

## Jesus speaks about incomprehensible Love

December 16th, 2015 - Words from Jesus to Sister Clare

Here I am, Lord - on my new toy. (Because my computer is in the shop, I'm using my iPad.)

Jesus answered...

"That you are here is the most wonderful part."

No - You mean that YOU are here...wanna fight?

"You know the answer to that. With you that's a given!"

O, Lord that's not fair?

"Are you saying I am unfair?"

Never!

"Well then..."

I'm here? What is on Your Heart Jesus?

"My Love for you is never ending...."

My Love for You is ever growing! And growing...and growing!

Lord, I just can't get what You did when you sprinkled Your blood on the Mercy seat?

"I didn't sprinkle it, Clare. The Father did."

Wow. That's even more amazing. Imagine, Father loving You with all His Heart, knowing what You suffered, taking that blood and sprinkling it on the Mercy Seat. Oh, I cannot even imagine You doing that, Father and saying "It is finished!" Oh Lord, contemplating that 20 foot drop onto the Mercy Seat...Lord, it is so beyond my comprehension. I am weak inside every time I meditate upon this incredible miracle so like You.

"So perfect."

Yes, so very profoundly perfect. Oh, Jesus, I cannot fathom this kind of perfection and yet I know it is merely a droplet of Your unfathomable wonders.

"You see, I could not allow a carnally-minded man make this discovery. It had to be a devout servant. Besides, those who have not been baptized and forgiven their sins, would immediately react the way the young man who was helping him reacted, for My power and eminence radiated from that place. Clare, it took years and years of preparation, breaking and reforming before I could even allow him this find. Years and years and years."

"Being an anesthesiologist gave him the opportunity many, many times to witness death. A holy fear rested in his heart, the good kind of fear. The reality of eternity was something he witnessed firsthand, so many times; it really helped to prepare his heart."

"When I died, the Earth shook and rent asunder. That is when I descended into Sheol. When the Centurion came back to thrust the spear into My body's side, the blood and water pooling and waiting to exit just naturally poured down the crack in the Earth. Angels lined the entire way down that crack, Clare, the entire way. None was lost. That sealed your redemption, My Love, once and for all. Were it necessary, I would do it all over again just to have you with Me in Heaven."

Lord, that is so incomprehensible!

"I know. It is to Me as well, but that only scratches the surface of My Love for you. I feel this way about every single human being ever created. Do you understand? The leper, the thief, the murderer, and rapist - the babies born deformed and without limbs, sometimes hideously grotesque and painful to look at. Oh, how precious the soul in that deformed little body!"

"Do you know, that soul is entering into the mystery of Redemption along with you and Me and all others ever created in My image. Not synthetically formed, human look-alikes. No, I have no part in them. But these who come into the world deformed are the product of man's sin, and as such are suffering the consequences of that sin. They are very special souls, born to a lifetime of suffering, but in Heaven they will shine with extraordinary beauty and I complete their appearance. These deformities, Clare, are the face of hatred, Satan's hatred for mankind."

"With these hideously deformed faces and bodies, Satan laughs and flaunts how ugly he can make what I made beautiful. Yet to Me, these souls are precious and I know what they will someday be transformed to."

So you are saying that these souls are in agreement to reflect the sins of their people and to suffer an expiatory penalty for them?

"That's right. Can you see how special they are?"

I'm dumbfounded.

"I know. Now, take your rest."

