

# *Christmas*

## *A Paradise of Gratitude*



*with*  
*Mary, Mother of Jesus*

***Christmas***  
***A Paradise of Gratitude***  
***with Mary, Mother of Jesus***  
An excerpt from Suspended in Mystery

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**December 10, 2017**



Yesterday in prayer Our Lady brought me into a cave with big rocks framing the entrance. I could see that the rock entrance led into an enclosed area that reminded me of an early American dugout, in that it went into the hill and so construction would have only been needed at the entrance once the area had been hollowed out. A narrow entry gave way to an open area.

My experience of this reminded me of other heavenly experiences where the relevant elements draw all of the attention. She, Mary, had my full attention. My experience of the remaining space was that it was devoid of relevance for me.

She began to explain that in a space such as this, total happiness became possible because of unconditional love.

**“Anne, can you imagine the joy of this place? The wonder? Can you imagine how happy I could be in a humble area of space such as this little cave? How secure and**

loved? You must know that every time I held the infant to my chest I received an experience of unconditional and complete love. I knew Jesus was divine. One knew by looking at him. You see, in his eyes I could see the Father. I recognized the Father in the eyes of my son and I deferred to the Father in everything, both before the birth of my son and after. But after Jesus was born, God allowed me to experience him in a more direct way. I only had to look at my son, who loved me totally, and I knew God was with us. You must know that we dedicated our lives to Jesus without any hesitation. You must know that he was pure love in the form of a beautiful boy. He resonated with love in a way that brought deep peace and conviction to us and we never thought of anything again except caring for him so that God's will could be accomplished. Anne, I suffered many things humanly, but I received consolation in the form of Jesus that carried me through difficulty with peace.



**You must know that I absorbed from him, over time, love for every single person ever created by the Father. As a created human being, I was given free will. I experienced no conflict in offering that will to the Father's goals and plans for his children. I loved the Father, whom I recognized, and I came to love his plan for me, also, because it included Jesus."**





December 10, 2017



Today in prayer Our Lady returned us to the little dugout cave and she began to tell me things about how she lived. She talked about life and what meant the most.

**“When love is given and received from others, as it was in my little family, any space on Earth can become a paradise of gratitude. We lived together, Jesus, Joseph and I, in a continual paradise of gratitude. Paradise exists where people are both learning about love and teaching others about love, simultaneously. The state of paradise is achievable, imperfectly, on Earth, in the sense that the Father creates people to love. Wherever we travelled, we created a paradise of gratitude. When I was without my family, later in my life, I remembered that they remained with me, in our little paradise, but differently from the time when it was my great privilege to serve them. And so, in honor of them and in memory of what we had been allowed to create with the Father, I**

**tried to recreate a paradise of gratitude with whomever I was called to serve later and also by myself, alone.**

**There are some levels of sorrow that can only be healed by the Father, the Creator. When the heart sustains loss of a certain magnitude, such as the loss I experienced when I could no longer protect my son, it was in the Father's will that I sought solace. I knew that he loved me because I had seen his love continually through the eyes of my son. I fled to his love and to my certainty of his love after Jesus died and rose. Jesus was no longer with me in a physical way, but he was with me in a paradise of gratitude because that paradise that we experienced humanly in our little family was available to me mystically and spiritually. My memory of that paradise and my recall of it diminished the grave and serious burden that time became for me. I could serve in confidence and joy, even though the Father willed that I be left to finish the**

**work of our family and its promise to the world on my own.**

**Paradise is devoid of selfishness. Yet, we looked after the interests of our little family. We knew that the Father's will for us, as a family, included that which we needed and wanted so we felt happiness in securing those things and choosing them, when we could. There is joy to be had when material matters go well. There is joy to be had when material matters go poorly. There is always joy to be had where there is love and gratitude.**

**"I wish you the best."**

**This sentiment contains the beauty of Heaven. In it we find the seed of a paradise of gratitude. You see, when things are going well, we rejoice because another is experiencing gratitude for those things. When human affairs go poorly, according to the hopes one possesses for those affairs, there is also cause for joy in the desire to share the disappointment**

and distract another from it with the immovable truth that each person is loved unconditionally and separately from worldly affairs. Where love is the primary goal, there can be paradise in any circumstances. Truly, I lived in paradise because I lived in gratitude for all that the Father had given me. My relationship with the Creator ensured that I could never be separated from his goodness and from his care. I remained in his care by remaining in his law, which I recognized as his plan for my life. Because of my commitment to his law and its spirit of protection, I never worried about my spiritual condition. I trusted the Father to care for me spiritually. Every day, in his powerful providence, my trust was rewarded. I marvel still that the Father created a plan that could hold all hope within it. Always believe in providence. Our belief in providence, by itself, allows the Father to act with supernatural force to achieve his mighty plans.

