

such as those used by many Bishops during certain ceremonies, with the top of the **“Staff”** just below a Lantern sitting on a **“Natural Shelf”** about 1.5 metres below the roof of the Cavern.

Then to my amazement I could **“See”** 2 Angels Dressed in Pure White, Dazzling within an **“Aura”** of Light around them, radiating outwards, like the Rays of Light radiating outwards from around the Sun.

Then I could **“See”** **“Our Blessed Mother”**, whose Youthful and Heavenly *Beauty* and *Purity* that was so strikingly complimented by the Pure White *Veil* that covered Her Jet Black *Hair*, which in turn accentuated Her Sky Blue Coloured *Eyes*, and the Smooth Texture of the Olive *Skin* of Her Beautiful *Face* that was Radiating with **“Heavenly Joy”** at the **“Birth of Her Baby Son Jesus”**, I could **“See”** **“Our Blessed Mother”** beckoning me to Come Forward to join St. Joseph and Herself to **“Adore”** and **“Admire”** Her **“Baby Jesus”**.

I could then **“See”** myself come forward and then lay **“Prostrate”** on the **“Cavern-Stable”** floor before the **“Baby Jesus”**, and then get up from the floor reaching out to the Outstretched *Arms* of **“Our Blessed Mother”**, Lovingly Embracing my **“Heavenly Mother”**, the **“Heavenly Mother”** of the **“Baby Jesus”**.

Then I could **“See”** myself embracing St. Joseph as well, after which I could **“See”** **“Our Blessed Mother”** Look at me **“Inviting”** me to Kiss the **“Baby Jesus”** on His Little *Head*, which I did, and as I did so I could **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** awake and *Smile* at me so, so Sweetly.

Then I could **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** stretch out His Little *Hands* from under the **“Swaddling”**, and with my face still close to His **“Holy Face”**, I could **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** with a Cute **“Baby Giggle”** playfully Clasp the tip of my nose with His Left *Hand* and began to play with this **“Newly discovered Plaything”** (i.e. the tip of my nose!) which in turn invoked a *Smile* and gentle *Laughter* from both St. Joseph and **“Our Blessed Mother”**, at this rather Cute **“Innocent”** Baby Game that the **“Baby Jesus”** had engaged Himself in. Then I could **“See”** myself offering the **“Baby Jesus”** the little finger of my right hand as a plaything in exchange for the release of my nose, which (thankfully for me) the **“Baby Jesus”** quite happily accepted, and then I could **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** promptly proceed to make use of my little finger as a **“Dummy”**, which then in turn invoked another burst of momentary Gentle Loving Laughter from St. Joseph and **“Our**

Blesséd Mother” at the **“Innocent”** and **“Pure”** infant Antics of the **“Baby Jesus”**.

After a short while of wondering when and if my little finger will ever be Rescued and Retrieved from the now extremely **“Playful Baby Jesus”**, who by now (much to my concern) had taken an extreme **“Shine”** to my little finger, I could **“See”** the Large Wooden Door that had been constructed to form the Entrance of the **“Cavern-Stable”** opening up from the outside, and I could then **“See”** entering into the **“Cavern-Stable”** 2 Shepherds with Snow Covered *Hoods* covering their Heads with a sharp Gust of an **“Icy Cold”** draught fill the **“Cavern-Stable”** as they struggled to close the large Wooden Door behind them.

On the arrival of the 2 Shepherds, I Could then **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** (much to my relief!) release my little finger, lift his Little Head up slightly to get a clearer view of the new arrivals, and with the 2 Shepherds still standing by the now closed large Wooden Door, I could **“See”** both of them lift the Hoods off their heads and as they did so I could **“See”** that one of the Shepherds was only a teenager, probably about 14 or 15 years of age while the other Shepherd, probably a man in his Thirties in age.

Then I could **“See”** **“Our Blessed Mother”** beckoning the 2 Shepherds to come forward to get a closer look at Her New Born Child, the **“Baby Jesus”**, and as they responded to **“Our Blessed Mothers”** Heavenly and Loving **“Invitation”**, I could **“See”** the 2 Shepherds with their Dark Grey coloured *Cloaks* still wrapped around them as protection from the Wildly Cold elements outside, fall to their knees in front of the **“Trough-Crib”**, bowing most *Reverently* before the **“Baby Jesus”**.

Then still kneeling before the **“Baby Jesus”**, I could **“See”** the young Shepherd open up his *Cloak*, and under his right arm and **“Nestled”** closely to his chest, I could **“See”** the young Shepherd carrying a Baby Lamb, *Bleating* away, as the young Shepherd proceeded to lay the Baby Lamb onto the Hay next to the **“Swaddling-Covered”** Feet of the **“Baby Jesus”**.

