The Revelations of Elsbeth von Oye (Excerpts)
Source: The Zürich Manuscript. Transcription: P. Ochsenbein
Translated from the Middle High German by D. Tinsley

Right before mass on the day of St. John the Evangelist, I engaged in several exercises in order to shed my blood for his sake, just as he had always desired to shed his blood for the sake of God. After mass the following words were uttered to me by St. John the Evangelist: "Just as you have made yourself present to God, so have I made myself present to you." I did not know what was meant by these words. Therefore St. John said to me: "This is my father's gift to you, that he finds in you my likeness, for I never did my father a sweeter service than that of my death on the cross, through which I delivered the family of mankind. He desires the very same from you, that you be crucified for eternity with me, and from your suffering on the cross should spring an eternal shining reflection in the face of my father."

Then I complained of illness of body and soul. And St. John answered: "I am no longer subject to my power alone. I am compelled from now on to pour completely the wondrous power of my inner essence into the hearts of my lovers through those who love me, for their works of divine love have touched my innermost core so that for me all acts of love must be committed lovingly by my lovers. A love or desire should spring from your crucifixion, in which the father should love his son and the son his father. In taking up your cross you make possible that wondrous powers emanate into you, because I have always wanted acts of special sacrifice from you and I have in return for these sacrifices allowed them to be reflected within me. You do not no these works through the power of your flesh or your blood, but rather much more with the blood of my son, which I have kindled and sanctified. In your crucifixion I will be seen by my father, since he works this effect on you through the shedding of my. In your crucifixion my father will contemplate the loving pulsations of my heart which I experienced at the time of my death. Just I gave new birth to the human race through my death and my father, in this way your deeds make his glory shine forth."

I longed and lusted for the time when my cross would shed and share blood with the son from the heart of the father. This was answered thusly by God: "It is not our bloody communion alone that has its origin in the heart of my father, but rather it is a fruit and a flowering of my flower. When you pierce your flesh with the nails of your cross, I become aware of your flesh through the eyes of my indescribable power, and then I behold it with eternal lustfulness. Just as my whip tears into my flesh, the nails of your cross penetrate into me and suck from me the sweet marrow of my essence. Your cross will always be to me a playful harp tone from the magical power of my blood in the paternal soul of my eternal father. The cross of my son poured out his natural blood into the sickness of the human race, but your cross should draw from you my fatherly marrow into that of my crucified son...."

And then it was said: "You should hang with my son on the cross and in his likeness you should please me and in his likeness I should become a lover to you. Just as the eternal love that I felt for the human race from the time of creation has saturated my divine essence and has merged with human essence, in the same way your cross has caused you to be taken inside of me and to become a part of my essence. " Amen.
"This is why I never cease to lust for the time when I can suck my essential marrow from the healing labors of your cross. Just as the human race was absorbed into my father with my death on the cross, your cross should penetrate with you into the deepest depths of my father that it is possible for a living human to reach. Just as the likeness of my crucified son in you has been a source of endless comfort to me, so you should gaze with endless and joyful pleasure into the joyful gazes of my essential son. The painful torture of your cross is sweet salve to the bleeding wounds of my love. The cutting agony of my death turns to sweet pleasure in the searing pain of your crucifixion."

Once I had crucified myself with my cross so painfully that it seemed to me that my very marrow was flowing into my tortured limbs, and my illness was causing me the greatest suffering. Then it was said: "It is meet and right that your suffering should be great, but it is divine that you suffer so."

Once I had crucified myself with my cross in the usual way to such an extent that the only comparison I can think of is that of a living serpent wrapping itself around my body and sucking my innermost marrow from my bones. I complained of this to God when my pain became unbearable. And it was answered: "You need no other essential power for your crucifixion than the living magical power of my divine essence. Just as my father encloses me forever inside of his divine essence and nature, so does your cross close you into the nobility of my divine nature. Just as my son's cross sucked for human beings eternal life from my paternal heart, your cross sucks from me the magical power of my marrow in much the same way.

I laid aside my cross for two days, but not out of hardness of heart, please believe me! Immediately God sucked everything out of me which I had nurtured within. I could not stand it and I showed my feelings to God. And it was said by God to me: "Whenever the child does not nurse from the mother, then the child ceases to live." I understood from this that I had to take up my cross again.

I complained to God another time that my cross was too painful to bear. And it was said: "Don't you desire to suffer pain so that I can suck sweetness from you, and don't I lovingly suffer pain so that you may suck eternal life from me?" Amen.

"Just as my divine nature was made man in the person of my son, thus your human nature will be made divine in the painful agony of your cross. Blood pulsing with the love of my son I drink with eternal love in the painful agony of your cross. My blood blooms in you and your blood blooms in me. The painful agony of your cross should become for you a sweet delight in the living power of my divine nature. Your cross does not suck your marrow, it sucks mine. The more I contemplate the likeness of my crucified son in the agony of your crucifixion, they more loving and essential your pain becomes to me. In what other likeness would you be able to experience my loving essence than in the likeness of my crucified son?"

The following words were uttered for my edification concerning the likeness of the cross: "The painful burning of your cross makes everything as green as springtime. It refreshes the bleeding wound of my son in my fatherly heart...."