**December 11, 2017**



I found myself, in prayer, back at the entrance of the cave. I have not seen a structure like this in that it starts with a narrow entrance but then gives way to the larger room, which is very snug, but dark, too.

I had an awareness of Mary resting against one wall in an area that had been made comfortable. Straw seemed to be covered with a hardy cloth like an animal skin blanket and another propped up her right arm. I could see that snuggled into her was the baby. Both slept peacefully and comfortably. I turned away from it and saw Our Lady again in the empty cave.

**“Like all new mothers, I contemplated my son deeply as I fed him. I poured my gratitude out to the Father in thanksgiving for our circumstances. I held my son safely in my arms. I was loved. We were cared for by a holy and dependable man who would give his life rather than see us in need. What else**

would I have needed or wanted? My life existed with simplicity. For me, simplicity required no change. I had always lived simply because I felt repelled by anything that distracted me from the Father. My love for God always surrounded me in some way. I never questioned it and I never departed from it. I knew that I was different but this caused me no disturbance. Rather, I accepted myself as belonging to the Father. He loved me, so fully that I could only return that love and rest in it. That was my relationship with the Creator before I knew that Jesus was coming to me. As such, you can see that I moved into my role as his mother with little questioning.

When a mother holds a new baby, she recognizes her passionate need to protect the child. Like all mothers, I knew that someday I would be unable to protect Jesus because he would outgrow me. Like all mothers, I felt joy in the moments when I could ensure his safety



**and answer his little needs completely and immediately. My beautiful son. I recognized that my role was to learn from him and care for him. I knew that I would be asked to accept his divine role for the Father and that I, too, would have to share in that role. In those early days, I learned that to love my son was to love all of God's children. If God wanted the best for each little baby then I, also, had to desire it. I learned that to love God's holy will was to accept any human realities as within the providential care of the Father.**

**My son had both a human role and a divine role to play in the story of mankind. My task was to serve both of those roles in him. I recognized early on that the story of his life included suffering. I recognized that he would be both loved and hated. Human beings are tempted through wounds. Humanity is achingly vulnerable to hurt and as mother of all of God's children, my heart is easily moved to pity for the mistakes that people make. With**

**Jesus it was different. He was hated with a level of ferocity that kept us constantly alert. We knew that the Father would protect him, of course, but we also knew that we would be used as protectors for the Father. Around us came signs in a multitude of ways. There would be no way to communicate what we both enjoyed and endured, my husband and I. Only we two can fully know what occurred as we escorted that little boy into maturity.**

**Parents wish to spare their children suffering. This is a primary desire for parents. Yet, we cannot fully spare another human being from suffering except from that which is within our control. We, the parents of this heavenly child, spared him whatever we could. To say that we loved him would be inadequate. We adored him and worshipped him as God. And then we loved him as human parents. Of the two, the first commitment remained the strongest, always. We possessed**

**an awareness that the Father required total focus and we retained total focus on our son. Anyone who understood his goodness would become his total servant. What we saw and understood about him ensured that we could serve him totally. Again, I reference his beautiful eyes. When one looks into the purity in a child's eyes, one gains a greater understanding of purity. When one looked into the eyes of Jesus, one gained an understanding of purity, yes, but one also gained an understanding of infinite power, power so infinite that it was calm and gentle. One became calm and gentle in its presence. Many people were humbled when they looked at him, even when he was the smallest boy. Others sneered at his goodness. We accepted both as beyond our control. Miracles occurred around him from the time he first came to me and throughout his life. Opposition and hatred also exploded around him from the time he first came to me and throughout his life.**

**We accepted all as beyond us somehow. It had to do with God and as such we bowed beneath it and maintained total focus.**

**I learned that to serve Jesus was to serve humanity. I learned that to serve humanity most fully, one must do so within the plan for one according to the Father. Prayer preserves the Father's will around human beings. Prayer should be as natural as breathing. For me, prayer and breathing were the same. I tried to draw in the Father with every breath and then exhale the Father into the world. My beloved children must learn this way of life and then the Father's will can surround them, too."**





**December 12, 2017**

Back in the little cave, I watched as Our Lady slept with the baby cradled in her arm. Tiny newborn feet peeked out from the blanket that surrounded him. She looked so impossibly young, and also small. But she did not look vulnerable. She looked peaceful and loved, even in sleep. I was aware that the place chosen for her was the least drafty, the snuggest.