Zoltán Hardy, 18 Kestrel way, Thornley WA 6108, Australien
www.zoltan-hardy.net

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 Blessed Son, Jesus Christ.

25th December 2007 Christmas **“Sorrow”** Day-1 – Part 1

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

As requested by **“Our Blessed Mother”**, I made my way to the **“Bush Grotto”** late in the morning of Christmas Day of 2007 to meet **“Our Blessed Mother”** for Midday, to start my 9 Hour **“Prayer Vigil”** with **“Our Blessed Mother”**, for this the first of 3 Consecutive Days of 9 Hour **“Prayer Vigils”** with **“Our Blessed Mother”** for this Christmas, for the Intentions of The **“Suffering”** Children of **“Our Blessed Mothers”** throughout the World.

As the weather forecast was for an extremely hot day, a forecast maximum of around 40° Centigrade, and bearing in mind that at 3 P.M. in the afternoon, the time **“Our Blessed Mother”** had requested of me to join Her on the **“Road to Her Belovéd Son’s Calvary”**, and carrying **“My Heavy Cross”**, would be around the time the maximum temperatures would start peaking, I allowed myself a little extra time to arrive at the **“Bush Grotto”** in time (normally approximately a 1 Hour walk for me).

However, on the way to the **“Bush Grotto”** and on arriving at an area en route, which in the Wetter Winters of the past, was a **“Wetlands Area”** often submerged in water up to as far as the Knees at its maximum depth, but which in recent years only manages a few **“Pools”** of water, but with a stream running through the area, and which during the summer months, such as now, is totally dry, on entering this **“Wetlands Area”**, I was confronted by **“Satan”** who appeared, as he always has done with me in the past, as a very *Suave* Middle-aged *Businessman*, dressed in a 3-Piece Pin-Striped Suit, and who now began to constantly Cross my path, this whilst I was Praying My **“Rosaries”**, as I usually do when **“Bush Walking”**.

“Satan” continually kept on pestering me as he continued on **“Criss-Crossing”** my Path attempting to stop me from getting to the **“Bush Grotto”** to meet **“Our Blessed Mother”**, as requested of me by **“Our Blessed Mother”**, in the first place.

However, I continued on walking and Praying my **“Rosary”** and trying to the best of my inadequate ability, to ignore **“Satan”**, but the more I ignored him, the more He Pestered me by Darting in front of me, from the Left and from the Right, continually **“Criss-Crossing”** my path, which in turn, continually forced me to stop in my tracks, slowing me down to no end, which was now clear to me was his now **“New Tactic”**, namely, to at least prevent me from arriving on time.

If this was indeed his **“Tactic”**, then it was definitely working for **“Satan”**, because as I finally reached the far end of the **“Wetlands Area”**, and to a **“Hill Climb”**, being the Final stretch of the Route to the **“Bush Grotto”**, I now had only 10 minutes to complete this final stretch, a stretch that on a good day when I am feeling relatively **“Fresh”** and **“Fit”** would normally take me between 15 and 20 minutes to complete.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, I cannot begin to tell you how much this had upset me, as on the rare Occasion that **“Our Blesséd Mother”** has invited me to meet Her at a **“Specified Time”**, I have always felt it to be so important for me to be **“Punctual”**, and by the **“Grace of God”** and with **“Our Blesséd Mother’s”** help, I have, in the past thankfully, never Failed **“Our Blesséd Mother”** in this respect of **“Punctuality”**.

However, now for the first time, I had resigned myself, albeit with extreme *Frustration* and immense *Sadness* in my Heart, that I was for the first time about to let **“Our Blesséd Mother”** down, because not even a **“Super-fit”** athlete, could have reached the **“Bush Grotto”** in time, let alone a middle aged man with Health Issues, now wilting in the heat of the day and also now in an *Agitated* and in an extremely *Frustrated* state of mind.

Nevertheless I put every effort that my now tired legs could muster up, to climb the **“Hill”** as fast as my now *Weary* legs would carry my also Hot and Tired body, but all that I felt that I managed to do, was to drag myself up the **“Hill”**, even more slowly, which now began to seem more like a **“Mountain”**, than a **“Hill”**, as I puffed and panted painfully up the **“Hill”**, almost breaking down in **“Tears”** of utmost *Disappointment* in my **“Pending”** Failure to arrive at the **“Bush Grotto”** **“On Time”**.

However on my arrival, and with a sense of imminent *Distress*, I plucked up the courage to look at my watch

to check out exactly how *Late* I was on arrival, and to my *Amazement*, I had arrived at One Minute to Mid-day!

