



DIRECTIVES

"Include My Mother's messages to

the world with My words of direction also: biweekly, in directives to Our clergy and laity."

from Heaven

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

PART 1

"TAKE REFUGE IN THE SACRED WOUNDS of Christ, and there in the fervour of prayer, and in serious meditation on His passion, find a salutary remedy for all the wants of thy soul."

THOMAS A KEMPIS, VALLEY OF LILIES



IN AUGUST OF 1968

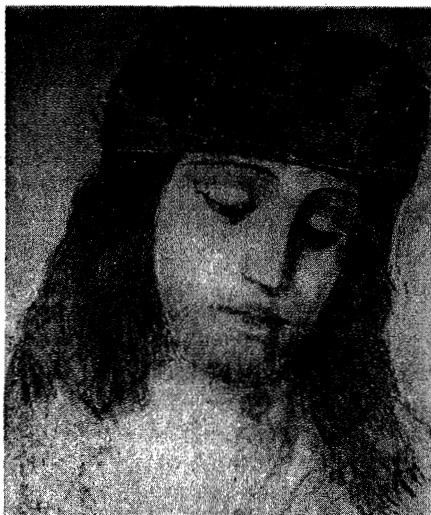
Veronica saw her first vision of Our Lord, and at His request and under His tutelage,

Veronica constructed this picture in 1969 to match the vision. She entitled it, *My Jesus*. Our Lord specifically wanted to draw attention to the basket weave cap, because He wanted to correct the misconception that most have of His crown of thorns.

This profound vision would punctuate for Veronica her role as a latter day prophet as this great Mission from Heaven just began to unfold: a Shrine conceived in eternity and one of such import that history will one day record it as the greatest and most illustrious apparition of all times.

Our Lord said she was to draw this picture herself. She could not commission an artist nor would any assistance be permitted. Not being artistically inclined, Veronica sought a picture of Jesus that could be used as a model or base. She found Leonardo da Vinci's *Head of the Redeemer* in the religious calendar sponsored by her parish church, St. Robert Bellarmine.

Using mainly a pencil, she drew over the picture making the necessary changes. In making the cap, she poured through dozens of magazines until she found the reddish-brown match of the frond—Our Lady's term for the palm or leaf used in its construction. She cut the magazine paper into strips, crisscrossed them, and using glue formed the basket weave in the shape and manner that she first saw it.



MY JESUS

The excerpts below are culled from the vast compilation of messages (over 300) given by Heaven to the world in these latter days.

They indicate the proper conduct and perception we should have as Roman Catholics—and that Heaven demands.

Veronica said she had to work this picture 3 or 4 times before she knew Our Lord was pleased, adding that the picture does resemble closely what she saw in 1968 (see also the September 27, 1986 Message).

In a way that only providence could orchestrate, another dimension of the Passion is illustrated in this picture for the world to ponder.

You will note that something appears to be emitting from the mouth of Our Lord. Veronica did not see this in her vision of 1968. She did not draw it nor did da Vinci. It is the result of the aging and deterioration of the original piece—it's 500 years old—accentuated by the printing reproduction process.

Prophetically, though, this discharge from the mouth of Our Lord reminds Veronica exactly of the Passion she sees and feels in vision every Lent since March 8, 1971 (see below; also Part II).

Veronica explains that when Our Lord was being crucified, there were especially three cruel and barbaric soldiers—the designated executioners Veronica understood—that savaged and mocked the King of Kings.

In one incident, one of the soldiers squeezed from a skin-like leather pouch a liquid form of dark-colored gall into a small wooden bucket of water. He stirred it with a stick. Another grabbed a rough wooden cup with a long handle and climbed the crude wooden ladder at the cross with the third soldier following behind with the bucket.

The lead soldier then scooped up the bitter drink and forced it in the mouth of Our Sweet Redeemer. The liquid burned even as it spilled and streamed onto the gaping lacerations of Christ, intensifying His torture and agony. Naturally, Our Lord retched at the taste and so you have this liquid exuding from His mouth mixed with some blood that He is shedding profusely.

