

Baby Saved - Miracles of the Consecrated Host



June 19, 2019

Thank you, Lord, for the priceless Grace You have left for us, and for Your priceless presence in Your Body and Blood in our very own homes.

My precious Heartdwellers, truly I've not conveyed to you the glory that is present to you in your very homes.

Especially those of you who are priests. And those of you who do celebrate the Lord's Supper, even though you're not a priest, with earnest love and faith. I believe the Lord will be more present to you, as well.

Several hundred years ago, Satan inspired men to reject the words of Jesus. The book of John, chapter six:

What must we do to be doing the works of God?" Jesus answered them, "This is the work of God: that you believe in Him whom He has sent." So they said to Him, "Then what sign do you do, that we may see and believe you? What work do you perform? Our fathers ate manna in the wilderness, as it is written. He gave them bread from Heaven to eat."

Jesus then said to them, "Truly, truly I say to you. It was not Moses who gave you the bread from Heaven, but my Father gives you the true bread from Heaven. For the bread of God is he who comes down from Heaven and gives life to the world." They said to him, 'Sir. Give us this bread always.' And Jesus said to them, "I am the Bread of Life. Whoever comes to me shall not hunger. And whoever believes in me shall never thirst. But I say to you, that you have seen me and yet do not believe. All the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me I will never cast out. For I have come down from Heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me. And this is the will of Him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that He's given me. But raise it up on the last day. For this is the will of my Father, that everyone who looks on the Son, and believes in him, should have eternal life. And I will raise him up on the last day."

Now, I just noticed something here. This is interesting. "This is the will of my Father, that everyone who looks on the Son and believes in him." Well, that really is a very small group of people who actually saw the Lord, back in that day. But when you sit with the Blessed Sacrament, you are looking upon the Son of God. That's what I want to convey to you today. Because this is a really important point.

I'm going to give you a testimony from a woman that had a tremendous miracle happen in her pregnancy. Even the doctors called other doctors into the room, and said, 'This is truly a miracle!' And we'll get into that in just a moment. And it had to do with childbirth.

Okay.

So, the Jews grumbled about Him, because He said, 'I am the Bread that came down from Heaven.' And

they said, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph? Whose father and mother we know? How does he now say, 'I have come down from Heaven?' Jesus answered them, "Do not grumble among yourselves. No-one can come to me unless the Father who sent me draws him. And I will raise him up on the last day. And it is written in the prophets, and they will all be taught by God. Everyone who has heard and learned from the Father comes to me. Not that anyone has seen the Father, except he who is from God. He has seen the Father. Truly, truly I say to you, whoever believes has eternal life. I am the Bread of Life. Your fathers ate the manna in the wilderness and they died. This is the Bread that comes down from Heaven, so that one may eat of it and not die. I am the Living Bread that came down from Heaven. If anyone eats of this Bread, he will live forever. And the Bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh."

The Jews then disputed among themselves, saying, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Jesus said to them, "Truly, truly I say to you. Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood you have no life in you. Whoever feeds on my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life. And I will raise him up on the last day. For my flesh is true food. My blood is true drink. Whoever feeds on my flesh and drinks by blood abides in me and I in him. As the Living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father, so whoever feeds on me, he will also live because of me. This is the Bread that came down from Heaven. Not like the bread that the fathers ate and died. Whoever feeds on this Bread will live forever."

Jesus said these things in the synagogue as he taught at Capernaum.

Wow - that's a beautiful testimony that the Lord Himself gave about His body and blood. And the beautiful thing is, He continues. Continues, continues to give us this Bread from Heaven. And that's why He has called some to be ministers of the altar. Presbyters. Or priests. The word priest has the connotation of the Old Testament. Presbyters is probably more accurate. But it was their job. The Presbyters' job to speak the words of consecration over the bread and wine, so that it would become the true Presence of Jesus, under the appearance of bread and wine.

Now, it's interesting, 'cause when I first became a Catholic--which later I became NOT a Catholic... But when I did, I was coming from the Evangelical background. I questioned very much why the churches were so ornate, and why people knelt before they sat down. And I realized that they believed that the Lord was truly present in the blessed sacrament at the front of the church. And so, I knelt also and sat down. Actually, I stayed kneeling. And I asked the Lord. I said, "Lord, are you here?" And a voice came to me from out of the tabernacle in the front of the church, "I am here." And it was the Lord's voice, and I knew that it was true. He actually was present. His body was present in the church. And that's why people kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. Because He is present in the Body and the Blood.

Now, I haven't spoken about this for a while. And I wanted to, because really. What we have in the Body and Blood of Jesus is so priceless. And such a treasure. And when we come into prayer, I don't just have soaking prayer. I also sit quietly with the Lord and allow Him to work on my heart. And I adore Him quietly through the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, through the consecrated Host.

Now, in this situation, a young mother had a very difficult pregnancy. And I will go into her story right now.

"My name is Graciela. I'm the second of four children. My father was a musician and my mom a housewife.

"I was six years old when my parents decided to move to Texas. We lived in the border of Mexico and the US. I remember learning my Rosary prayers, like the Our Father and the Hail Mary at a very early age. That's all thanks to my mom for taking me to all her relative's novenas."

A novena is a 9-day prayer cycle.

"In Mexico, when a relative dies, it's a custom for the family to gather and pray the rosary for nine consecutive days or even nine months. This helps the dead get out of Purgatory early and helps them enter Heaven much sooner.

"Shortly after arriving to the US, my parents decided they were going to work in agriculture. That left us to move to California where I lived the most happiest years of my youth. As I was getting ready to do my first communion, I remember one time our Catechism teacher asked us a question. She asked if the sick women from the Bible could be healed by just touching Jesus garment? I quickly raised my hand and answered. 'No. Jesus needs to want to heal her.' The teacher looked at me and said, 'You're wrong. She can be healed by just having faith in Jesus.'

"That discovery changed my life. I went on to do my first communion at the age of ten. Neither of my parents could attend my ceremony due to work. But my Godmother, who I love with all my heart, bought me the largest, most beautiful white first communion dress. I was the happiest girl at church.

"Five years later, we moved to North Dakota, where my father had bought some land and two trailer houses."

"I graduated from high school at age 16 and started college at 17. But Martin and I couldn't wait any longer and five months before my college graduation, we got married through the Catholic Church. We had such a beautiful wedding in Mexico, his family and mine met at the wedding and it was the best day of my life.

"After our wedding, we moved to a different city in Texas and I graduated from college like I had promised my mom.

"My husband and I were living a dream. We were trying to make up for the time we spend apart from one other. Everything was joy and happiness and after two years in our marriage, I became pregnant. We were so happy and all we could do is love our unborn baby.

"But one morning everything changed for us. I was rushed to the hospital for bleeding. I passed out, and when I woke up, I asked the nurse if my baby was okay? The nurse looked at me and said, 'You had a miscarriage.'

"I went into shock and screamed and cried. The nurse, trying to console me said, 'You're so young. You can have another one.'

"'Noo!' I replied. 'I want this one!' I cried until they got me a tranquilizer to sleep.

"After that, I fell in a depression as most women do after losing a baby. I stopped eating, and bathing and just wanted to lay in bed and cry. My husband had to take off time from work to look after me. He force-

fed me and bathed me. The saddest thing to me was that my baby passed away the same day my dad died. Except five years later.

"After the miscarriage, I got a job at the same place where my husband worked. We were earning good money, but our relationship was hurting due to our work schedule. We hardly ever saw each other. I remember saying to God. 'Is this it? Is this my life now?'

"I worked at the call center for three years, until one day I was taking calls and 30 minutes before my lunch break, I heard a voice tell me, 'At lunch time, take off your headphones, turn off your computer. Get the in the car and drive to the Basilica of San Juan Del Valle.'

"I quickly laughed and ignored it. Then again for the second time it told me the same instructions. This time, I fought with the idea. I said, 'I don't even know where that church is at! My license plates are expired and one of my tail lights is broken.' But when I heard it the third time, I took off my headphones, turned off my computer, got inside my car and drove to the Basilica during my lunch break.

"Once I got there, I saw her--the statue of Our Lady of San Juan Del Valle. I said, 'Hi Virgincita! I don't know why I'm here?' Then a priest asked me he could pray for me and I said yes.

The next day, the same thing happened and every day after that. I mentioned this to one of my aunts, who had recently converted. As soon as I mentioned this, she jumped up and said 'It's Jesus calling you. He's calling you!' I didn't understand. I didn't see Jesus anywhere. She than told me that Jesus was inside the tabernacle where the gold box is in the adoration room. She explained to me that the consecrated host is the true body and blood of Jesus Christ.

"Next time I went to Church, I did what my aunt instructed me. And when I walked in the presence of God, my life completely changed. That day I had a vision where I saw Jesus hanging on the cross bleeding. But I couldn't even look at his toes, because I felt so unworthy. I felt like I was less than trash. I cried to the floor and told him, 'I don't have anything to offer You. I'm empty. I don't have anything to offer you. The only thing I have is my life, so here it is. Take it. It's yours now.'

"In that moment, I literally thought I was going to die. But somehow, I didn't. He didn't take my life like I imagined. He took my life in a different way.

"After that I fell in love with Jesus. I would drive 30 minutes to church just to spend time with Him in adoration at the tabernacle. I felt a sweet, sweet love. The only way I can explain it, is as He was my boyfriend--but with a pure type of love.

"Time passed and I started learning about the Saints and their love for Jesus. I made myself watch all the Saint's movie there were ever made.

"One day after quitting my job, I was lying on my bed watching celebrity news and I accidentally dropped my remote control under the bed. And when I grabbed the remote, it accidentally changed to EWTN."

That's Eternal Word Television Network. Mother Angelica.

"Then I saw mother Angelica, and she was pointing at me. She said 'You, yes you! Look at your right and you will find a book full of dust that someone gave to you and you have never opened.' So, I looked to my right, and there was my Bible my mother had given me. And it was full of dust!"

Oh, she missed a part here, but I'm assuming she really got caught up in the Bible...

"My husband quickly noticed my devotion, and it didn't make him happy that his wife spent all day at Church, and that I spoke all day about God and the Saints."

Oh, boy. Do we know that one!

"Every time I invited him to Mass, he would tell me that his soccer game on TV was more important. And that he didn't marry a nun!"

Oh, I've heard that one before!

"To avoid confrontation and arguments, I just told our Lady of Guadalupe, 'Mother Mary, you deal with him! He is all yours. Fix him!' I guess our Lady really did fix him, because after some time he actually told me to hurry up because we were going to be late for Sunday Mass!!

"As we were both now getting closer to Jesus, and actually having a good life, our Lord decided to send us a very difficult test.

"One day, I woke up with extreme pelvic pain and discomfort. I was rushed to the hospital as I passed out from the pain. I had several tests done, and a sonogram showed that I was pregnant. I remember looking at the nurse's nervous face. 'I'm sorry to inform you,' she said. 'You're pregnant, but we have to terminate your pregnancy because your life is at risk.'

"I couldn't process what she was telling me. I felt so confused and I said, 'Why? What's wrong?' She then showed us the image of the sonogram and pointed at my Fallopian tube and she showed me the baby was growing. And if he grew a little more, I would bleed to death. She called it an ectopic pregnancy.

"I immediately went into shock. I didn't want to die, and I didn't want my baby to be aborted. I started shaking uncontrollably and they made my husband sign the authorization for the termination procedure.

"As I was lying on the bed, I remember those words my mother had told me once. She said, 'Whenever you feel in danger, call on the precious blood of Jesus and cover yourself. He will protect you.'

"In my desperate situation, I started pleading the blood of Jesus. I covered me and my baby with His precious blood. Then the nurse pushed my bed to take me to the surgery room for the termination. But as I returned my head, I saw a doctor put on his white gown. And instead of the gown, I saw white feathers, like it was an angel.

"He ran towards my bed and stopped it. He then told the nurse he would take it from there. He looked at me and said, 'Are you aware of what they were going to do to you?' In shock, I just continued shaking without answering. He told me, 'I'm going to give you 24 hrs. And in those 24hrs if you feel any pain, you need to rush to the hospital immediately.'

"I shook my head in agreement. That night I must of prayed 100 Rosary's so my pain would not come back. But in the morning the inevitable happened. I felt a sharp pain almost unbearable. My husband carried me to the car and was driving extremely fast to the hospital. In that moment I was crying, because I knew what was going to happen to my baby.

"I suddenly said. 'STOP THE CAR!' My husband ignored me, then I repeated myself. I insisted, 'Stop the car!!' He stops and tells me that I'm going to die if we don't get there on time. I said, 'Take me to the Tabernacle to see Jesus.' Worriedly, he said, 'No. You need to go to the hospital.' I insisted, and he agreed.

"As I walked in the presence of the Lord. I fell to the ground in front of Jesus consecrated. And on my knees, I begged Him, and I said to Him to save my baby.

"As I cried on the floor, my husband felt a sudden sensation of peace. Like if God told him in his heart that everything was going to be alright. He even felt bad to see me crying heart-broken and he felt good.

