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.

LOST SOULS

Our Lady - “There have been divisions of armies set up, two groupings. Lucifer, Luciel, despicable creature of the darkness, has set himself to destroy man, man’s soul, and take them to the abyss, the souls of My children. When you fall, you will have fallen of your own free will. No man enters hell unless he has given himself freely to satan.

Veronica - Oh, oh, I see—it’s a large hole. I see the ground is opening and people, people are just falling, they’re floating down into a very deep hole. But they seem to have no weight. They’re unable to control their movements, and they’re just hitting each other, and there’s terror on their faces. And they’re going down. There’s a great, tremendous, flaming light.

And also now coming up are horrible creatures. Now—oh, and they’re screaming in terror, the people, but their bodies now are glowing like, like orange, like they’re aflame, like glowing coals. Oh! Oh, and these other things that—they look like half animal and half human—they’re also placing their clawlike hands and pushing onto the figures, the human beings, they’re pushing them and they’re tormenting them. And their very faces are so horrible. But they are—they look—they’re so horrible and ugly, that they look like they’re enjoying the tormenting of the poor souls. Oh!

Now these bodies of these lost souls—they seem to have an endless burning, like live coals. And they’re looking upward, and it’s a desperate—they’re trying to go up, up, out of the hole. But the more they fight to go up, the further down they go—down into the pit. Oh!

Now I see many down at the bottom of this pit, and they’re sitting there. They’re no longer floating. The others must be new ones coming down. And those that are sitting are sitting in dejection, and they’re repeating: “Forever lost! Forever lost!” Oh! Oh! [Veronica moans at the sorrowful sight.]

December 24, 1973

A VISION OF HELL

Veronica - Now I smell—oh, a terrible odor of, like sulphur and rot. Oh! [Veronica has difficulty breathing.] Oh! “Our Lady, I don’t want to look!”

Oh, Our Lady wants me to look. There’s a deep hole. Oh, it’s—it’s glowing. Oh, and it’s, it’s—oh, a cavern. Oh, and it’s, it’s—very—-it actually smells like rotten flesh. And now Our Lady is taking me down, down, down. Oh, my! Oh, my goodness! Oh! Oh, I see people, and they’re all, as we’re passing, they’re reaching their hands out. Oh, oh, Our Lady . . . I must look. Oh!

Our Lady - “My children, you see the poor souls that cannot be rescued. Many have come here because they failed to listen to the words of the Father. They have fallen victim to the pleasures of the flesh. More souls enter daily into this terrible place of suffering because of the sins of the flesh.”

June 8, 1973

SINS OF THE FLESH

Our Lady - “Yes, My child, We look upon a world that has given itself to satan. The people of the world and the nations now degrade themselves in debauchery, fornication, and all sins of the flesh. More souls, My child, are going into hell because of these sins of the flesh. They are falling into hell as fast as the snowflakes that fall from the heavens.”

Veronica - Oh, my! Oh, I see that large pit. It’s—a—oh, it’s a hole, a cavern going down into the ground. Oh, my goodness! Now I see . . . they look like human bodies, but they’re glowing. They’re almost on fire, like coals. But I recognize their shape; they’re people. And I can see, almost, their faces, except for the orange glow that they’re in. They’re filled with terror, their faces are filled with terror.

Now over to the side there are horrible, horrible creatures. They look almost half human and animal. They have no hands. They’re like—in one of them that’s crouching to the side of the wall. And as these bodies of the fallen souls float by, they reach out trampling them, by holding onto the side of the wall and kicking at them with feet. But the feet have long, claw-like nails, almost animal claws. Their feet and their hands are, are terrible—like claws, also. Their faces I can’t describe. They’re horrible!

Now I seem to be going up, up, and it’s not so hot as it was down in the hole. And I can’t hear the screaming as much. Oh! Oh! Coming out of the hole . . . oh, it’s like coming out of a furnace. Oh!

And now Our Lady is coming over. She’s coming from the right side of the flagpole. And the sky is becoming very bright. Now Our Lady is leaning over. Our Lady - “My child, it is not a pleasant sight, but one which cannot be avoided by many, for they choose to sell their soul to Lucifer. Many have been redeemed by the acts of atonement and prayers of the faithful and those who have the capacity to love.”

March 18, 1974

DARKNESS OF THE SPIRIT

Our Lady - “What is the darkness, you ask, My child. The darkness I speak of is a great darkness of the spirit. Learn a simple lesson of faith. What does it gain a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul? Would you give a thousand pounds of silver for one day in the abyss?”

Veronica - Oh, my goodness! Oh! Oh, I see those horrible things again. They’re down now . . . I see . . . I’m looking into a very deep hole, a very deep hole. Oh, my goodness! Oh! Now down there I see . . . I know they’re human. They’re falling. I see faces of great fright. They’re frightened. Oh, save them! Save them!

Now all about them—they seem to have lost all weight. They can’t keep themselves to the abyss, they’re in a floating position, the people, going down into the abyss. It’s a very deep hole.

