

sound of the Whips slicing into Our Blessed Lord's Flesh, with Copious amounts of Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Sacred Body, leaving both the Pillar, and Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord by His Hair back onto His Feet, Unchaining Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord.

Then one of the Soldiers amongst the Group approached Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Shoulders, and then, with the Reed Stick, proceeded to Bash at the Wreath of Thorns, sitting on Our Blessed Lord's Head, until the Thorns penetrated the Skull of Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord to Scream out in Agony.

But to add further Insult to this Dreadful Injury, the Soldiers then continued to Mock and Jeer Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord, sinking to one knee, Mockingly addressing Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Wounds from the Crown of Thorns had Splashed onto the Purple Robe that had been, once again, Mockingly Draped around Our Blessed Lord's Shoulders, with a fit of temper, Lashed out at Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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.

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,

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 Blessed 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 Blessed Mother's 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 Blessed Lord was Nailed to His Cross.

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

Then the two Soldiers, forcefully Pushed Our Blessed Lord, on His Back, onto the Cross, as it lay on the ground, to which Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Right Arm.

A third Soldier, then began to tie Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Left Arm, onto the left arm of the Cross, all the while with Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Arms with a length of Rope onto the arms of the Cross, the two Soldiers who were holding Our Blessed Lord's Arms down, then held His Feet against the Foot of the Cross, whilst the third Soldier then secured Our Blessed Lord's Feet to the Foot of the Cross with another length of Rope, again with the Backdrop of Our Blessed Lord's Screams of Pain and Agony.

Having now secured Our Blessed Lord's Arms and Feet to the Cross with lengths of Rope, the two Soldiers again, each held onto one Arm of Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's

Wrist, pinning the Nail into the Wood of the Cross, through Our Blessed Lord's Wrist.

With Blood Spurting out from Our Blessed Lord's Wrist, and into the face of the third Soldier, Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Left Wrist, with the same Torturous outcome for Our Blessed Lord.

Finally, the two Soldiers Held Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Feet, securing them to the Block, with the one Nail, again with the resultant Screams of Agony, from Our Blessed Lord.

Then, having, both Nailed and Secured Our Blessed Lord to the Cross, the three Soldiers, lifted the Cross up off the ground with Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord was Screaming out in Pain, as all the Open Wounds over His Sacred Body, particularly those on His Back, were being further Traumatized 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord gave out, as He was being Stripped.

I cannot begin to adequately describe the Pain and Suffering that Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Mother has requested of me, and secondly, because I have to be Witness to what My Sins and All Sin, does to Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Beloved 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord lying Face down on the ground, one of the Soldiers dragged Our Blessed Lord by His Hair, up off the ground onto His Feet, and then another Soldier, Ripped His Garment off His Sacred Body, leaving Our Blessed Lord standing Naked, at the Pillar.

Then two Soldiers secured the Chain that was attached to the Pillar, onto Our Blessed Lord's 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Sacred Body, in what seemed to be, in an Orchestrated Sequence.

Firstly one Soldier would Lash out from the Left of Our Blessed Lord, followed in sequence with the Soldier to the Right of Our Blessed Lord, and then finally by the Soldier positioned directly behind Our Blessed Lord, with Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord, and the obvious Indignity that they expressed, with their actions.

However, at the start of the Third set of Strokes Our Blessed 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 Blessed 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 Blessed Lord by His Hair, back onto His Feet, to start the sequence over again, only for Our Blessed to be Felled once again, and so this sequence was to be repeated several times, over and over again, until eventually, Our Blessed 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 Blessed Lord's Agonizing Torture, the Whistling Sound of the Whips as they travelled through the air towards Our Blessed Lord's Sacred Body, and the Stomach Churning