Eileen's Annual Priests Retreat, September 11, 2013 at the Benedictine Monastery in Still River, MA

and sisters. The stream that flows to your Savior's lips when He says, "I thirst. I thirst."

I cried, Oh Jesus forgive me. I know I must love my brothers and sisters. It is not always easy, Jesus, sometimes I find it very difficult to love those that are always acting contrary to me.

Forgive me Jesus and may they forgive me. Oh Jesus, help me, I am only human and I need Divine grace. Jesus, if this is what quenches your thirst by loving my brothers and sisters, then please Jesus, I know You will help me. Please give me the grace, the daily grace, to make happiness and joy in the world for thy God, to love all my brothers and sisters.

Oh Jesus, may I never give You bitter gall and vinegar. May everything I do be as a refreshing drink to quench my Savior's thirst. Oh Savior, please, I cannot bear to look at Thee and to think that I am part of this. Please help me, Jesus. Please forgive me and help me, through Your loving grace, to be a better person.

Please Jesus, I never want to hurt one of my brothers or sisters. No bitter gall, no vinegar, only the quenching drink of love, love, love, Jesus. But I need Your grace that You won upon that Cross for me.

The Savior smiled at me. The Lord smiled at me. Then the tears began to stream down my face, for I knew that He understood that sometimes I am weak but I really want to be strong in His love. I look once more at my Savior, His lips so swollen, so dry, His face so drawn and I could see He had a hard time moving His tongue. He even tried to work the saliva to quench His thirst, but there was nothing there, He was dehydrated. My heart was broken for my Savior. My heart was broken for my Jesus. And what pained me the most was that I could be the bitter gall, the vinegar by the times that I have fallen. That I, through my faults and my sins, have caused His lips to swell, His throat to be parched and dry.

Oh Jesus, I cannot undo what I have already done, but I will not be the one that gives You gall and vinegar again. I will quench Thy throat, Thy lips, Thy tongue, sweet loving Savior, by being a better person through your loving grace. Oh Savior, oh Savior, crucified for me, forgive me, forgive and have mercy on me.

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The Father's Good News

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A Word From
Father Jay Finelli

This has been a Lent like none other in recent memory. I think of what Eileen always told us about her Lents. From Ash Wednesday on, the Father deprived her of a sense of taste. There was no flavor at all. She told me that her food tasted like she was eating sand.

Eileen had an intimate relationship with the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. She grew up with Jesus as her "invisible" friend, not knowing who He was until about the time of her 1st Holy Communion. She always wondered why nobody else saw Him. And later, our Lord introduced Eileen to the Father, and the Father likewise introduced her to the Holy Spirit. After each of these mystical marriages, as her spiritual director called them, Eileen had daily interactions with them. However, during Lent, they would "take a powder" from her. She would always say how painful it would be to have our Lord "leave" her. Maybe Eileen was made to feel the abandonment that Jesus felt on the cross.

I think we can all relate to Eileen's Lent. There is a ban on the public celebration of the Holy Mass in much of the world, and in many places, Bishops & Priests have closed their churches to the public. It is a time of great sadness for Catholics as we approach the most important Liturgical celebrations of the year. Palm Sunday, Holy Week, and Easter are ingrained in our very being. So now, many people feel abandoned. They ask: "How could our Bishops and Priests do this to us?"

Even this is a great moment of grace. Bishops and Priests have no desire to close the churches, but the situation at hand leaves them helpless. All of us can offer these sufferings to our Lord. We can ask our Lord to take this little cross to give the people who are away from the Lord, the Church, and the Sacraments a deep longing in their hears. And if just one soul is touched by this suffering, it will have been worth it.

God love you!
Fr. Jay Finelli

3rd Anniversary Memorial Mass is Postponed

Eileen George preaching 12,000 at a conference in South Korea on May 16, 1986

Eileen in South Korea, with Clare Collins and a Korean woman. May 1986

The Parable of the Red Cardinal

I remember once I was told a tiny little story. It was a fable and it was about Jesus hanging upon the Cross, which is true. And Jesus bowed His head and said, **"I thirst"** and this He did.

Where the little story comes in a bird heard Him and a little bird flew over to Him and he said, "*You thirst*" and Jesus said, **"Yes."** So the little bird went over to the fountain and he took some water in his beak and he went to Jesus and he let his beak go to Jesus' mouth and the water flowed into Jesus' mouth.

As Jesus was quenching a little bit of His thirst, a drop of blood fell upon this little bird and the bird became red with blood. And Jesus said to him,

"My friend, from this day on you will be known as my beautiful red cardinal."

Maybe that part of it was a little bit of a fable, I really don't know, but there could be a lot of truth in it.

