and on His *Feet*, and this, in spite of the *Ferocity* with which the Soldiers, “**Lashed**” out at Him, a *Ferocity* which seemed to reflect the “**Hatred**” that they appeared to have for Our Blesséd Lord, and the obvious *Indignity* that they expressed, with their actions.

However, at the start of the Third set of “**Strokes**” Our Blesséd Lord, was “**Felled**” to the Ground, so the soldiers began to aim their “**Strokes**” at His Sacred *Face*, at His *Chest* and at his Lower *Abdomen* and *Thighs*, with Our Blesséd Lord, trying in Vain to offer some protection for Himself, by Trying to *Shield* Himself with His *Arms* from the “**Lashings**”, but in particular, trying to Protect His Sacred *Face*.

Then, after a few Sets of Three “**Strokes**”, one of the Soldiers, “**Dragged**” Our Blesséd Lord by His *Hair*, back onto His *Feet*, to start the sequence over again, only for Our Blesséd to be “**Felled**” once again, and so this sequence was to be repeated several times, over and over again, until eventually, Our Blesséd Lord, had no more Strength left in His Sacred Body, to hold the Weight of His Sacred Body on His *Feet*, at which point the “**Whipping Ceased**”.

The “**Screaming**” from Our Blesséd Lord’s “**Agonizing Torture**”, the Whistling Sound of the “**Whips**” as they travelled through the air towards Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred Body, and the Stomach Churning sound of the “**Whips**” slicing into Our Blesséd Lord’s *Flesh*, with Copious amounts of Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred Blood being “**Splashed**” and “**Sprayed**” about, by the “**Whips**”, as they were returning in the air after the Devastating “**Impact**” on Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred Body, leaving both the Pillar, and Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred Body, bathed in His “**Sacred and Precious**” Blood, made for a *Scene* that would be reminiscent of a *Scene* from an animal “**Slaughterhouse**”.

But, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, this was *not* a “**Wild Beast**” that was being “**Slaughtered**”, that I was “**Witnessing**”, *no*, it was Our Blesséd Lord, Our Heavenly Saviour and Son of God, being “**Tortured**” and “**Humiliated**” in a most “**Inhumane**” and “**Barbaric**” manner.

So, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, needless to say, what I have just described to you, had left me completely Distraught, but moreover totally exhausted, as I was “**Actually Feeling**” the Pain with Every “**Stroke**” that I had “**Witnessed**”.

Then, after a short time, I “**Saw**” two soldiers, dragging Our Blesséd Lord by His *Hair* back onto His *Feet*, “**Unchaining**” Our Blesséd Lord, and Dressing Him with His Robe, which instantly became “**Stained**” with His “**Sacred and Precious**” Blood, from the “**Open Wounds**” inflicted on His Sacred Body, from this Act of “**Barbarism**”.

Having Dressed Our Blesséd Lord, two Soldiers then led Him into another “**Courtyard**”, where there were a Group of perhaps a dozen or so Soldiers, and where there was a Drum Shaped Rock of Marble, which was about the height of what would be “**Chair-height**”, onto which the Soldiers *Forcefully* seated Our Blesséd Lord.

Then one of the Soldiers amongst the Group approached Our Blesséd Lord with what at first looked like a “**Wreath**”, much like what the “**Emperor**” of Rome would Adorn.

But, as he neared Our Blessed Lord, I could quite Clearly see that it was a “**Twist**” of thin branches, shaped into a “**Wreath**”, with a multitude of growth of “**Thorns**” protruding from the thin Branches, very much in appearance, to that of a coil of “**Barbed Wire**”.

This same Soldier then Placed this “**Wreath**” of “**Thorns**”, on Our Blesséd Lord’s Sacred *Head*, much like one would place a “**Crown**” on a Monarch’s Head, and “**Mockingly**”, fell to one knee, in a sickening display of “**Pseudo Reverence**”.