I turned my head toward the entrance and Mary stood there. The vision of them resting had gone. She had also looked at the scene from out of time in some way.

**“Even now, I marvel that our good God could accomplish so much with the cooperation of one small and powerless woman. Within the truth of that, we could learn about the power of God. God’s power is so immense, so creative. One woman agreed to serve and forevermore others live different lives entirely. Is there any way to countenance such love? I will**

**always live gratitude. I am grateful to my Father for allowing me to serve humanity in such a way. I lived a life full of love on Earth and for the gift of that love I live gratitude in Heaven.**

**Can you see that every person impacts the story of humanity? I would like for people to look at my story and become curious about their own story. If my life could alter humanity, then so can every life. Why would any person not be curious to see how much they might change the conditions of others through service, in whatever manner possible, given the time and place in which they find themselves? I was curious about this and it is one of the things I contemplated as I waited to be joined to God in Heaven. My son, my beloved little baby was always part of my story, even before I carried him within my body. Serving God meant serving my son and serving my son meant serving God. Before Jesus came to me, serving God meant preparing myself to receive him.**

**All was in God, my Father. How I loved the Father, even before I understood why I loved him. I knew his goodness, throughout my whole being. There was never a moment when I did not know his goodness. Because of my certainty about my Father's love for me, I could suffer anything from wounded people. I ached for those who did not know the love of the Father. I knew that by serving the Father's will, I could somehow, maybe not directly but somehow, through my trust of his goodness, bring love to others. I trusted the Father to bring it about.**

**After my son came to be within me, I saw people affected by God spontaneously, often without any awareness of what had impacted them. It was so beautiful. I learned and learned. I trusted and trusted. God, my Father and the Father of all of humanity, cared for me most tenderly, even in the greatest trials. Let there be no confusion. God is so very good and loves completely. Sometimes**

**the sound of a sigh is the only relief for those who know the great goodness of the Father. Those who love him must bring his love everywhere, in whatever way he wills. Only in the sharing of love can it be fully experienced. But one must not think that sharing God's love must be done actively. It can be done even in the manner in which one holds one's being. Truly, the paradise of gratitude can be constructed anywhere, even in total solitude. As I rested on Earth, I inhaled that love of God which permeates the very air and exhaled prayers of gratitude for his immeasurable goodness. God is good and his goodness is known in love."**





**December 14, 2017**



Yesterday and today I saw again the vision of Our Lady sleeping with the infant. I saw him stir and she pulled him in toward her body to feed him. Upon feeling his little feet, which had been out of the blanket, she pulled them in against her own body and he began to eat. I saw her wince in pain as he started feeding.

**“How did I receive the temporary discomfort of my body? I rejoiced in it. I marveled that God could use my body to sustain this baby and help him grow. I could not believe that I was such an insignificant person and yet so important to God’s plan. I fed my baby and fell in love with God’s plan in every person ever created. We each impact so many. We each impact so much while we are on Earth. How does one bear the great responsibility that is our life? How does one have the courage to live each day when so much is affected by one’s words and actions? How can one account to God for the moments in time that he allows**

**us? I did not know the answers to these questions and so I pondered them deeply, and also in a surface way, too.**

**For each thought, there are levels of truth. I chose my thoughts carefully, as you just saw when I encountered physical discomfort. I accepted the discomfort because my body was fulfilling God's purpose and plan. How could I object when I was created to do exactly what I was doing at that moment? Was this not my dream come true? To serve the Father as he had created me to serve? It was my dream come true. It was. It was also the Father's greatest hope and fullest expression of love for mankind. I pondered every mother who would ever feed an infant with the hope that the child would grow and flourish. I pondered every father who would desire to provide for his family.**

**How I loved them all in those moments when my own little family was beginning. Life comes in periods of time and that**

**period of time marked the beginning of a joyful adventure. Later I would have to experience both the grief of a wife who loses a beloved spouse and later again the more exquisite grief of a mother losing a child to murder. The physical pain you just witnessed was nothing at all. The deep anguish of abandonment and grief that came later was also as nothing when it is put up against the benefits that came from both of those lives.**

**That day you witnessed was a happy one, despite the pain. I praised my good and beloved Father in every moment of it.”**





**December 15, 2017**



Today I was returned to the scene where Our Lady restfully fed her son. I heard a noise and saw that someone had brought something into the entryway. I did not see anyone or anything. I just heard it and it made me think of someone loading wood into a home, but I watched Our Lady, as she is the focal point for me. She also heard the noise, but she never changed demeanor. One wondered why she would not feel fear. Who was it? Was she safe? Nothing. No change in her position or countenance.