You see the children will love this and they will listen to it and they will listen to it over and over again. They will remember the kindness of the birds of the air to Jesus and that we are human beings and we should be more kind to Jesus by being good people and being good to each other.

When Jesus said, **"I thirst"** He really met He thirst for souls. You will see we will remember this forever and ever.

I Thirst

The day was sunny and bright. The sun was extremely hot, hotter than it had ever been. The people walked and scurried by and they were headed towards the hill of Mount Calvary. Some were coming down, thrilled over something that had taken place, the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Some were rushing up the hill to see if He was still living or if they had missed something. I scurried along with the crowd and I went to the top of the hill and there I saw a horrifying sight, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hanging upon the Cross. I saw His lips begin to move and He could not quite get the words out. His lips were so badly swollen, His throat was swollen and you could see as He tried to move His lips His tongue was swollen from pain, dehydration, and loss of blood.

He looked down upon the people with deep sad eyes and His eyes were trying to speak to His children. There was nothing but sorrow on His face, heartbreak in His eyes, and He tried once more to speak and His lips began to move, but it was very difficult for Him, they were so dry, so parched.

"*God, Heavenly Father, what is this Your Son trying to say? Oh please, don't let Him look at me; I cannot bear to see the sorrow in His face, in His eyes"* But I wanted to hear what He had to say and I crimped up a little closer. Finally, I saw His lips move again and He looked at me with sorrowful eyes. I thought I was going to die; I could not stand the look. He searched my very soul. His swollen lips began to open, began to pry themselves free from each other for they were so dry, so very dry. And then I heard a voice, words that wounded my very soul, and they were "**I Thirst**." Yes, the Son of God thirsts. He was thirsty. "**I thirst**."

He, God, could have everything just by saying He thirst. My heart, I looked to the right and to the left to see where I could get Him a drink. And if I get Him a drink how could I hand it to Him? He was so high and they took the ladders away. Oh God in Heaven, when He looked at me the words "I thirst" sank into my very soul and His eyes said, **"Yes, Child, yes Child, I thirst for you. I thirst for you, for your salvation."**

Oh God, God in Heaven, why did I have to come here to hear those words from the Son of God? "**I thirst**," my very soul was torn to pieces. "*Where is that water? I must fulfill His needs."* And yet, within my heart I knew His thirst was for my soul, my soul. The Son of God was craving for the salvation of my soul.

This was the whole meaning for Him dying upon the Cross, being crucified. **I thirst. I thirst for you, My Children. My taste cannot be satisfied, My thirst will not be complete. I'll thirst in life, for each and every one of your souls. I thirst. Do you give me drink for this cup?**

How my Savior? **By loving Me and loving thy brother you can go through life quenching the thirst of your God, by loving one another as I have loved you.**

I thirst. I thirst. I thirst for each and every one of you, My Children, without exception. Are you going to let me hang here and not quench my thirst? Are you going to run up the street and let the heat of the sun get to thy Savior?

The hatred in the world causes His lips to swell with dryness, His tongue to be swollen in His mouth. **Yes, My Children, I thirst. I thirst for each and every one of you. I thirst for your souls, for the salvation of your soul. I thirst to be loved. I thirst for your loving each other. When will My thirst be quenched? When time is over? Can you not but give me a drink now?**

As I looked up into my Savior's eyes I said, *"Oh Jesus, How? How?"*

By loving your brother, doing good to those who have hurt you, pray for those who afflict you. This is how you can quench My thirst, Child. This is how you can quench My thirst.

Eileen's "Conversations In Heaven" published in Korean

Then I saw a man come with a long pole and upon this pole was somewhat like a sponge and he dipped it in the gall and he gave it to our Savior. Jesus just put his lips on it and He turned His head. Even this He let go for the love of us. The vinegar burned His lips, so dry from the sun, burning His parched throat. He thirsts and this is what we gave to Him. Oh Jesus, forgive us; forgive us dear Sweet Savior.

My Child, if you do not return love for love, I still thirst. If you return hatred for hatred that is the same as bitter gall.

My Child, don't have Me go through it again. Please don't have thy Savior God go through it again. No bitter gall, no vinegar. I thirst. Give me the cool refreshing water of your love, of your taste, of your devotion, your reverence. Quench thy Savior's lips, thy Savior's throat.

My Child, it is a lifelong process in quenching thy Savior's thirst. As it can be a lifelong process in giving thy Savior's parched throat vinegar and gall. I looked up into my Savior's eyes and He looked at me and for a moment I saw almost a smile in His eyes.

Child, have you received the message I am trying to teach you? The message of love, love, love — the cool refreshing stream of loving thy brothers