YOUR PASSION

"You must meditate more on the Passion. Why, My children? Because you, too, as followers of Mine, shall go through your passion upon earth. . . . Time shall bear out this message."

Jesus, November 1, 1977

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

I saw Jesus on His knees, bent over in anguish, praying. . . . There was a great sadness in His face, great sorrow. He was talking to His Father in Heaven: "Father, I will drink of this cup, down to the last dreg, if it be Your will. It is

not I that should seek that this cup be removed from Me. My strength is everlasting in the light, and My heart a bleeding vessel for this cup."

Veronica, March 8, 1971

THE SCOURGING

I cried out, "No! No! Stop that!" For there was our

beloved Jesus being pulled to and fro as His tormentors pulled His upper garment from His back. They tied His wrists together and drove a spike into an upright beam. Jesus' hands were bound by strips of a brown, leather-like cord.

Then the central part of the cord that bound His hands was looped over the spike in the beam. Poor Jesus was pinned by His hands.

There were five people in this cave-like room that appeared to be dug out of a hillside, a sort of hole-room in the hillside.

I screamed and winced as two soldiers took turns hitting Jesus' bare back with a long brown, leather-like strap. On this strap were metal hooks, laid horizontally all along the strap

These nail-like, claw-like fixtures on the strap cut and scratched deeply into Jesus' flesh, causing blood to pour out. It was a despicable game with the soldiers. They laughed and joked. Jesus never said a word.

I cried, "Say something! Say something!" He could save Himself, but Jesus remained silent as they spat

BACKGROUND STORY

"THE LOURDES OF AMERICA"

Veronica Lueken, the seer of Bayside, is a wife and mother of five children. She is in her early seventies and lives on Long Island, New York.

Our Lady appeared to Veronica in her home on April 7, 1970, informing her that She would appear on the grounds of the old St. Robert Bellarmine Church in Bayside on June 18, 1970; that vigils of prayer be held there (now temporarily held at the Vatican Pavilion Site in Flushing), and that full directions be given to the clergy of the parish to prepare for Our Lady's first visit there.

Our Lady also requested that a Shrine and Basilica be erected on this Her chosen Sacred Site, which is to be named "Our Lady of the Roses, Mary Help of Mothers." She promised to come on the eve of the great feast days of the Church. The Blessed Mother also instructed Veronica to disseminate the messages given to her throughout the whole world.

Our Lady has requested that the Rosary be recited aloud by the crowd during the whole of the Vigil. All are requested to kneel in the presence of Jesus. The Message is repeated word for word by Veronica. Veronica also describes what she sees. All is recorded by tape.

and insulted Him. His back became a mass of welts and torn flesh. Jesus was barefoot; His sandals had fallen off as they banged a stake higher into the pole and raised poor Jesus up so His toes barely touched the floor. The floor was just dirt and blood. The soldier remarked, "Maybe they cut out His lying tongue. Ha, ha!" Our poor Jesus remained silent.

Veronica, March 8, 1971

THE CROWNING OF THORNS

I then saw Jesus. He had been cut from the post and had fallen over. A soldier roughly pulled Him over to a wicker-like stool and plunked Jesus onto it. Poor Jesus hung forward, and a nasty soldier put a long stick in His hands to balance Him up, and yelled, "Ha, ha! So this is the King of the Jews! Let's dress Him as fitting!"

The soldier went outside, to return with an armful of brier bush. He used the metal tongs to make it easier to handle. He made a sort of cap and stuffed a circlet of briars into it. In that way he could handle it better and shove it on poor Jesus' head.

The thorns were too hard to weave, to stay together, so the cap was thought of. It was so big, and he kept batting it down with a stick.

The sadist gloated as he swung. Jesus, dearest Savior, said never a word. The pain was excruciating. Tears coursed down the cheeks of our poor Jesus, but they were of sorrow. The greatest pain was in His heart!

