

III - The Chaplet Of Divine Mercy

A long time went by since I first decided to say this chaplet everyday.

It was on December 25th, 2014. I went to the church in my area to offer my work to our Father as a birthday present.

I did not meet the deadline; a rather terrible disease had forced me to postpone the work I wanted to be set for December 25th; but let it be.

I entered the church. I was alone. As usual, I first greeted our Mother the Blessed Virgin Mary. I said the traditional chaplet then I walked to the Cross. It was not in its usual position but on the third step of the altar. It was towering over the whole church.

As I was accostumed, I started to say the chaplet of Divine Mercy by looking the statue of Christ straight in the eyes as Christ had taught me.

After a while, a spatial dimension opened before my eyes. I could see a very big throne above and in line with the Cross, as suspended in space. An old man, very imposing, much taller than me, perhaps three or four times more, was sitting on it. He had white, slightly greyish hair and beard. I could not see his gaze. He was very, very impressive. What was still more impressive was his garment! A very deep blue one such as I had never seen before, majestic, pierced by myriads of light rays illuminating the church, with an unusual light, a kind of light which did not seem to exist in this world.

I was standing before the Cross, in front of Him. I was still saying my chaplet, full with wonder and trying to realize what was happening to me. He remained on his throne, in front of me; He was listening to me. Deep down in myself, I was puzzled : Who was this man? A long while had elapsed before I understood. So confused, so puzzled was I and so absorbed in saying my chaplet that I did not even think to kneel down.

I looked at the statue of Christ on the Cross; it was radiating beatitude, joy and love as I had never seen it radiating before. I was still saying my chaplet... Then towards the end, the Man sat on the throne stood up and walked to the Cross, in my direction. He was not walking as we do. His gait was very impressive... slow, very slow... powerful, very powerful. His calm was very imposing, nothing showing through. Then, once by the Cross, my chaplet being over, the additional spatial dimension vanished.

Spontaneously, I said to Christ on the Cross who was still radiating beatitude, joy and love : "I've never seen you like that!"

He answered me in a gentle voice, then I could hear again a very deep voice coming from the Cross saying, **"No one comes to the Father except through me."**

Full with wonder, I thought back to the Man on the throne and told Him : **"So, it is You who created me!!!"**

Only much later did I notice that the face of the Man on the throne, excepted the white slightly greyish hair and beard, looked like the face of the man of the Shroud of Turin...

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The chaplet of Divine Mercy is very impressive.

Cross yourself, then 1 Pater, 3 Ave Maria and the Creed then you say :

Over the large beads : **Eternal Father, I offer you the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Your Dearly Beloved Son, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and those of the whole world.**

Over the small beads : **For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world.**

Then, you end your chaplet saying three times, **Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us and on the whole world.**

I conclude as Master Philippe had taught me, for any prayer, by, "If this be Your will."

Then three times :

Father, Jesus, God made man, I trust in You.