

Books of Terror

Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think

By Marilyn Hughes

Based on the Visions of Mary Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilyn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

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- Issue Seven – Sikh Mystical Theology, Conversations with Guru Nanak*
- Issue Eight – Zoroastrian Mystical Theology, Conversations with Charles William King*
- Issue Nine – Bahai Mystical Theology, Conversations with Bahaullah*

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From the Visions of Mary Hughes

Edited and Rewritten by Marilyn Hughes

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Beware

The purpose of this journey is not to present a well balanced view of humanity, but to take you directly into the heart of only one aspect - the evil within. We make no apologies for this, as this is its sole purpose; to allow mankind to see that which lurks beneath hidden sin and thereby give everyone who dares to enter into these gates a second chance. What is this second chance? To see what sin looks like in its truth and allow another choice before it's too late for the remedy.

"The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Joseph Conrad: Under Western Eyes, Part II [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)

Spiritual Warfare

Rhema Scroll

It is written Eph 6:10-18 I do not battle against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual host of wickedness in heavenly realms. So I will take my stand and put on the Full Armor of God.

Romans 12:21 I will not be overcome by evil, but will overcome evil with good

Luke 10:19 for I have been given power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy. Isaiah 54:17 And no weapon formed against me shall prosper. Romans 16:20 And my God will crush Satan under my feet.

Romans 8:37 I am more than a conqueror, through Him who loved me Joshua 1:9 So I will be strong and courageous, never terrified never discouraged, because my God is with me. Psalm 91:5 I will not fear the terror of night, nor the arrow that flies by day. Psalm 119:114 because my God is my shield and my refuge.

Mark 16:17 and in the name of Jesus I will drive out demons. Lev 26:8 Five of us shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of us shall put ten thousand to flight, and our enemies shall fall by the sword before us. Deut 28:7 When my enemies come against me one way, they shall flee before me seven ways. Esther 9:1 And

on the day my enemies hope to overpower me, the opposite will occur and I will overpower them. 1 John 4:4 for He who is in me, is greater than he who is in the world. 1 Cor 15:57 Thanks be to God, who give me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ. Luke 20:43 God will make His enemies a footstool for his feet. Mal 4:3 and the wicked shall be ashes under the soles of my feet

1 John 5:4 for whoever is born of God overcomes the world 2 Cor 2:11 so no advantage will be gained over me by Satan; for I am not ignorant of his schemes. Eph 4:27 I will not give the devil a foothold. 2 Cor 10:3-5 The weapons I fight with are not carnal, but powerful in demolishing strongholds so I will take captive every thought and make it obedient unto Christ. 1 Sam 17:47 The battle belongs to the Lord

Heb 13:5 and my God will not leave me nor forsake me Romans 8:31 so if God is for me who can be against me Prov 21:31 surely Victory rests with the Lord. In Jesus Name, **It is Finished**

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INTRODUCTION

PREPARATION FOR THE BOOKS OF TERROR

"If you are to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness."

Marilynn Hughes

Marilynn's Vision:

It was an ordinary night, but one which would remain etched in my memory as a dim recollection of that which was to come.

The Blessed Virgin Mary was portrayed in my view as if in statuesque form. But her arms, head and upper body were flailing backwards in pain as seven swords pierced her heart. Her eyes looked off into the distance with pain and almost a sense of shock. It was the look you see on the face of a dying man, the moment they realize that death has come to them and there is nothing they can do.

But in the case of the Blessed Virgin, she was in shock about the state of humanity and she was pierced by the seven swords which represented the

seven deadly sins.

Although it is a common symbol of the Blessed Virgin Mary to be pierced by Seven Swords, which represent the Seven Dolor's or Sorrows of Mary, I knew interiorly these seven swords at present were symbolic of those seven deadly sins. The Seven Dolor's of Mary include 1.) The Prophecy of Simeon, 2.) The Flight into Egypt, 3.) The Loss of the Child Jesus, 4.) The Meeting of Jesus and Mary on the Way of the Cross, 5.) The Crucifixion, 6.) Jesus Body Struck by a Lance and Taken down from the Cross and 7.) The Burial of Jesus.

But the Seven Deadly Sins included Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice and all the disorders which branch off of these vices.



Noticing my presence for just a moment, the Blessed Virgin pointed to a pile of old books that were stacked neatly next to her. They were the writings of St. Francis of Assisi and they were profoundly important and holy.

In my heart, I couldn't help but think why St. Francis of Assisi would be so important in this journey for which we were about to embark. But then it dawned on me. St. Francis was a horrific sinner in his youth, much like the world of today. But God touched his life and made him into one of the greatest saints of all time. Few know his story, so allow me to begin by telling you how his life began. We will leave how his life ended for a later moment. As is related by Thomas of Celano, one of St. Francis of Assisi's earliest biographers (From *St. Francis, The Saint - Early Documents*, 3 Volumes, Edited by Regis J. Armstrong, O.F.M., Cap. J.A. Wayne Hellmann, O.F.M, Conv., William J. Short, O.F.M.):

"In the city of Assisi, which is located in the confines of the Spoleto valley, there was a man named Francis. From the earliest years of his life his parents reared him to arrogance in accordance with the vanity of the age. And by long imitating their worthless life and character he himself was made more vain and arrogant."

Thomas of Celano continues by talking about the times in which Francis was raised and how the youth were almost guaranteed to be born into sin and misery by the nature of their upbringing:

"But even when the children advance a little more in

age, they always fall into more ruinous actions by their own choice . . . But when they begin to enter the gates of adolescence, what sort of individuals do you imagine they become? Then, without question, flowing on the tide of every kind of debauchery, since they are permitted to fulfill everything they desire, they surrender themselves with all their energy to the service of outrageous conduct. For having become slaves of sin by a voluntary servitude, all the members of their body display the weapons of iniquity, and displaying nothing of the Christian religion in their own lives and conduct, they content themselves with just the name of Christian. These wretched people generally pretend that they have done more wicked things than they actually have, so that they do not appear despicable by seeming innocent."

And finally, Thomas of Celano, one of St. Francis of Assisi's closest confidante's, friends and defenders of his sainthood and sanctity throughout his life and beyond his death, had this to say about St. Francis of Assisi during his youth and early adulthood:

"This is the wretched early training in which that man whom we today venerate as a saint - for he truly is a saint - passed his time from childhood and miserably squandered his time almost up to the twenty fifth year of his life. Maliciously advancing beyond all of his peers in vanities, he proved himself a more excessive inciter of evil and a zealous imitator of foolishness. He was an object of admiration to all, and he endeavored to surpass others in his flamboyant display of vain accomplishments: wit, curiosity,

practical jokes and foolish talk, songs, and soft and flowing garments."

For this reason, I believed, the Blessed Virgin had showed me the books written by St. Francis of Assisi. Because the journey upon which we are about to partake is one of deep and grievous seriousness. But the life of St. Francis shows us that no matter how deep the sin, the mercy of God is deeper still.

As you read through the pages of what is to come, you must remember that this truth of St. Francis of Assisi's life was not the final word from God on how this soul would live.

Again in the words of Thomas of Celano:

"Then the Lord looked down from the heavens and for the sake of His own name He removed His own anger far from him, and for His own glory He bridled Francis's mouth so that he would not perish completely. The hand of the Lord was upon him, a change of the right hand of the Most High, that through him the Lord might give sinners confidence in a new life of grace; and that of conversion to God he might be an example."

St. Francis of Assisi would eventually give up the world, followed by a stringent life of poverty, love of God and a hatred for sin. In the end, he received the first known stigmata of Our Lord while praying on a mountain, the wounds of Christ, wherein he was pierced by a seraph in his two hands, his two feet and in his side.

But the story of how this came to be is quite

unknown to modern man. Not because it is unavailable, but because of lack of interest.

Suddenly, my soul was soaring through time and space and I was taken to a random Catholic Church. Shocked by what I saw, I was immediately placed in the vicinity of a Director of Religious Education who was speaking to another person insisting that the seven deadly sins (Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice) were not mentioned in the Catechism of the Catholic Church. In this person's mind, as I could hear it, was a true belief that the seven virtues and seven deadly sins were superstitious and out dated. I was shocked.

A young and very beautiful girl was sitting in a corner of the back room of this church with her head in her hands weeping silently. A television screen was constantly being displayed in front of her wherein she had to watch herself obsess about her beauty and vanity over and over again until it made her sick. As she began to silently weep, she also began to realize that to be judged alone on the way you look was empty and harsh. It held no meaning.

I again looked over at this religious teacher in shock, but could do nothing as I was here only as an observer this eve. But I have provided you with a small portion from 'The Catechism of the Catholic Church' on Sin provided by the Vatican Archive in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.

The following night, my spirit embarked upon a major demonic attack. Without my foreknowledge a powerful dark force entered my home and I was paralyzed and held tight to my bed. I experienced absolute terror because I knew I was completely helpless in this moment to help my children as this

force had me completely bound and my children were sleeping down the hallway.

Since I was unable to speak, I had only my heart to pray to the Lord Jesus Christ for help which I did with vehement distress.

Suddenly, and without adieu, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared along with the Blessed Virgin Mary almost like porcelain statues at about eight feet in height. Jesus held my son while the Blessed Virgin held my daughter. Fire broke out and began to rage through the spiritual ethers in response from the demonic forces to their coming. But the Lord and His mother fled the building with my children to safety. I followed as the paralysis was quickly relieved due to the power of Christ.

We were safe. And before us was now a very peaceful and unusual procession. The casket of St. Francis of Assisi was being borne upon a dirt road in front of us. We watched the peaceful procession and felt the holy awe in being allowed to witness such a historic moment.

It again reminded me of the harrowing tale of St. Francis of Assisi's life and how the Lord led him out of great sin to become one of the greatest saints of all time.

From Thomas of Celano's Accounts of St. Francis of Assisi's Life (From St. Francis, The Saint - Early Documents, 3 Volumes, Edited by Regis J. Armstrong, O.F.M., Cap. J.A. Wayne Hellmann, O.F.M, Conv., William J. Short, O.F.M.):

"That man was still boiling in the sins of youthful heat, and his unstable time of life was driving him

without restraint to carry out the laws of youth. At the very time when he, not knowing how to become tame, was aroused by the venom of the ancient serpent, the divine vengeance, or rather the divine anointing, came upon him. This aimed first of all, at recalling his erring judgment by bringing distress to his mind and affliction to his body, according to that prophecy: *Behold I will hedge up your path with thorns, and I will stop it with a wall.*"

Thomas of Celano continues later thus:

"He wondered at the sudden change in himself, and considered those who loved these things quite foolish. From that day he began to regard himself as worthless and to hold in some contempt what he had previously held as admirable and lovable, though not completely genuinely. For he had not yet been freed from the bonds of vanities nor had he thrown off from his neck the yoke of degrading servitude. It is difficult to leave familiar things behind, and things once instilled in the spirit are not easily weakened."

Despite this, Thomas of Celano states:

"Thus Francis still tried to avoid the divine grasp."

But later:

"One who had struck him with the rod of justice visited him in a vision during the night in the sweetness of grace . . . He was burning inwardly with a divine fire, and he was unable to conceal outwardly the flame kindled in his soul. He repented that he had

sinned so grievously and that he had offended the eyes of majesty. While his past and present transgressions no longer delighted him, he was not yet fully confident of refraining from future ones."

Shortly thereafter:

"One day, when he had invoked the Lord's mercy with his whole heart, the Lord showed him what he must do. He was filled with such great joy . . . People thought he wanted to get married, and they would ask him: 'Do you want to get married, Francis?' He replied: 'I will take a bride more noble and more beautiful than you have ever seen, and she will surpass the rest in beauty and excel all others in wisdom.'"

This bride he spoke of was 'Lady Poverty' whom he served for the remainder of his life and wrote beautiful canticles in her honor. Even the local priests were unconvinced of St. Francis's conversion, because he had been such a notorious sinner.

And yet, with such a difficult start, the life of St. Francis commenced to become that which was so holy that Pope Innocent IIIrd had this to say about him later in life:

"Walking towards the man covered in mud lying prostrate on the floor before him, Pope Innocent IIIrd looked him straight in the eye and related a dream he had the night before which he shared had left him feeling disquieted. Sleeping on a bed, he saw himself with a tiara on his head. The Lateran Basilica, a church, was tilted to one particular side at an angle,

dangerously close to collapse. But in his dream, a little beggar, a monk, leaned against the pillars of the church with his shoulder. And this little mud-covered man wearing rags held up the Church and kept it from collapsing. The man, Pope Innocent IIIrd said, was Francis."

Fascinating Figures in World Religion: An Overview, By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2009

In the spirit of the exhortation in order to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness; a recounting of this life is available in full in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.



As we continue forward into this book of terrors, again I ask you to ponder the reality that in order to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness.

The Books of Terror is a journey into the heart of sinful mankind, and it is meant to scare you straight, but not scare you away.

Because as the life of St. Francis of Assisi and so many other saints shows us, the mercy of God is more powerful, deep and greater than the snares of the devil. And as you face these snares, and perhaps even see yourself in them, do not be frightened away.

The Lord is a deep sea of forgiveness and might. Any sin you hold within you is weaker than the mercy of God which can overcome it.

But again, you must understand the illness before you can understand the remedy.

We return now to my visions.

The waters were coming and Mary and I were desperately gathering the ancient sacred texts and moving them to a safe place wherein they could not be harmed by the onslaught of the demonic storms to come. But we had to move quickly because the entry of one we had not yet faced was upon us. We knew it not, but it was coming, and the waters and the floods were only a foreshadowing of this foreboding arrival.

We were to receive a consolation before this was to come.

Pope John Paul the II walked quietly into the room after we had safely stashed the ancient sacred texts below ground. Appearing very humbly in the clothing of a regular man, he was wearing a white shirt and tan pants. As he entered our home, he immediately walked over to an image we have of the Blessed Virgin Mary wearing the Crown of Coronation and holding her infant son, identically crowned. He looked at this image for a very long time, and then he quietly walked around the house

and looked at other religious images. Smiling quietly, he then left without ever saying a word.

And then it came without warning and the battle was upon me.

Alone and in a mansion filled with riches and worldly honor, I came across a demon I had never yet seen. Known as the Lord Demon, this creature was horrific in appearance and could appear to a human being as either a man or a woman of elegant stature and wealth. The Lord Demon is the demon of greed, wealth and most importantly self-intelligence.

One of the highest level demons in this world, I was immediately made to know that it was the Lord Demon who held control of almost every soul on this earth. And those who were under his control were damned.

Jesus spoke to me about this demon in very serious tones and gestures. The most common demon among men and women today, the Lord Demon was so sneaky, manipulative and powerful in his wretchedness, he had the ability to convince even Christians that the idea of hell or that we could lose our soul was pure 'silliness.' Another tactic was his ability to make people feel 'too smart' or 'too evolved' for Jesus Christ. How simple a ruse, how common a demand of the modern world?

But I was not here just for information. This Lord Demon had already taken the soul of someone I loved dearly, and he was now actively seeking the possession of my two younger children, Mary among them.

As I fought for my children, they would randomly disappear through the power of his suggestions. I ran and ran after them and was able to

save them over and over again, but only because they were small enough to still listen to one such as myself. The other soul who was lost was at the age of reason, an adult, and would no longer listen. This soul was already gone.

But allow me to again remind all of you the simplicity of how easily this soul completely under the sway of one of the most powerful demons in hell, the Lord Demon, could regain her redemption. All this soul had to do in order to obtain full mercy was to humble herself and fall on her knees in repentance and ask for forgiveness of the Lord.

Yes, the depths of despair and darkness you are about to hear about are frightening, horrifying and shocking. But the depths of the mercy of God are hopeful, ecstatically beautiful and equally shocking.

All that soul would have to do is turn back to Jesus Christ, ask for forgiveness, and allow Him to take her the rest of the way. Remember this admonition as you enter into the books of terror. Mercy is freely given to those who humble themselves before the Lord and ask.

But I could not reach this soul because she had surrounded herself with others possessed by the Lord Demon who were proud. And they were also loud, noisy and impossible to reach.

Sadly watching as an old woman was dragged into hell, I was told that she had lost her faith because she had gotten so old that God no longer appeared logical to her. It was easy under such circumstances for the Lord Demon to take control of her and drag her to her own ruin.

My spirit had been taken into an assembly of souls who were all attached to this other young girl

who was completely beholden to the Lord Demon, but could easily save herself if she so chose.

But all those in the room were in a similar predicament. Their own self-intelligence, which was the hallmark of the Lord Demon, had dragged them into this state wherein they didn't understand or believe in the power of Jesus Christ. And this was their downfall because most of them were Christians.

Remember that Jesus Christ said He would rather spit out lukewarm Christians. He would rather you be hot or cold.

The Lord came upon me in a mighty gale wind and said 'SPEAK.' But it was difficult to speak because there was so much energy in the room against the Lord Jesus Christ. But I pushed and pushed against the demonic energy in the room which held all of these - most of whom considered themselves Christian - to speak for Christ against the blasphemy that they had taken upon themselves and dared to call it 'Christianity.'

But as I overcame the energy which pushed against the will of God, I said the words that Jesus Christ demanded to be spoken, "The Lord Demons control almost ALL of you and you are damned because of them." Let me repeat this, so that all understand. The Lord Demons control almost all of humanity, and those controlled are damned because of them.

Continuing to speak, the Lord Jesus spoke through me again, "People think dying is the worst thing that can happen to them, it is actually eternal damnation."

As I began to say such things, many of the people began to scatter and leave. Such words were

just too superstitious for them to bear.

But Jesus continued to speak through me and said, "The Lord Demons go after all of you but especially the weak; the physically weak because they are more likely to fall into anger against God and it becomes easy to take them, but they also go after the spiritually lazy."

The final words to the crowd were intended to shock them, "If you do not have Jesus Christ in your life, you will go to hell." Even I was shocked at the words coming out of my mouth, but you have to again remember that those in the room were self-proclaimed Christians. These were not people who had been born into other world religions around the globe who may have never heard of or truly known Jesus Christ. The Lord knows these people, He knows their hearts.

He was speaking to those who knew Jesus Christ, but had chosen to create their own doctrines, doctrines which tickled their ears. One of the women who I knew to be a practicing Catholic came up to me and said, "I don't believe that." Jesus approached her through me without any hint of diminishing power. "If you do not embrace Jesus Christ in this life, you will be damned."

She looked confused, disoriented, but it was over.

"'God created us without us: but he did not will to save us without us.' To receive his mercy, we must admit our faults. 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will

*forgive our sins and cleanse us from all
unrighteousness."*

The Catechism of the Catholic Church, Part III, Section I, Chapter 1, Article 8,
#1847

Awaking upon my bed in a later vision, I saw the hag demon sitting at the foot of my bed. She was a large fat woman with gray hair grown all the way to her buttocks. Covered in dark moles and pock marks, she was hideous to look upon and looked like a witch. The hag is a well-known demon who enjoys sucking the life out of any weakened host, and I had been sick. She looked victorious and gleeful in her belief that she was almost about to succeed in bringing about my demise.

Looking at her from the corner of my eye, I didn't wish to give her the impression I was regaining in strength. I thought it would be fun to surprise her so I continued acting half dead.

Suddenly I sprung up and attacked her mercilessly. Physically beating her to a pulp, I then said, "And in the name of Jesus Christ, I send you back to hell . . . and don't come back." Instantly, the hag was gone.

Moments later, my spirit was sitting in a church listening to a Latin Mass. The priest quietly and calmly placed a robe over my back, some kind of sacramental overlay. I nodded in acknowledgement of the gift.

Weeks later, my father passed away unexpectedly. As he had led a questionable life, I felt concern for his soul and prayed for his repose.

Coming to me in the night, my father immediately asked me an unexpected question which reminded me of something I'd been told years before.

He asked, "Who is Padre Pio? Can you tell me more about him?" I was immediately surprised, because my father had been a Mormon. He knew nothing about Padre Pio, and had never heard of him during his life.

"Why do you ask this, father?" I inquired. "I ask because this man came at the moment of my death to argue for the salvation of my soul. And I don't know who he is."

At that moment, I remembered when Padre Pio had come to me years ago. He had told me that he had accepted my entire family as his spiritual children. I knew that he had come to the defense of my father because of that promise, and I was in awe. Padre Pio had said before his death, "I will ask the Lord to let me remain at the threshold of Paradise and I will not enter until the last of my spiritual children has entered." For your edification, I have included the story of Padre Pio's life in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.



After explaining the stories of St. Padre Pio to my father, he showed me the markings on his body from the embalming process and then we entered into the purgatorial realm which he had entered due to his own compatibilities.

Disturbing to say the least, my father had entered in a realm which could compare to some of the most vicious cities in the United States. It was like a bad part of town mixed with a biker bar and the energy was horrific. But I noticed that my father was perfectly comfortable here because in his life he had abandoned his family for over thirty years and entered into this world of violence and drugs on the bad side of town. It made sense that he was compatible to it, but it was still upsetting to see.

And after all, I was profoundly grateful that Padre Pio had insured his salvation despite the fact that he was now in a fairly lower portion of the purgatorial spectrum.

My eyes were almost begging him as I spoke. "Father . . ." I said, "I know this seems very comfortable to you right now. But there is so much more attainable in the Kingdom of God. There are higher things for you to attain to, and I would like to help pray you there. If I do this, will you consider that possibility? Will you try?"

Appearing a bit confused as he had never seen those higher realms, he said, "Yes, I will be open to this." The spirit wind was pulling me quickly away, as my soul was not compatible to remain any longer in this place.

After praying fervently for him and asking others to do the same, nearly two weeks later, I entered into what initially seemed a terrifying sight.

We were back at the funeral mystically and my father's casket was rumbling. It appeared that it was about to break open. But I was the only one able to see the tremors and stirrings within the casket walls.

The family and the funeral home attendants were in a hurry to get the burial over with and ignored my pleas of help when I noticed the casket break open and looked upon my father's body and saw his lips begin to move. "I don't think my father is still dead, his lips are trying to move." I said to the woman who was in charge of his burial.

She couldn't see this and ignored my words. My father's body remained as that of an adult but became the size of a baby. He continued trying to speak and his body started growing back to the size of an adult and morphing into a younger age. But no one saw this but me.

The rest of the funeral party took the casket off for burial and it was as if I was experiencing this separately and apart from the quick burial they were hoping to accomplish. This was not out of disrespect for him, just that they didn't understand what was happening.

Suddenly, my father emerged from his casket as a young man of about thirty years. He wore a white shirt and black pants and sat upon the pier that had moments before held his casket. It lay now in shattered wood all around the pier. He was radiant and smiling.

An angel entered the room and said, "What do you do about a man who abused and abandoned his family for his entire life?" He asked.

Looking at the burial party who had quickly finished burying the alternative casket, he said, "You

could bury him quickly and get it over with." Pausing for effect, he then looked over at my resurrected father and said, "Or you can let him try again." I could feel the joy in my father's heart that he was being given a chance to try again.

"Now that he has experienced the personal resurrection, he will visit the purgatory you saw no more. His purgatory will now be to look over his grandchildren with the care he neglected to look over his own. But he has been given a great blessing in that he can make up for that which was lacking in his life, and ascend to the Father when he has completed this work."

My father's eyes were filled with happiness; he had seen something higher and was willing to work to attain to it. And he was profoundly grateful that he'd been allowed to try again.

I smiled at him as my spirit was pulled away.

But it was only to wander into what would be the preamble to the books of terror.

Hovering over the soul of a man who was devoutly practicing his Catholic faith, he was being tempted by a female succubus demon who was on his bed doing disgusting sexual acts to lure him into her web of deceit. An angel appeared at his side, and asked, "Would you have sex with her?" He said, "Oh, but that would be vanity and lust." The angel didn't flinch. "If you could get away with it, would you have sex with her?" Without a moment's pause, he said, "Yes." The angel looked into my eyes, and I looked back. I understood.

Mankind required a deeper and more profound purification than that which they were seeking. We did not 'get it. We were lost.

And in a finale which wrenched my soul in a way I can never describe, I was taken to my son. Experiencing a previous lifetime during the French Revolution, he was about to be beheaded; executed - for nothing. But his executioners had granted me a final grace to hold him, hug him and caress my son.

He didn't appear as he would have in the time of the French Revolution, but as he did now at the age of ten, a beautiful innocent and holy child.

As I held him, he didn't know the fate that was coming. And I was forbidden to speak of it. I caressed his shoulders and held his holy body so close to mine. I loved this child, this soul, with all of my heart. There was nothing more sacred to me.

And it hit me as I held him the profound violence and defilement that was about to be done unto this perfect body which was created by God. I was given to see the twisted and satanic logic that allowed for humanity to think that they were being honorable in letting a mother touch her child for the very last time before they themselves inflicted the most evil and heinous acts of violence upon him.

This body I held in my hands became the body of Christ, and the heinous nature of what they were about to do to Him made me flinch with horror and disgust; that they in some way felt that they could do this, and they had the right to do it.

The violent, disgusting, twisted nature of the human mind became known to me. And the horrific nature of the blasphemed body of humankind perpetuated by their sinful nature made me physically sick. I was puking everywhere.

And in my illness, I held onto my son and refused him to the executioners. And looking into

their eyes, I saw the Lord Demon so self-intelligent and remarkably violent and cruel. In his absolute and unholy self-intelligence, he believed in his own cruel violence. His own mind convinced him that what he wanted to do was just and honorable, and it was in all truth sickening and horrific, a blasphemy to not only this human life and individual soul, but to the body of Christ Himself.

This 'violence' that they wished to perpetuate upon my child was symbolic not only of the horrific and truly literal physical violence which mankind perpetuates upon one another every single day around the world through random violence and war, but it was the sickening violence of vice, sin, lust, vanity, self-intelligence and DAMNATION which was pushed and shoved upon every child born to this world through the ignorant eyes of men who refused to see themselves as what they had become.

And I refused him . . . I stood before that Lord Demon and I said, "You will take our children no more, you blaspheming, unholy apparition of Satan's delusional glory."

And as I quietly walked away fully expecting the violent wrath of those who stood there in their unholy self-righteousness to come upon us, they looked defeated. Because in their hearts, they knew . . . they knew that every word of these books of terror was true . . . and every sin, stain, and blasphemy surrounds each and every one of us today. And even more, is within us . . .