**“I did not feel fear and worry in the same way as others. My body would quicken and become alert if there existed physical danger or risk, of course, but my mind did not accept the idea of separation from God’s holy providence, so I knew that whatever occurred to me or my family would be consistent with God’s will for us. I knew that the Father could never leave me or abandon me, and I did not ever choose to depart from my**

state of being in him. Therefore, I did not enter into worry and fear. I accepted.

At the same time, in the scene you are observing, I knew that the sounds came from my husband. How did I know? I did not depart from the Father's mind, as I said. My mind, in the Father's mind, knew many things. I would have the knowledge that a person's state of being was distressed or peaceful. I intuited events to come and could therefore make ready and advise my husband. Anne, you understand what I am saying. My instincts remained inside the instincts of the Spirit. Therefore, I seldom experienced confusion. To be clear, I never experienced confusion interiorly, of course. I belonged to the Father and nothing could jeopardize my safety in the Father. But when the spirit of distress made itself known, I witnessed it in the people around me and of course I could feel it, too. I responded with prayer and peace. The more distressed people

became, the more peace I drew out of the Father for them. I lived this way. I subordinated my body and soul to the Father's will and I never knew a moment of regret. I can say that the presence of the enemies of the Father never surprised me. So passing, their influence. I knew that their influence would pass in less than the time it takes to blink one's eyes. Why would we allow them to distress us? We would not, dearest children of God. We would not.

You see me resting in providence. I always rested in providence, regardless of any external circumstances. I retained a state of being that reflected confidence in the Father. It was the least little offering I could make given all that the Father had done for me. My love for God was the strongest part of me and it remains the strongest part of me now. It is for this reason that I love all of God's created children so forcefully. Now we drift back into the vision and into my thoughts

at that time. I prayed for this peace for every woman called to be a mother to a vulnerable little child of God. I thanked God for the constancy and love from my husband. Often, just looking at my husband prompted me into a nearly overwhelming state of gratitude. Who could have responded like him? Who could hold such holiness in his body and mind? I marvel still at his goodness and courage. Our paradise of gratitude created the most loving space for Jesus to enter his role as Savior of the world.”





**December 17, 2017**



I watched Our Lady with the baby for a few moments. As they gazed at each other, as a mother and baby do, it seemed like she radiated with love, more and more. It seemed to me that mutual delight filled the room with something like a charge of love. There would be no looking at this and failing to smile and feel the warmth. Love is a force and the force of this love suffused the room. I could see that there were no questions to be asked here.

**“We never worried for long about material considerations. I would stare at my son and then I would know what to do, where to go, how to proceed, and often, what was coming next. Yes, I saw the future in his eyes, it seemed to me. My husband would agree that Jesus and I shared a communication form that he found mysterious, but certain. We were sure that our little son could protect us, just as we protected him. There grew between us a bond that needed**

few words, often no words. This bond remained intact whether we were together or apart. I petitioned Heaven without cease for his comfort and protection. He simply protected me. My protection and my husband's protection simply existed. Humanly, this did not always seem to be present, but in retrospect we always acknowledged that it was present. In other words, children of God, we, too, had to trust.

Oh my, where will we find the words? I was so easily distracted from worry that my husband often laughed aloud at me. At times, I would try to enter into the worry of practical matters. I would be pretending though, and he knew it on some days. You see, when I looked into my son's eyes, I saw the Father, yes, but also the Heavens, which filled my heart and mind. I would be taken away from human worry. But I recognized that my husband did not always experience life this way and so I tried very hard to be

present with him in his human worry. But soon we would both be carried away again, in gratitude and laughter. My focus felt drawn, again and again, to matters not of this earthly world. Again and again I would be called into spontaneous prayer which filled me with conviction and peace. If a mother is faithful, her family will be faithful. If a mother directs focus to God, which I did, then the family's focus will be on God. Truly, providence should always be highlighted for the people in one's presence and this is what I did through my whole life. I clung to providence tightly after my son was gone from me. While he never left me mystically, not for a moment, my ability to offer him my maternity had to be extended to others later in my life. This I did with terrible grief but also terrible determination. I mothered and I mothered. I could only do so, given that I had been given the privilege of being the mother of God, himself. While I was on Earth, I had to offer that same maternity

to the world, beginning in the early Church. I must say that I was tireless. I could see the glory of the Church that God wanted established. I could see its impact over time and I would have died for it in any of the moments God willed for me on Earth. When one compares what God desires for his children with what the world seems determined to create for them, one becomes very determined indeed. I was determined.