Now at the sides are these horrible creatures. They—I can’t describe them in words. They have, they have horrible faces with, with pointed ears, and some have small slit eyes and others have round eyes, deep-set sockets, almost like skulls. But they have all the same kinds of hands. They’re like webs, like, like sort of frog-like hands with long nails, claw-like nails. And their feet are not—they have, they look like, might be five toes, but they’re all webbed. And they also have long nails. And with the nails of their
webbed feet they are clinging onto the sides of
the walls of this hole. Oh! Oh, it’s horrible. Oh!

“Oh, take me out of here, please, Mother.”

Oh! Oh! Oh, now I’m coming up. I
can’t—I don’t want to look down there. Oh! Oh!

Now Our Lady is coming over. Oh, I feel
much better. Our Lady now is putting
Her hand, and She says:

Our Lady - “Come, My child. It is a sight
that will bring much terror to many. Know
now that what you see is loosed upon earth.”

April 13, 1974

LOST FOREVER

Veronica - Oh, my goodness! I see—oh, It’s a
stench! The odor is so horrible! I see a huge
pit, and it’s real burning. The walls are orange
and burning hot. Oh! Oh, and I see these
horrible creatures, they’re clinging to the sides
of the rocks. Some have wings on them with horrible—they look almost human, half
human, half animal, but they have pointed
ears. And they have . . . oh, my God!

“Please, Blessed Mother, take me out of
here!”

Oh, my God! They have feet that look like
claws, and arms with hair, but they also—the
fingers have long fingernails; they’re like
claws. And they have the most horrible
grimacing expressions on their faces.

Now I see hundreds of humans falling,
fall—as they fall they’re starting to glow.
They’re glowing like an orange color, like
coals. And they’re screaming, “Help! Mercy!
Mercy! Too late! Too late!” Oh! Oh, my
God! And I see they’re going so fast—I don’t
know where they’re falling from. They seem
to be raining, like almost from the sky, into
this pit. And I see—oh, my God! I see some
are priests. Oh! Oh! And I see one, he has a—
oh, my God! That’s his hat on his head, and
there are three—now I can count them,
they’re three—they have mitres on their
heads. Oh, my God! Oh, it’s so horrible! The
heat is so great, and the stench! I feel like I’m
just burning.

“Oh, Blessed Mother!”

Now I’m going up higher. The air is clearer.
It’s not so heavy. Oh! Oh, now it’s becoming
brighter. Oh, oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Our Lady - “My child—”

Veronica - Our Blessed Mother now is taking
me—I feel like I’m all filled with sweat, the
heat is so great, and the stench! Our Lady is
looking at me sadly, and then moving over to the right side of the
flagpole. I can see the black hole now. Oh! Our Lady - “My child, you have viewed
the poor souls lost forever into eternity.”

September 7, 1974

 KINGDOM OF THE DAMNED

Our Lady - “Man in his arrogance has cast
aside the truth of the everlasting soul, the
nature of man, the immortality of the soul.
Now there is no word such as ‘death’—only
to the human body. You are as you are, an
entity that lives forever. But over the veil,
you will know the truth from among you. Know
that there is no word such as ‘death’—only
know where they’re falling from. They seem
to be raining, like almost from the sky, into
this pit. And I see—oh, my God! I see some
are priests. Oh! Oh! And I see one, he has a—
oh, my God! That’s his hat on his head, and
there are three—now I can count them,
they’re three—they have mitres on their
heads. Oh, my God! Oh, it’s so horrible! The
heat is so great, and the stench! I feel like I’m
just burning.

“Oh, Blessed Mother!”

Now I’m going up higher. The air is clearer.
It’s not so heavy. Oh! Oh, now it’s becoming
brighter. Oh, oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

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flagpole. I can see the black hole now. Oh! Our Lady - “My child, you have viewed
the poor souls lost forever into eternity.”

September 7, 1974

ETERNITY WITHOUT LIGHT

Our Lady - “There is a plan for every soul
placed upon earth. My child. That is why the
punishment, the chastisement of mankind,
will be great. He offenders the Father with his
murders of the unborn. I repeat, My child, the
sad news that all who of free will have any
part or measure in the slaughter of an
unborn child and soul from the Father shall be
condemned to the eternal fires of hell, the
prince of darkness claiming his soul, and
joining the ranks of the forever damned!”

Veronica - Oh! Oh! Oh! My goodness! I see oh dear, I see a large hole. It looks like—it looks
like a crater. And Our Lady is going, walking
She’s not walking; She’s floating over. Our Lady - “See, My child. This you must
describe, My child.”

October 6, 1974

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 from 10:00 a.m.–10:30 The Vigils for prayer from 10:30 a.m.–10:30 The Holy Hour at 10:00 a.m. on Saturdays at Flushing Meadows–Corona Park, borough of Queens, in the city of New York. The Apparitions continued until June 15, 1994, and a message was given every
Vigil that Veronica was present.

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