They could no longer deny what they were, and they bowed their heads in shame.

So as you embark on these 'Books of Terror' entering into the gates of hell don't you quench in

fear. Don't you dare be scared away. It's time for all of us to be scared straight.

You will never understand the remedy, until you understand the illness.

So look at it, and look at it closely. You MUST look . . . and as you do the eternal answer. The illness is unrecognized sin, the remedy is the mercy of Jesus Christ. Call for it and ask . . . and you shall receive.

And then when you see yourself and others in these pages, remember Jesus Christ's yoke is easy and His Burden is light. How easy is the mercy of God?

Go after it now . . . time's a wasting.

"You see what you are of yourself, but do not be frightened at this. If I were to reveal to you the whole misery that you are, you would die of terror. However, be aware of what you are. Because you are such great misery, I have revealed to you the whole ocean of My Mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press 1987]

"Pray for souls that they be not afraid to approach the tribunal of My mercy. Do not grow weary of praying for sinners. You know what a burden their souls are to My Heart. Relieve my deathly sorrow; dispense My mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press 1987]

"Oh, how much I am hurt by a soul's distrust! Such a soul professes that I am Holy and Just, but does not believe that I am Mercy and does not trust in my goodness . . . Proclaim that mercy is the greatest attribute of God. All the works of My hands are crowned with mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press
1987]

***"The flames of mercy are burning Me-clamoring to be
spent."***

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press
1987]



Prepare Carefully to Enter:

Books of Terror

By Marilyn Hughes
Based on the Visions of Mary Hughes



The Gates of Hell
(By Rodin)



St. Michael the Archangel

The St. Michael Prayer

*Saint Michael, the Archangel,
Defend us in the battle.
Be our protection against the
wickedness
And snares of the Devil.*

*Rebuke him O God, We suppliantly
beseech thee,
And do then O Prince of the
Heavenly Host,
Drive into Hell, Satan and all other
evil spirits,
Who wander through the world,
Seeking the ruin of souls.*

Amen.



BOOK OF THE POWER OF GOD

Mary's Vision:

Many years ago at the age of about five, I encountered Jesus Christ for the first time. After having gone into a deep sleep, my spirit sat up in bed although my body was physically asleep. A bright light was coming through my window and towards me with great fervor. Scrambling back in fear, the

light hit me and forced me to the backboard of my bed.

Flying past me very rapidly, it stopped almost suddenly. Dividing and separating, it left a figure of light standing right in front of me. And within moments it became very clearly my most beloved Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Angels were surrounding his heavenly form.

Although Jesus didn't speak, his silent smile spoke everything. His hands were upon me and it would now begin. Then He disappeared.

"To be without Jesus is the torment of Hell, but to be with Him is the joy of paradise. If you have Jesus there is nothing an enemy can do to you."

The Imitation of Christ, Thomas A. Kempis, Saint Joseph Edition, [© Catholic Book Publishing Co. 1985-1977] (Book 2, Chapter 8)





BOOK OF HELL ON EARTH

Mary's Vision:

Standing in a tan room, my mother appeared to me as a young girl. She had long flowing black hair that glistened in the sunlight and flowed with the rhythm of the wind. Looking at my surrounding, I saw many old pictures of a multitude of souls that my mother had saved throughout her life during battles against Satan. Her heart was full of mercy, but it was a hidden strength which gave her the power to fight when a soul was in need of Christ.

Following her through a populous city, I saw that it was filled with the demons of lust, hate, adultery, and murder. These horrifying creatures roamed the streets and were characterized by

symbols of all that is foul; blood, pus, stench, slithering creatures, rot, decay, dead men's bones and more. These horrific images upon them were the result of their sins. Flesh hung from their beaks and blood prints were left behind each step they took. When one of them would take hold of another soul, the sky and land would only turn darker, and the blood of the ever-increasing many lost to Hell flooded the streets.

My mother stood strong, continuing forth without wavering despite the fact that Hell surrounded us. The world had become a Hell, and was so ensconced in sin and vice that it was nowhere close to ascending from its pathetic state.

"Tell me not of the fire and the worm, and the blackness and darkness of hell. To my terrified conscience there is hell enough in this representation of it, that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable and abandoned and reckless as to principle, and depraved as to morals, the one common eddy where all things that are polluted and wretched and filthy are gathered together."

Joseph Beaumont [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Hell)

Continuing our journey, we were now walking towards a church which represented many churches in the world. Unexpectedly, it blended right in to the blood and stench of the hellish world in which it was surrounded. It did not stand out, nor did it bear any unusual light which would have been expected. I was so saddened by this. Like the rest of the buildings in the hell which had become earth; blood and flesh of souls and former believers rotted in the hot and

wretched darkness of the city. The statue which would normally be placed in the grotto had been replaced by flesh and bones of the dead and lost.

Continuing forward, my mother and I entered the church. We soon stood on the Choir Loft looking down on the people of our small congregation. I stared in horror as I realized that they were no longer people. Each and every one in the congregation was possessed and had become flesh-eating and soul conquering minions of Satan. They each were fighting and devouring each other, the commotion was disgusting and blood and flesh flew and landed everywhere; on the altar, the statues and the tabernacle. Hell had completely taken over everyone.

Even the souls of the seemingly innocent elderly women and young children were completely overcome by evil. My mother saw my horror and began to work.

Lifting up her hands and arms, she held them over the congregation. As she did so, light poured over the Hell that had formed inside the church. The demons fell into the mist and disappeared into an abyss of Hell. Light was restored to the church, but it would only last for a moment because this was only a temporary remedy.

For most of the members of this congregation, the relief would not last because of their own interior vices and the subsequent demonic entry which that would inevitably allow.

Unfortunately, this was apparently the fate of many people in our world. So many had fallen away from Christ and could not even see it. Their doctrines had become so diluted, that they followed a demonic doctrine and called it 'Christianity.' But they had been

deceived by a world ensconced in relativistic and self-intelligent beliefs. Humankind had lost true faith to a belief in their superior status as a generation of people who had far surpassed their ancestors in technology and scientific advancement.

Therefore, they had lost the simple and honest faith of their forbearers' and grasped onto a self-worship which gave every Christian the right to define Christianity according to their own terms. Which in their minds was superior because they had a profoundly more advanced understanding of superstition and faith, human nature and desire - and in their own self-perceived wisdom, they were able to redefine morality and Christianity according to their own particular vices. And none were the wiser.

This blindness had guaranteed for them their fate; and it was Hell. Salvation was right at their fingertips but they refused to accept their only hope which was Jesus Christ.

Beyond this, I realized that it was important for me to see very clearly that this status of the earth having turned into a blood-red thirsty hell was not the doing of God. It was all the doing of people, those who chose their own intelligence above that of God.

God was present in every moment, unless He was asked to leave. And this could be done in a very literal sense, or in a very unconscious manner. If a soul chooses to engage in serious sin knowing that it is wrong, they are unconsciously asking God to leave their presence.

Once the Lord was gone, He had left due to their own free and voluntary will. In a sense, they had sold themselves to Satan for the pleasures of the world or the flesh.

Even many people of the church remained in possession. The hypocrisy of their inner and external realities only made their sins graver. Satan controlled them and they were already in Hell.

"Still, Thou art hidden, O Lord, from my soul in Thy light and blessedness; and therefore my soul still walks in darkness and wretchedness. For it looks, and does not see Thy beauty. It hearkens, and does not hear Thy harmony. It smells, and does not perceive Thy fragrance. It tastes, and does not recognize Thy sweetness. It touches, and does not feel Thy pleasantness. For Thou hast these attributes in Thyself, Lord God, after Thine ineffable manner, who hast given them to objects created by Thee, after their sensible manner; but the sinful senses of my soul have grown rigid and dull, and have been obstructed by their long listlessness."

Saint Anselm of Canterbury [The Soul Afire: Revelations of the Mystics, Edited by H.A Reinhold] (The Blinded Soul)

Leaving the scene, the demons surrounded us as we exited the church, but my mother and the Lord made certain that I was not harmed.

My mother returned to her abode, and continued praying. All that could be done this eve had been accomplished, but it was necessary to continue to pray that more may be done in time.

"But the churchmen fain would kill their church, As the churches have kill'd their Christ."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]





BOOK OF THE WEEPING SOULS

Mary's Vision:

My spirit had been brought into a rapturous stare at an object of holy significance which stood in the mystical ethers of our home like a sentinel of the

destiny which lay before us. A container rested on a counter, within it was a clearly lit water of which I stared at in total entrancement.

Within moments, my vision was lifted to a place wherein I was seeing the future of our home - the future of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.'

Over time, our home which had always been utilized and designed as a monastery had now become a true monastery. Filled with images of Christ and the tools my mother had used in her work all her life to fulfill the mission God had given her, it was a holy place. But there was something new and unusual.

Souls from purgatory had filled the home, weeping souls who were crying out to God for assistance. They'd come to my mother's home to repent to the Lord for their sins and wrongdoings which had left them in such a pitiable state.

It was ecstatically moving to see many of them leave after having attained peace with God. Their souls were so joyful.

Many demons continually made attempts to enter into the chapel of our home, angered at the work God was doing through it, but they fought to no avail for this was holy ground. In their wicked attempts to interfere with the mercy of God, they simply disappeared and faded off into the darkness.

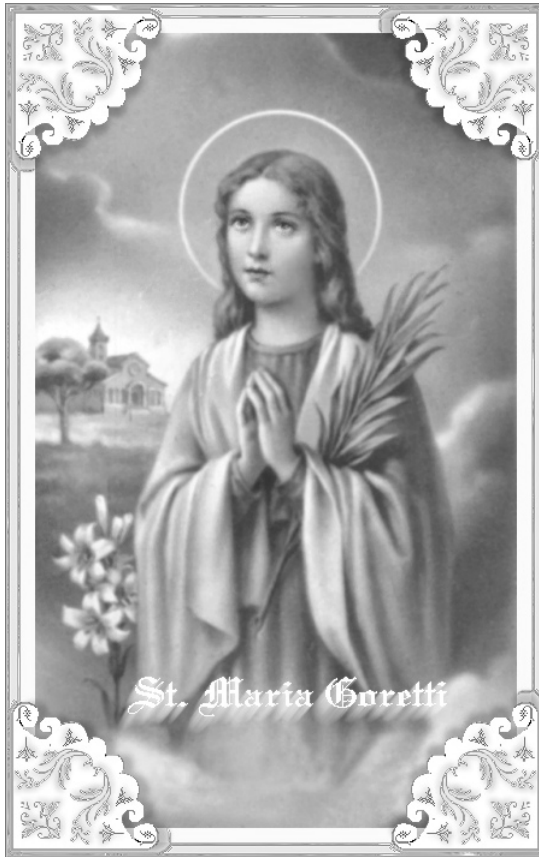
All the books and paintings which my mother had written and done throughout her life on earth rested in reliquaries. Miracles happened when they were touched. God was working through my mother's work even in her absence and I knew with certainty that God had a larger plan for 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation' even after my mother was to

leave this world. I was awestruck at the beauty that God had created, and how He had used simple, humble things to create such a holy place.

"If man had eyes to see the true beauty- the divine beauty, I mean, pure, and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life-thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty simple and divine? Remember how in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he had told not of an image but of a reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may."

Plato [The Soul Afire: Revelations of the Mystics, Edited by H.A Reinhold] (The Winged Soul)





BOOK OF THE FEAR OF DEATH

Mary's Vision:

For a moment, the Lord allowed me to bear witness to the life of a saint I had always admired. Being admitted into the presence of St. Maria Goretti, it was as if I had become her best friend for the night.

Her devotion to her family and to God was mesmerizing as I joined her in her daily duties as if I was re-enacting and living out portions of her life

with her. Every day we would sit on the porch and pray to God, supplicating Him that we would make this day for Him and His glory. Maria appreciated every day as a gift from God and cherished it.

But despite this profound love in her heart, she as the rest of us, found herself faced with the evils of the world which still surrounded her. Every day, she, too, had to fight the good fight against the principalities and powers who rule this world. And she had to do this in the faces of the people she worked with, loved, and those whom she perhaps knew were capable of harming her.

St. Maria Goretti is a saint of chastity and purity and she became this because of something horrific which happened to her. The Lord allowed me to experience the moment she had defined herself, her virtue and all that she would stand for. He allowed me to see . . .

In my vision, Maria was sewing at the bottom of a set of stairs which led into a home. Her family had been working in the fields, which Maria often did, and I was working with them. But I was somehow given the ability to work in the fields and see what was happening to Maria at the same time although we were not necessarily in close proximity.

Suddenly, a man she knew very well had come and forced her up the stairs and into the entry of the home. My spirit was no longer in the fields but following him as he forced her in through that door. Throwing her to the ground, he attempted to rape her, but she fought back repeatedly saying "No! It's a sin! No!" But he persisted and kept trying.

Before he had come to make his evil attempts to rape her, he had prepared a long rod with a blade.

Sharpening it in front of her, he used it to threaten her that if she would not submit, he would kill her in a heinous fashion. But she continued to refuse to allow him to affect her purity and chastity.

As a result, he began stabbing her repeatedly.

Silence, silence, silence . . . it was so overwhelming to listen to the silence as she bled uncontrollably and her life began to lift from her body. What was even more heinous was observing the spirits of evil which had overtaken this man, and had done so with great ease. It was horrific.

He had left her there as she continued her final agony. But in her courage to live, she had desperately tried to drag herself to the door, but still filled with the evil of his own will and the spirits of those who would profit from it, he stabbed her again. In total, he had stabbed her fourteen times.

After her injuries were discovered, she was rushed to the hospital, but she did not make it.

As she was gasping to take her last breath, she looked towards me. I quickly grabbed her hand with the urgency of the moment. Begging me to forgive him for what he had done, I took these last words of hers to heart realizing within me the power of the salvation of God, and how those who only ask for the help of God, receive it in every way, a myriad of ways, in every circumstance, to help them fulfill His will even in the midst of evil.

In the actual stories of St. Maria Goretti, it is known that she appeared to her attacker several years later in prison carrying fourteen lilies, later known as the 'Fourteen Flowers of Pardon.' She told him that she had forgiven him, and that she was praying for his salvation. Her attacker was converted to the Lord

in that very moment and became one of the greatest advocates for her cause of sainthood in his later years.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Matthew 5:44

After watching all of this, I sat weeping and feeling afraid of all the people around me. Trust had literally drained itself out of me like a strong wind in the night.

But suddenly, out of the darkness, a brilliant image began to dawn upon my soul. A bright young woman shining in white robes flew down on a cloud holding fourteen lilies in her left arm.

"Dearest Mary," she said, "you need not to worry about your death, but live in the present. Stand up for God and be strong. Do not let the fear of death be your battle. Fight for Christ and fight for His virtues." Her words etched themselves onto my memory as Maria Goretti began to disappear from the realm leaving behind a fantastic array of twinkling stars in her wake. My fear had left me, and my confidence in the will of God had filled me. There was nothing left for me to fear. My choice was clear, and I would no longer fear death, but fulfill the directive given to me by this courageous saint and seek out the virtues of God and share them with whoever might listen.

"Death to the Christian is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys."

Aughey [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Death)

"Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end."

Madam Anne Germaine de Stael: *Corinne* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Love)





BOOK OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Mary's Vision:

My spirit had embarked upon a mission wherein I had taken on the persona of a detective. After having been asleep, I awoke to find a note upon my desk which indicated to me the place and location

of a crime scene in the woods which I must needs investigate. The letter was signed 'Anonymous.'

At the time of this vision, I was about eleven years old.

Having no idea where the note came from or how it had come to be in my bedroom, I quickly prepared to go to this place.

Running deeply into the forest, I finally found the scene after much searching. A single tree stood dripping with blood which filled the cracks and crevasses, but there was no sign of any body. Searching around the tree, I found a torn velvet robe lying on the ground and scattered upon it were three iron nails and a crude crown of thorns, all dripping horrifically with blood.

Horrified, my heart began sinking as it occurred to me how much this scene reminded me of the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Calling for help, it was time to further explore the scene. "Hey, I need some help out here, I've got a pretty brutal crime scene and I need you to come out and help." Stammering into the phone, I was trying to remain calm, but in truth was shaking uncontrollably from the shock of what I had seen.

It only amplified my shock when I heard the response. "I'm sorry but we can't help you madam." The man on the other end replied.

"It's me!!" My voice accelerated in panic. "It's Mary!"

But there was no response, he had hung up, there was no help coming for this man, no human concern or compassion, no empathy . . . nothing.

Sitting down, I wept in great despair and felt the impact and the loss of the person who had died at

this crime scene. My soul was bewailing with grief, I could not contain my sorrow. I cried and cried and cried . . . and then I continued to cry some more.

Before I could contain myself or contain my tears, a gentle hand touched my shoulder. Feeling immediate and sudden peace, I couldn't help but suppress a certain fear which also accompanied those emotions.

Turning, I saw that it was Jesus Christ who had joined me at this private crime scene; a scene where no one had come to help, where someone had died a fearful and torturous death.

In his beaten and bloody hands, Jesus held the robe, nails and crown that I had just seen. Handing them towards me, I was for a moment stunned in shock as I realized He wanted to give them to me. But how could my young mind make sense of such a gesture?

Staring in wonder at His face which had been beaten and torn, I saw that the love He held for humanity overshadowed the foul scene of His suffering. It as awe-inspiring as His wounds were fresh as if they had just been inflicted, but His love was more powerful than His death. The love in his eyes took all the fear away.

Taking in my hands the robe of Jesus Christ, I gently also accepted the bloody nails and crown of thorns with great care and held them close to my heart. Weeping greatly as He gave them to me, the Lord Jesus Christ embraced me and filled me with a comfort I had never before experienced.

"My dear daughter," He whispered to me in a voice filled with kindness. "I give you these to guard for Me as your protection from harm. These will

remind you that I am always with you. I love you, my daughter. Take good care of them. They are important for the salvation of the world."

Touching my face once more, He then disappeared as a heavenly vision of the stars filled the place He had stood. Looking over towards the tree, I noticed that the blood had vanished. Peace was now filling my soul and I could tangibly feel the presence of God within me. My hope and strength was in Him. Nothing could hold me down now.

Returning to go home, I was carrying the holy gifts in reverence and honor. No barrier could hold me down now as I carried the holy gifts in reverence and honor.

Looking upon the note which had been left for me originally, it now bore the imprint, 'With Love, Jesus Christ.'

It occurred to me how love had overcome all evil and how easily we can be saved if only we call to the Lord for salvation.

"The cross is central. It is struck into the middle of the world, into the middle of time, into the middle of destiny. The cross is struck into the heart of God."

Frederick W. Norwood, *Today is Mine*, Harper & Row [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Cross)

"In the presence of the cross man dares not speculate about the degree of his goodness; rather he is at once cast down by his sin and overwhelmed by the joyous insight that God is the kinsman of the Way."

Johann Hieronymus Schroeder [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Cross)





BOOK OF THE SWORD OF SATAN

Mary's Vision:

Preparing to leave a church event, my family and I left to return home when we were suddenly faced with an ominous presence.

Two venomous and dribbling demons approached and immediately proceeded to attack the church. They were reptilian in appearance with an element of insect like features in their faces with a lichen drool which came from their fans and clenched grips.

Having survived the initial attack, my mother and father sent the three of us children to find shelter and remain hidden until the danger would be gone.

Turning to go assist the injured and those who were still in battle, they fought against the raging and increasing pathos of the beasts against the churchgoers, but it was to no avail. They were both killed in the battle, although this was a symbolic death rather than a literal one. The power of the dark side had gained so much strength in the modern world, that the battle had become profoundly treacherous. The battle for a single soul was so hard won, and to save the many had become almost impossible in the light of the sinful natures which had begun to control the minds of all worldly men. .

In a battle of principalities and powers, there is a true war. And wars can be lost by either side. There is no guarantee of victory on earth to win the battle against them, the victory of the Lord Jesus Christ remains in heaven. In the words of Mother Teresa, we are not asked to be successful, but rather faithful.

In recognizing that the world and all worldliness belonged to Satan - it is his domain - it should be assumed and adjured from that knowledge alone that it is not only possible but highly likely that many battles between principalities and powers are not won by the light. It should be understood and assumed merely from taking an honest look at the

state of humanity that Satan has won, by far, more battles in this his homeland to take over the souls of men eager to indulge themselves in his vanities, excesses and sinful pleasures.

Is there a true righteousness that is seen in the majority of the hearts of men? Or is it truer that if we looked with more vigor we would find hidden filth, destruction and deadly sin?

We continue on the premise that the latter is indeed the case, and that the pitiful state of humankind is an indication that the majority of humankind have not even begun the good fight to win a crown in heaven. The majority of souls are in such a sad state of affairs that they don't even see that they are already living within the hell of their own unseen sin.

But how is this fair, you say? If it remain unseen. It is just; God is infinitely just, because it is unseen only because of the abandonment of duty that every man has chosen to interrogate his own soul, to investigate his own actions, to form his own conscience according to the dictates of the Holy Gospel of Our Lord. It is an act of lukewarm negligence, and Jesus made it clear that He would rather you be hot or cold. Lukewarm souls He would rather spit out.

In our chosen blindness, we remain no less guilty because that blindness has been cultivated over time to assist us in honoring ourselves as Gods who may choose what is right, just and moral; thinking ourselves above the judgments of God as to what we as men should be. And we claim ignorance, when in fact we have chosen a lifestyle which honors the

master of this world (Satan) because it pleases our ears, our bodies and minds.

The ways of the Lord, we tell ourselves, are too harsh - too difficult to attain.

But this is false. For all that we must attain, the Holy Spirit effects in us when we turn our eyes towards Jesus Christ with a true will to change. The vices and sins which hold fast to our souls would be generously though patiently removed through the hard and fast mercy of the Lord who heals the souls of the damned on earth with the balm of grace and mercy.

But those who refuse this balm, remain in the same wretched state.

How do you receive this balm? You ask for it in prayer and you amend your life. You do whatever He tells you to do. And ironically, the moment a soul chooses to do whatever He tells you to do, the rest of the way is laid out for them.

It is not instant, it is never easy. Bad habits and habitual sin are difficult to break, but they are done so through the chosen will of the soul who truly repents of their misdeeds and wishes to change the path upon which they tread.

That particular change, the path, can be done instantly. The eradication of sinful natures takes time and patience, but the path can be changed in a moment of prayer before Jesus Christ begging His forgiveness and asking Him to take you the rest of the way.

And then you *must* do everything He tells you.

Along with the normal conscience which is written on the heart of every man, a soul must form his conscience by reading the Gospels and other

edifying spiritual reading well chosen. 'The Catechism of the Catholic Church' and the lives and writings of the saints form an excellent base upon which to begin and continue for a lifetime.

Almost everyone had been killed, the homes were all burned down and now a smoking ash. It was made known to me that the time had come when Satan would indeed destroy everyone and everything in his path who had succumbed to his alluring temptations.

Satan had sent the demons to destroy everyone in this community which represented all communities in the world, but he had done so here for a specific purpose. He was after my mother. He'd pursued her all of her life, trying to destroy the work of God which was coming through her hand, a work which was eternal and meant to last long after she had gone. Satan knew the power of the work to destroy what he had so hardly won, the souls of men. The destruction of my mother's work was a huge priority for him because he had foreknowledge of not only the souls who were being saved while she was alive but how it would continue beyond and become a thorn in his side for ages to come.

Fire was everywhere lining the streets. The bodies of the dead who had been defeated by the lures of Satan lay rotting as ashes and bugs flew upon the carcasses. All life and all the signs of life, the beauty of creation that God had made, were all gone. Darkness covered the skies and nothing remained but a deadly silence. There were only a few who had survived the tribulation.

Observing the bodies that lined the streets, each one of them was stabbed with the sword of

Satan which appeared as a black misted sword bearing from the head of the hideous instrument down into the bodies of the damned. The black mist filled their bodies and rose around them into the air with a heinous stench, the odor of spiritual death and damnation.

After the storms had just mildly calms, I made the decision that I would sneak out during the night to see what remained of my mother's works which had been under such brutal attack.

Despite the raging war and the senseless oblivion which had come to everything that existed and had lived in this town, the shelf of books containing my mother's work stood unharmed. Her paintings lay neatly stacked on the ground as if placed there by an angel. Although evil had conquered this town and in a sense the world; Satan was unsuccessful in destroying the work of my mother.

Taking them quickly so that I might hide and preserve them, I held them secure in our place of hiding. The forests and mountains protected us until the time of reckoning was to come.

And it came with no noise, no great celebration, it was just a moment when I had awoken with the sense that it was time to visit the ashes of what had once been our home.

Returning to the place we had once lived as if in our own monastery, only ashes remained. But I was surprised to notice that many people had come there in pilgrimage and miracles were occurring, souls were being saved from the ashes of what had once been our home.

Crowds were thickening and many of the souls who had received the blessing and mercy of Christ by revisiting the place wherein the miracle of my mother's life had been lived out, they left calmly singing hymns to the Lord Jesus Christ.

And then an unexpected turn was to greet my vision. The original two demons who had begun the war and overtaken the city came to the site. But they were no longer in the form of the demons who had lived within them and bidden their evil actions, but they were humbled men bearing their hats upon their hearts . . . weeping.

Kneeling at the pile of ash, they began to cover themselves with the ashes of what had once been our home in a fury, with a contrition and repentance that was truly remarkable. Crying out to God for forgiveness, they laid down on the ground continuing to weep.

As they came to awareness, they noticed that I was standing nearby watching all that they had just done in wonderment. Walking humbly towards me with tears remaining in their eyes and on their faces, I reached out my arms to embrace them. As we did so, the spirit of Christ filled them, and when they departed, they were now reborn and washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.

The Lord then placed upon my heart the mission to rebuild the church which had been destroyed in this battle between good and evil. All those who had attained to repentance and been saved including the two men helped to rebuild the church with the help of Almighty God.

When we were done, it had become a cathedral and my mother's books and paintings were displayed as relics.

There was a war between good and evil. And initially evil won. But God makes use of even evil, and in the end good triumphed. The cries of the lost did not go unheard, and that which had been lost was again restored.

"Mercy among the virtues is like the moon among the stars, not so sparkling and vivid as many, but dispensing a calm radiance that hallows the whole. It is the bow that rests upon the bosom of the cloud when the storm is past. It is the light that hovers above the judgment-seat."

