

☿ And let my cry come onto you... ☿

– Et clamor meus ad te veniat –

– Mystery of Numbers **13**, **33** and **666** –

Ignorance of numbers prevents us from understanding things...
(Saint Augustine)

Understanding the geopolitical implications of the Virgin Mary during the 19th and 20th centuries, why and how the clergy came to shed this sumptuous vessel of the Holy Mass; observing with wonder the mysterious numbers **13**, **33** and **666** affixing their seal on the main dates that made our History; and sensing this cry echoing with my heart breathe to you the unthinkable... is the aim of this work¹.

It opens with an overview by *All is said and done*, continues with the revelations of *Our Lady of La Salette* as a stepping stone to the revelations of Saint John, then grows with *Napoleon III and the Risorgimento* to enter into the supernatural of *Our Lady of Fatima* after outlining The origins of the Great War.

Looking at Time with a fresh eye which shakes the very concept everyone has; bringing out a time-based arithmetical network from the chronology of History which is unexpected, tangible and branched in order to better track down what human mind refuses to see... is the challenge we have presumed to take up. Numbers, beyond irrational human behaviour, reveal to us, without lying, quite a different history from that learned in school. Such as a warning, a combat challenge, a formidable wink of God at mankind that seems to say, “*so you thought you’d win; so you fell*”, numbers whisper to our feeble intelligence what our passions have obscured.

Consequently, the *Seals of numbers on the flow of Time* is proposed so that the readers may have a better grasp of the chronological and supernatural connections between different dates. However our quest does not dry up; it steps up. First with *The Sacred Heart: a chronology* which evokes the historical consequences of Louis XIV’s refusal to consecrate the Kingdom of France to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This refusal, this drama, is the historical and supernatural key that enables us to enter into the subtleties that intersperse History. This key will open the door to a lucid, astounding and disconcerting understanding of the *French Revolution* to unlock definitively, in a hitherto unseen way, far from the millenarian quarrels, the mysterious *Revelation according to Saint John* and of Daniel the prophet, which look like pure jewels set in a casket of numbers that the breath of the Holy Spirit

¹English translation offered to the Most Holy Trinity and dedicated to St Georges, St David, St Andrew, St Patrick and St Joan of Arc on 21/05/2020.

has placed before the stubborn and proud forehead of the human brain, such as a challenge to the mind, a stole for the heart, an incentive to humility, a food for the soul. Indeed, the article, *The Revelations of Saint John*, is really the pinnacle of this work. The number of the Beast **666** denudes itself crudely, brutally, in all its bestiality. Such as traces left here and there in the inexorable flow of Time, such as bites on a corpse that an autopsy would have uncovered, our discoveries demonstrate, in an unprecedented and indisputable way, **near-mathematically**, beyond passions and irrational behaviours of everyone, the existence of **two** supernatural forces that the human mind refuses to admit. Near-mathematically... since this is indeed a demonstration that we presume to offer to readers. A demonstration as deep as it is simple, within everyone's reach, using subtractions and multiplications only! It proves that we do not write History, but that we are subjected to it. It shows that key dates of the human epic were not inscribed in the flow of Time at the whim of the mighty people but according to a well-chosen, precise and implacable plan. With *The Revelations of Saint John*, the readers can now marvel at the infinite poetic intelligence of He who has paid each and every one of us according to one's deeds. They can finally cast a fair and dispassionate look at the Holy Mass scuttled by the Second Vatican Council in the 1960s.

In this light, the readers may now set a foot *Into the supernatural of the Holy Mass*, into this sumptuous and misunderstood vessel, into this supernatural transmutation tool for man through the Word, into which the celestial powers of Life abound, lifting up those who have charity to the divine Light, for them finally to lay their eyes on the astonishing symbolic of *The Sign of the Cross*, which is so poetic and unexpected an end to this wholeheartedly cry of mine.

In this light, the readers may also set the other foot on a hitherto unheard understanding of the original sin: *The original sin is a symmetry breaking!* They may then fully appreciate two diametrically opposed views of the human body evolution: one offered by Christ, and the other, coming from **transhumanism**, which science named the **man augmented**.

I wrote a program calculating the gap between two dates. Some applications on the web seem to be unreliable due to the passage from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar which is often ignored. However, it seemed to us that the website <https://www.dcode.fr/difference-date> are error-free.

Bijoux d'orfèvrerie sur des écrans de vers
Les nombres sont des ancres jetées dans le Temps
Comme une trace, une encre que l'humain espère
Pour ne jamais plus dériver dangereusement

As pieces of jewellery nestling in verse
Numbers are anchors dropped into Time
As a trace, an ink mankind is yearning for
Never to drift dangerously anymore

Dans le Cœur du Verbe, le nombre...

Par-delà les mots, les nombres
Par-delà les maux, dans l'ombre
Des voiles, Vérité ! Dénombre !
Dévoile Vérité, ces nombres
Que le mensonge y sombre
À la stupeur du plus grand nombre !

Si sang soit sans si, elle...
Si sens soit sans Fils, elle...
La glaise est sans Ciel
Pour nos yeux, que du fiel

Six cent soixante-six, elle...
Six cent soixante-six, elle...
La chair essentielle
À nos yeux n'est que fiel

Si cents soient sangs vils, elle...
Si cens soit cent-mille, elle...
La Terre est sans sel
À Ses yeux : point de zèle !

Si sang soit sans veines, elle...
Si sang soit sans haine, elle...
L'essence substantielle
Des cendres monte au Ciel

Six cent soixante-six, bêle...
Six cent soixante-six, mêle...
Les sots à son sceau, scelle
L'effort(s) de la Bête sans laBel(ie)

Si sang soit sans Louis, XVI...
Si cent soixante vouivres, lèsent...
Capet de son glas, scelle
La Bête en son lys, bêle

Car son lys est ma lice
Et la joute de ma quête
Mais l'ajout est malice
Qui aboie dans l'enquête !

Number is in Word's Heart...

(uneasy translation due to numerous puns...)

Beyond words, numbers
Beyond ills, in the shadows
Of the veils, Truth! Number them!
Truth, unveil these numbers
So that lie sink into them
To dumbfound the large number!

Should blood be if-less, it...
Should wit be Son-less, it...
That clay is Heaven-less
For our eyes, just gall

Six hundred sixty-six, it...
Six hundred sixty-six, it...
That flesh so essential
For our eyes, full gall

Should hundreds be evil bloods, it...
Should census be hundred floods, it...
That earth is salt-less
For His eyes, there's no zeal

Should blood be vein-free, it...
Should blood be hate-free, it...
That substantial essence
Of ashes goes up to Heaven hill

Six hundred sixty-six, bleats...
Six hundred sixty-six, mingles...
The dumbs with his seal, seals
The effort of the label-less Beast

Should blood be without Louis, XVI...
Should hundred sixty wyverns, injure him...
Capet with his death-knell, seals
The Beast in his fleur-de-lys, bleats

For his lys is my fray
And the joust of my quest
Yet, the add-on is impish
Barking in the inquiry!