Jesus' hands were tied again with the brown, leather-like material; and He was dragged to His feet. The soldier draped His top gown over His torn back. Oh, I could see it stick to His oozing blood. Oh, it was horrible!

Veronica, March 8, 1971

BASKET WEAVE CAP

And now He's tapping His forehead. Oh, He wants me to tell you, as He told me this afternoon, that I must tell the world that when He was crucified . . . they have a false notion about His crown of thorns.

The crown of thorns were placed in a basket weave cap and then placed on His head, and He was pummelled and hammered with sticks and a sledge hammer to get it down on His head; and that drove the terrible spikes of the thorns into His head.

It seems that His murderers could not find gloves at the time to handle the thorns. So they thought to take their implements and place these terrible thorn weeds inside of the basket weave hat. And that is what Jesus wore when He was crucified.

Veronica, September 27, 1986

THE MASS

"The Eternal Father has set upon earth His rule. He has sent My Son to you as a pure Sacrifice to open this Kingdom to you. . . . That Sacrifice was known by the Father and My Son, and was to be perpetrated and continued unto eternity!"

Our Lady, March 18, 1975

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 at 10:30 AM; the Vigils of prayer from 8:30 to 11:30 PM—both events at the Vatican Pavilion Site in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, borough of Queens, in the city of New York. The Apparitions continue to this day, and a message is given every Vigil that Veronica is present.

For more free information, additional copies, and a calendar of upcoming vigils, including a map, write directly to:

**OUR LADY OF THE ROSES
MARY HELP OF MOTHERS SHRINE**
P.O. Box 52 • Bayside, NY 11361
(718) 961-8865



DIRECTIVES

"Include My Mother's messages to the world with My words of direction also: biweekly, in directives to Our clergy and laity."

from Heaven

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

PART 2

"IT IS THY PASSION, then, that makes me hope, in spite of my sins, that I too will one day reach the society of the saints . . . to sing Thy mercies, and to thank and love Thee forever in paradise."

ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI, *THE PASSION AND THE DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST*

THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS

Then a soldier pushed Jesus out of the hole-like entrance and down a road. There were many people, all in a spirit of carnival. Two soldiers pushed Jesus over to the side of the big crossbeam which was carried through the crowd. It looked like a heavy log—real rough, and a brownish wood.

Two soldiers stood it up and another put Jesus over to it. Two soldiers started to tie His hands onto it. It was supported across His back and on the shoul-

ders. It looked awfully heavy and awkward. The brown leather rope was taut across His elbow area. He seemed to be balancing and supporting the beam as He struggled on.

There were three ladies and a man walking off to one side with Him. The ladies were weeping silently. The man had his arm about a lady. . . .

Jesus tripped and fell. He was so weak now, the beam had thrown Him off balance as He staggered. Poor Jesus fell. One nasty old man ran out of the

The excerpts below are culled from the vast compilation of messages (over 300) given by Heaven to the world in these latter days.

They indicate the proper conduct and perception we should have as Roman Catholics—and that Heaven demands.

crowd to spit and kick Him—the nasty old beast! . . .

Soon a soldier grabbed a man out of the crowd. . . . He sure didn't want to carry the beam, but they knew Jesus couldn't make it to the outskirts of the town. So this man shouldered the beam while the insane crowd taunted. Jesus was pushed and pulled along. Dirt and blood were all over Him; He was a picture of bloody grime.

I was retching; I was sick. Oh, such a horror! Such torture! How could they do this to Him? What did He do but love everyone! Beasts! Beasts!

+++++ VERONICA'S STIGMATA +++++



ON MONDAY AFTERNOON March 8, 1971, during the season of Lent, Veronica saw in vision for the first time the Passion, the sufferings of Jesus from the agony in the garden to the crucifixion.

The vision alone was emotionally torturous and frightful enough as each scene unfolded leading to the slaughter of the Divine Lamb.

But even more, when it came to the crucifixion, Veronica physically felt what she saw: the spikes and blows from the mallet and the excruciating pain and desolation on the cross as she joined in the indescribable sufferings of Our Saviour. Veronica literally lived her own crucifixion.

It all began when Veronica (and four others) at the request of Our Lord were praying the sorrowful mysteries of the holy Rosary in her home. When the Passion had ended and her ecstasy had ceased, Veronica

was left with a bitter remembrance: the stigmata or wounds of Christ on her hands, feet and brow.

The sores had the appearance of a healing wound, black and blue in color, and for the first few days blood from the hands and feet would ooze out. The wounds were in the shape of a cross on her insteps.

The stinging pain and soreness would persist for months on her hands and a couple of years on her feet before they would suddenly and totally disappear. It was very difficult for her to walk and for the longest time she couldn't wear shoes or stockings, resorting to thongs instead.

The painful mark in the middle of her forehead felt like a deep cut, representing the terrible wounds afflicted by the crown of thorns. It was about the size of a penny and lasted three days.

Veronica explained that the intensity of the pain diminished with the passage of time, adding that the wounds were hardly something frivolous or decorative, but in fact, a cause of great pain and



anguish that the memory of it afflicts her even to this day.

Moreover, as a sacred reminder of her intimate participation in this inestimable act of love, it has been an unbroken Lenten custom since 1971 for Veronica to re-live this identical

experience of the Passion and to bear the stigmata that follows.

It's a copy of her first stigmata but without the brow mark, bloodless and of far shorter duration. She suffers the throbbing pain in her hands and feet that lasts at least 3 or 4 days.

As we discovered about Veronica's annual Lenten ordeal, this was something extremely stressful and taxing for her to even think about, much less discuss. Nevertheless, Veronica summed up neatly what she so often emphasized to us during the course of this grueling project on the Passion: "Believe me! This is not something to be wished or prayed for."

(above) Veronica in ecstasy undergoing the crucifixion during the September 7, 1979 Vigil. Upon its completion, she faints, overcome with grief, pain and exhaustion.



Soon the soldier ran up with the five spikes. When they reached the hill, there was a long piece of wood already on the ground. A soldier lifted the beam from the shoulders of this other man and threw it to the ground. Two other soldiers placed it on top of the long piece of wood to form a cross—long all the way down, and sort of sticking out at the top. They slammed one spike into the two beams and the cross was made.

Veronica, March 8, 1971

THE CRUCIFIXION

Two lousy soldiers threw Jesus to the ground, and they pulled His arms out to stretch across the cross beam. Oh, how it hurt, the back so torn! I could see the pain in Jesus' eyes, but He never uttered a word. He just looked sad.

Then they took brown, leather-like cord and wrapped it around His wrists at the board, bound to the board. Then they lifted and tied the wrists to the board, bound and wound the leather cord around the ankles and the wood to hold Him in place.

Then the spikes were thrown onto the ground, and one soldier got down on his knees and he placed the spike in the center of the palm of poor Jesus' hand. With that metal mallet he drove it in through the skin and out into the board. I screamed! I threw

up! This was repeated on the right hand. Then Jesus looked up to the sky.

They started on the legs—one large spike into both feet, His right foot over the left, at a twisted sort of angle, placed to lie flat against each other. I retched as I heard the metal against flesh and bone and wood. One spike protruded out the other side. They hammered a block of wood under His poor feet, "to line 'em up," they said. It was awful!

I looked off into the crowd. Oh, there were only nine people there to stay with Jesus. I now knew His Mother, Mary Cleophas, . . . Mary Magdalen, and John. Oh, poor Jesus—never a word did He say as they nailed Him to the wood. Oh, such love!

