

Locutions To The World

April 13, 2011

Mary Speaks to the Broken-Hearted

To Parents Whose Son/Daughter Has Committed Suicide

The lonely hours and the constant questions, "What did I do wrong? Why was I not there to prevent this?" The memories still fill your heart, the memories of First Communion, the birthday parties and the graduations. These all flood your mind.

How much time has gone by! Yet the pain is still there, like an unquenchable thirst. It is a wound that seems never to heal, an unending agony.

Listen to my words. They will draw you to me. Then, read them again and they will touch you more deeply. As you continue to read them, these words will go to the center of your heart. A moment will come when my words will replace your words and you will be free. Let us begin.

Did he make a true decision, a real choice between good and evil? Was there not a narrowing, a closing of doors to other possible solutions?

Did you know his inner thoughts? How much inner light was present? What darkness had he stumbled into? Can anyone see the way when no light exists? These are the questions that I place before you.

Now, let us go on. Have you not prayed for him? Have you not asked God to have mercy on his soul? Do you not ask God to see your child as you see him? Where are those prayers? Did they get lost in eternity or are they gathered up in my heart?

Look at my heart. Your every prayer and sigh is there. Also, there are your tears, those tears which you have shed so abundantly. These, also, I have gathered up. They are not useless.

Now, come deeper into my heart so you can grasp the thoughts of the heavenly Father. The Father created him, brought him to life and charted his ways, recording every step he took. This path was not a sudden decision. The seeds of this decision were quietly slipped into his heart while he was asleep, like the parable of the enemy who sowed weeds at night. These weeds were numerous and they appeared everywhere, too numerous to root out, destroying all the wheat. This was the heart of your son/daughter. Your child could only see the hopelessness.

I was with your child in those hopeless hours, because you had called upon me. (I remember your prayers.) You had asked me to save him, because he no longer seemed to be yours. He walked a road that you did not understand.

So, I walked with him. I did not abandon his side, even for a moment, and especially, not in his final moment. I was there, within him, I whispered my name. I told him to call upon me. I could not save his earthly life because those weeds of death had grown too numerous. So, I offered him a chance for eternal life. In the little corner of his will, where freedom still had sway, I asked him, "Do you want me to save you?" "What was his answer?" you ask. I say, "Come to heaven. Seek always God's kingdom for yourself. All is not lost."