



# DIRECTIVES

from Heaven

"Include My Mother's messages to the world with My words of direction also: biweekly, in directives to Our clergy and laity."

## THE PASSION OF CHRIST PART 1

"Take refuge in the sacred wounds of Christ, and there in the fervor of prayer, and in serious meditation on His passion, find a salutary remedy for all the wants of thy soul."

— Thomas à Kempis, *Valley of the Lilies*

*We are presenting excerpts from the treasury of heavenly messages given by Our Lord and Our Lady to their voice-box seer Veronica Lueken, from the years 1968-1994.*

In August of 1968 Veronica saw her first vision of Our Lord, and at His request and under His tutelage, Veronica constructed this picture in 1969 to match the vision. She entitled it, *My Jesus*. Our Lord specifically wanted to draw attention to the basket weave cap, because He wanted to correct the misconception that most have of His crown of thorns.

This profound vision would punctuate for Veronica her role as a latter day prophet as this great Mission from Heaven just began to unfold: a Shrine conceived in eternity and one of such import that history will one day record it as the greatest and most illustrious apparition of all times.

Our Lord said she was to draw this picture herself. She could not commission an artist nor would any assistance be permitted. Not being artistically inclined, Veronica sought a picture of Jesus that could be used as a model or base. She found Leonardo da Vinci's *Head of the Redeemer* in the religious calendar sponsored by her parish church, St. Robert Bellarmine.

Using mainly a pencil, she drew over the picture making the necessary changes. In making the cap, she poured through dozens of magazines until she found the reddish-brown match of the frond—Our Lady's term for the palm or leaf used in its construction. She cut the magazine paper into strips, crisscrossed them, and using glue formed the basket weave in the shape and manner that she first saw it.



My Jesus

Veronica said she had to work this picture 3 or 4 times before she knew Our Lord was pleased, adding that the picture does resemble closely what she saw in 1968 (see also the September 27, 1986 message).

In a way that only Providence could orchestrate, another dimension of the Passion is illustrated in this picture for the world to ponder.

You will note that something appears to be emitting from the mouth of Our Lord. Veronica did not see this in her vision in 1968. She did not draw it nor did da Vinci. It is the result of the aging and deterioration of the original piece—it's 500 years old—accentuated by the printing reproduction process.

Prophetically, though, this discharge from the mouth of Our Lord reminds Veronica of the Passion she sees and feels in vision every Lent since March 8, 1971 (see below; see also *The Passion of Christ, Part 2*)

Veronica explains that when Our Lord was being crucified, there were three especially cruel and barbaric soldiers—the designated executioners Veronica understood—that savaged and mocked the King of Kings.

In one incident, one of the soldiers squeezed from a skin-like leather pouch a liquid form of dark-colored gall into a small wooden bucket of water. He stirred it with a stick. Another grabbed a rough wooden cup with a long handle and climbed the crude wooden ladder at the cross with the third soldier following behind with the bucket.

The lead soldier then scooped up the bitter drink and forced it into the mouth of Our Sweet Redeemer. The liquid burned even as it spilled and streamed onto the gaping lacerations of Christ, intensifying His torture and agony. Naturally, Our Lord retched at the taste and so you have this liquid exuding from His mouth mixed with some blood that He is shedding profusely.

Make copies and pass out or mail to as many people as possible.

## **YOUR PASSION**

“You must meditate more on the Passion. Why, My children? Because you, too, as followers of Mine, shall go through your passion upon earth.... Time shall bear out this message.”

*Jesus, November 1, 1977*

## **THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN**

Veronica - I saw Jesus on His knees, bent over in anguish, praying.... There was a great sadness in His face, great sorrow. He was talking to His Father in Heaven: “Father, I will drink of this cup, down to the last drop, if it be Your will. It is not I that should seek that this cup be removed from Me. My strength is everlasting in the light, and My heart a bleeding vessel for this cup.”

