

San Damiano Cross

March 3rd, 2023



Father Ezekiel: I was right there, and they were digging trenches.

Mother Clare: In Belgium.

Father Ezekiel: In Belgium and other places. I do not know if this is past, present or future.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: But they were lining up civilians, families- Mothers, fathers, children, right at the edge of the trenches.

Mother Clare: Oh my gosh.

Father Ezekiel: And shooting them at random. Of course, they would fall into the pit they had dug, the trench, and just covering them back up. And I was wearing a long, wide like a winter raincoat. When the man was shot that I saw, I did not know what else to do but gather the children and the woman into that raincoat and just cover them, so they could not see, maybe, any more than what they had already seen.

The Blessed Mother came and wrapped her mantle around it, my winter raincoat, which was holding his wife and children.

Mother Clare: Hmm.

Father Ezekiel: And they were young, they are young, seven, eight, nine years old.

Mother Clare: Hmm. Dear God.

Father Ezekiel: And Daddy came, and wrapped His mantle around the Blessed Mother, so we were enfolded inside of their mantles.

Mother Clare: Hmm.

Father Ezekiel: And all I could think of was 'Please Lord, do not let them remember this! Block their memories, block their emotions, block something!' It is or it will be very, very horrible, but more and more commonplace along the countries that border Russia.

Mother Clare: That is what the Nazis did.

Father Ezekiel: They say history repeats itself, I do not know, all I know is what I saw.

Mother Clare: Who is killing the people?

Father Ezekiel: The Illuminati.

Mother Clare: I wonder why?

Father Ezekiel: I do not know. They look like middle-to-upper class families, you know, maybe the dad was a banker or something, I do not know. Parents were right there about in their forties, the children were so young.

Mother Clare: There was something else you wanted me to record from earlier.

Father Ezekiel: Well, ask me anything you want to and I will try to answer your questions.

Mother Clare: It was-from the other recording that we did, I forget what it was about- what was that other recording about?

Father Ezekiel: The Lord bleeding from the Crucifix?

Mother Clare: Yeah, that is right, I never did get that.

Father Ezekiel: The Lord- I mean real blood-

Mother Clare: It was the San Damiano Cross.

Father Ezekiel: Right. Franciscan cross. Bleeding real blood, I mean copious, just pumping out of His side

Mother Clare: Hmmm.

Father Ezekiel: Into a golden chalice that was suspended in the air. And He asked that we have Adoration of the Precious Blood tonight, at least for an hour, today, wherever the clock happens to be around the world.

Mother Clare: Ok. I had better do that.

Father Ezekiel: Kind of where I have been trying to stay and come back to. When I drift, the chalice is just suspended right in front of me right in the air, and the Crucifix-

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: Real warm, human blood coming out of it.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: And yet the chalice- It seems like it is never-it is never full.

Mother Clare: What do you do to represent?

Father Ezekiel: **The Lord is never, never, never, never, ever, done with souls, until that last fatal decision, and He will give them to the marrow of His bones, to the last millisecond to snatch these souls from the abyss of Hell. I mean reaching over the edge and snatching them.**

That is all I know for now.