A second Soldier, with the first Soldier still on one knee, then approached Our Blesséd Lord with a Reed Stick, shaped, much Like a walking-stick, in one hand, and a “**Purple**” coloured Cloak in the other, which this Second Soldier, Draped around Our Blesséd Lord’s *Shoulders*, and then, with the Reed Stick, proceeded to “**Bash**” at the “**Wreath**” of “**Thorns**”, sitting on Our Blesséd Lord’s *Head*, until the “**Thorns**” penetrated the “**Skull**” of Our Blesséd Lord, drawing even more of His Sacred Blood, which began to flow down His Sacred *Face* and into the *Open Wounds* on His Sacred *Face*, inflicted by the earlier “**Scourging**”.

The immense “**Pain**” that accompanied this action, once again caused Our Blesséd Lord to “**Scream**” out in “**Agony**”.

But to add further **“Insult”** to this Dreadful **“Injury”**, the Soldiers then continued to **“Mock”** and **“Jeer”** Our Blesséd Lord, by telling Him that, since He has now received His **“Crown”**, The **“Crown of Thorns”**, He has now been **“Crowned”** the **“King”** of the Jews, and then placed the very Reed Stick with which they **“Bashed”** the **“Crown of Thorns”** on His Sacred *Head* until the Thorns penetrated His *Skull*, into his Sacred *Hands*, again in a **“Mocking”** fashion, to denote or represent a **“Royal Sceptre”**.

Then, one by one, all the Soldiers in the Group in the **“Courtyard”** where this **“Mock Coronation”** took place, approached Our Blesséd Lord, sinking to one knee, **“Mockingly”** addressing Our Blesséd Lord as **“His Majesty”**, but physically abusing Him, where one Soldier would Slap Him in the *Face*, where another Soldier would Spit into His Sacred *Face*, another would pull at His *Beard*, and yet another would grab the **“Mock Royal Sceptre”** and **“Bash”** onto the **“Crown of Thorns”**, setting off another round of **“Agonizing Screams”** from the resultant **“Pain”**.

This **“Sick”** game, carried on for some time, until finally one Soldier, on seeing that the Sacred Blood from Our Blesséd Lord’s *Wounds* from the **“Crown of Thorns”** had **“Splashed”** onto the **“Purple Robe”** that had been, once again, **“Mockingly”** Draped around Our Blesséd Lord’s *Shoulders*, with a fit of temper, **“Lashed”** out at Our Blesséd Lord, Slapping Him about the *Face*, Spitting in His Sacred *Face*, and kicking Him about His Sacred Body, for **“Daring”** to **“Stain”** this **“Royal Robe”**, fit only for a **“Real”** King, and not a **“Low-Down Trouble Maker”**, as Our Blesséd Lord was clearly looked upon as being, by these Soldiers, but then, from their prospective, to even have the Affront and the Audacity, to **“Stain”** this **“Royal Robe”**, with *His* Blood.

This latest **“Tirade”**, once again left Our Blesséd Lord **“Screaming”** in total **“Agony”**, as if He hadn’t already endured enough **“Punishment”**.

Once again, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, by this stage of the **“Visual Image”** I was already feeling completely Drained, but of course this was only the start of this particular **“Visual Image”** for these two particular days’, **“Stations of the Cross”**, as I was still to endure the *Scenes* of the previous three days’ **“Visual Images”** as described above, as well as the **“Crucifixion”** **“Visual Image”** as described in the Message, **“The Agony of Christ”**.

All in all, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, by the end of these two days’ **“Visual Images”**, I was left so physically exhausted, as well as Mentally and Spiritually drained, that even to this day I can’t explain how I managed to cope, except to say that **“Our Blesséd Mother”** clearly must have given me the inner Strength to do so.

But moreover, I simply cannot overcome the “*Shame*” that I feel within myself, to know and realize that everything that I have been “*Witness*” to, during all the “*Visual Images*” that “*Our Blesséd Mother*” has brought down upon me during this Lent, but in particular those “*Visual Images*” that had been brought down upon me during this **Passion Week**, truly are, “*The ‘Legacy’ of Sin*” bestowed upon Our Blesséd Lord by My Sins, and that of All of Mankind.

“O Shame on us Dear Lord!”

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.