Please remind God's children in the Church that we, the first little family, gave everything that we were and certainly everything that we had to protect its beginning. We became the Church and carried it everywhere in our hearts. We are close to everyone who loves the Church. We can help with any work that is being done for our son's Church."



**December 20, 2017**



I saw again Our Lady playing with the baby. Happiness emanated from her in a way that seemed to charge the very particles in the room with joy. I can only say that there was joy and happiness in between the spaces of everything in the room and around it. People walking by had to feel it. The strength of the charge coming off these two felt that strong to me.

**“Do you see the things around me, Anne? My few blankets and clothes? That was all I needed. For me, moving to another place could be accomplished in the shortest time because we owned so little. We could be seen as living in poverty. But do we look impoverished? Of course we do not look impoverished. Our delight in each other, our state of gratitude ensured that we rejoiced in each day and in each moment. How different life appears when one is certain of the next world, with its love and freedom. We were certain. We knew that providence would carry us**

through our time on Earth. Would we have chosen the specific details around us? Possibly not, and certainly some elements of our lives would not look ideal to those who choose ease and comfort. We chose God's will and through that choice we agreed to uncertainty as a style of life. We existed with uncertainty because living a life reliant on providence means that God is choosing the details of the days. Most would not desire to live as we desired, with constant uncertainty, but most people are not called to do so.

Can people learn from our example, though? Would the ability to rest peacefully into uncertainty be of benefit to people living in the world today? I believe so and it is for that reason that I am offering this insight. Choose to experience delight in each other and offer each other a heavenly perspective on all experiences, both positive and negative. Understand with me that the good God will allow what appears to be a negative

**experience and bring from it such a high good that we would never regret experiencing difficulty. Blessings abound where there is uncertainty offered to God with trust. There is no need to trust when one is controlling every element around oneself, is there? Trust is something that can only come when one is forced to contemplate the possibility of great trials. Will you have the grace to live your life in trust? The greater question for many is this: Will you choose to accept the grace to live your life in trust? That is the greater question.**

**Contemplate God's providence often. Please give him the pleasure of celebrating all that he has done for you in the past and also all that he has done for the people around you. Do so aloud, dear children of the Creator. Others will be forced to consider that they, too, have been blessed by many wonderful experiences of having enough and strengthened and edified by many**

**experiences they would not have chosen. Every day includes divine education. Every day includes blessings and graces and love and the potential for delight. But you must choose to be delighted. You must choose to thank God for all that is beneficial around you.**

**You can see what we chose. We chose to trust, even in situations that some people would deem to be less than ideal. We chose to delight in each other, even when we had to suffer for each other. We chose gratitude as a state of being and our paradise of gratitude blessed many, many others. You can see that our paradise of gratitude still blesses others because our choice to be grateful is blessing you now. You are a child of the Creator and you are also my child. When you contemplate my great joy and gratitude as I rested with my son in humble circumstances, you can understand that I was thinking of you, coming in the future, and I was thanking God in advance because he showed me**



that I would be able to offer profound graces to his children far into the future. Now you understand why I looked so happy and grateful. I was thanking God for allowing me to be your mother, dear child reading my thoughts. In the eternal present, I am loving you in each moment of time. You are blessed to be offered these reflections. Offer the Father gratitude with me for this gift and you will be in union with the first family of the Church.

My son had all that he needed. God provided each day. Whatever God provided, we accepted in joy, even when God provided us with the experience of need. 'Thank you, God, for our need because through it we can suffer with others and understand others.' Yes, our gratitude charged the very air around us with joy. It is true. Our first home was blessed for all time and we will make another paradise of gratitude for all who choose to live in our state of being with us. Every thought like this unites you to us

**and I am hoping that I can teach you how to think as we thought. Your thoughts are important. Please, unite them to mine.”**





## **St. Andrew Novena Prayer**



*Hail and blessed be the hour and moment  
in which the Son of God was born of the  
most pure Virgin Mary, at midnight, in  
Bethlehem, in piercing cold. In that hour,  
vouchsafe, O my God, to hear my prayer  
and grant my desires, through the merits  
of our Savior Jesus Christ, and of his  
Blessed Mother, Mary. Amen.*

This novena is prayed 15 times each day  
from the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle  
(November 30th) until Christmas.