*March 8, 1971*

## **THE SCOURGING**

Veronica - I cried out, “No! No! Stop that!” For there was our beloved Jesus being pulled to and fro as His tormentors pulled His upper garment from His back. They tied His wrists together and drove a spike into an upright beam. Jesus’ hands were bound by strips of a brown, leather-like cord.

Then the central part of the cord that bound His hands was looped over the spike in the beam. Poor Jesus was pinned by His hands. There were five people in this cave-like room that appeared to be dug out of a hillside, a sort of hole-room in the hillside.

I screamed and winced as two soldiers took turns hitting Jesus’ bare back with a long brown, leather-like strap. On this strap were metal hooks, laid horizontally all along the strap. These nail-like, claw-like fixtures on the strap cut and scratched deeply into Jesus’ flesh, causing blood to pour out. It was a despicable game with the soldiers. They laughed and joked. Jesus never said a word.

I cried, “Say something! Say something!” He could save Himself, but Jesus remained silent as they spat and insulted Him. His back became a mass of welts and torn

flesh. Jesus was barefoot; His sandals had fallen off as they banged a stake higher into the pole and raised poor Jesus up so His toes barely touched the floor. The floor was just dirt and blood. The soldier remarked, “Maybe they cut out His lying tongue. Ha, ha!” Our poor Jesus remained silent.

*March 8, 1971*

## **THE CROWNING OF THORNS**

Veronica - I then saw Jesus. He had been cut from the post and had fallen over. A soldier roughly pulled Him over to a wicker-like stool and plunked Jesus onto it. Poor Jesus hung forward, and a nasty soldier put a long stick in His hands to balance Him up, and yelled, “Ha, ha! So this is the King of the Jews! Let’s dress Him as fitting!”

The soldier went outside, to return with an armful of brier bush. He used the metal tongs to make it easier to handle. He made a sort of cap and stuffed a circlet of briars into it. In that way he could handle it better and shove it on poor Jesus’ head. The thorns were too hard to weave, to stay together, so the cap was thought of. It was so big, and he kept batting it down with a stick. The sadist gloated as he swung. Jesus, dearest Savior, said never a word. The pain was excruciating. Tears coursed down the cheeks of our poor Jesus, but they were of sorrow. The greatest pain was in His heart!

Jesus’ hands were tied again with the brown, leatherlike material; and He was dragged to His feet. The soldier draped His top gown over His torn back. Oh, I could see it stick to his oozing blood. Oh, it was horrible!

*May 8, 1971*

## **BASKET WEAVE CAP**

Veronica - And now He’s tapping His forehead. Oh, He wants me to tell you, as He told me this afternoon, that I must tell the world that when He was crucified ... they have a false notion about His crown of thorns.

The crown of thorns were placed in a basket weave cap and then

placed on His head, and He was pummeled and hammered with sticks and a sledge hammer to get it down on His head; and that drove the terrible spikes of the thorns into His head. It seems that His murderers could not find gloves at the time to handle the thorns. So they thought to take their implements and place these terrible thorn weeds inside of the basket weave hat. And that is what Jesus wore when He was crucified.

*September 27, 1986*

## **THE MASS**

“The Eternal Father has set upon earth His rule. He has sent My Son to you as a pure Sacrifice to open this Kingdom to you.... That Sacrifice was known by the Father and My Son, and was to be perpetrated and continued unto eternity!”

*Our Lady, March 18, 1975*

## **HOLY HOUR**

Our Lady instructed Veronica to hold a Holy Hour each and every Sunday for the intentions of the Pope and all clergy, and in reparation for the profanation of the Lord’s day. The weekly Holy Hour is held at 10:30 a.m.; the Vigils of prayer from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m.—both events at the Vatican Pavilion Site in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, borough of Queens, in the city of New York. The Apparitions continued until June 18, 1994, and a message was given every Vigil that Veronica was present.

For more information, additional copies, and a calendar of upcoming vigils, including a map, write directly to: