

The Sinner and the “Decent People”

The Prodigal Son and the Evil Murderers

by

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Eternal Father, I open my heart to You.
I do not deserve You because I am a sinner.
But You are my Father,
and Your Love is greater than my misery.
If you want me, here's Your slave, Lord.
Have mercy on me and may Your Will be done in me.

The Parable of the Pharisee and the Tax Collector



“God, have mercy on me, a sinner.” (Lk 18:13)

To some who were confident of their own righteousness and looked down on everyone else, Jesus told this parable: «Two men went up to the temple to pray, one a Pharisee and the other a tax collector.

The Pharisee stood by himself and prayed:

“God, I thank you that I am not like other people—robbers, evildoers, adulterers—or even like this tax collector. I fast twice a week and give a tenth of all I get.”

But the tax collector stood at a distance. He would not even look up to heaven, but beat his breast and said, “God, have mercy on me, a sinner.”

»I tell you that this man, rather than the other, went home justified before God. For all those who exalt themselves will be humbled, and those who humble themselves will be exalted.

(Luke 18:9-14)

In Heaven with God Father

The Prodigal Son



*“Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you.
I am no longer worthy to be called your son.” (Lk 15:18)*

Virgin Mary: Son, look at how he cries. I hadn't seen anybody cry like that since that terrible day... Please, listen to him.

Heavenly Father: Yes, Mother. I will listen to him; not just because you ask Me, but because he loves Me [...]

Heavenly Father: *(He got up from his throne and walked towards me, full of glory)* Open your heart to Me.

Heavenly Father: *(He arrived to the place where I was lying on the floor)* Get up.

Saint Michael Archangel: Your God told you to get up. Obey Him.

Luis: *(Feeling very weak)* I can't. I can't see your face.

Heavenly Father: Nobody can.

Luis: *(I didn't want Him to bend down for me who was nothing)* I don't deserve You. I have done very bad things. Just leave me here, on the floor.

Heavenly Father: *(He extended His arms and picked me up from the floor without having to bend down)* I am glad you know it, but I do deserve you.

Heavenly Father: *(He hugged me and I felt so much peace, when I rested my head on His chest)* How can you believe that I'm going to leave you on the floor! What kind of Father would I be if I did that?

Saints: The prodigal son has returned to the Father.

In the Arms of Our Lord Jesus Christ

Facing the Accusations of ESRI



“A sinful woman in the town learned that Jesus was eating at the Pharisee’s house. So she brought an alabaster jar of perfume and stood behind Jesus at his feet, crying. She began to wash his feet with her tears, and she dried them with her hair, kissing them many times and rubbing them with the perfume.” (Lk 7:37-38)

*I am here with you
because you are trying to kill my child,
the smallest of them all,
and I cannot allow that.*

We didn't know he was your child.
Please forgive us...
Are we going to go to hell?
You have said it yourself.

But why, if we are decent people?
We haven't done anything bad.
You were committing the greatest sin.

Why don't you punish him too?
Because he has a pure heart.

But how can he have a pure heart,
if he also does bad things?
You should send him to hell, like us.

Listen to yourself!
He wants all of you to go to Heaven,
and you want him to go to hell.
Whom do you think I'm going to listen to?

But it isn't fair...
He is also a sinner.

*Do you think I am going to send to hell
somebody who kisses My feet,
and gives Me his tears
that he has shed for you?*

*“Remember my commandments.
Love each other like I love you,
and do not sin anymore.
Peace I leave with you; My peace I give you.”
-Jesus Christ*