

Received the 19th of February 1999
in the morning at 10:30 am.

“CONVERT.. All.. of.. You”

Oh... Sorrow... Oh... Sorrow
Which surrounds My... Heart!
The - Thorns - press in the wounds.
Because of the Mány... human sins!

The - Rays - of - Blood...
Are being shed over the Earth
For all of théir sins !!!

How painfully I suffer...
And the Mother - of - God...
Who sees - this - Grief happen

The - Earth - in - decay
Is in big distrèss ! !
Hów can... all of this
Go - good !!
If the human...
does nót convert !!

The tears flow...
The - Blood - flows - èverywhere...

Murders... Rape...
Incest... Abortion...
Unscrupulous... Doctors !!

Who join in...
In these big Sins...
And like this gét into Héll !

Beware You...
Who do nót ask the Father...
For forgiveness !!
In - the - Sacrament...
of - the - Confession...

How sad is áll of this !
To see them go... like this
Towards the destruction...

Hell... where mány groan...
Scream and howl...
Of hopeless fear and pain...
That they did nót
Want to listen... to the Father !

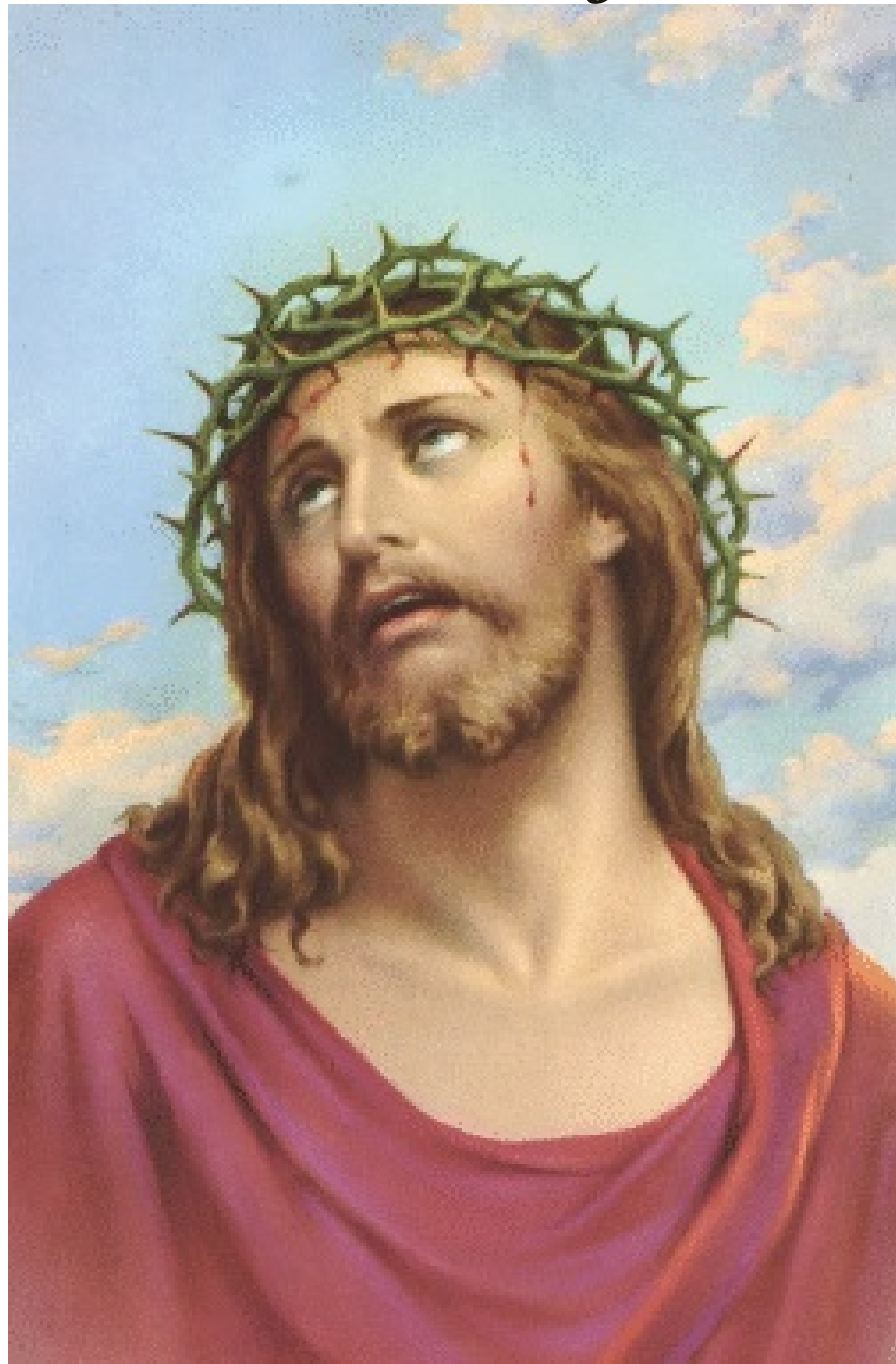
Stíll wanted to go
Their own way !
Hów Merciful would I be...
If they let théir - Pride - fall.

And could be... just húman again !
In the Love ánd Faith
The sharing with the other one !
And be able to continue in - Peace !!

Hów... sad is the World...
Hów Cheerless does it look !!
So mány... are lost
And get lost...

Know not what to do
And forget...
That God... stands next to them !

Waiting - for - them...
With spread-out - arms.
But... they stay headstrong...
In their - ówn - delusion...



“Children of the Light !!! Beg and pray to the Father”

Of Ambition... Pride...
And-in - théir own capacity
Which is nóthing more... than air !

Which will cave ín...
Like an air bubble... will burst,
So thát there will be nóthing... left !

Bút darkness ánd misery...
Sadness... Sadness...

Oh... hów much sadness
Our - Hearts - are -
torn apart !
Because of the grief
Which is going to happen...

The - War is close !
The - Bombs will fall...
The - Rivers will rise...
The - Water comes upwards...

Hów fearfull is all of this
That the human... does not understand...
The - Mother - of - God
Would go and save them...

If they would turn themselves...
towards Her
For support ánd trust
Tó endure... the... Darkness !

Oh... children of God...
Pray... Pray... Pray
for Mercy !!
The Father... has let
His hand go

The punishments cannot be
Stopped... Anymore...
Áll of us must undergo them !!!
In trust towards the Father...

Helpless many will be...
Who do nót listen to - the - Words !
Which I... spoke... to thém...

It will break théir hearts
Of fright ánd repentance !!!

Hów sad... hów sad...
Is áll of this
Which has to happen...
The... Crown... of... Thorns !
All thóse points
Sting déép... in...
My... Bléeding... Heart.

Once móre Still...
I am - being - Crucified...
Together with the Mother - of - God !
Our pain is impossible to carry...

Áll of you help Us...
To Carry The Cross...

“Amen” Hille Kok