

July 1, 2020

## **You are like Whitewashed Tombs Full of Bones of the Dead and everything Unclean**

Luis Angel López Salazar

*Luis: Please forgive me.  
I don't want to offend any of you, but I have a problem...  
Heavenly Father: You've never had any problem.  
Saint Peter: They've been very cruel to him.*

You do not tire of doing evil, decent people. You do not tire of offending the Lord while I pray for you. You will not be satisfied until all the weight of Divine Justice falls on you, and you are suffering in hell. You attack me to make me sick, then you obtain my private medical records without my authorization to publish them and be able to continue hurting me very much until I finally die, while you make fun of all the pain and suffering that you cause me.

Your evil has no limits. First you attack me to make me suffer and make fun of my suffering. You want me to get sick so that I can no longer serve God. You brag about being decent people, but your rotten hearts are full of hatred and evil.

Woe to you, [...] you hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs, which look beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of the bones of the dead and everything unclean. In the same way, on the outside you appear to people as righteous but on the inside you are full of hypocrisy and wickedness. (Matthew 23:27-28)

You do not care about the planet nor the future of humanity. You are condemned to the fire of hell and only want to make me suffer.

Not satisfied with all the damage you have done to me, you then harass me in all the clinics where I seek help for all the harm that you do to me. Heartless people, you were supposed to do good only, but you help my enemies to keep hurting me so much so that they can finally kill me. Good doctors save lives, but you are full of poison. You will also be judged for all your malice, because you allied yourselves with my enemies to do evil. You will not go unpunished.

Poor people who make fun of all the harm that my enemies do to me. You make fun of your own evil, while the devil makes fun of you. Have you forgotten so soon how your auras became dark when you did not let me serve God in His house, reflecting the evil in your hearts? Or when you hacked my computer to steal from me, because you believed that all your evil would be left in the dark and no one would ever find out? Or how you made fun of me when my enemies spat in my food to make me suffer and make me sick, because your hearts were rotten and you did not want me to give the bread and wine of the Lord to my children who were

starving. How many more AND MORE TERRIBLE punishments have to fall on you until you repent for all your sins and stop doing evil? Brood of vipers! You will be judged without mercy, in the same way that you have judged me.

I have never been sick. For a long time, since I worked for you, ESRI, you have defamed me and made fun of me without justification, to make everybody believe (including me, that loved you so much and only wanted you to be happy) that I had a problem. But it was all lies to make me suffer. You destroyed my life with all the harm that you did to me, but you could not kill me. I got back up from the ground, and faced you with the truth, with a divine shield and a sword of justice. That is why you have resorted to the weapons of the devil to make me truly sick this time, because your hearts are full of so much hatred and so much evil and you just want to make me suffer. But you will never be able to defeat me because it is the Lord Almighty who carries me in His arms. All the pain that you cause me will only serve to make me stronger, and fight for His Blessed Love and save my children so that they may always be very happy.