

## **Weeping in the River**

I had a vision this morning (April 14, 2017) in prayer in my bath and it was

Our Lord, Jesus Christ sitting with me on a high mountain. He was smiling while I wept with my head on his knee.

He asked me, "Open your heart to me, child, and tell me why you weep." I looked up at him through blurred eyes and reached out and drew in the sky an image of a people all in the river of life. They were happy and found community and joy and vibrant life in the river. He smiled at the river and looked at me, "Go on."

I zoomed the image to watch one in the river. A darkness came over his face and he reached out and harmed one beside him. From that action, a dark crimson - deeper than red, almost black - spread out and all whom it touched were in distress. The dark crimson traveled with a force of its own and even moved upstream, against the river's current. Soon it went from one side of the river to the other as far as the eye could see and it caused distress for all in the river.

They were repulsed by the stain and they were angry and fearful as the crimson kept flowing. They were reaching their arms up like children, to be taken out of the river. They wanted to go as far away from the river as they could. Some left the river by crawling out along the banks

and they perished on the side of the river. Some even drowned in the chaos of the crimson because of the anxiety and sorrow and distress of the people in the river. They were so clouded by the crimson that they stopped noticing or caring about one another. Not being able to stop the crimson within the river, they started to seek the source of the crimson.

Hatred and fear grew in their hearts, not only because of the original breach in the river but more so because of how it tainted them all and how they couldn't get away from it.

"Father, I weep because the river is also what they now fear." He nodded slowly watching the life in the crimson river and He, too, was weeping. He inhaled a deep breath for what felt like eternity and he stood up. He touched His wounded palms to His tears, His flowing water from His eyes and He then took my hand and stood me up with Him so that our feet were in the crimson river too.

"Watch, my child."

Wherever the tears from His eyes fell, the crimson was made clean and the clean spread faster than the crimson. Some of the people in the river stopped thrashing and crying and lowered their hands from the sky to touch the water and examine it.

The river was almost fully restored.

He said, "The moving water moves all around them and between them. It carries whatever is put into it." I noticed the person who originally made the water turn crimson. Still, a thick stream of crimson flowed from him. Although the rest of those in the river seemed oblivious to the presence of Our Lord, the man looked up at Him and reached out to Him. The man was even crying tears of crimson. Jesus touched the man on the top of his head and held His hand there for a few seconds, speaking too quietly for me to hear and the man's tears ran clear.

I was overwhelmed by what I saw and I felt the power just by being so close to Him... His Mercy and selflessness. I looked out over the river and leaned toward them and noticed that many of them were still leaking a tiny stream of crimson.

I looked to Him and quickly gestured at those who were wounded. "Father, it's not over. Look. Please fix them all."

He started to get smaller and the light from him was fading as he diminished. His voice was not getting quieter so, although I could no longer see Him, I felt he wasn't truly leaving. He told me "My child, I cannot breach those who do not turn to Me in faith of My love and

mercy." I was frustrated. "The river will turn crimson again. You can't do anything?" "Of course I can, My child. That is why I made you... and all of them."

I felt fearful without His nearness and my tears started to flow again. I said with a bit of despair "What do I do!?" A tear fell from my eyes and the smallest little circle of the river around my waist was cleaned. My tears could not clean the whole river but it did reach those nearest me. I looked around and noticed there were others like me who were aching with love and weeping in the river and their tears, too, were cleansing a small area of water.

"Love them all, especially when it hurts. It is only in the pain for each other that you find the true reason for love.

"You cannot hide the crimson in a river and failing to acknowledge it and cleanse it will make the crimson spread and it further wounds souls. Show by your life that the crimson can be cleansed, not by ignoring it but by telling all who love Me that it may take many tears to heal even one small wound but the wound needs to be healed. Know that every tear that falls from your eye for the sake of a fellow soul refreshes and strengthens all that is good in the river.

"Welcome the suffering for the sake of the river and tell everyone who

will listen. Tell everyone what you do and who you do it for.

"This is your cross to bear. You will not suffer for long and you do not suffer in vain. Suffering is never in vain. Go."

I share this with you as a fellow soul who is meant to weep in the river.

**Jennifer Millenor**

**Ottawa, ON**

**Divine Mercy Cenacle**