I simply could hardly believe my eyes, as I had completed this Final **“Hilly”** stretch in only 9 Minutes, with One Minute to Spare!

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ, this was simply not physically possible for me to achieve, certainly not on my own, and then it suddenly occurred to me that it was **“Our Blesséd Mother”** who had assisted me, either by **“Carrying”** me along the way (even though I did not feel as though I was being carried), or maybe that **“Our Blesséd Mother”** had momentarily stopped **“Time”** itself.

Whatever the explanation, **My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ**, it was without doubt, that it was through the Intervention of **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, that enabled me to arrive **“On-Time”**, in spite of **“Satan’s”** efforts to delay me.

On arrival, although completely exhausted from my efforts in attempting to arrive **“On Time”** in the Searing Heat of the day, I began My Prayer Vigil at the **“Bush Grotto”**, as requested of me by **“Invitation”** from **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, until 3 P.M. in the afternoon, at which point I joined **“Our Blesséd Mother”** on **“The Road to Her Belovéd Son’s Calvary”**, along **“Our Blesséd Mother’s”** own **“Stations”** in the **“Bush”**, carrying **“My Heavy Cross”** along the way.

Then as I reached the 12th Station, I removed **“The Heavy Cross”** from my back and lay Prostrate at the Foot of the **“Bush Grotto”**, which itself is the 12th Station that, **“Our Blesséd Mother”** Herself had Chosen and originally directed me to, in order to receive my **“Visual Image”** for this, today’s **“Stations of the Cross”**.

At first the **“Vision”** started as **“The Standard Visual Image”** (as described in *Message No. 17, The “Agony” of Christ*), until after some time of sharing in Our Blesséd Lord’s *Suffering*, together with **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, as we both knelt at the Foot of the Cross, I could then **“See”** a Large **“Eucharistic Host”** cover the entire *Chest* of Our Blesséd Lord, from just beneath Our Blesséd Lord’s Bearded *Chin* from the top of the **“Eucharistic Host”**, down to Our Blesséd Lord’s *Navel*, at the bottom of the **“Eucharistic Host”**. Then after only a short period of time, I could **“See”** the **“Eucharistic Host”** open up from the *Centre* of the **“Host”**, at which point I could **“See”** from beyond

the Opening the same **“Trough-Crib”** within the same **“Cavern-Stable”** that I had been **“Blessed”** with being present in, during the **“Visions”** last Christmas.

As with the **“Visions”** during the **“Stations of the Cross”** at this same location, namely the **“Bush Grotto”**, last Christmas, I could **“See”** that the **“Trough”**, a drinking trough, constructed of Clay, and approximately 1 metre or so wide, and approximately 3 metres or so in length, clearly installed in this **“Cavern-Stable”** for the benefit of the Animals sheltering from the Cold elements outside, had been partly converted into a **“Crib”**, with a **“Divider”** roughly midway along the length of the trough, with one half (top half of the trough from my viewpoint in the **“Vision”**) filled with Hay, making it into a **“Bedding”** of Hay or **“Crib”**, and the other half (the bottom half of the trough from my viewpoint in the **“Vision”**) approximately 75% filled with Water, clearly for the benefit of the Animals sheltering in the **“Cavern-Stable”**.

Again as was the case during my **“Visions”** last Christmas, I could **“See”** the **“Baby Jesus”** laying on the bed of Hay in the top half of the **“Trough-Crib”**, wrapped in a **“Swaddling”** totally covered up to His Neck, with only His little *Head* visible from beneath the **“Swaddling”**.

As the **“Baby Jesus”** lay asleep on the bed of Hay in His **“Trough-Crib”**, I could **“See”** an Ox lapping up some Water from the bottom half of the Trough with its Large Dark Brown eyes looking at the Sleeping **“Baby Jesus”** at the same time, and with a **“Steam Vapour”**, coming from out of its *Nostrils*, indicating that the air temperature in the **“Cavern-Stable”**, was clearly very cold, but at the same time providing some natural warmth around the **“Trough-Crib”** of the **“Baby Jesus”**.

I could also **“See”** St. Joseph and **“Our Blesséd Mother”**, both standing at the *Head* of the **“Trough-Crib”**, St. Joseph to the Left of the *Head* of the **“Trough-Crib”**, and with **“Our Blesséd Mother”** to the right, with both of them looking down with so much Love at the Sleeping **“Baby Jesus”**.

I could **“See”** that St. Joseph who was wearing a Dark Brown Cloak with a Beige Coloured Hood which was covering his Head, holding in His Right hand, a tall **“Staff”** about 2 Metres in Height with a curled Top