Edwin Hubbell Chapin [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Mercy)





BOOK OF LEGION

Mary's Vision:

My soul was given to know that my mother and I were going to be taken to the home of a churchgoing man, who despite his appearance of all earthly success was plagued with a variety of demonic influences.

Following a treacherous road to the house of this man's soul, we had to travel through deep firing pits which were strewn all over the road filled with the shrieks and hisses of many numbers and varieties of demons. Blood spilled over the sides onto the road before me. Other pits lay in our path, deep bottomless ones, which had no end but infamy.

But this was very little in comparison to what we saw as we came upon his home. Demons

scratched the walls and windows all throughout the exterior of his home. When we entered the small house, demons of every variety came to observe that we had come and then would immediately take their posts in hidden places preparing for a battle.

The exteriorly devout and pious man stood at his kitchen counter making a salad for himself exhibiting no awareness whatsoever to what we had already observed and to what was to come.

But without warning, the demons who had taken their place in hiding immediately emerged with animated and propelling daggers covered in blood and the remains of many souls who remained imprisoned to the vices of each one towards us. Many of the demons began to gnaw upon the man, although he still noticed nothing.

My mother and I were instantly propelled in a true war between the powers and principalities as horrific intruders of sin emerged from above as if from the ceiling with circling whirlwinds of swords, about fifteen to a circular whirlwind, which could kill someone instantly. My mother and I were running about to and fro as if in a multiplicitous swordfight trying to protect ourselves from these swirling multitudinous swords, but there was no way not to be injured. Blood poured from our many wounds, but we endured hoping that somehow the power of God could destroy the power of this darkness - even though we were outrageously outnumbered and dealing with a soul who appeared oblivious and unwilling to receive.

But the man remained completely unaware, once in a while looking back at my mother and I as if

he was confused as to why we were jumping about and dodging things he could not see.

Staring at us in confusion, he honestly was wondering what we were doing. He was completely oblivious to the presence of a multitude, a legion, hundreds of demons living within his own home very comfortably with his permission because of his conscious participation in every single vice they represented.

But this was a man who devoutly attended church, worked in a helping profession, and didn't blatantly engage in sin, although he engaged in hidden sin. That should be good enough, right? But it was not. His heart was filled with vile destruction. In his heart was death, vice, selfishness and deadly sin.

My mother and I continued the good fight, but it was not a battle we were going to win. We were far outnumbered and his mind had already succumbed to the evil that surrounded him and he was losing his soul.

Fighting to the point of absolute exhaustion, it was of no use. We attempted to bring some conscious awareness to the man, but it never came.

Ignoring our cries to God for help, he continued to be oblivious to the war which raged around him. And on top of it, he just didn't care. As the battle was now lost, his demonic infiltration multiplied as every moment went by and hundreds more demons converged upon the place armoring up to keep their prey.

He was an easy target. Easy because he had made himself God, and decided himself what was good and evil and lived by that. Everything he had decided seemed reasonable to him and to those he

chose to associate with, as again, it was subtle, hidden sin.

These were not formidable challenges to the Ten Commandments like murder or adultery; but rather, thoughts of adultery, abusing his family, or abandonment and neglect to his duties in life. It was a neglect of others in order to serve himself. But this was the result . . . what a frightening thing to see.

As the forces multiplied, demons appeared with axes and came after my mother and I, beating and bloodying us badly. Although admitting defeat was the last thing we wanted to do, we quietly began our retreat by secretly slipping out of the home as the battle continued to rage on behind us.

We retreated, knowing the man was not receptive or capable of seeing that the demands of his nature had plunged him into total darkness and sin. And his 'good enough' was nowhere near . . . it seemed that believing that somehow our own judgments of that which is acceptable and good did not in any way coincide with the judgments of God and His commandments.

And a person who felt themselves good enough was in serious danger of damnation, because despite the devout attendance of this man at church, he refused to amend his life according to a conscience which was in desperate need of proper formation. And no human being, of himself, can form their own conscience according to their desires. That is the will of Satan, and thus doing, it makes us belong to him.

Our conscience must be formed according to the mandates of God, which is laid out in the Ten Commandments, elucidated by the Lord Jesus in the Holy Gospels and explained by the Magisterium of

the Church in the Catechism. Beyond this, the saints and mystics provide windows of light into the true requirements for each and every one of us if we are to follow true sanctity according to the mandates of the Lord.

To form a conscience based on what we think is self-intelligence. Self-intelligence is the domain of the Lord Demon. And the Lord Demon guarantees you one thing only, damnation.

We left the scene of this horrendous battle covered in blood saddened by the fact that this man was completely unreceptive to the aids of God at this moment. Nor could he be saved at this time.

"From all evil and mischief; from; from the crafts and assaults of the Devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation, Good Lord, deliver us."

The Book of Common Prayer: The Litany





BOOK OF THE DAMNED YOUTH

Mary's Vision:

"That there is a Devil is a thing doubted by none but such as are under the influences of the Devil. For any to deny the being of a Devil must be from an ignorance or profaneness worse than diabolical."

Cotton Mather: A Discourse on the Wonders of the Invisible World
[12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Standing in front of a modern Middle School which represented to me many of the same scattered about our country and our world, I was appalled at its condition. It was horrific to look upon as it had become a completely demon infested and decadent environment upon which I saw creatures of all kinds, but immediately noticed the ones who sat and fed upon the souls of students who were already in mortal sin, already had chosen damnation.

Again, I reminded myself how easily and quickly a soul could obtain the mercy of God even in such a state. But for now, I had to walk forward in a stench I could barely tolerate.

Benches were made of rotting skulls, human bones and manure. The walls of the building outside were lined with other such rotting bones covered in swarms of flies and their larvae feasting on the prey which had become so easy to devour.

Inside, spiders lined the walls, but these were not ordinary spiders. But rather, spiders of all sizes, some of them up to ten feet in diameter. Black, horrific, rotting, their clutches holding on to every soul that passed their way, their stench filled the room with a smoky mist.

It sorrows me to say that demons infested, almost without exception, every single student in the building. Scratching at their fragile and undeveloped souls, the demons left them shattering into pieces, pitted with blood, their flesh scattered all over the floors, walls and ceilings.

Specifically, the demons of lust, vanity and murder infiltrated the building and had obtained absolute and total victory.

Every single soul, every single child, was observed at a very close proximity by these demons as prey, as food. They would become the meal for these wretched and horrific creatures of the dark. Lust and Murder disguised themselves as handsome young men and women, and almost every single child had fallen prey. As they fell prey to this simple lure, Lust and Murder then held them and forced them further into complete submission until they were ready to devour them entirely.

"The Devil entangles youth with beauty, the miser with gold, the ambitious with power, the learned with false doctrine."

Henry George Bohn: *Handbook of Proverbs* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The hallways were lined with the rotting bodies or portions of bodies, and the spiders which lined the hallways in the carpets and walls then came to feed upon what remained.

Hovering outside were vultures fighting over the remains of souls that they might have for breakfast. Dried blood dripped, oozed and dried around the doors and door panels. Splattered on the windows and spider webs which hung from every corner was more human blood, the blood of souls.

Oblivious to the warfare of principalities and powers around them, the students and teachers continued watching and learning about lust and hatred with no discretion to the knowledge of virtue and love.

Whatever good was being taught was lost to the minds of the damned souls in mortal sin, because the lethargy of their damnation made them vacant.

Hearing truth was almost impossible to them, because their demonically imposed lethargy was so deep as to make them incapable of even 'hearing' that which was good.

Under complete submission to the demons, the minds of these youth fled anything of benefit or help. And outside the school, piles of skeletons lay rotting as blood of more souls being lost continually was poured upon the piles of dead men's bones. But let us not forget that these were not truly men, they were children . . .

This school which represented many in our country and our world was left with no spot which had remained clean. Not one. Poisonous bugs crawled upon the demons and leapt into the souls of those they lured. Manure lie in place of the trophies in the trophy cases which had been won in the pursuit of competition, domination and vanity.

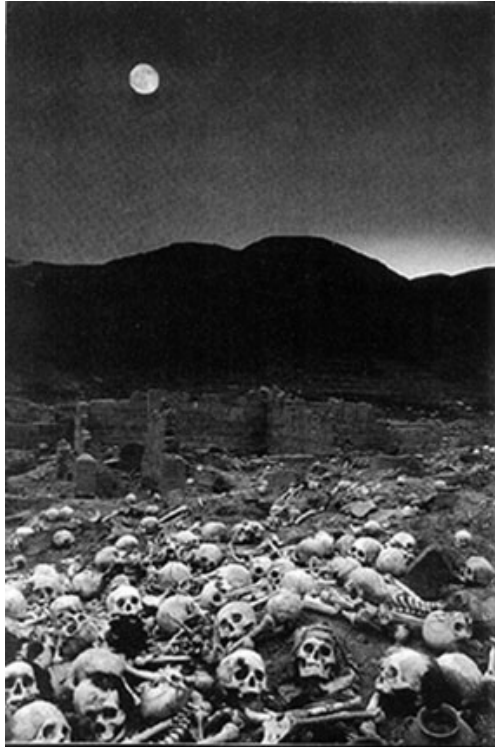
And no one cared . . .

My attempt to fight on their behalf would be of no consequence. No one could see what I was seeing, I was alone against the princes of this world. Their souls were already lost, every last one of them and the school had become a Hell realm for the Devil and his works of destruction.

"If a man were to see the seriousness of a single sin, he would rather be in a fiery furnace, and remain there alive in body and soul, than endure it within him; and if the sea were a vast fire, he would rather cast himself into the midst thereof, right to the bottom, to flee from this sin, nor would he ever go out thence if he knew that on leaving he would have the

sin within him."

Saint Catherine of Genoa [The Soul Afire, Edited By: H.A. Reinold]
(A Saint's Horror of Sin)





BOOK OF THE ETERNAL BATTLE

Mary's Vision:

Wreaking havoc on my spirit, the battles continued endlessly as the people in my life, the

youth of my era had all become demons. In my mystical visions at night, it was evident that the battle would continue ad infinitum as the battles between good and evil raged in the cafeterias, the hallways and classrooms. Surrounded by onlookers, the youth cheered the demonic students on with their plunderous assaults against any innocent or kindhearted soul. There was no relief for the good . . .

Two stepped forward to help me to defend those who were being persecuted by an immeasurable onslaught of evil, hell on earth, manifesting in our world within the hearts, souls and minds of the young.

Diminishing not one iota in their power and force, the demons fought me and the two other brave souls who stood forward with great fury. Hissing, howling and the sound of scratching, gnawing, hacking and forward on assaults continued well into the night. And finally . . . I fell.

As I lay stumbling to gather my strength, the two who had chosen to stand with me came to aid me as to their absolute terror they saw the demons multiply by the hundreds every minute. But they helped me get back up.

In an act of divine providence, a wall came down from the heavens wherein everyone present had to choose which side for which they would stand. The two who had come to fight with me initially stood in the middle. For a moment they looked at one another in terror and fear, but then suddenly arose within them a strength which could only have come from God. They ran with fury to my side, but we three stood alone.

In their mind's eye, I was given to see that they were not actually able to see the youth as I saw them. In their eyes, they were fighting against people. But I saw them in their absolute truth, as the demonic forms they had chosen to serve.

And then the angels came to our assistance . . . and fought on our behalf. Their timing could not have been poignant or appropriate as our strength was failing us. Continuing on into the night, I never saw the battle end. It continued endlessly in the heavens . . . and in the physical waking life.

And it still continues . . . the battle for the souls of the young would never end. Many souls continued to be lost in the process, a profound and great majority who fell easy prey to simple vices. For Satan, it wasn't really that difficult to win them over. Offer them a little beauty, lust, power or money and they immediately became his.

It was their own responsibility, and they stood in judgment before God for their choices. As young as they were, they had the power to discern and they were under the law of sin. Their damnation was their own fault, and not at all in accordance with the will of God. They chose it . . .

"Grant that we may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph, against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Amen."

The Book of Common Prayer: Baptism of Infants [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)





BOOK OF THE STRUGGLE OF SIN

Mary's Vision:

In the perils of the wilderness of youth, a friend and I were bidden to take a profound, perilous but profoundly important journey.

My friend wanted to take a shortcut along the way, attempting to board an airplane to make the path a bit easier for us. Knowing this was wrong; I also realized that he was refusing to listen to my pleas for reason, patience and following the proper path in order that we may fulfill the journey with correctness.

Because he would not listen, and I knew that we must not part ways, I boarded the plane with him hoping for an intervention from God which was not long in coming.

An etheric wall was placed in front of the plane in flight which immediately forced it down as the voice of God made known to our hearts that it was never acceptable in the journey of life to take shortcuts, nor was it truly possible.

Gathering ourselves, we started forth on this journey completely on foot. Struggling through the forests as we wandered through swamps and falling trees, the struggles continued and progressed as we went further.

The voice of God explained to us from above us as we walked that this journey through this treacherous wilderness was much like the journey of life. Addressing me in particular, the Lord said, "You will need to be there for your friend in his times of struggle. You will need to be there for each other."

Continuing to progress through this vast wilderness of pitfalls, water passages, mountains overlooks, swinging vines, horrific creatures and weather of all sorts both bright and perilous; we crossed over many cliffs from one phase of our life's journey into the next.

Standing at the bottom of an eighty foot high cliff which now resembled to us the great struggle

with sin in each of our lives, we began the arduous climb to attain to the top. Eventually, we did reach the top, but my friend had been profoundly weakened by the internal battle within him. Choosing to carry him, I picked him up and continued. But it was not long before he recovered and again continued walking at my side.

Struggles continued as we walked forward, but we could see something inexplicable in the distance which drew us forth.

Coming upon an open path, we saw a light of great brilliance up ahead. At this moment, we began to get anxious and began to run. A palace of shining gold lay at the end of this path where the light beckoned. In awe and wonder, we stared . . . but then walked hand in hand slowly towards it.

Entering two huge and beautiful golden doors, angels surrounded the gates and the entryway at every turn. Continuing to walk forward along a golden floor, there was someone sitting on a throne of gold ahead awaiting our entrance.

Light surrounded God on all sides Who appeared to us as an old man. Stepping down from the throne, he greeted us both with a warm and welcoming embrace.

For that moment, we felt complete peace and we knew absolute and total love. Taking my friend and I to the bottom of the throne hand in hand, He stood right in front of us with His hands over ours as light poured from them and completely enveloped the two of us. After the light enveloped us, He said, "Now go, and fight for the truth." Interiorly, we knew we had been given the task to be warriors for God.

Instantly, we were returned to earth.

In the journey of life, we are given a mission and if we do not accomplish it or refuse to accept it, we are in disobedience to God. Thereby, we are selling ourselves to the devil.

If we are wise enough to accept the mission, then we become warriors for Christ in a wide variety of fronts. Going through the struggles of life with His help is one of the many benefits of this acceptance, but the greatest gift given us for accepting Him in our lives is the gift of eternal life.

*"Now do I see that never can our intellect be sated,
unless that Truth shine on it, beyond which no truth
hath change. Therein it resteth as a wild beast in his
den so soon as it hath reached it; and reach it may;
else were all longing futile. Wherefore there springeth,
like a shoot, questioning at the foot of truth; which is
a thing that thrusteth us towards the summit, on
from ridge to ridge."*

Dante [The Soul Afire, Edited By: H.A. Reinhold] (Thrusting Towards the Summit)





BOOK OF WAR

Mary's Vision:

Living in a one room cave hewn in a mountain, those of us in the remnant who had fought to stay out of Satan's grip were living there for safety according to God's will. It had been safe there . . . and quiet, despite the warring which was continually afoot outside its doors.

Without forewarning or our knowledge, a man ran in frantically one night. Interiorly, we all knew him to be a messenger of God. He shouted, "You must get out of here! They're coming after you!"

Exiting the cave, battles were raging all around us, war was underway and thousands of people were being killed and their bodies dumped in the very mountain in which we had been hiding.

Planning to escape immediately, a messenger of God came in the night and walked us to a dock where we fled by water unseen by the forces of evil through a unique miracle of God. Fire continued to blaze inland as the land was in ruins.

It was the United States of America.

Moaning and weeping could be heard at a distance in the waters as the sounds of the damned echoed across the horizon in a haunting cacophony.

The country which had been founded upon God and His principles, had now found a new god, a false one. Satan had taken God's America for himself, and it had become hell.

"There's no repentance in the grave. There is a dreadful Hell, and everlasting pains; There sinners must with devils dwell in darkness, fire, and chains."

Isaac Watts [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet in his back wherein he puts alms for oblivion. A great-sized monster of ingratitude: These scraps are good deeds past' which are devour'd. As fast as they are made, forgot as soon as done."

William Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, Act III, sc. 3, 1, 171 [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. And to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation, under God, with liberty and justice for

all."

The American Pledge, 1776





BOOK OF THE CHOSEN FALL

Mary's Vision:

Having fallen off of the path that God had given him, my friend was wandering lost and astray as the Lord appeared to me and asked me to lead him back to the right path.

Taking a walk with my friend, I spoke of the importance of personal destiny and again began to enter deeply into the forest.

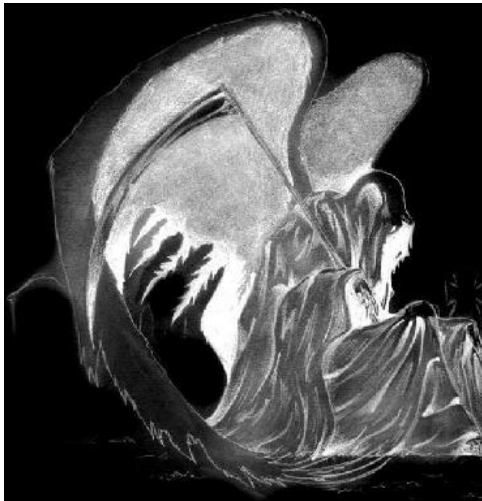
He knew he had received that destiny at the hand of God. Not all are given their destinies in such a manner. Sometimes it is given more subtly, but souls know when they have received it.

"A destiny is given to you by God as your purpose in this world." I said. "You are expected to fulfill it in your lifetime. But many people destroy their destiny. You were given a destiny and you must fulfill it. It is not too late to come back. You must try. God is depending on you."

Weeping at the sight of his wrongdoings, he continued to struggle to understand. But we finished the walk and departed.

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit. Sow a habit, and you reap a character. Sow a character, and you reap a destiny."

Charles Reade [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]





BOOK OF THE BLOOD OF SOULS

Mary's Vision:

Walking down a staircase into the nether regions, souls were forming in pools of blood which were spilling out of the walls surrounding me. A hideous and demonic voice heckled me repeatedly with these words. "There will be blood . . . Hee . . . Hee . . . Hee." Continuing to descend, I was acutely aware that a battle remained ahead.

"Therefore take unto you the armour of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: In all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all

the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God)."

The Holy Bible, Ephesians 6:13-17

Having reached the abyss, I stood before the body of a man dangling from a wood post. Weeds had grown around him. Interiorly, I knew he had been hung - his soul lured in and taken - by an evil force. Although this man was someone I knew to still be alive on earth, his soul was spiritually dead.

The heinous laughter echoed again in the distance . . .

"Ultimately, man's eternal destiny-Heaven or Hell-is determined by whether or not he acts honestly in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and whether or not he has formed his conscience properly."

Hell, Fr. F.X. Schouppe, S.J. (Chapter X, The Role of Conscience)
[Copyright 1989 By: Thomas A. Nelson]





BOOK OF THE DEATH OF THE FORMER ELECT

My spirit had been given the purpose of looking for an elect soul, one who had been profoundly touched by God. My mother and I were confounded that he had gone missing in the spirit world.

In this young man's life had been great grace and he had gone off into the world to discern his destiny and vocation with a goal of serving God.

Directed to go to an area by others who said he had been working in the fields, we couldn't find him anywhere so we began to dig.

Finding a weak spot in the ground which caved in revealing the body of this formerly elect young man lying as if in a grave. The depths of his soul and what had become of it were clear to us as a plethora of demons gnawed at his remains and giggled in delight at their prey, a chosen soul of God.

His soul was rotting.

It was immediately made known to me that he had been lost for two reasons: 1.) He had not followed divine supernatural guidance given him as to where he should have been, and 2.) As a result, he had come under the tutelage of priests of the church who had taken to forming the doctrines of Christ after their own liking. They had misled him away from the *true* teachings of Christ . . .

Running immediately down into the ground to get to him, my mother and I noticed that the demons ran from our sight as we entered into their awareness.

The spirit of the young man appeared at our side while his rotting corpse lay below. Observing what had become of him in temptation; he was horrified and ran in fear.

Trying to engage the demons in battle for this young man's elect soul, we were unsuccessful. It was not our fight to win.

Despite the depths the young man had fallen into, within a few years, this elect soul had again taken a hold of another God-given destiny and fought his way from the demonic stronghold which had almost succeeded in throwing him into hell. But that destiny would be entirely different than the highest destiny which could have been his if he had not rejected it. There's always a price for turning away from God . . .

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Holy Bible, Romans 6:23



An Aborted Baby

BOOK OF ABORTION

Mary's Vision:

Standing on the sidewalk entering the campus of a middle school which could have been any in our country or world, a group of young girls stepped into the campus each holding a baby.

Walking passed me, each young girl allowed me to see the way they looked to the physical waking world which as an ordinary girl. But then suddenly, the demons which possessed them ripped through their human flesh and I was given to see their interiors, the true nature of their evil souls.

Blood and flesh dripped from their teeth, as they began to ferociously rip and tear at their babies.

Blood, skin and bone splattered into pieces and covered the sidewalk in human flesh.

As soon as their dastardly deed was done, the demons ran away, scurrying off into the recesses of their secret and hidden places as the young girls, suddenly realizing the horror of what they had done, fell to the ground weeping in great despair at the loss of their children.

"Jesus turned to them and said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me. Weep for yourselves and for your children. The days are coming when they will say, 'Happy are the sterile, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.' Then they will begin saying to the mountains, 'Fall on us,' and to the hills, 'Cover us.' If they do these things in the green wood, what will happen in the dry?"

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Luke 23:28-31





BOOK OF IMPRISONED SOULS

Mary's Vision:

Locked in a prison under the power of a dark force, my strength for battle was waning and as a result I had gone to sleep.

But as I awakened, an angel appeared to secretly lead me out of this horrific prison of terrors to safety. However, it wasn't going to be easy to get passed the horde of demons who would likely seek me in my wake.

As soon as knowledge came to Satan that I had begun my escape, Satan sent in the demons to stop me from my quest.

Regaining my strength for the fight through the power of the angel, blood dripped from the teeth of the demons representing the fate of many of the lost souls in their grip. They, too, had been imprisoned in this horrific hell realm.

While fighting the brutal battle, my soul again began weakening under the sheer force of the enemy and I was dragged by my arms on the ground back into the deeper recesses of the prison.

Satan had a grip on my strength and was sucking all the life force and strength out of me by the moment. Again, I fell asleep . . .

Awaking again hours later, I noticed that many of the damned youth were surrounding me held in Satan's chains as I noticed that I, too, was held by his chains. But a hidden force from God caused my chains to shatter and fall from my body as I hurriedly went to the damned youth and attempted to shatter their chains. But it was of no use, they were too weakened by sin. Their sins were so deep that I could not shatter their chains and I could not release the invisible power which Satan held sway over their souls. Realizing this was yet another battle which I could not win; I began to head out and attempt to escape the prison again.

My second attempt also ended in a surprise recapture, but unbeknownst to me, St. Michael had secretly followed me back in. I knew on my third attempt, I would absolutely have to be ready for battle.

When Satan became complacent and felt secure in his position, St. Michael appeared along with a legion of angels. Satan was so shocked to see his nemesis, he fell back to the floor and the demons were all held fast in place by the power of St. Michael's gaze, hissing, burning and shouting out shrieks of protest. Running quickly, I made my final escape and St. Michael released the hold that Satan had upon me.

As I had regained my freedom, I knew it was my mission to help those damned youth lost in that prison, but at the same time, I could not do anything more for them this eve because their sin was too deep.

There would have to be another way to lead them to safety in Jesus Christ . . . through my words perhaps?

"Opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling; while we ourselves, during their fury and contention, happily make our escape into the calm, though obscure, regions of philosophy."

David Hume [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]





BOOK OF THE EARTHBOUND

Mary's Vision:

Traveling through Egypt, my friend and I were walking along the frozen Nile River during the last days of winter. The snow was blowing and swirling in our faces and we were beginning to worry about our survival. Carrying only the clothes on my back and a canteen, my friend was very afraid revealing that it was not yet his time to take this journey.

Suddenly out of nowhere, a vehicle came around the bend in the river; it was floating on the ice. Seeing that it was sort of a bus, I also ascertained that it was more of a mystical form of a bus than a physical one.

Sliding down the ice, my friend was afraid and disappeared into the blizzard. Crying, I ran after him, but an invisible force was holding me back. Turning, I fought with this force because I felt that I must reach him in time but I was unable to budge. Instantly, an angelic apparition of a man appeared of great strength and stature. It was he who had been holding me. The blizzard hid his face, and in my own fear, I tried to think of ways in which I might be able to escape. But he read my thoughts, and knew of my worry for my friend. Looking through me, he could see everything. In my shame, I wept and fell into his arms.

"Your friend is not ready to come on this journey yet," he whispered, "he has been brought home to safety. We must leave now. Do you have everything?"

I nodded my head, 'Yes,' and headed for the vehicle.

Stepping on the bus, I noticed many youth, many of whom I knew. Staring at me in confusion, they appeared to be confused as to why they were here. Interestingly, they each had a large stash of belongings with them including beds, jewelry, clothing, shoes and more. I had come with the clothes on my back and a canteen of water.

Beginning to pray, I asked the Lord to help me understand what it was that H wanted from me as I knew that the man who had come to save me in the storm was a messenger of God. What did he want?

"Do not lay up yourselves an earthly treasure. Moths and rust corrode; thieves break in and steal. Make it your practice instead to store up heavenly treasure,

*which neither moths nor rust corrode nor thieves
break in and steal. Remember, where your treasure is,
there your heart is also."*

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Matthew 6:19-21

Arriving at the camp after three days of blizzards, snow, rain, and scorching heat, we found ourselves landlocked between two spectacular mountains. Towering over us as a sign of protection, the camp itself was quite simple with a few tents scattered across the plain.

White in color, the tents were constructed of an intricate cloth and blew in the gentle winds. Tibetan prayer flags fenced the camp blowing softly in the wind. Symbols of all the world religions were placed in various places all around the camp.

Observing the people walking around, there were many worshippers of different religions. Each of them brought with them unique and individual qualities which came from their culture and faith. My spirit was led to a group of souls most similar to myself and settled in with them. But my spirit held the beauty within my heart of how wondrous it was to see this uniting of religious worship of many throughout the world.

But then I saw those who had come from my region of world in America. Their faces appeared lost in the midst of all the love and compassion of the other cultures and peoples. Few of them understood this love and were confused as they saw it around them. It had become evident that much corruption had entered in the heart of the people of my own country. I began to weep in pain. Seeing the destruction of the souls of my own people due to

materialism and a widely held view that God did not truly exist was heart wrenching.

A hand touched my shoulder as I turned to see the face of the man who'd saved me from the blizzard. His dark tan face, black hair and eyes of turquoise blue penetrated my spirit as he smiled.

As the light which glistened all around him rushed through my vision, I fell again into his arms and wept.

"All is not lost, dear child," he whispered, "there is still time." Then he disappeared.

As night fell, my spirit was taken secretly outside of the tent. A Tibetan Buddhist monk handed me clothing, blankets, a brush and a pillow.

"These come for you from a holy man sent by our Great Buddha." Taking my right hand, he placed a ring of gold with a dark purple amethyst in its center. It glowed and created a scene reminiscent of the northern lights or the aurora borealis in the skies all around me.

"Who is this man?" I asked in confusion and awe.

"You will find out soon enough." He whispered, bowed and then disappeared.

Thanking God, I went back into my tent, sleeping for many nights in joy and a profound sense of relief.

For those days, I felt closer to God, for I knew He was with me.

Approximately a week later, we were told to meet at the center lodge for a meeting. I hoped to meet the man sent by the Buddha and was very prompt but still was only able to sit far in the back.

When we stood up, I could see him wearing a golden yellow tunic and coverlet of scarlet red, the garb of a Tibetan Buddhist Monk. I still could not see his face. Everything remained in silence as he took a seat in a very simplistic chair - no cushions.

After sitting down, he spoke, "Mary Hughes."

Astonished, I stood up as he gestured for me to come forward. Then I saw him. It was our current Dalai Lama, the fourteenth - Tenzin Gyatso.

The ring on my hand whose light had become dormant in the days of waiting began to glow again in the manner of an aurora borealis as I stepped forward and bowed to him. He touched my chin, lifting my head and said,

"My child, you are very important to me." He said, as a surge of energy swept through me while he imparted his blessing upon me. Once he had done this, the Dalai Lama quietly and humbly left the crowd in silence. The people gazed in awe of his simple humility and holiness.

Staying in the camp for another month mystic time, one night earthly time, I returned. As I did so, the ring became invisible to the eyes of men, although it remained on my hand as a permanent mark of predestination.

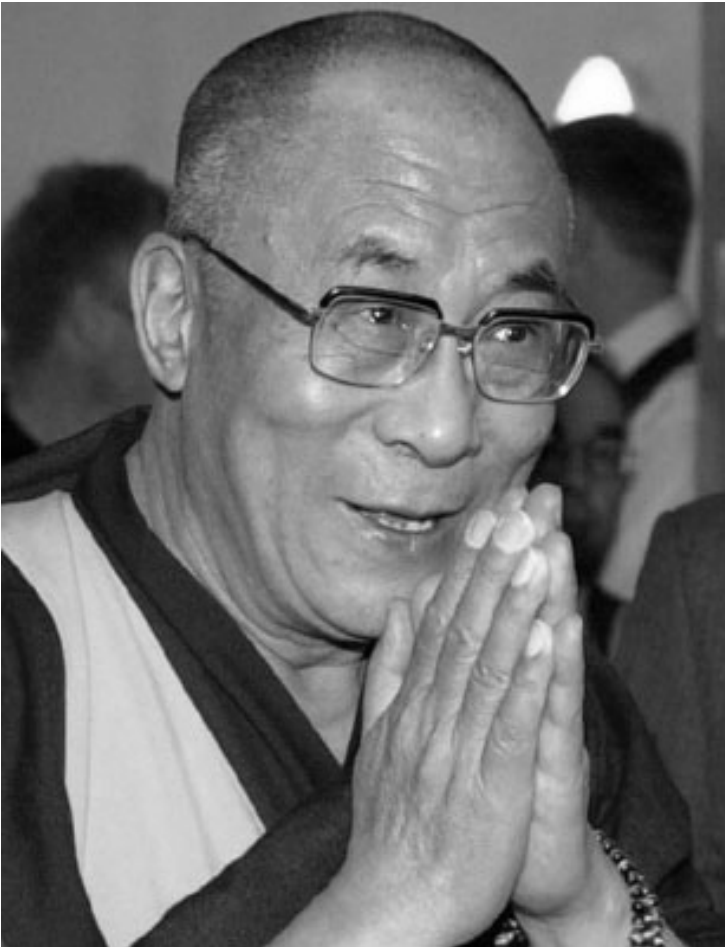
"Be assured, ye who seek that true peace promised to a future life, that you may here enjoy it by anticipation, if you will but love and keep the commandments of Him who promises this reward; for you will soon find by experience that the fruits of justice are sweeter than those of iniquity. You will learn that the joys of virtue, even in the midst of trials and misfortunes, far exceed all the delights of

***pleasure and prosperity accompanied by the remorse
of a bad conscience."***

Saint Augustine (The Sinner's Guide, Venerable Louis of Granada) [Copyright
1883, Tan Books and Publishers, C.H. McKenna]

***"If there is righteousness in the heart there will be
beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the
character, there is harmony in the home, there will be
order in the nation. When there is order in the nation,
there will be peace in the world."***

Chinese Proverb [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Peace)





BOOK OF SIN

Mary's Vision:

Casually walking around looking for my friends at a summer picnic, my spirit was suddenly transported into a large building. Walking around, I passed many places which had been blocked by large walls. Noticing that one was under construction, I stopped to see what may be going on.

Peeking over the top of the wall, I saw my friend who had taken the journey of life with me frantically building in order to block the doorway of entry of something of which he appeared profoundly afraid.

Startled to see me, he dropped his tools and tried to smile, but his frantic fear still came through his stressed face.

"You cannot enter there," he whispered with fear in his voice, "you will die."

"What do you mean?" I asked in utter confusion.

"Death lives behind that door." He replied in a shuddering fear.

Lunging forward, I slammed the wall down and broke through to the other side. Lying behind the wall was a set of stairs which I followed. At the bottom of those stairs was a door. In front of the door was my friends' armor lying bent, beaten and tattered by the wall. Grabbing it, I threw it into his hands.

"You must fight." I said, "This is your battle to fight. I must protect you and you me, but we have to fight. You can't give up."

Instantly, the Golden Armor of Christ appeared upon my body and I touched him and the same instantly manifested upon him. Walking together towards the door, he squeezed my hand tightly and we opened the door.

Opening the door released a fury and a stench which could not be fathomed. The world of absolute and total hate, lust and every order of sin lay before us as a heaving pile of burnt souls, fiery piles of flesh, and burning . . . burning . . . Greeting us with an ugly smile, he revealed the blood and remains of human flesh. Handing us a card, he said, "This is the key to your room."

"I've been expecting you." He said. "Please enjoy." With his low and foreboding voice, you could hear the stench of the dead, those who had attempted to defeat him before but had not succeeded.

Going to our room, we secured the door. Looking out the window, I saw the most ravenous

beasts roaming everywhere eating anything and everything they could find.

Grabbing my friend, I shouted, "We have to fight now. The battle is on."

Passing the dead bodies of many souls who had been defeated in the battle of sin, I saw the bodies of many of my friends and the damned youth. All of these were lost to simple satanic lures.

Flies, insects and demons swarmed over their bodies eating in glory oblivious to the splatter of blood and the flow of bodily fluids.

Without warning, the heinous beasts looked up and noticed our presence. Instantly they surrounded us snarling, hissing, growling . . . drenched in the blood of the damned youth. Drawing my sword, I motioned for my friend to do the same.

As the Holy Spirit descended into both of us, we fought into the night, but eventually brought them down. Both of us were severely wounded in this battle. We came close to losing many times, but eventually with the Holy Spirit and the Golden Armor of Jesus Christ we defeated the forces of evil.

As our victory became apparent, the creatures disappeared into the ether, leaving behind but an echo of their screeching and gnashing of teeth.

Although it was not possible to assist the souls of the damned because my friend was so brutally injured as to be near death, I carried my friend to safety and cared for his wounds.

"Fight the good fight of faith. Take firm hold on the everlasting life to which you are called when, in the presence of many witnesses, you made your noble

profession of faith."

The Holy Bible, First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy 6:12





BOOK OF THE LOST CHILDREN

Mary's Vision:

Walking through an old school building which had been deserted for twenty years or more, I passed the classrooms and cafeteria. Noticing that there were many lost souls from past days wandering the halls, I was surprised to see the children who continued to learn math and read to each other over and over again. Trapped in time . . .

Unable to move beyond this world to the next as their souls had not yet been purified enough to advance, these twelve and thirteen year olds were trapped for a reason not yet imparted to me.

Continuing down the long hall which continued in a straight path which led to an exit door at the end, I took a right at the office.

Looking into the office, I noticed that on the left hand side of the brightly lit room were piles of relics, primarily rosaries, stacked high in boxes. The walls were barren other than the boxes leaning against them.

A cluttered desk hid the face of a man who appeared to be in his eighties. But as I looked closer, he resembled Albert Einstein. Looking up, he lowered his glasses and smiled.

"I have been expecting you." He said with a wry smile as he motioned for me to follow him.

Following beside the man, he took me to each of the classrooms in the school explaining what they were studying, but did not reveal why they were still stuck here. They all held aspirations of things which they still hoped to reach. He was very jovial despite his task, laughing while talking.

Taking me to a playground, I was suddenly burst out of my enjoyable chat when I noticed that there were two dogs who were gravely engaged in battle. One of the dogs was fighting for Christ, and the other was a black dog filled with all rage of Satan. The demon dog was actively trying to force the good out of the other dog by making her throw up, but the dog fighting for the glory of God was strong and could not be defeated. Severely injured, the demon dog cowered back a bit, but was not ready to give up the fight.

"It is your turn," whispered the man. "Go."

With that command, I turned to the beast and fought. Coming after me like a bloodthirsty Rottweiler, the demon dog attempted without mercy to devour my soul.

But I was not willing to hand the fight over to my avowed enemy, Satan, so I fought with equal ferocity and the power of God which came through my hands. In an unexpected moment, the demon dog ceased fighting and as he howled in defeat, disappeared into the ether having been hurled into the abyss.

Re-entering the school, the old man and I instantly realized that the victory we had just won had caused the building to become unstable. It was starting to collapse.

Running to his office, we grabbed the thousands of rosaries and relics and frantically searched for all the souls ordering them to run from the building before the battle was over and the building which had become a prison for their souls would be no more. Following us, they ran in a hurried fright, but their eyes lit up with glory and joy as many of them saw the light of God and crossed over into His glorious arms.

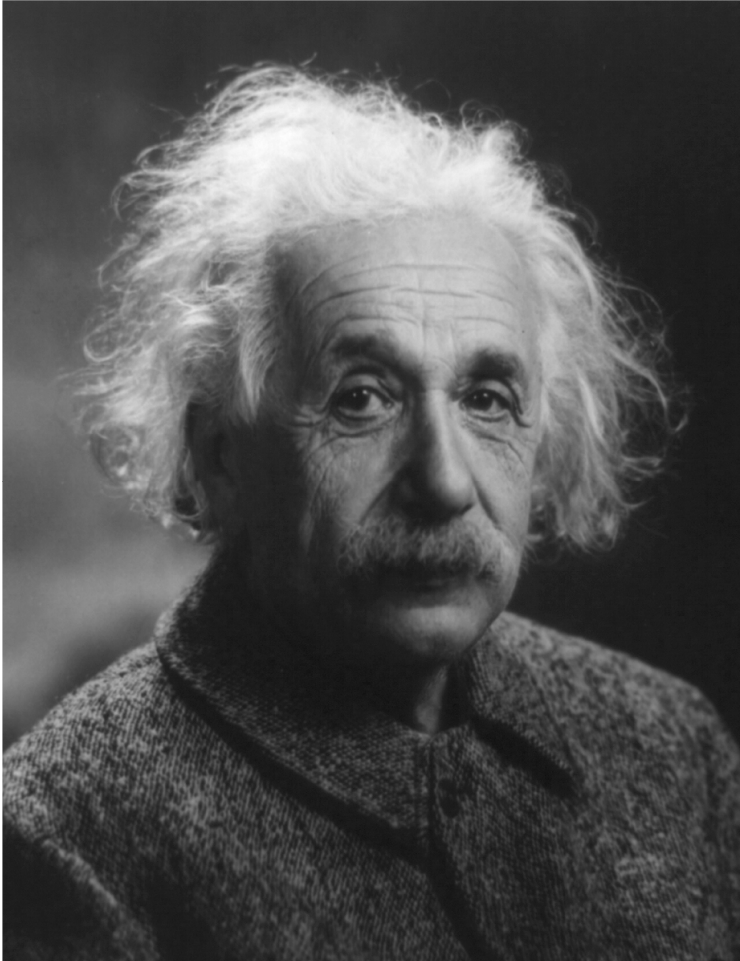
Exiting the building in time, the man who appeared to be Albert Einstein was close behind. His presence was strong and I could feel his presence. As the building finally made its final gesture to collapse, a soft wind blew past me and I turned to see if he was still there but he had disappeared.

All was now silent . . . the dark fortress was no more. And the souls who had once inhabited it were all now safely in the peace of Christ.

"We are not to make the ideas of contentment and aspiration quarrel, for God made them fast friends.-A man may aspire, and yet be quite content until it is time to rise; and both flying and resting are but parts

of one contentment. The very fruit of the gospel is aspiration. It is to the heart what spring is to the earth, making every root, and bud, and bough desire to be more."

Henry Ward Beecher [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]
(Aspiration)





BOOK OF THE INCUBUS

Mary's Vision:

In a hotel room preparing to leave, my mother and I were packing together quietly. Looking up for a moment while packing, I noticed a picture sticking out from a crack in the bedpost.

In my memory, I had a slight recollection of having seen this woman before, but I could not place it. In the picture was a young nun who looked to be in her early twenties wearing a full habit.

But there was something hideous about this woman in that her face resembled that of Satan and this indicated the presence of many demons.

Completely possessed, I was told that her name was 'Demon Child Nun.'

Deformed, her face appeared obtuse and small horns had ripped holes through the top of her black habit. From what I could see in the picture, the other nuns in her cloister could not see her open possession or submission to the devil and treated her as a normal nun. Unable to see the risk she presented, they were unaware that Satan was in their very midst.

Becoming focused too much on organization and appearing to be a peaceful congregation, their vocation to God had diminished. These other nuns were overall good and holy, but the evil nun had blinded them with an external appearance of goodness which they could not see beyond. Pride prevented them from discerning such evil amongst them. But God knows the majority of nuns are sincere and holy.

Given to see into this soul more deeply, she was possessed by a sexual demon, the incubus - she was after the soul of a particular priest.

Incubus and Succubus are both demons which assault human beings sexually at night. The Incubus is a female demon which often engages in deviant sexual acts with men at night and the Succubus is a male demon which often engages in deviant sexual acts with women while they are sleeping.

But these demons can manifest in two ways. In the first way, a soul may be plagued by the demon of the opposite sex who ravages their body at night and ignites their lusts. The second way involves almost an overlapping of that demon with the soul of the possessed who acts 'in the person' of that deviant sexual entity.

In this case, the nun was possessed by an incubus, a female demon, because she was acting 'in the person' as an incubus, with the intent of seducing men in the physical realm to desires and inclinations of a sexual nature which were sinful, deviant and full of impurity and wrath.

The priest for whom this incubus had succored as prey was known for his devotion to Christ and his purity. The demon inside her had targeted him for this very reason; such a catch would indeed be pleasing to Satan.

Prepared for battle, I knew that the priest was also a spiritual warrior and was already engaged in warfare on a mystical level against this beast.

His faith was too strong for her to break and as he fought her with that shield of faith and salvation, the evil nun was obliterated and burning in stench and blood. God prevailed and Satan's minions within her had fallen straight into Hell.

But the woman was not cleansed. For every demon which was thrown from her, she invited five more inside of her. And the battle would rage until the end. . . . not only within her but within the souls of many human beings. It cannot end until lust is destroyed . . . Returning home, I noticed that on my journey long columns and rows of demons followed behind hoping to take me down. I raced quickly . . .

"The real problem is in the hearts and minds of men. It is not a problem of physics but of ethics. It is easier to denature plutonium than to denature the evil spirit of man."

Albert Einstein [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)



BOOK OF BLASPHEMY

Mary's Vision:

Standing in a very large home, it appeared to be about 200 years old. Realizing that it was the last day of school for many youth around the world, and that this day was being held in this ancient building, I prepared to look around.

Exploring the building, I found libraries and ancient artifacts hidden in some of the most unexpected places. Standing in one of the restrooms, I found a little hidden room behind the stalls. Inside

the rooms were shelves topped off with stacks of papers and ancient sacred texts from all part of the world every religious institution. Continuing to explore, I began to read many of them with a wonder, awe and excitement which would be hard to explain. I was literally giddy with joy. Digging deeply, my wonder was suddenly disturbed by some strange behavior coming from behind the bookshelves.

Peeking behind them, I noticed that there were young people blaspheming the sacred holiness of the texts by engaging in blatant lustful and deviant sexuality. The quiet of the sacred room had been broken.

Quickly, I left in horror only to observe that the youth were participating in this behavior all over the building.

Finding my mother in an undisturbed room, I made her aware of the blasphemies occurring around us. We joined in our efforts to quickly scour the building salvaging and gathering all the sacred books we could save. Pushing them hurriedly through safe portals and doors which led into my mother's 'safe room,' her abode had been protected from the lust which had filled the realm around it and the texts would be safe there.

Saving the sacred texts from harm, it was sad to see that we could not do the same for the lost youth. The only way they could be saved would be if they recognized their wrongdoing and the putrid nature of their lustful designs. They were delirious in this delusion that lust was the same thing as love and they could not have been more wrong.

*"Too late I came to love thee, O thou Beauty so
ancient and so fresh, yea too late I came to love thee.
And behold, thou wert within me, and I out of myself,
where I made search for thee."*

St. Augustine [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]





BOOK OF IMMODESTY

Mary's Vision:

Standing in line with several girls and young women, it was the end of a dance party and every one of us had roses pinned to the dresses that we wore. My dress was a simple white one which covered me entirely and fell loosely around my body. My rose was also white, simple with no accessories, decorations. Natural and simple . . .

Standing next to me were girls who were very scantily dressed, each had strangely multi-colored plastic roses pinned to their dresses with many plastic and phony accessories upon them. I was uneasy as I

looked at them and could easily surmise that something was wrong.

Standing perfectly still, they were unable to move because of a powerful satanic force which had come to work inside of them. Suddenly and without warning, each of the girls' roses simultaneously shot out a huge bug. These bugs flew out a few feet from the girls who remained in a catatonic surrender to the spirit of Satan as the bugs then instantly turned around and dove straight into the hearts of each of the girls.

Immediately, they were possessed and their bodies contorted and mutilated themselves into the shapes of different demons which had now completely possessed them. No longer young and attractive girls, they were horrifying, reptilian beasts. They looked like monsters.

Oozing blood and flesh out of their mouths as they spoke, a stench of rotting bodies and souls filled the air.

It was horrific, but there was nothing I could do.

"There is nothing evil save that which perverts the mind and shackles the conscience."

St. Ambrose: *Hexaem* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]





BOOK OF SATAN'S DISGUISES

Mary's Vision:

"When the devil gets himself into the church, he seats himself on the altar."

Dutch Proverb [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

Standing in a pew at church praying intently to Jesus, my mother, brother and I were looking up at the altar and instantly I was in shock.

Standing at the altar consecrating the Eucharist was not a genuine priest, but Satan himself in the form of a man in the priestly vestments. The two young servers who stood on either side of this hideous blasphemy of the priesthood were two servers who, disguised as young children, were in fact Satan's servants.

As they looked down upon me, they all realized that I had seen their true identities, and they smiled an evil expression which allowed blood and flesh to drip from their lips.

Interiorly, I knew this man was a pedophile priest. His association with Satan had no bearing on the majority of priests who served the Lord with great holiness and goodwill. But tonight, it was important for me to see what lay beneath the soul of an evil one, one who had made prey the most innocent among us.

It disgusted me to the point where I almost vomited. But there was more for me to see this night. And this demonic priest was only one disguise of many that the Lord wished for me to see.

Disgusted and fearful, I grabbed my mother and brother, begging them to leave with me immediately knowing that Satan would be soon after all of us and we had to escape before it was too late.

Remember, battles between good and evil are going on at all times in this world. And victory is not guaranteed to the side of the good. Spiritual warfare can be both spiritually and physically dangerous. Those of us called to do this service accept the calling with the knowledge that not only can we lose, but we can be physically and spiritually harmed in the war.

Most of us like my mother and I, and those valiant and brave priests who become exorcists, do so

anyway because God asks it of us. But we do know that victory is never guaranteed in this world. Good is always victorious in the eternal kingdom of Heaven, but not here on earth because this is Satan's domain.

Running quickly, we got home as fast as we could, locked all the doors and windows and hid while praying quietly for assistance from God. We knew it was on . . .

Not long after, Satan and his army had arrived and in this battle Satan had come in the form of the pedophile priest. Trying to force their way in, this was not allowed. Appearing as a handsome man in the expensive garb of a priest, for those of us given the gift of discerning the spirits, there was no doubt that he was not what he seemed. This was Satan in an elusive and false form.

Gathering my mother and brother, I took them to a safe place in the house because I knew that this battle would be my own and I had to face it alone.

Having returned to the scene where the battle would take place, I walked outside of the safety of our home to battle with the minions of hell in what now appeared to be a city block. Pacing rapidly, I was feeling weakened by the battles. My strength was low, and I sat down in an alley and gathered my breath.

Looking next to me, I saw an elderly woman sleeping. She seemed cold and my heart was immediately filled with pity and sorrow for her as I offered her my jacket to warm her.

But as I looked into her eyes as they cruelly morphed into the face of Satan, I realized this was not an elderly woman, but Satan again in yet another

form he had embodied. This old woman was completely possessed by Satan, as well.

Getting up, I ran quickly as the elderly woman got up and came charging towards me. Terrified, the elderly woman began to change into different forms, different people, revealing the many disguised forms in which Satan appears to us upon the earth. In each innocently appearing image was the face of Satan who had completely overrun their souls and taken them as his prey. My soul was being warned about the more common types of possessions, the easiest prey so to speak, in humanity. This was shown to me so that I might be more discerning and easily stay away from those who appeared harmless but really came as wolves in sheep's clothing; people who were easily possessed. God wished me to know so that I would also be wary and stay away from them.

Varying in such a degree as to stun my soul, the Lord let me experience this terrifying night not only to so that I might be warned, but so the rest of the might see evil and avoid it.

Satan appeared in the forms of scantily dressed women and considerably attractive men. Satan appeared as elderly men and women who externally were devout churchgoers, but internally were filled with vermin and lice. What they proclaimed, they did not understand nor believe. Equally possessed and at the risk of damnation and Hell were the arrogant 'scholars' of law and the sciences who were shown to me as so 'perfectly' possessed and content with their possession that they had absolutely no awareness of the jeopardy in which their souls lay unrevived. In their minds, they were quite self-intelligent. In this self-intelligence, they were superior to the world, the

superstitious beliefs of faithful, uneducated men and women. And Satan had lured them into an even more dangerous state of mind which held them to the false denial of their own mortality, and it never occurred to them to consider that they, too, should die and that suffering could be visited upon them in this life or the next. They lay content in their worldly success.

Continuing after me in our mad dash, Satan reveled in showing me more and more of his damned souls. Some were priests and nuns who had become so scholarly, they had denied the existence of the supernatural. By doing so, they'd made easy prey of their parishioners and themselves.

And finally, Satan morphed into the souls of the many who felt that they did not need God. So easily taken over by Satan were these, it stopped me dead in my tracks. Turning to look at Satan morphing into these people, I stared in disbelief. But because I was now seeing, there was no more cause for belief, because I now knew.

Because these people felt that they were doing just fine without God, they easily fell into worshipping themselves. They were taken by Satan in a millisecond . . . it didn't even require any effort on his part.

Self-worship, self-intelligence - the domain of the Lord Demon - was so easy. Satan smiled at me with a dribbling pus coming from his lips at how easily he had taken those souls and the multitudes who had fallen into the trap. This was a ruse that even the faithful had fallen into, it was a perfect plan for the demonic imp.

How easy, how easy I say, is it to convince any soul - Christian or Atheist - to believe that he himself

is a superstitious medieval belief? And that those like myself who had seen him were simple of mind?

For a moment the power and simplicity of that ruse hit me. Who could stand? It was so easy!

Laughing with ferocity and guile, Satan was ingratiating himself and trying to be a braggart to my face as to how easily his power had spread all over the world and into the souls of so many women and men. Proud and haughty, Satan felt victorious while I stared in disgust and horror.

Fate seemed an odd word when looked upon in this moment, because this was indeed the fate of many of the people of the world. But how can fate hold accountability for the stupidity of humankind? How can fate hold the blame for those who choose themselves over their divine creator in an atrocious and ridiculous attempt to see themselves, mortal beings that they are, as above that of He who created them? How can fate even stop such futility and idiocy inside the mind of a man?

One fate we all share, and this is death. In this one fate we all share is knowledge. This knowledge that every one of us will die should in and of itself indicate to every living mortal that he is indeed mortal, and he should avail the assistance of the one who created this mortal form rather than avail himself of his own assistance which can only be momentary and passing. If one knows that his shared fate is death, how can he be too smart for the supernatural? How can he be smarter than He who created him, which the Lord God?