Soon two soldiers lifted the head of the wood and three the bottom, carrying Jesus on the cross, and dropped the end into a hole. It went in with a thump! Jesus winced. And it tore His hands more. Blood was trickling down His face. He couldn't move His head. The pain was awful; each movement cut deep. He sagged a bit, but pulled upward. The sagging tore more.

Mary and Mary ran up to Him. They did not speak at first; they could talk with their eyes to each other. They didn't need words. John came over, for Jesus' bottom tunic fell down. Oh, dear, He was almost naked. I turned away, but John ran over and tied sort of knots in it, like a diaper. Oh, the humiliation to poor Jesus! Then Jesus said to John: "Behold, John, your Mother. And this, Mother, is Your son. I must go to the Father soon. . . ."

Jesus cried: "Abba, abba sabba la bec tori"—that is what it sounded like—a foreign sound. . . . I can't spell it well, just by sound. Then He looked up. "I thirst!" This I heard in English. . . .

Jesus' head hung down to His right. It became dark, so dark. Everyone went away but the nine. They all came close, and Mary clung to His feet, wordless in sorrow."

Veronica, March 8, 1971

FORGIVE THEM

Now He's putting His head upward, and He's saying, "Father, forgive them anew, for they do not know what they are doing!"

Veronica, September 7, 1979

THE GOOD THIEF

It has grown very dark. Ah, ah, the thunder—it's like thunder, it's loud. Everyone is frightened. They're falling and they're running away. Oh.

There are three crosses on the hill. . . . Oh, and the man on the left, he's tied. . . . There's a man, a soldier, he's got a big thing, looks like an axe. It's got—it's like a piece of rock tied onto a stick and he's hitting him in the legs with it.

And the man is crying, "Have mercy on me!" And he, the soldier, he's hitting him in his legs, crushing his bones. The blood is pouring out. Now the man on the left, his head has fallen forward. Oh.

He's going over now—oh, he's taking this wide stick; it has a point on the end. And oh! . . . It's Jesus on the cross, and he's pushed it into Him just above His stomach! Oh! Now he can't pull it out. He's being covered. It's not blood; it's water. But . . . he's running; he can't seem to wash it off his face. . . . Now the stick, the spear is falling onto the ground. Oh! . . .

The man over on the left, his legs are all crushed. . . . He's suffering. Ah! He is on the right side of Jesus. He's looking over at Jesus. He says: "I, I have Your promise and I will cleanse myself for You."

Veronica, April 21, 1973

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 at 10:30 AM; the Vigils of prayer from 8:30 to 11:30 PM—both events at the Vatican Pavilion Site in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, borough of Queens, in the city of New York. The Apparitions continue to this day, and a message is given every Vigil that Veronica is present.

For more free information, additional copies, and a calendar of upcoming vigils, including a map, write directly to:

**OUR LADY OF THE ROSES
MARY HELP OF MOTHERS SHRINE**
P.O. Box 52 • Bayside, NY 11361
(718) 961-8865

BACKGROUND STORY

THE LOURDES OF AMERICA

Veronica Lueken, the seer of Bayside, is a wife and mother of five children. She is in her early seventies and lives on Long Island, New York.

Our Lady appeared to Veronica in her home on April 7, 1970, informing her that She would appear on the grounds of the old St. Robert Bellarmine Church in Bayside on June 18, 1970; that vigils of prayer be held there (now temporarily held at the Vatican Pavilion Site in Flushing), and that full directions be given to the clergy of the parish to prepare for Our Lady's first visit there.

Our Lady also requested that a Shrine and Basilica be erected on this Her chosen Sacred Site, which is to be named "Our Lady of the Roses, Mary Help of Mothers." She promised to come on the eve of the great feast days of the Church. The Blessed Mother also instructed Veronica to disseminate the messages given to her throughout the whole world.

Our Lady has requested that the Rosary be recited aloud by the crowd during the whole of the Vigil. All are requested to kneel in the presence of Jesus. The Message is repeated word for word by Veronica. Veronica also describes what she sees. All is recorded by tape.