

Father all Merciful raise me up to Your Breast

19 September 1991, the Lord gives the prayer:

Father all Merciful
raise me up to Your Breast,
allow me to drink from the Running Streams of Eternal Life,
and by this I shall know that I enjoy Your favour,
O come and rescue me, before the Hour comes upon me;
cure me, for I have sinned against You,
Father,
Your Lips are moist with Grace,
Your Heart is a blazing Furnace of Love,
Your Eyes are Two Flames of consuming Fire,
O Father,
Your Beauty is Perfection in itself,
Your Majesty and Splendour
leave even the brightest of Your angels dazzled,
Wealthy in Virtue and Grace,
do not hide Your Holy Face from me,
when the Hour comes;
come and anoint me with the oil of love,
God, hear my prayer,
listen to my supplicating voice!
I must fulfil the vows I made You;
Eternal Father,
although the current is opposing me,
I trust, I know, I believe,
that Your Arm will be there,
to lift me and pull me out of this current;
O how I long to gaze on Your Sanctuary
and see Your Glory in the Ark of the Covenant!
O how my soul languishes to gaze
on the Rider of the Heavens
who carries the Name: Faithful and True,
He who will sweep away iniquity from the world,
He who is Just;

O come and cover me with Your Cloak
since Your Love is known for its generosity,
O Father!
do not brush me off like I deserve because of my sins,
but help me, provide me with my Daily Bread,
and keep me safe and away from the Viper's fangs;
make me heiress of Your House,
make me Your child of Light,
make me a perfect copy of the Supreme Martyr,
to glorify You, for ever and ever;
amen;