I had given myself a respite from the uneasiness that had afflicted me on my cross. Immediately I fell into recalcitrance and the nails shot themselves so painfully into me that I could scarcely draw a breath, for it was not God's will
then that I do this, which I was aware of. And it was said: "In the same measure
as it is unnatural for you to suffer in this way, it seems always both natural and
delightful to my desire for you." Then I said: "Oh, Lord, you reveal to me that is
unnatural for me to suffer so. How is it that I should suffer all of this for the sake
of your goodness?" "Whatever I will is possible." I said to God: "Lord, for what
purpose do you require this immeasurable suffering from me?" And the answer
came: "I only require nothing more than the heart's desire that I eternally feel for
the wonderful workings I experience so much in you through the playful joy of
the innermost secrets of my fatherly heart."

Once I became terribly afraid that this exercises were not the work of

God, because they are so strange and distant from everything in so many ways.
I revealed this to God. Then the answer came, spoken lovingly, "What thing
have you ever given to me so that I shelter you forever with my fatherly
goodness as lovingly as I have ever sheltered any part of my creation?"

Once the nails pressed so painfully into my flesh that I had to speak:

"Lord, should I draw them out or not? Then the answer came: "You should
allow me to draw out the full effect of the inner power of my marrow on the
painful burning of your cross; for just as generosity of my father penetrates all of
my works, so do I give you generously the inner power of my blood, which is
clearly revealed and manifested in the bloody pain of your cross."

I spoke on one occasion the following words: "Lord, you should not
become so wrathful that I fall into lament, but when will come the end of my
bitterness?" And the answer came lovingly: "Your pain comes as naturally to
you, as my loving feelings seem to me to stretch beyond the endless desire of
my heart."

Once shortly before Christmas I was driven to take up my cross and my
garment by an unspeakable uneasiness that took forms I cannot describe with
words. When I became aware that it was the hand of God, my heart died within
my body, within me just like a corpse that is driven for burial. For it seemed to
me that I was dead. It was a wonderful suffering, which can only be
comprehended by God. Despite this I revealed to God my opinion, that he
should consider now taking my image as it pertains to human nature to himself,
that he should consider letting his image be impressed perfectly upon me, with
the nearest likeness possible for one such as myself.

As I contempled this suffering I revealed this to God and begged him to make
himself ready. After that these words were spoken: 'Just as the ringing in and
ringing out of my words will also remain unforgettable to me, in the same way
the bloody pain of your heart remains unforgettable. The bloody pain of your
heart echoes forever in my fatherly heart in the lacerated wounds of my once-
born son. And the words came thusly: "I desire the likeness of you and your
cross in all its dimensions. Just as the human race was born again to my father
in my blood, in the same fashion I wish to make you and other humans live
again in your blood until they sink blissfully into the essence of my father. Just
as I eternally flow within my father and he within me, in the same way my blood
flows within you and your blood within me. This is only possible because you
have purified your blood painfully in the likeness of my cross." With these words
was revealed to me such a pure likeness and oneness with God and my soul,
that I cannot clothe it in words.
On the Friday before the day of St. Luke I arose long before mass. I was unable to sleep because of the bleeding fear that seized me. I put back on my garment and my cross, which I have described before, and the uneasiness came to me again and pain, pain so cutting that I cannot compare it to anything except the sensation of being shot through with arrows. I also felt such grim pain from the cutting of the garment. It was so uncomfortable to wear it that I thought my heart would sink into my belly. Since this agony was cutting through both my body and my heart, I spoke thusly to God: "O Lord, why have your designs had such a marvelous effect on me that my living body has become food for maggots?" With that God forced me to think of the words [of the psalm]: Ego autem sum vermis et non homo [For I am a worm and not a man], and the following words were spoken sorrowfully: "For your sake I compared myself to a worm and not to a man. Do you wish to disgrace me and the time of my depravity by refusing to become my food?"

I sat in bleeding bitterness from my suffering, as I have just described, and then these words were spoken: "Just as the child lies upon the heart of his mother, so that it may be nursed by her, in the same way I feel myself drawn to you with the lust of my heart, that I may suck from you your innermost marrow. You are the purest, most unified, most similar, most natural within itself creature, you alone flow from my fatherly heart. And that is why I never cease to long suck out the innermost inner arteries of your soul...."

Once I wished I had never written all of this. Then came the answer: "It is fitting to me that it becomes known what my loving power can do for my chosen people."

My cross presses into my flesh like a seal into wax, but it is nothing compared to the painful bitterness that engulfs me from the agony that my garment and also the belt that I use to bind my cross to me cause me. Many times I have worn my garment so long that it rotted and would no longer hang on my body, and then I felt such discomfort from the garment and the belt that I cannot describe it, and the worms multiplied upon me day and night until they were like a hill of ants (I cannot think of another comparison). In this way I was so weakened that I could do nothing but sit from none to vespers, and I did not even dare to raise my hand in my defense. Often my nature kept me from giving in and giving myself a rest, even when masses of maggots would fall into my hands I would insist on pressing it again into my body. For the sake of likeness, just as a rope was wound around the hands of our Lord when he stood up to be judged and was delivered unto his enemies, in the same way I let my hands be tied with ropes so that even when the urge was strongest I could do nothing in my defense, and that was such burning pain that I often thought that my limbs had been hewn away, all the way to my body, this from the cutting and shooting fears that I continuously felt.

Once I had such agony from the suffering I just described. The nails were grimly fused into my flesh. As the time of nones approached I said, "Lord, am I crucified with you?" And the answer came: "You are crucified with me so that your crucifixion will make my crucifixion bud and gloom in the hearts of the people, for whom it has become dead and forgotten." Amen.