For those who exclaim atheism, how can you believe your life has any meaning knowing that it will

end? How can you truly embrace a doctrine which entitles you to no purpose for your existence?

Turning to run, Satan pursued me and continued morphing into other forms. It never stopped . . . there was no end to his disguises.

"To believe something not yet proved and to underwrite it with our lives: it is the only way we can keep the future open. Man, surrounded by facts, no great hypothesis, no risk, is in a locked cell. Ignorance cannot seal the mind and imagination more securely."

Lillian Smith: *The Journey*, The Cresset Press [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Faith)

"Fate has written a tragedy; its name is 'The Human Heart.'"

Robert William Service: *The Harpy st. 12*, Ryerson Press [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

"The Devil entangles youth with beauty, the miser with gold, the ambitious with power, the learned with false doctrine."

Henry George Bohn: *Handbook of Proverbs* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

"What I am doing is sending you out like sheep among wolves. You must be clever as snakes and innocent as doves. Be on your guard with respect to others . . . You will be hated by all on account of me . . . If they call the head of the house Beelzebub, how much more the members of his household! Do not let them intimidate you. Nothing is concealed that will not be revealed, and nothing hidden that will not become known. What I tell you in darkness, speak in the light."

The Holy Bible, Matthew 10:16 - 27





BOOK OF TEMPTATION

Mary's Vision:

Sitting on a bus surrounded by peers, youth and young people, a very holy Catholic Priest was the driver.

In the realms of the spirit, it had been made clear to both myself and my mother that the majority of those who had embarked upon such a calling were doing so for Christ, and those who had fallen to the whims of the evil one were few. But their existence (of the evil ones) must be noted, because of the great damage in which a single one can do.

Riding through the mountains bearing down on high cliffs, bottomless pits leered from below. The holy priest stopped at many houses wherein he allowed the people to get off of the bus. Patiently, the holy priest would wait in the driver's seat.

Stepping off of the bus, I wanted to see where these people were going and was stunned to find that they were entering houses bearing the temptations of Satan.

In the first house, many types of lustful temptations were at war with the souls of the faithful. But the holy priest patiently waited in the driver's seat of the bus for those who would overcome to return and continue the journey. A small amount of time was given to them, before the holy priest would simply drive off with whoever remained inside it onto the next temptation.

The holy priest was in a state of absolute surrender to the will of God. And it was not his concern if anyone came back, it was his duty to continue moving forward on the path of virtue, to attain the crown which can only be won by fighting temptation and overcoming it.

Embarrassingly, I found myself almost missing the bus several times feeling the lure of temptation. But I would quickly remind myself of the Lord and run back, sometimes just in time.

The priest expressed nothing, just continued to drive. With each house of temptation, fewer and fewer souls continued with us and were left behind in some awful and reprehensible stench.

We visited the houses of lust, sex, murder, rape, pride, greed and jealousy. Continuing to run back to the bus in fear after each house was presented to me, I found that after we had visited all the houses of temptation, I was the only one left on the bus after a great number of stops.

Running back to the bus after the final temptation, the priest had fallen asleep at the wheel patiently waiting to see if any would survive the final temptation. Frankly, he was surprised when he awoke from hearing me running into the bus with a full pittance in my stomach of disgust at all that I had seen.

The holy priest was surprised because he knew of my faulty human nature, he had an interior understanding of where my soul had been and it was clear he hadn't expected me to make the final cut.

Looking up as if to say, "Oh?" I wasn't expecting you." He said nothing but calmly continued to drive.

The holy priest drove the bus a long stretch until we reached a cliff which stretched across an abyss below. It was a long distance between the side we were on and the other, but the holy priest led me to the ledge and said, "Cross."

Looking at him in horror, the width and depth of the crossing was terrifying. It appeared to be a bottomless pit. A thin string stretched across the pit which obviously was not nearly strong enough to hold my weight. I was afraid.

Staring at the priest in fear, he touched my shoulder gently and began to pray. Instantly he was on the other side. It was effortless for him, because he had extinguished his sinful nature.

In awe of his state of spiritual advancement and perfection, I became determined to cross. Stepping on the string, I held on tightly. After what felt like forever, through a lot of prayer and determination, I made it across and joined the holy priest on the other side. Again, he had been waiting so long, that he had fallen asleep and was snoring. Feeling guilty, I tapped him on the shoulder to wake him so that he might see that I had made it across.

Smiling to see that I had indeed crossed, I instantly understood the importance of the path of a mystic. When God calls you into such service, you cannot falter into temptation, you **MUST** stand.

"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it."

Augustus William and Julius Charles Hare [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead]

"Enter through the narrow gate. The gate that leads to damnation is wide, the road is clear, and many choose to travel it. But how narrow is the gate that leads to life, how rough the road, and how few there are who find it."

The Holy Bible, Matthew 7:13 - 14



BOOK OF THE VAMPIRE

Mary's Vision:

Entering the locker room of a random Community Recreation Center, I understood

immediately that I was looking upon a random sampling of humanity as it may appear in any city, country or place.

A confusing vision appeared before me. On my left were gathered the possessed people of this random community as they appeared on the ground in their human form. But a raucous was going on amidst them, as they yelled randomly at one another and overlapping their humanity was the wretched overlay of their interior possession.

Walking forward, I observed that those who were on my right were the people of this community who served the Lord. They, too, appeared in their usual human form on the exterior. But what radiated from inside of them was an everlasting light. It spread to great distances from them. There were very few of these, but every single one was of great value and importance in the work of the Lord.

Nearing a locker that I knew to be mine for this eve, I observed what surrounded it to great disgust.

Infinitely entrenched, the locker was completely surrounded by those who were possessed from the inside out. There was no external disguise for these in this mystical realm, although it would be certain they would have one in their waking lives.

Their hair was an unwashed black and looked burned. Burns covered their faces, as well as, their own blood and the blood of others. Wearing clothing which had been singed in black, they were also moth eaten and rotting.

Smiling at me, their teeth revealed another form of rot; the flesh and blood of the many lost souls for which they had contributed and thereby taken

into themselves - for we are responsible for those we lead astray, as well as, ourselves.

Laughing at my disgusted gaze, they rubbed their hands almost obsessively around all the lockers surrounding mine spreading the blood and rotting flesh everywhere they felt they could. These were the souls who had been so completely taken over by the forces of evil that they had actually taken on the likeness of the demons they served. In a sense, they had become them.

Proceeding to my locker in absolute disgust, their voices and evil chatter floated around me as if in a mist, their breath held the stench of rotting bodies. Each kindly asked me permission to drink my blood and thus, to kill me and to kill my soul.

It was then that I realized I was facing a faction of the vampire demons, parasitic beasts in the mystical realms who suck the life force out of human beings in order to continue to live. And by doing this to their prey, they also damned the souls of their victims to hell. The vampires were not the undead as portrayed in modern mythology, but rather the spirits of the dead who had become incarnate parasitic (vampiric) demons who required the life force of human beings to continue their dastardly deeds, indeed to go on living in their absolutely deadened state. There indeed is a second death . . . and these were among those who had been sentenced to that second death.

"I saw the dead, the great and the lowly, standing before the throne. Lastly among the scrolls, the book of the living was opened. The dead were judged according to their conduct as recorded on the scrolls.

The sea gave up its dead; then death and the netherworld gave up their dead. Each person was judged according to his conduct. Then death and the netherworld were hurled into the pool of fire, which is the second death; anyone whose name was not found inscribed in the book of the living was hurled into this pool of fire."

The Holy Bible, Revelations 20:12 - 15

A vampiric parasite requires the 'blood' or life force of another because he has none of himself. Vampire demons have given up their souls to the point that existence even as a horrific demonic presence is impossible for them without taking in the life force of others. They thrive only by sucking that energy of other living beings. And they are allowed to remain in existence by Satan ONLY because they serve him by being the cause of damnation to all the victims of their ruse.

Living on the life force - thus, the 'blood' - of the living, there was nothing romantic or pretty about them. They were horrifying, tainted beasts who had nothing to offer but death of the soul.

"Once a link is forged with someone, you may use the link to feed from them at a distance. The deeper and stronger the link, the more efficiently you can draw energy through it. With most such connections, you do not even have to concentrate to draw forth from the person. To a certain extent, you are in constant contact with that person, and while the energy you gain from them passively is only minimal, a number of such connections with various people will help sustain you in times of need as well as prolong the

time you can go between more active feedings."

The Vampire Codex: Feeding Through Links, Michele Belanger, Modern Day Vampire

Responding to their ridiculous request to drink my blood and take my soul with a simple, 'No,' but they persisted. Suddenly I felt a fire of heavenly strength enter into me as one of them made a beeline for my neck from behind me.

Turning, a look of war was in my eyes as my hand slowly came up. Pointing my two forefingers forward at this horrific and dastardly beast, light began pouring from it directly into the area of his hear. Stunning him instantly, he looked at me in absolute terror as he observed the large Benedictine Exorcism Crosier Cross which I always wore around my neck. It began to glow and the light from the crucifix caused him to begin screeching uncontrollably.

The crucifix did not wane, but rather, began glowing with a greater amount of light every moment that passed by and suddenly I saw the ground shuddering around me. Within moments, the pits of hell had opened right next to the pitiless beast, fire looming and burning, screeching and hurling itself from its depths. The vampire demon who had so dared violate eternal law and attempt such an attack on an unwilling victim met his fate in absolute and horrific terror as he was hurled by the power of Jesus Christ on the Cross into hell, screaming in his wake.

Although this was a stupid demon, even the demons know their fate. The false promises of Satan in this world are always that - false. And even the vampire himself knew that in being pursued and thrust into the pit of hell, he was entering a world of

horrific pains. His screams led me to know that he had seen the face of Satan and it was clear that his chosen god during life terrified him in death.

Demons are sometimes allowed to exit the hells to torment and tempt the souls of men, but there are laws regarding such matters. You may not torment a soul who chooses you not; it is a violation of eternal law. And it is an immediate sentence back into the abyss.

But the demons beg for such opportunities to leave the abyss, because even in their own wretched state, they, too, are terrified of hell. To leave it for any purpose gives them some relief from their pains. So they will do so, and they hate humankind so much as to enjoy bringing other souls to the damnation which they share. Souls full of malice . . . empty, vacant.

So the vampire demon entered the abyss in terror, screeching and screaming because he already knew the face of Satan and the horrific life in the world below. But he had violated eternal law . . .

Staring at my crucifix, it glowed in a manner which lit up the entire room. When I looked up every person in the locker room was staring at me and the room had changed from that of a locker room, to a blazing white and pure space. The pit had closed and the screaming had ceased.

But this peace would only last a moment.

Everything began moving again very quickly.

Enjoying what I thought would be a few moments of silence there was a sudden sound - CLASH. Wind blew past my face as the people again collided in major battle and war. Utter chaos and disarray took over as the room lost its light and the war between good and evil continued to rage.

Blood splattered everywhere as people died and lost their souls to the evil that surrounded them. Sitting atop a sort of balcony in the room which overlooked all that was happening; the room was filled with the complete disaster of sex, jealousy, lust, murder and complete possession.

Earth was truly portrayed as becoming a hell realm. Everything was trashed; blood, rotting flesh, the tears of lost souls . . . and the major pain and horror of souls realizing their doom.

Watching with tears in my eyes, the pain was almost unbearable. Staring in sadness, the conflicts continued, but my crucifix began to glow. And suddenly I knew what I had to do.

Standing up, I screamed, "Enough!" Holding the crucifix high above my head, it glowed and poured out the light of Christ across the entire room. The people stopped dead in their tracks, became silent and did not move. They just stared.

"Look around you!" I shouted, "You are all fighting amongst yourselves! The evil that once surrounded you is now completely possessing you! Can't you see how you have lost the love? Where is it? What have you done with it?" The crucifix continued to glow as the room remained in complete silence.

"We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves."

Joseph Francois Eduard Desmahis [12,000 Inspirational Quotations] (Evil)

"A beast is but like itself, but an evil man is half a beast and half a devil."

Joseph Hall (Bishop of Norwich) *Meditations and Vows*, II [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"It has been the cross of Christ which has revealed to good men that their goodness has not been good enough."

Johan Hieronymus Schroeder [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"It may take a crucified church to bring a crucified Christ before the eyes of the world."

W.E. Orchard: The Temple [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Our battle is not against human forces but against the principalities and powers, the rulers of this world of darkness, the evil spirits in regions above. You must put on the armor of God if you are to resist on the evil day; do all that your duty requires, and hold your ground. Stand fast, with the truth as the belt around your waist, justice as your breastplate, and zeal to propagate the gospel of peace as your footgear. In all circumstances hold faith up before you as your shield; it will help you extinguish the fiery darts of the evil one. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, the word of God."

The Holy Bible, Ephesians 6:12 - 17

"The Way of the Cross is the Way of Light."

Medieval Latin Proverb





BOOK OF SUICIDE

Mary's Vision:

Standing in a random high school, I remained unnoticed by others but could sense that something was terribly wrong.

Running into the bathroom, a young teenage boy who was obviously despairing was weeping and crying in deep pain.

Having hid himself in a stall and refusing to leave, I watched as teachers and students attempted to open the door, but he openly refused. Weeping for several hours, a time came when it began to cease. A certain resignation had come over this soul, but I knew within that it was something more. A demonic force had taken hold of this young man's pain and implanted ideas into his head which were not of God's design. Silence ensued.

Before I could gather what was happening, I felt a spirit wind pass by me and instantly *knew* that he had taken his life. Weeping and in great sorrow, I did not yet know what God wished for me to do

. Shortly after his soul passed, he returned and was standing next to me unable to cross over because he had given into this demonic inspiration. Obviously, he was not an evil young man, but the demons had used his despair to take him down and make it his last hour. This enraged me.

Police officers had now entered and opened the stall. His body was found lying in a pool of blood with a razor blade dropped right next to his hand. His eyes were open and revealed a look of horror in his last moments. He had seen the demon who had convinced him into resigning his will to such a heinous end. Slicing himself down his right leg, he had mutilated and gouged himself in other places, as well. Weeping again, I looked up at the soul who now lay in need of my assistance.

Beginning to pray fervently, I knelt on the ground and begged the Lord save his soul. Seeing my

prayers, the boy also knelt beside me and joined me in begging God for help in his time of great need.

God heard him and immediately he was swept up into the hands of Our Lord Jesus Christ and into paradise. The demon had killed his body, but he could not kill his soul.

"The knowledge of sin is the beginning of salvation."

Epicurus: *Fragments*, frag. 522 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations]

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

The Holy Bible, The Second Epistle to the Corinthians 6:2

"Do not fear those who deprive the body of life but cannot destroy the soul."

The Holy Bible, Matthew 10:28





BOOK OF THE DEMON OF DISTRACTION

Mary's Vision:

Entering into a building filled with lost people who were about to die from a tragedy of which none of us yet knew, I was trying to get in to save some of these souls before it was too late for them.

Soldiers from the netherworld, Satan's army, were on their way and planning to take as many of these souls as he could. Entering through a small door, I came upon a long curving hallway filled with doorways. Each doorway held people or families who were soon to perish, each had different issues which must needs be resolved before they might die.

Hearing random and haunting voices, I knew them to be the whispers of many who had passed through these rooms before and died here. Each of these souls was directing me to find members of their family who were now on the threshold of dying themselves. They had hope that help could reach them before the time of their passing, and the outcome might be able to be changed.

But I was unable to understand them because there were so many, so I continued forward and entered the first room.

Inside the room was a pitiful sight. As I walked into the room I had immediately been transported to a random middle school campus and stood before a young fourteen year old girl. Having been brutally beaten, tears poured from her eyes. Surrounded by the peers who had done this to her, I knelt down and held her in my arms. Clinging to me, she stared into my eyes. As she wept in deep pain, I cradled her and listened as her soul told me the story of her entire life and who she had been. Taking the crucifix from my neck, I placed it in her hand and allowed her to hold it while she was dying. Her injuries were so great that there was no way to save her, so I had to focus on saving her soul.

Breathing her last, her eyes lit up with the purest of beauties as she reached out her spiritual

arms to the awaiting hand of God who took her into heavenly paradise.

Those who were guilty of this brutal crime had fallen to their knees in disgust. Weeping as they realized what they had done, they looked up towards me as I took the crucifix from the girl's dead body and held it to the sky.

"She has forgiven you." I spoke to them quietly. "Now you must amend your lives, go out and become examples for the light of Jesus Christ's Kingdom. You cannot fail. Your own salvation will depend upon this I assure you." I disappeared from the scene.

"He who forgiveth, and is reconciled with his enemy, shall receive his reward from God."

The Koran, XLII [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Forgiveness)

Standing now at the top of a staircase, there was something terribly wrong and imminent. The soldiers from hell which I had been made aware of earlier had arrived and were attempting to lead the people to a staircase. It wasn't difficult, as the people obeyed with discernment or discretion, and as they were ordered down the staircase, they willingly walked into their doom.

As they began walking down the stairs, legions of arrows were shot at them as they fell to the concrete floor bleeding and dying in pain. The demonic soldiers hissed, screeched and laughed in joy at the consummation of their prey. Looking up towards me, they laughed at me and my crucifix.

"Well aren't you gonna save **them**?" They said. "Why aren't they still alive? Huh?" Laughing

amongst themselves at their supposed joke, they all felt themselves quite funny.

"Evil has no understanding of saving someone." I said with disgusted strength. "You have no power over me." Walking in faith and confidence, I descended down the staircase with assurance.

"Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb."

The Holy Bible, Psalm 37: 1-2

Glowing around my neck, the Crosier Crucifix around my neck began to glow with light and a protective shield which disallowed any and all of their arrows to penetrate. Behind me the soldiers screeched as the light enveloped them and they were diminished to nothing, the nothing that they truly were. Stepping off the staircase, the spirits of the already dead immediately surrounded me. I had not come in time. I had come too late.

But again my crucifix began to glow, filling me with the Holy Spirit which gave me the strength to move forward and save them before it really was too late. There *was* still time; because death does not always have the final word.

"Death is swallowed up in Victory. Oh, death, where is your victory? Oh, death, where is your sting? The sting of death is sin, and sin gets its power from the law. But thanks be to God who has given us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ. Be steadfast and persevering, my beloved brothers, fully engaged

in the work of the Lord. You know that your toil is not in vain when it is done in the Lord."

The Holy Bible, 1 Corinthians 15:54 - 58

Sitting with them as they were dying, they held onto my crucifix with fervor and faith. Each of their souls opened up, telling me the story of their lives. And when they died, Our Blessed Lord took them into Paradise and they were all reunited with the families who awaited them and had prayed for this intervention on their behalf. For the souls in heaven had foreknowledge of this surprise attack, and they had asked the Blessed Lord to send help.

And because our God's greatest attribute is mercy, He sent help. And I was honored to be there in so many crossings.

But as I continued my work, a spirit of distraction tried to invade my realm. She had come in the form of an evil spirit and she came to pressure me to help her instead. Instantly, I knew this demon was attached to a young woman in her early twenties who wanted something wasteful from me, she wished to be condoned in her life of sin. But I ignored her pleadings and came upon a woman who had been shot at least four or five times. Cradling her in my arms, her soul began to open itself to me. But as she began to die peaceful, I was pulled away by the grasp of the possessed young woman.

"Help me, help me," she cried out as she was flailing in waters which appeared to be a flood. But interiorly I knew that this flood was of her own making, and she was creating consequences in her life of her own free will. She was not ignorant by any means of the path she had chosen, this one was an

absolute selection by free will. She had chosen the dark side, and all she wanted from me was my blessing upon her chosen sinful life.

Looking at her with great anger, I told her to cease. There were souls with real need which were being neglected due to her arrogance, but the scene immediately changed.

In a vision within a vision, I saw her walking down a staircase now in a fancy robe and large jewelry; she was exhibiting to me her perception of self-importance. Feeling herself to be 'Greater Than Thou,' she saw herself as amazingly captivating, and thus, entitled to interfere in the work of the Lord to glorify herself and the path of sin she had striven so hard to embrace.

She'd taken me away from the poor woman who had come so close to her liberation . . . but I was unable to complete it because of this demon of distraction. But God works in mysterious ways . . . and I hoped that another had been sent in to complete it. In the meantime, the young girl possessed by the demon of distraction still raged in her floodwaters.

My disgust was visible.

Suddenly, a kind black man came walking kindly behind me with a clear glass bowl of fire. Having sensed his kind and helpful presence throughout the night, it was only now that he actually revealed himself.

Nodding, he was reassuring me about the woman whose soul I had been dragged away from by the demon of distraction.

Placing the glass bowl of fire inside the flooded room, the floodwaters immediately disappeared. Although this young woman was in her early

twenties, she was shown to be of the maturity of a girl of about eight or nine years of age.

The black man kindly tucked her in bed and was trying to put her to sleep. As I passed through the room, she glared at me with anger and a prideful arrogance and then fell deeply asleep.

Attempting to return to the poor soul of the woman dying in agony, the doors were closed to me. But I could see in the eyes of the black man that the soul I had been so viciously ripped away from was safely in the hands of our Lord. I accepted this peacefully.

"It is among the profound convictions of a free society that the last word is never left with evil, that God never gets in a blind alley, and that even from the conspiracies of malevolence some good may be drawn, because impertunity wins its consent even against the most reluctant."

James H. Robinson: *Tomorrow is Today* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]





BOOK OF THE DESTRUCTION OF DESTINY

Mary's Vision:

Standing in my current home about twenty years into the future, it was in bad condition a showing signs of soon collapsing. Having passed many years before, my mother's spirit was in the house trying to gather and save what remained of her work.

The evocation of God began to repeat throughout the night the importance of my own destiny. It was my purpose to carry on the work of my mother, and this was to have first priority over all things for my entire life.

Being shown what would happen to the work if I did not do as God commanded me; it was made clear to me not only what would happen to her work

but what the result would be of such neglect to the status of my own soul.

In my vision, the Lord showed me clearly that the work my mom had accomplished could never be done again. It was through a special grace, destiny and mission that God had put asunder the wall between earth and heaven to bring it through my mother. It absolutely had to be preserved and moved forward into the future.

Continuing to walk through the house, I suddenly heard helicopters hovering over me. Having come to completely demolish all that was left of my mother's work, I looked up in horror. Many had felt it more convenient to think that what had been brought through my mother was the result of madness, rather than the alternative which would have required a complete amendment of life. In their fury to disprove its worth, they chose to call her mad rather than to listen to the truth. But they were not content with only this. Choosing not to believe was not enough; they wished to destroy it for all eternity.

Scrambling to get out of the building before it was blown to bits; my brother and I were panicking in the violence of the moment when suddenly I had an awakening. There was another option, I could not accept what was being done and affect a different outcome.

A staircase emerged from our childhood home which led from earth to heaven and the home had become many storied. My brother began grabbing ancient sacred texts which had been scattered about by the looters, and I followed and urgently took whatever might remain of the sacred texts before our time might come to an end.

The sounds of the raging sinners who wished to destroy the work could be heard in the distance, and as the voices came closer trying to prevent the work from being saved, we ran off carrying all the remaining sacred texts and books written by my mother up the staircase, many flights of stairs.

On the way, I found the spirit of my mother who had become very weak due to the many battles she had waged on behalf of the world in one of the rooms, a library. She was lying in bed sleeping, weakened . . . I had to fulfill my mission so that she may rest from her work.

The raging sinners were getting closer, they had all gone mad. Their madness was so deep that they didn't even know what they were doing, trying so hard to destroy the work of God.

As I was being chased by them, I realized the importance of me fulfilling my destiny to take the torch from my mother's hands when the time was nigh and to continue the work. If I did not do so, my soul would be damned and the work would be lost. Forever, this moment would be etched in my spirit.

"That which God writes on thy forehead, thou wilt come to it."

The Koran [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

"God overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under his laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable to his purpose."

Marcus Aurelius [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

"For upright is the work of the Lord and all His works are trustworthy."

The Holy Bible, Psalm 33: 4



BOOK OF PRIDE

Mary's Vision:

Traveling to the spirit world, I was looking for my friend who had traveled with me on the journey of life as I'd heard his beckon for assistance.

Arriving in a realm filled with complete disaster, I was surprised because I had been to this place before and it had been a paradise.

The light of the angels which had previously glowed in an ecstatic delight was completely gone. It had become a dark black abyss. No light remained. My curiosity could not help but be piqued as to what could possibly have instigated such a change.

Finding my friend standing against an invisible dark wall still searching me out, I walked quietly up to him and asked him what had happened. Looking at me in despair, he explained a tragic disaster which had destroyed this once paradise into an abyss.

A young woman in her early twenties, once a blessed soul, had destroyed the paradise within her and around her through the simplest of falls - that of pride.

Having fallen from grace, she'd made a decision that the rules and laws which had been taught to her throughout her youth were no longer desirable to her. And therefore, she had come into the realm with her own prideful self-will and transformed the beautiful paradise which had once been within her and around her into this horrific distortion of darkness.

A realm of nothingness and pain, souls floated aimlessly about. She had placed a balcony with invisible walls inside the realm. Souls floated aimlessly about inside it, but it was so dark you could barely see what was going on inside. Inside the throne, she had built herself a throne whereon she would sit and pridefully label the souls who came through to her liking. Whatever she decided something was became truth to her, despite its

absolute and complete falsehood. After labeling souls in such a manner, she would let out a heinous and greedy laugh filled with a false sense of power, pride and arrogance.

Cleary upset at what she had done, my friend took me into a room off of the balcony wherein the same kinds of sordid events were taking place.

Grabbing my hand, my friend whispered to me. He wished to show me something. Throwing both of our souls into the swirling void, the young woman was labeling us as she did with all others. But we couldn't hear her ramblings nor did we care to.

"This is what she has done to this realm. Many souls have become lost because of her arrogance and pride," my friend said this with a look of fear in his eyes as he squeezed my hand, grateful that he wasn't there alone. She had come upon some level of responsibility early in her life and it had become the easiest of ruses for Satan to take her fall.

There was nothing we could do but to pray for the soul of this unfortunate sinner who had once been predestined for heaven. Now through the most obvious of vice, her soul was lost and she was leading many with her who had now become her responsibility, as well.

"Speak boastfully no longer, nor let arrogance issue from your mouths. For an all-knowing God is the Lord, a God who judges deeds."

The Holy Bible, The First Book of Samuel 2:3

"Pride goes before disaster, and a haughty spirit before a fall. It is better to be humble with the meek than to share plunder with the proud."