"After being in adoration at the tabernacle, I no longer felt pain. So, we decided to camp all day long in front of the tabernacle where Jesus is consecrated. From morning to night, we were there at the Basilica of San Juan del Valle asking God and the Saints for a miracle.

"On the third day of adoration, as I was crying to our Lord, someone came behind me and touched my back. It was as if her hand had whipped up all my pain and suffering just with that touch. She then hugged me and told me I was at the correct place. She then told my husband and I a story about a pregnant woman who was going to lose her baby and God saved him. My husband and I just looked at each other and said, 'That's where we're at!'

"So, she gave me an image of our Lady and told us her name was San Juana. And then she disappeared. When I told my aunt what had happened, she asked me to describe the lady. I said, 'She was wearing a black long dress with a scapular and two long braids, and her skin color was brown.'

"My aunt then stayed quiet for a moment, and then she said, 'You just described our Lady of San Juan. And her name was San Juana.' I was so shocked, but was very concerned about my baby, so I just went back to adoration and asked Jesus for a miracle.

"As we went back to our Dr. appointment, we were very nervous, and the doctor decided to do another sonogram on me. His face turned in to sadness and he told us that there was good news and bad news. He said, 'The baby is no longer in the Fallopian tube. The sack of water is position exactly where it's supposed to be. But the sack of water is empty. I'm sorry to tell you there is no baby.'

"If you can imagine, I was going crazy. The doctor suggested for me to take an injection that would help me release the sack of water and that would end the pregnancy. But he saw me so distraught that he said, 'I'll just give you 24 hours so you can feel better.'

"I remember getting into the car and just losing my faith on God. But if it wasn't for my husband, how he sustained me with his word, I would have lost my faith. As I was crying asking God, 'Where are You?' He then took my hand and said, 'God is not done yet. He positioned the sack of water where it is supposed to be, and he will finish the job. He will not fail us.'

"I repented for not trusting in Him, and we immediately went back to adoration. We stood there begging Jesus, the Doctor of all Doctors, to heal our baby and to make him appear back in my stomach. We also asked intercession from Saint Juan Diego, the least child of them all who helped our Lady of Guadalupe in the apparitions in Mexico.

"As we went back to the doctor, I was expecting the worst, just so that I wouldn't be surprised.

"As the doctor was doing the sonogram, he called another doctor and several nurses. I thought I was going to die. Then he started crying and he said, 'Do you want to hear something?' 'Yes!', we answered. He then turned up the volume of the sonogram machine and we hear little heart beats.

"But we didn't know what it was. The doctor, with tears in his eyes, said, 'This could only be a miracle! There is a heartbeat. You have a baby in the sack forming!'

"I just couldn't be more happy! And I felt I was in debt with God and I could no longer turn my back on Him.

"My baby has born premature and with a broken clavicle, but very healthy and strong. His name is Diego in honor of Saints Juan Diego and his intercession. My baby is 11 years old and loves Jesus with all his heart.

"I now have a total of 3 children, and to this day, I can't stay away from my God who showed me what little faith you can move mountains with.

"I hope this testimony helps everyone who is going through the difficult time of having a dangerous pregnancy. All I can say is trust in the Lord, and don't stop praying. May God hear your prayer and bless you."

Wow! What a wonderful testimony!

Dear ones, if you're having a difficult pregnancy, I highly, highly recommend you go before the Blessed Sacrament in a Catholic church. And if you're not in a Catholic church, or near a Catholic church and you've consecrated a Host, spend time with that consecrated Host. Even if you're not a priest. Spend time and have faith that He will manifest through that Host. Because it is your faith that makes it happen.

And for those of you who are priests and have consecrated a Host for adoration, which we do use. We have something called a monstrance, that has the Host in it. And we sit there with the monstrance exposed, so that we can see the Lord in the Host.

And one day, my husband, Ezekiel, had consecrated a Host and when he elevated it, I saw the face of Jesus in that Host. And so, I asked him to set it aside and not to fracture it. And later on, we set it aside for our little monstrance, so that we can always see His face in the Blessed Sacrament. It's quite a marvelous miracle.

So, the Lord bless you, dear Heartdwellers. Have faith. And seek out the Lord in adoration. Honor Him when you walk into the room. You will be amazed at what He will do for you. And what you do for Him.

Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

<https://www.bitchute.com/channel/still-small-voice/>