## **The Five Spiritual Practices**

As Apostles of the Returning King, we begin the spiritual practices in whatever way we can. For some, a good start will be simply praying the Allegiance Prayer each day. For others, assuming all five practices may feel quite natural.

1. Daily ***Allegiance Prayer*** and ***Vocation Prayer***, plus a brief prayer for the Holy Father
2. ***Eucharistic Adoration***, one hour per week
3. ***Prayer Group Participation***, monthly, at which we pray the Luminous Mysteries of the Holy Rosary and read the Monthly Message
4. ***Monthly Confession***
5. Further, we will ***follow the example of Jesus Christ*** as set out in the Holy Scripture, treating all others with his patience and kindness

## **Three Charisms of the Apostolate of the Returning King**

- ✕ Compassionate Listening
- ✕ Learning and Teaching the Catechism
- ✕ Promoting Unity in the Church

## **The Allegiance Prayer**

Dear God in Heaven, I pledge my allegiance to you. I give you my life, my work, and my heart. In turn, give me the grace of obeying your every direction to the fullest possible extent. Amen.

## **The Vocation Prayer**

Oh Mary, mother of Jesus and Queen of the Church, I ask you to bless me with fidelity to my vocation. Assist me in seeing that my service, however humble and hidden, is important to the universal Church. Strengthen me in times of trial and watch over my family and loved ones. Help me, beloved mother, to remain faithful to Jesus Christ, your son, the Returning King. Amen.

## **Promise to Apostles of the Returning King**

**May 12, 2005**

**Jesus**

**Your message to people remains constant. Welcome each person to the rescue mission. You may assure each apostle that just as they concern themselves with my interests, I will concern myself with theirs. They will be placed in my Sacred Heart and I will defend and protect them. I will also pursue complete conversion of each of their loved ones. You see, the people who serve in this rescue mission as my beloved apostles will know peace. The world cannot make this promise as only Heaven can bestow peace on a soul. This is truly Heaven's mission and I call every one of Heaven's children to assist me. You will be well rewarded, my dear ones.**

## **The Volumes**

Anne, ARK

|                      |   |
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| <b>Volume One:</b>   | <i>Thoughts on Spirituality</i>   |
| <b>Volume Two:</b>   | <i>Conversations with the<br/>Eucharistic Heart of Jesus</i>  |
| <b>Volume Three:</b> | <i>God the Father Speaks<br/>to Children<br/>The Blessed Mother Speaks<br/>to Bishops and Priests</i> |
| <b>Volume Four:</b>  | <i>Jesus the King<br/>Heaven Speaks to Priests<br/>Jesus Speaks to Sinners</i>                        |
| <b>Volume Five:</b>  | <i>Jesus the Redeemer</i>   |
| <b>Volume Six:</b>   | <i>Heaven Speaks to Families</i>  |
| <b>Volume Seven:</b> | <i>Greetings from Heaven</i>  |
| <b>Volume Eight:</b> | <i>Resting in the Heart of the Savior</i>   |
| <b>Volume Nine:</b>  | <i>Angels</i>   |
| <b>Volume Ten:</b>   | <i>Jesus Speaks to his Apostles</i>   |

## **Excerpts from The Volumes**

### **Jesus Speaks to You**

Booklet containing the messages taken from  
*Volume Four, Part Three: Jesus Speaks to Sinners.*

### **Jesus Speaks to Children**

and

Mary, Our Blessed Mother Speaks to Children

These two illustrated children's books contain messages  
taken from *Volume Six.*



## **The “Heaven Speaks” Booklets**

Anne, ARK

*Heaven Speaks About Abortion*

*Heaven Speaks About Addictions*

*Heaven Speaks to Victims of Abuse*

*Heaven Speaks to Consecrated Souls*

*Heaven Speaks About Depression*

*Heaven Speaks About Marriage and Divorce*

*Heaven Speaks to Prisoners*

*Heaven Speaks to Soldiers*

*Heaven Speaks About Stress*

*Heaven Speaks to Young Adults*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Away from the Church*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Considering Suicide*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Who Do Not Know Jesus*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Who Fear Death*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Who Experience Tragedy*

*Heaven Speaks to Those Who Fear Purgatory*

*Heaven Speaks to Parents Who Worry*

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**The Mist of Mercy**

Spiritual Warfare and Purgatory

Anne's experiences of Purgatory

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A Guide for Apostles of the Returning King

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Becoming Thoughtful Men and Women of God

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