The Holy Bible, Proverbs 16: 18 - 19



BOOK OF THE BLIND

Mary's Vision:

"The devil is no idle spirit, but a vagrant, runagate walker, that never rests in one place. The motive, cause, and main intention of his walking is to ruin man."

Thomas Adams [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

Standing in front of a random department store, I noticed that darkness had overtaken yet another community. Turning to gray, the skies and land were getting closer and closer to black as every moment passed. But, as usual, people could not see the interior reality of all that was happening to them within. Entering the store, I found a horrific scene. Young people, youth, churchgoers and many others

were roaming aimlessly throughout the store showing signs of obvious possession. They came towards me laughing an evil roar and revealing the horrible and familiar stench of Hell.

Running further in, I found my mother trying to fight one of them off of her, but it kept multiplying every time she made any progress. They were now completely surrounding her. In a fury, I ran to intervene, but as I did I was swarmed by a swarm of damned youth who wished to bring me down into the pit of hell with them.

Standing my ground, I again lifted my hand and pointed my two forefingers towards them straight at their hearts. The crucifix about my neck began to glow as water and fire passed through my fingers towards the demons throwing them into a mad rage.

Taking in the horrifying sight, I watched them begin to rip out their hair and scream with such madness it shook me to my core. Continuing for some time, I just stared at them. But all of a sudden, they simply stopped.

One by one they each looked up at a large and ominous clock which had appeared from the ether. Deformed and covered in devoured flesh, the damned youth began chanting at it and then looked again towards me.

“You will never make it in time. You are already too late...” They said in unison with a hideous laugh. They disappeared.

Suddenly, I heard a horrific ticking. This annoying and resonant sound would be heard throughout the war that was to come. The only thing you could be sure of was that it would not stop.

Turning, I saw that my mother was becoming weaker. Surrounding her was a huge crowd of demons, and I ran in and cried out to Christ for help. As I did, a beautiful and bounteous light poured over my mother and the evil spirits were immediately forced to leave her presence. Falling to the ground, she was barely able to breathe. Laying her on my lap, I stroked her head and begged her to rest.

"Time is running out, honey," she gasped, "We *cannot* lose this war. This is our chance to fight against the evil in this world and bring God back." At that moment, she was transported into the arms of Jesus Christ who was waiting in the clouds above. He carried her with such loving regress, and I knew that it would be He himself who would tend to her wounds. She had battled with valiance for many years, but the work of a spiritual warrior is not without price. She was weakening; she needed me to begin taking the torch. Knowing she would be fine in the arms of Christ, I turned to see what would be coming next.

This was a real war; Satan was very successful in the campaigns he had already waged in the world. There was little time, as his domain was almost complete. It was shocking to see how much of the world truly already belonged to him.

"Talk of devils being confined to hell, or hidden by invisibility! We have them by shoals in the crowded towns and cities of the world. Talk of raising the devil! What need for that, when he is constantly walking to and fro in our streets, seeking whom he may devour."

Anonymous [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

Standing up, I ran out to see that the darkness of the sky had deepened. Looking to my right, I found Satan himself sitting on a throne disguised as a man in the robes of a Pope. Ordering other disguised priests to create laws and new church procedures according to Satan's rule, he was mocking the Holy Roman Catholic Church. But he couldn't touch it.

Running up to his throne, I threw off the robes of the Pope trying to salvage them before the blasphemy ran too deep. Satan laughed and the demons dressed in the robes of the priests joined in sending disgusting sounds of a false victory call through the air . . . and the sky turned darker.

But although he was doing this, the Church was too strong for him. He couldn't have it. He was a hideous fool.

It was then that I realized something profound and meaningful, something which would send shivers down my spine. There was only one way to save our planet from the destruction of Satan. There was only one way . . . I had to lead the people to repentance and true conversion.

As I came to this realization, I was suddenly moved to a place with an infinite numbers of rooms. Each room was filled with people; women and children, murderers and churchgoers, young and old; yet each were all equally lost in Hell, just for different reasons. They had no clue they were in Hell, and were completely content with the Hell they were in. This made my job all the more difficult.

Entering the first room, I began to speak to the people. As they were open to what I had to say.

"The cure for all ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word 'love'. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of you. It gives the power of working miracles if we will.

Lydia Maria Child [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Love)

"Show me your ways O Lord, teach me your paths; guide me in your truth and teach me, for you are God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long. Remember, O Lord, your great mercy and love, for they are from of old. Remember not the sins of my youth and my rebellious ways; according to your love remember me, for you are good, O Lord."

The Holy Bible, Psalm 25:4-7

Speaking harshly to them of the dangers of sin and the turning away from God, I also spoke to them with great joy of my hope in Christ. Although it took time, many listened, heard and began to pray for their own conversion of heart. Many began to cry out to the Lord for His mercy . . .

Grateful that many in these earlier rooms had been open to the salvation of the Lord, I had no idea what lay ahead in the rooms further away.

Entering into the further rooms, I found what appeared to be a disaster. My strength was weakening as the battle had gone long into the night and unfortunately the people in these rooms were so ensconced in their sins that they could not even notice my presence.

Their hells of lust, greed, selfishness, hatred, anger, pride and malice were so deeply ingrained that they were unable to recognize the ignominious pit in

which they had come to live. Many of them were damned youth. It was not possible to assist them; there would be no awakening for them this eve. Accepting this, I headed for another room.

Accepting this, I headed for another room.

Again, I noticed the constant ticking of the hideous clock of Satan, with an occasional evil laugh from his minions. Finding many souls who refused to respond to my pleadings, I was becoming weaker and my battle this eve would have to come to a close. Awakening into the material world, I was exhausted and spent much time recuperating from the battle.

"In all then actions think that God sees thee, and in all His actions labor to see Him. That will make thee fear Him, and this will move thee to love Him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and the knowledge of God is the perfection of love."

Francis Quarles [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (God)

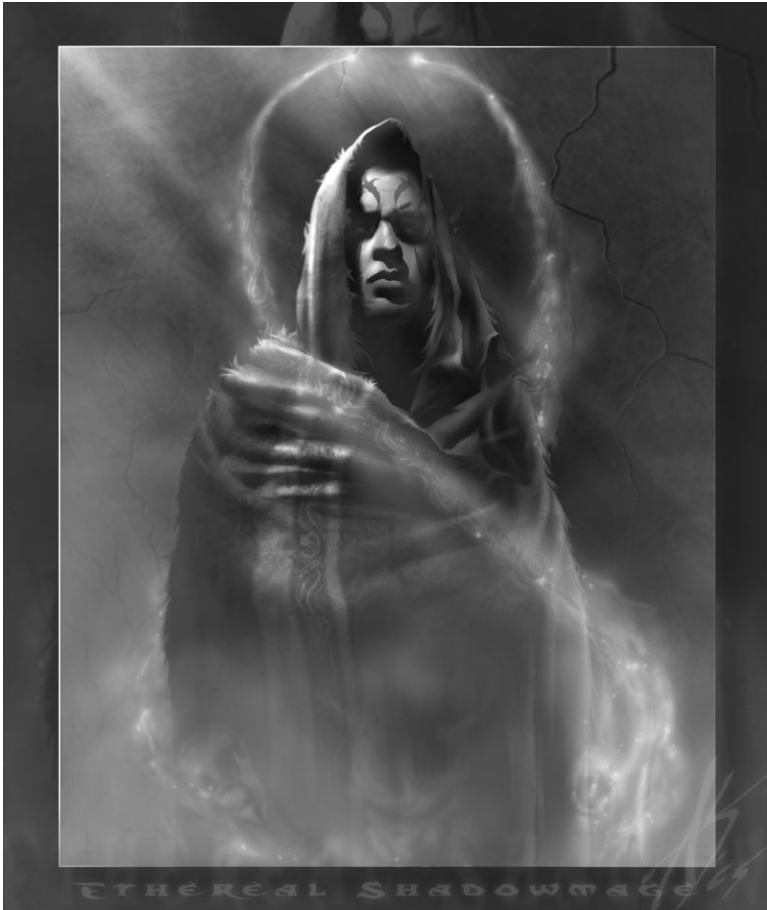
"Repentance is a heart of sorrow for our past misdeeds, and a sincere resolution and an endeavor to the utmost of our power, to conform all our actions to the law of God. It does not consist in one single act of sorrow, but in doing works meet for repentance; in a sincere obedience to the law of Christ for the remainder of our lives."

John Locke [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Repentance)

"Religion is the reaching out of one's whole being - mind, body, spirit, emotions, intuitions, will - for completion, for inner unity, for true relation with those about us, for right relation to the universe in which we live. Religion is life, a certain kind of life, life as it could and should be, a life of harmony

*within and true adjustment without life, therefore, in
harmony with the life of God himself."*

Henry Pitt Van Dusen: Life's Meaning [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.
Mead] (Religion)





BOOK OF THE SUCCUBUS

Mary's Vision:

Finding myself following the soul of a young woman lost in the false love of a man, I was allowed to see the things she was doing with him sexually. Interiorly, I was made to know very clearly that she was being used, and his only desire was to have sex with her. Although she believed with all of her heart that this man loved her, he did not. She was just another object to check off on his list of conquests. He was a man who had become so closely enmeshed with the Succubus demon as to have become one, and as a result, she was not only engaging in illicit sexual relations with him, but the Succubus which controlled him was raping her in the night.

She had consented to all of this and was now possessed herself of the Succubus.

Picking up the girls' cell phone, I found wallpaper on it with pictures of her and this man doing deviant sexual acts. There were pictures of many lewd things including him stripping her of her clothing and allowing him to basically do whatever deviant acts he so chose. Her soul was being devoured and it had come of her own free will.

Uncomfortably sitting in the room watching this heinous seduction, I observed that the young woman truly believed that he was doing this out of love for her when I saw that he was actually producing pornographic videos secretly of her submission to him. As he seduced her, cameras rolled in the background but she refused to see that he was using her for his pleasure.

Every time he had sex with her, there was an interior evil laugh which erupted from his soul delighting in her submission to his will. Initially, she had been pressured to have sex with this man, but now she had become so possessed by the Succubus that she not only allowed the deterioration to come upon her, but somehow had become addicted to the activities they participated in together, as well.

Having been a virgin before this assault and a devout Catholic, he had managed to strip her of her faith and values in one fell swoop. It had been so easy for him.

Weeping at the sight of such destruction of a soul once in the arms of God, there was almost a sense of rape to what he was doing, but she consented to the malice and deviance of the acts so it was a total act of submissive free will.

She, too, was already in hell, but so enjoying the pleasures of sin as to believe that there could not possibly be anything wrong with how she felt. As many of the others, she had accepted herself as her own god thereby making her own decisions based on what she wanted and felt as to what was morally correct in her eyes. The moral laws of the Church were just archaic, medieval, old-fashioned and had nothing to do with her.

Continuing to fall deeper and deeper into the pit this man had set out to toss her soul into, there was nothing I could do. Free will overshadows that which is good and true. God will not intervene with such matters.

A soul must come back to God contrite himself in order to be delivered from such a thing. Despairing for her, I left the scene.

How easy it is for the demons of sexual lust - the Incubus and the Succubus - to take over a young soul. If you were to find yourself in a similar situation, I would implore you to cry out to God in repentance, for God is good and full of mercy to those who come to Him for aid. And it is only through such grace, that a soul can truly overcome and rise above the sins of the flesh.

"They (Incubus and Succubus) are masters of disguise, being able to change their form to that which is most desired by their prey. Their true aspect however is truly hideous to behold. Appearing as in a dream they lure their victim into raptures of ecstasy, all the while sucking the very life force from them."

The Demon Hunter's Handbook, Abelard Van Helsing © Pavilion Books 2006
(Incubi & Succubi)



BOOK OF HEAVEN AND HELL

Mary's Vision:

Sitting quietly to myself in a school environment, a teacher from a random school somewhere in the world asked me to do something which surprised me.

"Mary, I need you speak about Heaven and Hell." Looking straight into my eyes, he was motioning towards his students. "I don't know how to explain it."

Looking at him in confusion wondering why he suddenly wished this of me, I left behind my surprise and stood up to speak.

Before me stood a group of young people, some were damned youth, others lost souls, but all

were in a position of not being quite right with God and requiring counsel.

Sitting in their seats with arrogance, the small classroom was filled with a lot of angry faces. Their eyes showed no concern or interest in the concept of Heaven and Hell at all, but I spoke anyway.

"Heaven and Hell both exist in the afterlife. Unfortunately, I haven't experienced as much of heaven as I have of hell, but they both exist."

"Heaven is Paradise. None of us deserve it, and none of us could possibly *earn* Eternal Life in Communion with God. We are all completely and utterly unworthy. If Jesus Christ had not died on the cross, the gates of Heaven would remain closed and no one would have gone to Heaven after death. To have Eternal Life in Heaven after death on Earth, we must surrender our lives completely to Christ and His will."

"God put each and every one of you on this Earth with a plan. If you do not accept the plan and refuse to allow Jesus to be in your life, you are damned. If you do not accept Christ and listen to His will, the gift of Heaven will never be given to you. By your actions, you have told Christ you do not want it. By your actions, you have told Him that you choose Hell over Jesus' mercy.

If you choose not to accept God's will, and if you force Him out of your lives, you have asked Him to leave. If you say you do not need Him, He no longer has a need for you. He will leave if you so ask Him to, but if you do this, you live a life without purpose or meaning that will only end in Eternal damnation in Hell. Satan will provide you with money and sex appeal, but he cannot provide you

with Eternal Life. Satan does these things with one sole purpose, to drag you straight with him into Hell when you die. God hears your cry when you cry out to Him, His mercy is unending. But you must call out to Him to lift you out of sin."

Pausing, the student body had increased as many youth had come into the classroom to listen to what I had to say. Somehow, through the power of God, the entire school was now listening to me and there was room for them all. I continued.

"None of you have a clue what Hell is or what it is like. I have seen what possesses each and every one of you. You are all already living in a Hell that you don't even see, but it is only dragging you closer to Eternal Damnation at the hands of Satan when you die. Many of you will die young, and many of you that do, will go to Hell unless you change your heart and call out to God for his mercy to come upon you. You may not believe me now, but you will once you get there. Satan knows how to lead each and every one of you to his abode, and he already has. Now is the time to call for Christ's forgiveness and mercy to bring you out of Hell. If you do not, you are damned."

"Hell is not a place of paradise. Hell is a horrifying land of death and horror. You spend your time in a land that completely strips you of any dignity or hope of life. You burn endlessly and suffer pain from the master that you serve in Hell - Satan. You are his slave in Hell; therefore you are ordered to do whatever he asks of you, unless you cry out to God. You can only be saved from this suffering through Jesus Christ and accepting Him as your true Savior and Redeemer. He is your only hope. Hell IS real. Your soul will burn, bleed and rip apart in every

possible way. God is your only hope to be free of damnation. Go to Him. You will be saved."

Stopping, I looked at the students who were listening. Looking at me in disbelief and horror, many of them still refused to accept these truths and refused to listen. I looked over them one more time and left with the words, "As Padre Pio used to say, you will believe it when you get there."

Unbelief was rampant despite this demonstration. It was not only evident in the hearts and minds of the youth but the extended community which I was given a special insight into seeing. And these communities spread throughout the world. So many in the world had completely lost their love for Jesus Christ, and many of them were going to go to Hell if they did not come back to Him.

"Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul. The evil effect on himself is certain."

Robert Southey [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)

"A church membership does not make a Christian any more than owning a piano makes a musician."

Douglas Meader: *These Times* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"This was posted on a Bronx, New York, church bulletin board: 'Do come in - Trespassers will be forgiven.'"

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Church)



BOOK OF THE LORD DEMON

Mary's Vision:

Standing in the front of the previous entrance to a random town, I found that it was all in ruins. This town represented many towns and cities around the world.

Interestingly, it was made known to me that the whole land had been this way for hundreds of years. It appeared almost like an ancient ruin that you might come across in an archaeological dig.

Portrayed as an old, ruined and completely destroyed gray brick wall, everything else had collapsed in the disaster of sin and degradation.

Observing the area around me in confusion, I saw that the darkness had enveloped the land. These were not captivating ruins of ancient peoples and

exciting historical times, but rather, sent chills down my spine. Evil was here . . .

Entering into the ruins, I found that as I walked past the opening into the town a long corridor opened its doors to me. Covered in rubble, a stench of dung hung in the air. Deathly silence filled the night, as I gazed into several of what appeared to be doors.

Pushed forward suddenly into a specific doorway, I stepped in seeing that there were people - souls - inside, and suddenly I was again thrust into what appeared to a large high school, random as always, which represented many high schools in our world today.

I could now smell death as I turned and saw before the face of one of the 'teachers' who was dressed in a long, dark, black robe. A cape was over his head and all I could see were his eyes and mouth.

Although there are millions of teachers who do so with great integrity, it was important this eve for me to see the image of one who represented those who led the young away from God - with or without their knowledge.

Looking down at me, he smiled. As he did so, his eyes began to blaze a hideous red, and blood and flesh had come dripping out of his mouth, hanging on his teeth.

"Oh, yes," He gagged, "I have been expecting you." Cringing in fear, I held tightly to my cross. This gesture made it very clear to him that I did not belong to him and that I never would.

Turning to the side, he lifted the arm of his robe revealing dark church pews filled with young people who wore the same robes and cloak.

When the young people or students saw him, they bowed in a hideous reverence toward the creature to which they were now slaves. Blasphemy was in the air . . . and it was happening in what would be considered 'legitimate' halls of learning. I was horrified.

Turning to face me again, the large, black and horrific looking creature attained to his full status as a demon. No longer appearing human in any fashion, he had become a beast.

Smiling, he said, "Oh! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm the Lord Demon. It's so nice to meet you." Hell in all its pallor and stench oozed from his mouth, as he reached out his 'hand' in hope that I would take it. But it was not a normal hand, but rather, a rough, blazing reptilian mess from which flesh hung and long misshapen claws were unsheathed and held out before me.

Stepping back, I refused to accept his handshake knowing exactly what that would mean. Agreeing to shake his hand would be a gesture allowing him to drag me straight to hell with him.

It was then that I remembered the nature of the Lord Demon, that of self-intelligence. In a world filled with schools denying the existence or importance of God, even teaching it as a superstitious belief of uneducated men, it was not surprising then to consider that such Lord Demons would in fact be among such institutions.

Turning, he faced his crowd of slaves.

"Victory will be mine!" He shouted, raising his arms above his head and clenching his fists. This caused blood to spill out of them.

"Bwahahahahahahaha," his evil laugh echoed and entered into the voices of the young people as he began a satanic ritualistic praise to himself.

Leaving the scene quickly, I found myself in another location of the school. The entire building had become a Hell realm, a bustling metropolis of death and horror.

Falling to the ground, I cried out to the Lord.

"Dear God! I need you so badly Lord! Help me to fight this war! I can only fight this evil with You by my side." Prostrating myself on the burning floor in tears, peace suddenly enveloped me. A hand rested on my shoulder and I looked up.

An angel stood next to me clothed all in white and resplendent with light and beauty. Looking into my eyes, he smiled.

"God is with you, dear child. Have no fear; with Him all things are possible."

Holding his hand out to me, I took it. With his strength, I was able to stand strong and ready to fight.

Continuing to pray for strength in the presence of the angel, he disappeared from his resplendent beauty but immediately reappeared as a normal young man - he was disguised to walk with me.

Standing together, we together went back to the Lord Demon's satanic abode. Standing with strength and determination, we entered together.

"Lord Demon," I said, "if it is a war, you want, you shall have it." Walking straight towards him I continued. "One thing you must remember is that God will win the victory and you will return to the depths of Hell where you belong. Jesus Christ Crucified redeemed the world, and will have victory over all evil."

Screeching in anger at the mention of Jesus Christ Crucified, the Lord Demon was angry and lifted up his arm as if to assault me. Pointing a claw straight towards my heart, he attempted to shoot a raging bolt of fire at me. But the power of God shielded me from his wrath and sent the fiery bolt searing right back into the Lord Demon who now burned and seethed in a rage. Screeching in pain, nothing could appease his pain.

The Lord Demon's minions proceeded in a rage towards a library wherein there was a hidden library where ancient holy books had been kept. Marching forth, they chanted to Satan and the Lord Demon and set fire to the Bibles and Holy Scriptures.

Having recovered from his self-inflicted assault, the Lord Demon followed laughing all the more as the realm again became darker.

Motioning me to follow, the angel stayed close behind to protect me as I went forth to protect the holy Word of God.

Standing in the entry of the room, the black-robed Satanists continued burning the scriptures and as they did so I saw faith deteriorating all around me. Christian souls began to fall away from the church by the dozens and I knew that I had to act quickly. Running in, I stood in front of the black-robed men and women. Lifting my right hand, I pointed it straight outward. Extending my first two fingers, I held tightly to my crucifix. As I did so, pure water poured from my fingers onto the robed demons, the holy books, and the Lord Demon. Flashing immediately, the fire was gone leaving the Lord Demon and his minions in a bad state. Deteriorating and thrusting back into the pits of Hell, the Lord

Demon was completely obliterated and sent back to the abyss, while the young people who had been under his sway discarded their black robes and became human again.

However, the demons would not be gone for long if the young people did not change their hearts. Any thought of sin is an invitation, and these souls remained in great peril. They absolutely **MUST** come back to God and close the door to these evils which they had previously embraced, or their fates would be sealed. Intervention such as this is a gift from God, and if not honored properly through true conversion of life, such intervention is rarely given again except to a truly repentant heart crying for mercy.

Some of the darkness had lifted, but more remained. Continuing forward was our only option.

Taking my new students into the previously blasphemed room, I ordered them to sit in the pews. "Kneel." I ordered them. "Ask God for His forgiveness. You now know that with Him all things are possible."

Stepping towards the satanic altar, I took everything the Lord Demon had left behind and thrust it onto the ground in a cry of vehement disgust. Adjusting the crucifix which had been turned upside down, I set it upright.

As I did these things, the room began to glow with a heavenly light which poured over the classroom. Each of my new students looked up in wonder as the light filled them with the peace and solitude of Jesus Christ.

Watching in awe and wonder, I soon realized that in order to fight this war, the teachers of darkness

and the teachers of light were going to clash. It was inevitable.

As the souls of the young people were purified, the light of Christ filled each of their hearts and their sins were forgiven.

Leaving the room as God prepared them for their new lives, I continued forth on my journey. Although the books in the library had been saved, many were still strewn throughout the school. It was necessary that I save them before Satan had a chance to send more minions back to the realm to retake them.

Running through the hallways, young people were roaming through them heading towards many classes which they did not see as evil, but in the light of truth, actually were quite so.

Much of the teaching given was distributed by souls who were possessed. Many of them did not necessarily 'teach' evil, but rather supported and encouraged the evil that already possessed the young people. Discipline of the young people was lacking and therefore brought forth more evil which was encouraged by the lack of discipline. The Lord had deemed this unacceptable, and had now sent me to intervene.

Continuing forward, I passed by many possessed. The angel continued to accompany and protect me as I observed and watched.

Suddenly and without warning, a teacher stopped me and beckoned me to heed his words.

Looking into his eyes, I saw God's light and peace within them. As he was one of the teachers who had no evil within him, I knew I must listen.

"Mary. You must know something." He looked down at me gravely. "There is a soul that seems on the outside to be completely together." I nodded interiorly knowing of the young soul of which he was speaking. "But you must understand that he is not. His heart is searching, but it is lost. Do not think he is fully with Christ. He needs someone to bring him there."

Looking at him, I was in denial. It appeared to me that this soul he spoke of was completely with Christ. But as I visited upon this interiorly within, I saw him. He was standing with a group of friends and speaking of things that showed me that I was wrong.

"You are right." I responded. "I thank you for revealing this to me."

The man of God bowed and continued on his way. Looking behind me once again, I observed and saw exactly what he had tried to explain.

This soul had become friends with everyone. Many of those friends included possessed young people and they were having an effect on him. Having a strong desire to fit in and be liked by everyone, this caused his heart to be in confusion. It affected his ability to discern good from evil. Acknowledging this with sadness, the angel nudged me forward because we still had to gather the lost holy books.

Running throughout the Hellish realm, I passed by many possessed young people, girls scantily dressed and bleeding openly from the demons who devoured them. All of these damned youth were completely oblivious to what had become of their souls, completely sold to evil.

Light was beginning to spread through the Hell realm, and God had begun to take over as much as free will allowed. Having saved the worst of the worst, it was now the Lord's hope to use them to save others.

After searching the realm, I found that all the holy books had already been taken to safety by unseen angels who had been sent in to save them.

In our final going forth, the angel stayed behind me as I found myself standing in the midst of a crowd of youth in a large gathering place. Chattering in meaningless gossip and unnecessary words, their pointless noise irritated me and prevented peace from entering into the room.

Finding a chair, I stood on it.

"Silence!" I shouted holding up my arms. As I held them up, light poured from them covering the entire room with light and a palpable silence. Although these students were the souls that had been saved, they were still frivolous and had no idea the depth of sin they were still in. My job was to force depth into them, and fill them with the determination to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ.

Looking down at the silent group of God's children in tears, I saw how many had so easily been lost, their innocence murdered. Then I saw the soul which had been pointed out to me by the teacher. Looking into his eyes, I saw his confusion and he was wondering what was about to happen. Looking again at the crowd of souls before me, this was my classroom, these were my students. My job had to continue.

"Wake up! Do you see the Hell you have been bathing in?" Looking over every one individually, I

noticed them mumbling in confusion. "The only reason you are barely alive at this moment is because of God! Each and every one of you was possessed by a variety of demons. God is the reason you are free of these demons. You have no idea what I have seen this night. God has shown me the Hell in which we are being taught. Do any of you see this? Satan has been walking in your midst and completely possessing each one of you. If you do not turn to Christ and surrender completely to Him, you are going to be eternally damned when you die! Jesus Christ is your *only* option to be saved, there are NO shortcuts."

Pausing, I looked around at the crowd. Silent and reflective, many remained uncomfortable and some looked at the ground in shame.

