

Amber's Sacrifice



February 11, 2022

Lord, be near us in our time of weakness and pain, sustain us by Your grace, that our strength and courage may not fail; heal us according to Your will. Amen.

Mother Clare began, "Oh My God, thank you for these wonderful souls. Thank you, Mother, oh thank you so much."

"They surround you like olive plants around your table," Blessed Mother began, "Each with copious fruit hanging from the branches, truly this is the vision of their love and steadfastness that I want you to keep in your heart. Your hearts are knitted together as you all cry out for Amber and her healing. Truly death would be more merciful than living through what is coming."

"But Mother it is so terrible, what she is suffering."-- --

"There are worse things Clare, trust me on this. Great graces are being dispensed from this holy soul. Yes, indeed she has become holy and is receiving all the help necessary that she needs in this moment, surrounded by her suffering family. This is a great work of mercy Clare, understand this is truly a great work of mercy, and she will be glorified for her cooperation."

"Thank you, Mother, for this word of encouragement."

Mother Mary continued, "All of you now are being called forward, called upon to support the salvation of souls, the alleviation--of the suffering and witnesses to God's faithfulness and glory. As Covid increases in the valley, your God given supernatural immunity will strengthen you, but you must apply your armor faithfully and pray for the sweetest love of Jesus to inundate your enemy's souls."

"May they be met with waves of love from Heaven until they are confounded as to why they are there doing what they are doing. May the waves of love inebriate them and knock them off their feet until they are senselessly in love with Love Himself. Yes, your hordes of weapons must be love bombs. Fire on the demons, love on the practitioners, until they are deliriously confused as to why they are doing what they are doing. May it no longer make any sense to them at all, just as in the scene from St. Patrick when he tells the warrior, "Yes, my life for yours." The druid was so confused he just walked away, there was no fight left. All the fight was gone from him."

"Those moments in films are touch stones to God's grace, as an example to you as to how to handle the hatred of hell staring at you. Overcome them with your love."

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