"What I have seen tonight is absolutely disgusting. Souls have rotted in the hallways and blood has spilled over and out of all of you. Your souls are fragile. Satan has made this world into his place of abode. He has used each of you as his slaves. He has bribed you with sex and vanity, only to drag you straight into Hell, to burn in damnation. Satan has no plan for you other than to completely destroy your soul and lead you to death. Come to Christ before it is too late! He is with you wherever you stand and carries you when you can't walk. He is your *only* hope. You must go to Him."

Beginning to feel the pull of spirit from the group, the soul which had pointed out to me looked up at me in tears. But many others refused to understand. I had done all I could.

What saddened me more than anything was the interior knowledge I had that this place I had been to this eve was not a singular place, but only

representative of many places around the world. Satan does not limit himself to one place. He is everywhere.

God is the only hope for the world. Without Him, we are nothing. Jesus Christ is our only hope.

"After all the ages I have spent fighting the Dark Forces of Satan I sense no lessening of the presence of Evil abroad in the world. Indeed, the race of man seems to fall ever further away from God's grace. Dark and terrible though the times I have lived through have been, I sense only further torment and descent into wickedness for mankind."

The Demon Hunter's Handbook, Abelard Van Helsing © Pavilion Books 2006
(Farewell)

"Know what is evil, no matter how worshipped it may be. Let the man of sense not mistake it, even when clothed in brocade, or at times crowned in gold, because it cannot thereby hide its hypocrisy, for slavery does not lose its infamy, however noble the master."

Baltasar Gracian y Morales: *Gracian's Manual* [12,000 Quotations] (Evil)

"If it be the characteristic of a worldly man that he desecrates what is holy, it should be of the Christian to consecrate what is secular, and to recognize a present and presiding divinity in all things."

Thomas Chalmers [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Holiness)

"Few souls understand what God would accomplish in them if they were to abandon themselves unreservedly to Him and if they were to allow His grace to mold them accordingly."

St. Ignatius Loyola

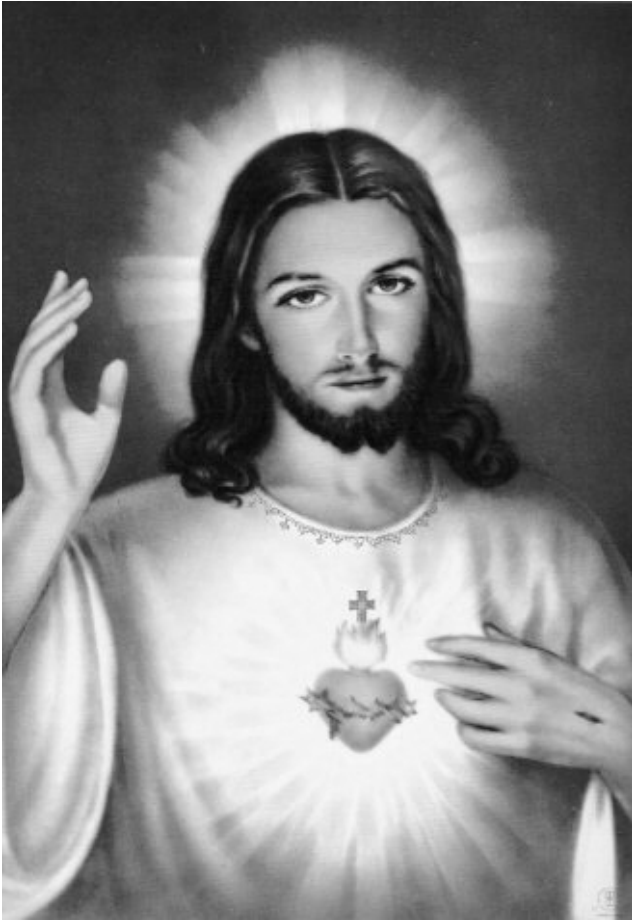
"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid or terrified because of them, for the Lord your God goes with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you."

The Holy Bible, The Book of Deuteronomy 31:6

"Be on your guard; stand firm in the faith; be men of courage; be strong."

The Holy Bible, The First Epistle to the Corinthians 16:13





BOOK OF THE RESTORATION OF GOD

Mary's Vision:

"This is the revelation God gave to Jesus Christ, that he might show his servants what must happen very soon. He made it known by sending his angel to his servant John, who in reporting, all he saw bears witness to the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ. Happy is the man who reads this

prophetic message, and happy are those who hear it and heed what is written in it, for the appointed time is near!"

The Holy Bible, The Book of Revelation 1:1-3

Captivated in the night, I was sleeping deeply after many years of battling the dark forces.

My mother and I were traveling the galactic heavens in a mystical spaceship. Made of a strong metallic metal it glistened in the light of the stars. Sitting together in awe at the beauty of the galaxies we were given to see, God's spectacular artwork literally splashed against the night sky.

Traveling at a breathtaking speed of light, we passed by brightly colored stars, galaxies and other realms of existence in different dimensions of reality. Mesmerized by the beauty, I felt the absolute peace and final relaxation which I had so longed for in the many days when I was called to the warfare of the kingdom of Heaven.

But this awe and wonder was not to last long, for our ship had soon landed on a strange land mass of flat and dull rock. The land was encased in fog and a dark smell. Stepping off of the ship, I receive a prophetic premonition of a flood which was to come.

A soft voice bid me warning, "Be careful in the darkness, my child."

There was a piercing sun which burned the skin, and I realized as I turned back towards the spaceship, that I was now alone. Crying for my mother, this was a journey I had to take by myself and she could no longer accompany me.

Lost in a desolate land about to be lost in a major flood, I questioned where this flood could

possibly come from. But I soon realized that it was not my place to question that which God had said would be done. Prostrating myself on the rough burning surface of the strange land, I cried out to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

“If it be your will Lord, I beg you to help me be free of the destruction of this land. Help me find shelter from the storm. I need you Lord, I am in desperate need.” As I wept, I felt a peaceful rush of wind blow sweetly across my face. I lifted my head trying to protect it from the blowing dust. But as the dust faded away, I saw a sight so brilliant as to mesmerize my soul in wonder and joy. Before me lay a vision of sweetness and glory of which I could never deserve, but was grateful and joyous to behold. The Lord Jesus Christ stood before me with light emanating from his body which exuded the peace, love, joy and power of His presence. The light was so bright, I had to keep my head down in prostration.

Standing about a hundred feet away from me, glistening in white and silver light, He stood atop a cloud that appeared to blend into His being. Wearing a pure white robe which fell loosely around his body, it blew softly in the snow sweetened wind. His long brown hair glistened with light as it blew in unison with the robe.

Awestruck, the powerful presence of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ held me down to the ground in prostration. It was impossible for me to stand before Him. Crawling in tears towards him, He stared down at me with a most peaceful smile. His arms were held out revealing the wounds He had accepted for my sins. After a slow and deliberate crawl, I now lay at His feet, slowly kneeling below Him with head

down in absolute wonder. Smiling, He spoke no words. Nothing was required.

His smile gave me an inexplicable joy beyond the ability to fathom. As I lifted my head and stared into his eyes, I saw the galaxies and stars of the universe, each in their unique beauty and light.

Staring at him for what seemed like a lifetime, the silent exchange of interior knowing filled me with healing.

The flood came and went, but I was in safekeeping. Jesus Christ held me safe from the storms of life and I interiorly knew that He would help me to do this my whole life through.

When the flood departed, He had left in the place He had stood glistening stars that twinkled in the light. Now able to stand, I indeed did so and looked around.

The lands were no longer burned and scorched, but were now transforming into fertile soil for plants and living things to grow in. Peace filled my soul. The darkness had been restored to light, and that which had been lost had also been restored.

Turning back towards the place where my spaceship had originally come, it had returned. Running towards the glistening silver light, I bathed in my mother's arms as she smiled in joy at the awesome journey I had been given to take.

When I awoke, I knew that my life would never be the same as I was filled with the joy and the love of Christ. Sitting up freely, a burden had been taken from my back. A calling secured . . . the peace of its completion a restoration.

I will forever and always live in devotion to doing His will.

"God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness."

Francis Quarles: *Emblems*, Bk. I [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]
(God)

"God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the Earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea."

Prayer Book [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"The proof of love is in the works. Where love exists, it works great things."

Pope St. Gregory the Great

"For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction."

The Holy Bible, Ecclesiastes 2:11

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one comes to the Father but through me. If you really knew me, you would know my father also."

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of John 14:6 - 7

"Honor God and give Him glory, for His time has come to sit in judgment. Worship the Creator of Heaven and Earth."

The Holy Bible, Revelation 14:7



...IN THE ARMY OF GOD.
THE LORD JESUS IS MY
COMMANDING OFFICER.
THE HOLY BIBLE IS MY
CODE OF CONDUCT.
PRAYER AND THE
WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD
ARE MY WEAPONS OF
WARFARE. I HAVE BEEN
TAUGHT BY THE HOLY
SPIRIT, TRAINED BY
EXPERIENCE. TRIED BY
ADVERSITY, AND
TESTED BY FIRE.

*"Work out your own salvation with fear and
trembling; for it is God who works in you both to
will and to do for His good pleasure."*

The Holy Bible, Philippians 2:12

*"If you are to understand the remedy, you must first
understand the illness. The illness is unrecognized sin;
the remedy is the mercy of Jesus Christ. Call for it and
ask . . . and you shall receive. "*

Marilynn Hughes

"A nation can survive its fools, and even the ambitious. But it cannot survive treason from within. An enemy at the gates is less formidable, for he is known and he carries his banners openly. But the traitor moves among those within the gate freely, his sly whispers rustling through all the alleys, heard in the very halls of government itself. For the traitor appears not traitor, he speaks in the accents familiar to his victims, and he wears their face and their garments, and he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation, he works secretly and unknown in the night to undermine the pillars of a city, he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to be feared." Cicero, 42 B.C.



The Image of the Divine Mercy

"All those souls who will glorify My mercy and spread its worship, encouraging others to trust in My mercy, will not experience terror at the hour of death.

My mercy will shield them in that final battle . . ."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press 1987]



Mary Hughes, Mystic
Age of Fifteen at the Completion of this Work

FOOTNOTES

The Catechism of the Catholic Church on Sin

PART THREE LIFE IN CHRIST

SECTION ONE MAN'S VOCATION LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

CHAPTER ONE THE DIGNITY OF THE HUMAN PERSON

ARTICLE 8 SIN

I. MERCY AND SIN

1846 The Gospel is the revelation in Jesus Christ of God's mercy to sinners.¹¹³ The angel announced to Joseph: "You shall call his name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins."¹¹⁴ The same is true of the Eucharist, the sacrament of redemption: "This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."¹¹⁵

1847 "God created us without us: but he did not will to save us without us."¹¹⁶ To receive his mercy, we must admit our faults. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness."¹¹⁷

1848 As St. Paul affirms, "Where sin increased, grace abounded all the more."¹¹⁸ But to do its work grace must uncover sin so as to convert our hearts and bestow on us "righteousness to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."¹¹⁹ Like a physician who probes the wound before treating it, God, by his Word and by his Spirit, casts a living light on sin:

Conversion *requires convincing of sin*; it includes the interior judgment of conscience, and this, being a proof of the action of the Spirit of truth in man's inmost being, becomes at the same time the start of a new grant of grace and love: "Receive the Holy Spirit." Thus in this "convincing concerning sin" we discover *a double gift*: the gift of the truth of conscience and the gift of the certainty of redemption. The Spirit of truth is the Consoler.¹²⁰

II. THE DEFINITION OF SIN

1849 Sin is an offense against reason, truth, and right conscience; it is failure in genuine love for God and neighbor caused by a perverse attachment to certain goods. It wounds the nature of man and injures human solidarity. It has been defined as "an utterance, a deed, or a desire contrary to the eternal law."¹²¹

1850 Sin is an offense against God: "Against you, you alone, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in your sight."¹²² Sin sets itself against God's love for us and turns our hearts away from it. Like the first sin, it is disobedience, a revolt against God through the will to become "like gods,"¹²³ knowing and determining good and evil. Sin is thus "love of oneself even to contempt of God."¹²⁴ In this proud self-exaltation, sin

is diametrically opposed to the obedience of Jesus, which achieves our salvation.¹²⁵

1851 It is precisely in the Passion, when the mercy of Christ is about to vanquish it, that sin most clearly manifests its violence and its many forms: unbelief, murderous hatred, shunning and mockery by the leaders and the people, Pilate's cowardice and the cruelty of the soldiers, Judas' betrayal - so bitter to Jesus, Peter's denial and the disciples' flight. However, at the very hour of darkness, the hour of the prince of this world,¹²⁶ the sacrifice of Christ secretly becomes the source from which the forgiveness of our sins will pour forth inexhaustibly.

III. THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SINS

1852 There are a great many kinds of sins. Scripture provides several lists of them. The *Letter to the Galatians* contrasts the works of the flesh with the fruit of the Spirit: "Now the works of the flesh are plain: fornication, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, factions, envy, drunkenness, carousing, and the like. I warn you, as I warned you before, that those who do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."¹²⁷

1853 Sins can be distinguished according to their objects, as can every human act; or according to the virtues they oppose, by excess or defect; or according to the commandments they violate. They can also be classed according to whether they concern God, neighbor, or oneself; they can be divided into spiritual and carnal sins, or again as sins in thought, word, deed, or omission. The root of sin is in the heart of man, in his free will, according to the teaching of the Lord: "For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, fornication, theft, false witness,

slander. These are what defile a man."¹²⁸ But in the heart also resides charity, the source of the good and pure works, which sin wounds.

IV. THE GRAVITY OF SIN: MORTAL AND VENIAL SIN

1854 Sins are rightly evaluated according to their gravity. The distinction between mortal and venial sin, already evident in Scripture,¹²⁹ became part of the tradition of the Church. It is corroborated by human experience.

1855 *Mortal sin* destroys charity in the heart of man by a grave violation of God's law; it turns man away from God, who is his ultimate end and his beatitude, by preferring an inferior good to him.

Venial sin allows charity to subsist, even though it offends and wounds it.

1856 Mortal sin, by attacking the vital principle within us - that is, charity - necessitates a new initiative of God's mercy and a conversion of heart which is normally accomplished within the setting of the sacrament of reconciliation:

When the will sets itself upon something that is of its nature incompatible with the charity that orients man toward his ultimate end, then the sin is mortal by its very object . . . whether it contradicts the love of God, such as blasphemy or perjury, or the love of neighbor, such as homicide or adultery. . . . But when the sinner's will is set upon something that of its nature involves a disorder, but is not opposed to the love of God and

neighbor, such as thoughtless chatter or immoderate laughter and the like, such sins are venial.¹³⁰

1857 For a *sin* to be *mortal*, three conditions must together be met: "Mortal sin is sin whose object is grave matter and which is also committed with full knowledge and deliberate consent."¹³¹

1858 *Grave matter* is specified by the Ten Commandments, corresponding to the answer of Jesus to the rich young man: "Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor your father and your mother."¹³² The gravity of sins is more or less great: murder is graver than theft. One must also take into account who is wronged: violence against parents is in itself graver than violence against a stranger.

1859 Mortal sin requires *full knowledge* and *complete consent*. It presupposes knowledge of the sinful character of the act, of its opposition to God's law. It also implies a consent sufficiently deliberate to be a personal choice. Feigned ignorance and hardness of heart¹³³ do not diminish, but rather increase, the voluntary character of a sin.

1860 *Unintentional ignorance* can diminish or even remove the imputability of a grave offense. But no one is deemed to be ignorant of the principles of the moral law, which are written in the conscience of every man. The promptings of feelings and passions can also diminish the voluntary and free character of the offense, as can external pressures or pathological

disorders. Sin committed through malice, by deliberate choice of evil, is the gravest.

1861 Mortal sin is a radical possibility of human freedom, as is love itself. It results in the loss of charity and the privation of sanctifying grace, that is, of the state of grace. If it is not redeemed by repentance and God's forgiveness, it causes exclusion from Christ's kingdom and the eternal death of hell, for our freedom has the power to make choices for ever, with no turning back. However, although we can judge that an act is in itself a grave offense, we must entrust judgment of persons to the justice and mercy of God.

1862 One commits *venial sin* when, in a less serious matter, he does not observe the standard prescribed by the moral law, or when he disobeys the moral law in a grave matter, but without full knowledge or without complete consent.

1863 Venial sin weakens charity; it manifests a disordered affection for created goods; it impedes the soul's progress in the exercise of the virtues and the practice of the moral good; it merits temporal punishment. Deliberate and unrepented venial sin disposes us little by little to commit mortal sin. However venial sin does not break the covenant with God. With God's grace it is humanly reparable. "Venial sin does not deprive the sinner of sanctifying grace, friendship with God, charity, and consequently eternal happiness."¹³⁴

While he is in the flesh, man cannot help but have at least some light sins. But do not despise these sins which we call "light": if you take them for light when you weigh them, tremble when you count them. A number of light objects makes a great mass; a number of drops fills a river; a number of grains makes a heap. What then is our hope? Above all, confession.¹³⁵

1864 "Therefore I tell you, every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven men, but the blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven."¹³⁶ There are no limits to the mercy of God, but anyone who deliberately refuses to accept his mercy by repenting, rejects the forgiveness of his sins and the salvation offered by the Holy Spirit.¹³⁷ Such hardness of heart can lead to final impenitence and eternal loss.

V. THE PROLIFERATION OF SIN

1865 Sin creates a proclivity to sin; it engenders vice by repetition of the same acts. This results in perverse inclinations which cloud conscience and corrupt the concrete judgment of good and evil. Thus sin tends to reproduce itself and reinforce itself, but it cannot destroy the moral sense at its root.

1866 Vices can be classified according to the virtues they oppose, or also be linked to the *capital sins* which Christian experience has distinguished, following St. John Cassian and St. Gregory the Great. They are called "capital" because they engender other sins, other vices.¹³⁸ They are pride, avarice, envy, wrath, lust, gluttony, and sloth or acedia.

1867 The catechetical tradition also recalls that there are "*sins that cry to heaven*": the blood of Abel,¹³⁹ the sin of the Sodomites,¹⁴⁰ the cry of the people oppressed in Egypt,¹⁴¹ the cry of the foreigner, the widow, and the orphan,¹⁴² injustice to the wage earner.¹⁴³

1868 Sin is a personal act. Moreover, we have a responsibility for the sins committed by others when *we cooperate in them*:

- by participating directly and voluntarily in them;
- by ordering, advising, praising, or approving them;
- by not disclosing or not hindering them when we have an obligation to do so;
- by protecting evil-doers.

1869 Thus sin makes men accomplices of one another and causes concupiscence, violence, and injustice to reign among them. Sins give rise to social situations and institutions that are contrary to the divine goodness. "Structures of sin" are the expression and effect of personal sins. They lead their victims to do evil in their turn. In an analogous sense, they constitute a "social sin."¹⁴⁴

IN BRIEF

1870 "God has consigned all men to disobedience, that he may have mercy upon all" (*Rom 11:32*).

1871 Sin is an utterance, a deed, or a desire contrary to the eternal law (St. Augustine, *Faust* 22: PL 42, 418). It is an offense against God. It rises up against God in a disobedience contrary to the obedience of Christ.

1872 Sin is an act contrary to reason. It wounds man's nature and injures human solidarity.

1873 The root of all sins lies in man's heart. The kinds and the gravity of sins are determined principally by their objects.

1874 To choose deliberately - that is, both knowing it and willing it - something gravely contrary to the divine law and to the ultimate end of man is to commit a mortal sin. This destroys in us the charity without which eternal beatitude is impossible. Unrepented, it brings eternal death.

1875 Venial sin constitutes a moral disorder that is reparable by charity, which it allows to subsist in us.

1876 The repetition of sins - even venial ones - engenders vices, among which are the capital sins.

113 Cf. Lk 15.

114 Mt 1:21.

115 Mt 26:28.

116 St. Augustine, *Sermo* 169, 11, 13: PL 38, 923.

117 1 Jn 8-9.

118 Rom 5:20.

119 Rom 5:21.

120 John Paul II, *DeV* 31 # 2.

121 St. Augustine, *Contra Faustum* 22: PL 42, 418; St. Thomas

- Aquinas, STh I-II, 71, 6.
 122 Ps 51:4.
 123 Gen 3:5.
 124 St. Augustine, De civ. Dei 14, 28: PL 41, 436.
 125 Cf. Phil 2:6-9.
 126 Cf. Jn 14:30.
 127 Gal 5:19-21; CE Rom 1:28-32; 1 Cor 9-10; Eph 5:3-5; Col 3:5-8;
 1 Tim 9-10; 2 Tim 2-5.
 128 Mt 15:19-20.
 129 Cf. 1 Jn 16-17.
 130 St. Thomas Aquinas, STh I-II, 88, 2, corp. art.
 131 RP 17 # 12.
 132 Mk 10:19.
 133 Cf. Mk 3:5-6; Lk 16:19-31.
 134 John Paul II, RP 17 # 9.
 135 St. Augustine, In ep. Jo. 1, 6: PL 35, 1982.
 136 Mt 12:31; cf. Mk 3:29; Lk 12:10.
 137 Cf. John Paul II, DeV 46.
 138 Cf. St. Gregory the Great, Moralia in Job, 31, 45: PL 76, 621A.
 139 Cf. Gen 4:10.
 140 Cf. Gen 18:20; 19:13.
 141 Cf. Ex 3:7-10.
 142 Cf. Ex 20:20-22.
 143 Cf. Deut 24:14-15; Jas 5:4.
 144 John Paul II, RP 16.

*The Catechism of the Catholic Church, Provided by
the Vatican Archive*



The Early Life of St. Francis of Assisi

The Unsaintly Beginnings of a Great Man

Many people don't realize that St. Francis of Assisi lived a very controversial life before his conversion.

Born in 1181, St. Francis of Assisi lived a short life which has gone on to affect all ages. His death occurred on October 3, 1226. Some writers have called St. Francis of Assisi's youth idle, but it is humorous how his own best friend referred to the life he'd lived before his profound conversion.

**Thomas of Celano Writes the First Authoritative
Life of St. Francis of Assisi**

After explaining the times in which St. Francis of Assisi was born and lived; a time of debauchery, arrogance, vanity, excess, lewdness – Thomas of Celano calls his generation ‘slaves of sin.’ According to this examination of the times of St. Francis early years, Thomas of Celano writes:

“This is the wretched early training in which that man who we today venerate as a saint – for he truly is a saint – passed his time from childhood and miserably wasted and squandered his time almost up to the twenty-fifth year of his life. Maliciously advancing beyond all of his peers in vanities, he proved himself a more excessive inciter of evil and a zealous imitator of foolishness.” Thomas of Celano

St. Francis of Assisi’s Vain and Naïve Youth

His father was a cloth-maker by trade and very wealthy. Throughout his youth, St. Francis saw no problem with this situation. He followed the ways of his friends in attending to drinking in bars and disrespecting women – with the exception of one – Clare.

Clare and Francis were friends from an early age and would together become one of the most holy duos in Christian history.

St. Francis of Assisi’s Call to War

When the freedom of Assisi was threatened by the usual aristocracy, St. Francis gathered his friends and convinced them that they must fight for their

freedoms. In his naiveté, he felt very proud and full – even bringing into the battle a young boy who had not even reached the age of majority. But he felt so certain of his cause that there was no stopping his conviction, and he was so popular amongst his friends, that they all followed him into what would become an unsuccessful, bloody and horrific war.

St. Francis of Assisi's Conversion Began on a Battlefield

Watching many die senselessly and horribly on the battlefield, St. Francis's conversion began – but would not come to completion for quite some time – on that battlefield. He realized that he had made a profound error in judgment and many people had died because of it.

Perhaps only by the grace of God, the majority of his loyal friends survived their injuries. But St. Francis was presumed dead.

St. Francis of Assisi Spends Years in Prison

The Sordid Fruits of War

St. Francis of Assisi underwent profound hardship and suffering to come by his conversion.

Taken as a prisoner of war, St. Francis of Assisi was thrust into a horrifying dungeon with others who had

fought in the battles, but also many who had been there for years.

St. Francis of Assisi's Cellmate

Very injured upon arrival, St. Francis of Assisi had a cellmate whose name is still unknown. But without this man, Francesco would have remained and died a naïve and stupid young man.

Instead, this anonymous saint had hidden a copy of the Holy Bible within his cell which was illegal at the time. Nursing St. Francis back to health with the garments from his own body to nurse the saint's wounds, St. Francis only learned of his cellmate's secret book when the guards came to execute him for having it.

Before they arrived, he placed the Holy Bible deep within the bandages upon St. Francis of Assisi's ravaged body as the saint heard the refusal of our unknown hero to renounce his faith as he died.

St. Francis of Assisi Utilizes Scripture to Maintain Hope

Days passed before St. Francis realized what the old man had put deep within his bandages. But when he found it, he began to read it ferociously, memorizing the scriptures that contained the hope that would keep him alive in this awful hell hole where people died every day horrific deaths. As he recovered from his wounds, the words of the bible became

emblazoned in his mind and spirit and he knew them by heart.

St. Francis of Assisi's Father Learns of His Son's Survival

A couple of years passed before somebody who knew of Francesco's whereabouts was released from the prison. Immediately, he sought out Francesco's father and Clare whom Francesco had spoken so highly about. When they learned he was alive, St. Francis of Assisi's father took a journey to the prison to find his son almost dead – already placed upon a pile of bodies; worn, battered and weary from torture and starvation.

He took him home to nurse him back to health. St. Francis remained unconscious and incoherent for a very long time. It was uncertain whether he would ever be restored to health. When he did finally awake, he raved like a madman and his family didn't know if they would ever be able to have him back the way he had been before his ordeal.

St. Francis had gone through a profound change in his life which would manifest soon in his call to conversion.

St. Francis of Assisi Receives his Call

Illness Becomes Revelation

On his sick bed, St. Francis was called by God.

Still raving like a madman, the people of Assisi tried to keep St. Francis in bed during his recovery. But his call was to come in a 'voice' that spoke to him in his dreaming, that led him to seek out the sunlight and in what some biographers call the voice of 'love.'

St. Francis of Assisi hears the Voice

In a state of deep sleep, St. Francis of Assisi heard a voice. Thomas of Celano records the moment in the first written biography of the saint – by one who lived alongside him and knew him well.

“Who can give you more?” The Voice Said. “The master or the servant?” “The Master!” “Then why are you abandoning the master for the servant and the prince for the vassal?” And Francis said, “What do you wish me to do, Lord?” “Return to the land where you were born, and you will be told what you must do. Return home . . .” The words were harsh, but the voice was gentle, because it was the Lord’s voice.”
God's Fool: The Life and Times of St. Francis of Assisi, By Julien Greenby

St. Francis Renounces the Wealth of His Father

In a frenzy of passion, St. Francis of Assisi took to taking the money from his father’s coffers and distributing it to the poor and homeless people who lived outside the gates of their placid estate. But this angered his father to no end and led St. Francis of

Assisi and his father to a showdown before the town prelate.

In this moment, St. Francis of Assisi stripped himself of all his clothing and gave it back to his father saying that he did not want it. He wanted to be like the poor in the street and the beggars.

It was at this moment that he left his home, his family and his friends and embraced what he would later call 'Lady Poverty.' He esteemed 'Lady Poverty' above all else, and never strayed from that path from that moment forward.

The Prayer of St. Francis

The Prayer of St. Francis sums up the life he then began to lead and followed throughout his life:

"Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace.
 Where there is hatred let me sow love.
 Where there is injury, pardon.
 Where there is doubt, faith.
 Where there is despair, hope.
 Where there is darkness, light.
 And where there is sadness, joy.
 Oh Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
 To be consoled, as to console;
 To be understood, as to understand;
 To be loved, as to love;
 For it is in giving that we receive;
 It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
 And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."
 St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis of Assisi Embraces Asceticism

A Rich Man Chooses Poverty

Having lived a life of profound opulence, St. Francis of Assisi gave it all up to beg on the streets.

Attaining for himself a simple and much worn frock, St. Francis ventured off into the wilderness at the time. He lived off of the land, ate only what the Lord provided either through almsgiving of others or the berries of the field.

St. Francis of Assisi Embraces 'Lady Poverty'

In his search for peace and this higher truth that he felt for a moment in his vision of God, he became very close to nature, the animals, the plants and even the elements and the seasons. St. Francis of Assisi was alone now, living off the land and seeking God in the simple beauty of the world around him.

War had tarnished his view of humanity forever. He felt that there must be a better way, and he felt that only in relinquishing all worldly goods could a man find peace and almost in a sense lose the madness.

'Lady Poverty' becomes St. Francis of Assisi's Bride

He had often spoken of how when he got married he would choose the most beautiful and worthy bride to

be his wife. At the time, no one knew that in his holy madness he was referring to his love of 'Lady Poverty' which was the name he gave to the state of life he had chosen.

'Lady Poverty' was the most beautiful thing to St. Francis of Assisi, and as the years would go by, it became absolutely vital to him to live in complete poverty at all times. Once he had embraced her as his bride, he never wavered in his entire life.

The Holy Gospels and 'Lady Poverty'

'Lady Poverty' represented to St. Francis of Assisi the pure and unsullied path the gospels laid out for all Christians. And though many told him it was impossible to live this way, he never accepted that as being true. And somehow, he had the interior discipline to weather and accept all manner of hardship brought on by nature and all the elements around him, including hunger, thirst and lack of shelter.

In the accounts of St. Francis of Assisi's life, it was said of him that he would become like an angel when he spoke of 'Lady Poverty.'

'The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty'

St. Francis of Assisi so loved 'Lady Poverty' that he wrote about it in a document entitled *'The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty'* wherein

he has a discussion with his bride about her immense beauty to the Lord:

“How great must be your dignity, then, and how beyond compare your stature! He left behind all the ranks of angels and the immense powers – of which there is a great abundance in heaven – when he came to look for you in the lowest regions of the earth – you who were lying in the mud of the swamp, in darkness, and in the shadow of death. All living beings held you in great contempt. All people ran from you and, as far as they could, cast you aside. Even though there were some who couldn’t escape from you, you were no less contemptible and despicable to them.” He went on to say, “But after the Lord of lords came, taking you as His own, He lifted up your head among the tribes of the peoples. He adorned you as a bride with a crown, exalting you above the heights of the clouds. Yet, even though a number of people, ignorant of your power and glory still hate you, this takes nothing away from you because you live freely on the sacred mountains, in the strongest dwelling-place of Christ’s glory.” *‘The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty’ - St. Francis of Assisi*

St. Francis of Assisi Rebuilds San Damiano

God Speaks through a Worn Crucifix

The Church that St. Francis of Assisi rebuilt brick by brick still stands today in Assisi, Italy.

As St. Francis had come upon a broken down old church, he stayed to pray within it. He noticed near the altar a bit of shrubs that were covering something, but he knew not what. When he uncovered it, it was the cross of San Damiano which is so well known today. But at that moment, it was a unique and fairly worn crucifix done in iconish form with moments from the life of Christ painted upon it.

St. Francis of Assisi Prays Before the San Damiano Crucifix

St. Francis of Assisi took up residence in the old broken down church without a roof, with plants growing in the place where pews had once been, and spent many hours praying before the crucifix he unearthed under a pile of weeds.

God Speaks to St. Francis of Assisi Through the San Damiano Crucifix

As St. Francis of Assisi was praying one day, he had an amazing revelation occur to him. During his prayer, he heard the voice of God speaking to him through the crucifix. Looking up to see, the image of Christ spoke to him and asked him to rebuild his church. After hearing this a few times, St. Francis of Assisi realized that God wished for him to rebuild San Damiano, which had once been a thriving church but had been left to rot and ruin many years before.

St. Francis of Assisi Rebuilds and the Brothers Begin to Arrive

In response to the call of God, St. Francis of Assisi began gathering one rock at a time and rebuilding the San Damiano Church slowly. There was a profound amount of work, especially for one man. But interestingly, something began to happen.

Many of his former friends had gone through periods of their own reflection. They now felt that St. Francis of Assisi was not crazy, but correct. One by one, they came to join him and asked to embrace the life of poverty he had embraced. Within a short amount of time, there were ten to fifteen brothers all working on the rebuilding of San Damiano Church.

San Damiano Opens for Mass

Despite the fact that the Franciscans had a long way to go before becoming an order, they were quickly drawing members from many different areas. When the San Damiano Church was complete, St. Francis of Assisi went to a childhood friend of his who had become a priest and begged of him to celebrate a Mass at the new – but old – church. Hesitant to accept his wishes because the brothers were still considered a rogue order, he wasn't sure if he'd come. But all the brothers who had joined St. Francis of Assisi to build the church went door to door in Assisi announcing that the first Mass would be held and that ALL were welcome. The street people, the lepers – everybody was invited to attend.

And at the last minute, St. Francis of Assisi's friend arrived and happily celebrated the first Mass at the newly restored San Damiano Church. Although it appeared that no one might come, at the last minute, a host of people came - mostly the poor and the church was filled.

St. Francis of Assisi Sees the Pope

An Unexpected Revelation

When St. Francis of Assisi went to see the Pope, he was not greeted with enthusiasm.

After realizing that without the Pope's approval, the order that had just begun could not continue in concert with the Magisterium of the Church, St. Francis of Assisi boldly set forth with a group of his brothers to Rome to meet him. It was during this trip that he also brought his beloved St. Clare to the convent. She would later found her own convents who would become the Poor Clare's who exist until this day.

St. Francis of Assisi's Initial Reception with the Pope

Arriving in tattered rags and bowing before the Pope, all the Pope's legates appeared disgusted by their appearance. St. Francis of Assisi made a moving appeal to these men who were adorned with such

luxury and wealth. The Pope very patiently told St. Francis that he, too, once wished to live the gospel ideal when he was young. But realized it was not possible as he grew older and followed his path in the church.

St. Francis of Assisi replied that if we are to say that it is not possible to live the Gospel, then why do we have a church? Those present were shocked at his blunt and aggressive approach. But St. Francis of Assisi maintained his status, completely prostrate before the Pope on the floor, referring to him reverentially but asking for his blessing upon their order. The Pope stood up and walked out.

The Cardinals and Bishops had made their objections known to the Pope about the order and he played devil's advocate again and asked, "How will you live? What will you live on without money?" To which St. Francis of Assisi replied, "Lord, I leave it to my Lord Jesus Christ. If he has promised to give us eternal life, he will certainly not deny us, when the time comes, the indispensable necessities for our material life on this earth." The Pope excused him and told him to come back only if he had a sensible plan for his order.

St. Francis of Assisi's Parable and Second Reception with the Pope

St. Francis returned the next day and told the Pope a parable that he had been inspired to share. A rich king had married a very beautiful but poor woman in the desert who had given him many children, but she

had stayed in the desert. When the sons grew up, they complained that they had nothing to her reply that they were sons of a king and if they needed something they should go to him and ask. Going to the palace of the king, he was stricken by how glorious these sons appeared and asked them where they had come from and who they were. They replied that they were the sons of the poor woman in the desert to which the king said, "Have no fear, you are my sons. Those who are nothing to me are nourished at my table, all the more reason why I shall take care of you."

Francis concluded his story by saying, "There is no danger that the sons and heirs of the eternal king will die of hunger, for the king in the parable was Christ, who would provide for everything; and it was he, Francis, who had given birth to them."

Silence pervaded the Cathedral hall.

The Pope Speaks of a Dream

Walking towards the man covered in mud lying prostrate on the floor before him, Pope Innocent IIIrd looked him straight in the eye and related a dream he had the night before which he shared had left him feeling disquieted. Sleeping on a bed, he saw himself with a tiara on his head. The Lateran Basilica, a church, was tilted to one particular side at an angle, dangerously close to collapse. But in his dream, a little beggar, a monk, leaned against the pillars of the church with his shoulder. And this little mud-covered man wearing rags held up the Church and kept it

from collapsing. The man, Pope Innocent IIIrd said, was Francis.

Historical Differences

According to St. Bonaventure's account, the Pope approved the Franciscan order at that moment, although there are other accounts which say there was a delay. But in popular stories, St. Francis left Rome as the new founder of the Franciscan Order of the Lesser Brothers.

The Canticle of the Creatures

The Order of Franciscans is Approved

After leaving Rome with the approval of the Pope, St. Francis of Assisi recited the Canticle of the Creatures surrounded by birds and animals.

Legends tell us that St. Francis of Assisi wandered off into a tree and began to sing this canticle as birds swarmed towards him and began singing with him. History says this canticle developed more gradually in a cycle of three stages.

The Canticle of the Creatures of St. Francis of Assisi

"Most High, all-powerful, good Lord
Yours are the praises, the glory, and the honour, and
all blessing,

To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
 And no human is worthy to mention your name.
 Praised be You, my Lord, with all Your creatures,
 Especially Sir Brother Sun
 Who is the day and through whom You give us light.
 And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor;
 And bears a likeness of You, Most High One.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and
 the stars,
 In heaven You formed them clear and precious and
 beautiful.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Wind,
 And through the air, cloudy and serene, and every
 kind of weather,
 Through whom You give sustenance to Your
 creatures.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Water,
 Who is very useful and humble and precious and
 chaste.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
 Through whom You light the night,
 And he is beautiful and playful and robust and
 strong.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Mother
 Earth,
 Who sustains and governs us,
 And who produces various fruit with colored flowers
 and herbs.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through those who give
 pardon for Your love,
 And bear infirmity and tribulation.
 Blessed are those who endure in peace
 For by You, Most High, shall they be crowned.

Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Bodily
 Death,
 From whom no one living can escape.
 Woe to those who die in mortal sin.
 Blessed are those whom death will find in Your most
 holy will,
 For the second death shall do them no harm.
 Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks
 and serve Him with great humility."
The Canticle of the Creatures – By St. Francis of Assisi

The Canticle of the Sun

A Praise to Creation

Next only to the Canticle of the Creatures in popularity, this Canticle is the second most well-known of the writings of St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis of Assisi was known to just shout out praises to the Lord as he walked the fields, traveled to and fro and worked in building the San Damiano church. The Canticle of the Sun became one of the more popular of these spontaneous recitals.

The Canticle of the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi

“Most high, omnipotent, good Lord, to thee,
 All glory, honor, praise, and blessing be.
 Thou only art deserving of the same;
 No man is worthy to pronounce thy name.

Praised be my God for creatures, every one;

And praised be thou, my Lord, for Brother Sun,
 Thy gift to us that he our day may light.
 Most beautiful is he, and passing bright;
 Radiant in splendor – for in him we see
 Displayed to us a glorious type of thee.

Praise to my Lord for Sister Moon be given,
 For all the clear and lovely stars of heaven.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Wind and Air;
 For clouds, and weather – be it dark or fair;
 For by their ministry thou e'er dost give
 The sustenance whereby all creatures live.

Praise to my Lord for Sister Water be;
 Most useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire, so bright,
 By whom thou dost illuminate the night;
 For he is lively, and most beautiful,
 And most robust withal, and powerful.

Praised be my Lord and God for Mother Earth,
 Who governs and sustains us; who gives birth
 To all the many fruits and herbs that be,
 And colored flowers in rich variety.

Praised be my Lord for those who pardon wrong
 For love of thee, enduring sorrow long,
 Bearing their woes in peace – blessed are they!
 By the Most High they shall be crowned one day.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Death, from whom
 No living soul escapes. She brings the doom

Of endless woe to all who pass away
 In guilt of mortal sin. But blessed they
 Who die in doing thy most holy will.
 To them the second death can bring no ill.

O praise and bless my Lord right thankfully,
 And serve ye him with great humility.”
The Canticle of the Sun – St. Francis of Assisi

Legends about St. Francis of Assisi’s Canticle of the Sun

Some legends state that St. Francis of Assisi didn’t only recite this during life, but as he was nearing his own death in the bed of the church. And as he was reciting the Canticle of the Sun on his death bed, he stopped himself and begged to be returned to his rock that he had slept upon most of his life. He said that he felt complete disgust at being surrounded in such opulence and wished to die as he had lived, with his beloved Lady Poverty on his beloved ground looking up towards his beloved Sun for which had sung this canticle so many times with his brothers before as they walked through the fields and the flowers.

St. Francis of Assisi was a man of profound simplicity and poverty. Having come from great wealth, he had learned throughout his short life that everything that God created around him was beautiful. And he praised every part of creation in his canticles. The Canticle of the Sun is second only in popularity to the Canticle of the Creatures. St. Francis of Assisi died as he had lived, in poverty and in simplicity and still praising God and His creation until his last breath.

Miracles Attributed to St. Francis of Assisi

The Innumerable Marvels of a Saint

So many miracles were attributed to St. Francis of Assisi both before and after his death, that volumes have been compiled to contain them.

During the life of St. Francis of Assisi and even beyond crippled were healed, blind received their sight, those possessed were exorcised by his mere walking into the room, terminally ill people recovered, swellings went away, dropsies were cured, arthritis disappeared, paralyzed people began to walk again, lepers were cleansed, mutes began to speak and the deaf began to hear.

Some of the more Unusual Miracles of St. Francis of Assisi

There was a certain monk who noticed that Father Francis would leave the brothers in the middle of the night and come back later. When he asked St. Francis of Assisi about this, St. Francis told him never to follow him and that it was nothing he would speak about.

Despite St. Francis of Assisi's admonitions to this brother, one night he followed St. Francis of Assisi secretly outside. For a time, he watched as St. Francis

prayed in the woods from a distance and luckily St. Francis had not yet noticed he had come.

Suddenly, the most beautiful apparition appeared. The Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and St. John the Baptist appeared in the skies above St. Francis of Assisi. He spoke with them for a while as the monk watched on in utter amazement.

But St. Francis caught him when the apparition was over and he was returning to his cell. Exhorting him to never tell anyone of what he had seen, the monk kept quiet until after his death when he revealed the miraculous incident he had witnessed.

Apparitions of Christ Amongst the Brothers with St. Francis of Assisi

It is also related in *'The Little Flowers of St. Francis,'* by Raphael Brown that when St. Francis of Assisi would stand in the midst of the brothers and preach, that Christ would appear among them. This was reported by many of the brothers who remembered this profound phenomenon.

The Apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul to St. Francis about 'Lady Poverty'

Praying at a Cathedral in honor of St. Peter and Paul, St. Francis of Assisi was entreating the Lord to give him the grace of Holy Lady Poverty. As he prayed with such fervor, an apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul arose before him. They told him that Christ honored his wish to live like the apostles in Holy

Poverty, and was so pleased with his request, that He had sent them to announce to St. Francis of Assisi that his prayer was granted.

St. Francis Receives the Stigmata

Only Shortly Before His Death

St. Francis of Assisi was the first person to receive the Holy Stigmata, the wounds of Christ manifesting in the flesh of another person.

St. Francis of Assisi was a radical saint. He didn't do anything half way or partial in any form. And thus, when he retired to the mountains knowing that he was ill, he went into deep and profound prayer.

St. Francis of Assisi Asks to Imitate Christ in Prayer

Unbeknownst to St. Francis of Assisi, Brother Leo had disobeyed some instructions given him to not pass beyond a certain point on the mountain where St. Francis was staying due to his illness. Brother Leo overheard St. Francis praying "Who are You, my dearest God? And what am I, your vilest little worm and useless little servant?" Brother Leo says he repeated these prayers over and over again.

"He looked up and gazed at the sky. And while he was looking, he saw come down from the heights of Heaven a torch of flaming fire that was very beautiful

and bright and pleasing to the eyes and that descended and rested on St. Francis' head. And he heard a voice come out of that flame and speak with St. Francis, and the Saint answered the speaker." *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* – by Raphael Brown

Brother Leo stepped aside because he wished to obey his Father in faith. But afterwards, St. Francis of Assisi found him and asked him why he was there.

St. Francis of Assisi explains What Brother Leo has Seen

St. Francis explained many lights that were given to his soul during this apparition. The first two lights consisted of the knowledge and understanding of the Creator and the other of the knowledge of himself. St. Francis of Assisi explained that he was taken into a contemplative state wherein he saw his vileness as a creature and his sinfulness.

The Lord then asked St. Francis of Assisi to give Him three gifts wherein St. Francis explained that he was entirely God's and had nothing but a habit. He explained to God that Heaven, earth, fire and water and everything in the world are from the Lord, so how could anyone actually give anything back to God?

In various symbolic gestures, the Lord gave to St. Francis the gifts which He wished him to return to Him. These three gifts were the Holy Golden Obedience, the Very Great Poverty, and the Very

Radiant Chastity which St. Francis accepted and offered right back to God.

Telling Brother Leo to never disobey him again, he said that God was going to do something to him on the mountain that the whole world would marvel at and he was not to come back.

The Final Prayer to Jesus which Granted the Holy Stigmata

St. Francis of Assisi, after spending many nights in prayer on the mountain, offered one final prayer. “My Lord Jesus Christ, I pray You to grant me two graces before I die: the first is that during my life I may feel in my soul and in my body, as much as possible, that pain which You, dear Jesus, sustained in the hour of Your most bitter Passion. The second is that I may feel in my heart, as much as possible, that excessive love with which You, O Son of God, were inflamed in willingly enduring such suffering for us sinners.”

Praying for many hours afterwards, he suddenly saw a Seraph coming down from Heaven with six flaming and glorious wings. It came close to St. Francis so he could see him up close. When the Seraph did this, St. Francis noticed the image of a crucified man. In those moments, he experienced what Christ thought, felt and experienced during the crucifixion and he felt profound grief for His suffering.

And in an instant, the Seraph struck St. Francis and he was immediately imprinted with the stigmata. The light from the vision was said to be so bright that

many people saw Mount Alverna aglow most of the night.

St. Francis of Assisi Returns to His Brothers

St. Francis of Assisi was brought back to his brothers as he was dying. He would not live much longer, but because he was the first to experience the phenomenon of the stigmata, people were in awe and amazed by what they witnessed. Many miracles were reported by those who touched the stigmata of the saint before and after his death.

St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi

Childhood and Lifelong Friends

St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi were a profound duo in restoring the original gospel to the Church in their orders.

Both St. Clare and St. Francis were considered saints of profound sanctity. But ironically, it was St. Clare who probably led St. Francis of Assisi to his vocation even though once he found his way she followed him tirelessly.

St. Clare of Assisi was a Woman of Compassion

As children, Francesco and Clare both came from wealthy families, played together and grew up

together. Early in their youth, Francesco marveled at watching Clare wander off into the woods. He would follow her to find that she was going to the leper colony to tend to the wounds of those living there. At the time, this disgusted St. Francis. He couldn't stomach the idea of doing such a thing, but he continued to watch her go nonetheless.

St. Francis Comes Back from War

When the war came and Francesco was presumed dead, Clare mourned the loss of her very special friend. But at the time of his return from the dead, and after he had come through all the medical recoveries which needed to happen before he could again romp through the wilderness, he again followed her as she headed for her ritual care of the sick. But he began to find a yearning to help her, join her and he began to see the lepers in a new light. It was Clare who brought this charity to St. Francis's heart, but St. Francis would soon repay the favor.

St. Clare Becomes a Nun

Coming from a wealthy family, Clare's father wished her to marry into a good family and live a good life. But this was not her internal desire, for she, too, wished to give her life to God the way St. Francis of Assisi had done. She had to run away from home to attend the Masses held at the restored San Damiano Church, and in the end, St. Francis accepted her into his order, cut her hair and then personally – along with several brothers – escorted her to a convent to become a nun.

When her father caught up with them, he was angry. To this St. Francis replied, "Could you possibly wish your daughter a better bridegroom than Christ?" She had become a bride of Christ. And years later, she would found the Poor Clare's which were the sister order of the Franciscans who embraced the simple life of poverty as did the monks who followed St. Francis.

St. Francis and St. Clare were Eternal Friends and Both Profound Miracle Workers

St. Francis of Assisi was not alone in being a miracle worker. St. Clare is known for being behind innumerable miracles herself, and was spoken of very highly by her fellow sisters. She never complained of any of the austerities they had chosen, and embraced it with the same zeal as St. Francis.

A miracle is said of St. Clare that when marauding troops came to invade the monastery, she went into the chapel and took hold of the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament. Displaying it high above her head to the invading soldiers, they immediately retreated and never bothered them again.

St. Francis preceded St. Clare in death but throughout their lives they maintained their very close and profound spiritual love for one another despite only seeing one another rarely.

St. Francis of Assisi Dies

An Early Death

In part due to his profoundly ascetic life, St. Francis of Assisi took ill early on in life and died at the age of forty five.

St. Francis of Assisi started experiencing unexplained illnesses shortly before he turned forty years of age. His actual death would occur on October 3, 1226 when he was only forty five years of age.

St. Francis of Assisi Retreats to the Mountains

Realizing he was ill as he had started coughing up blood and had other symptoms which he had concern about the brothers seeing, he retreated to the mountains for quite some time. It was in the mountains that St. Francis received the Stigmata.

Brother Leo Comes to Find St. Francis of Assisi and Establish a Rule

The brothers were becoming worried that St. Francis would never return to them and his longtime friend and brother in the order, Leo, decided it was time to go up into the mountains and find St. Francis of Assisi and find out if he was allright.

What he found was a very ill monk lying in the snows, and he had just received the stigmata and was bleeding from his hands, feet and side.

The Church Tries to Take Care of St. Francis in His Final Days

The local bishops and priests wished to take care of St. Francis, because by this time his saintliness was well accepted and well known. St. Francis of Assisi had even had time to reconcile with his father over the years, and at the time of his passing there were already several thousands of brothers around the world who were joining the Franciscan Order.

As he lay in a very ornate and fancy bed, St. Francis of Assisi complained that he did not wish to die in such luxury. He preferred to die outside in poverty as he had lived. His brothers understood, although they wished to give him more comfort, they acceded to his wishes and allowed him to return to the austere San Damiano Church where he would speak his last words.

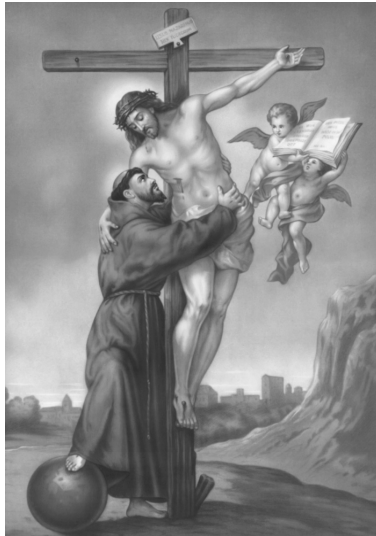
St. Francis of Assisi Asks for a Reading

As St. Francis of Assisi was now surrounded by a few brothers he chose to be nearby as he prepared for death, he asked that they read aloud to him the Gospel of John. In a moment of intensity, he asked all his brothers for forgiveness and gave his forgiveness to all those present and not present.

When he passed quietly during the reading, one of the brothers said that he saw the soul of St. Francis of Assisi rise over many waters straight to heaven. He proclaimed that it was like a star, but large like the

moon, brilliant like the sun and carried up on a white cloud.

*Fascinating Figures in World Religion: An Overview,
By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation, 2009*





St. Padre Pio

First Stigmatist Priest of the Catholic Church

St Pio, known to his followers as Padre Pio, lived from 1887 to 1968 and bore the wounds of the stigmata for exactly fifty years.

Padre Pio's Youth

Born May 25th, 1897 in a small village in Italy known as Pietrelcina, Padre Pio was born with the name of Francesco Forgione in a large and very poor peasant family. Eight children were born to his parents;

Orazio Forgione and Maria Giuseppa De Nunzio, three of whom died while still babies.

Francesco Forgione began having mystical experiences from early childhood seeing the Blessed Virgin, Jesus, St. Michael and his own guardian angels on a regular basis. This was so ordinary to him that he had conversations with them as if they were his playmates

Padre Pio's Call to the Priesthood

Francesco's parents realized his unique call when he was young. The family made the sacrifice of allowing the father to live apart from the family in Italy to work in New York City to earn the money for his education.

Ordained to the Priesthood as a Franciscan Friar on August 10th, 1910, Padre Pio soon became unusually ill and unable to remain in the monastery at Foggia (San Giovanni Rotondo). Throughout his priesthood, he would go back and forth from home to the monastery until much later in his life, when his health would finally sustain him remaining with his fellow Minor Capuchin Friars.

Padre Pio's Strange Illnesses

Padre Pio sustained mysterious illnesses involving nausea and fevers throughout his life. He would sustain fevers of 119 on a regular basis actually causing the old mercury thermometers of his day in the early 1900's to explode

Padre Pio's Stigmata

Padre Pio received the stigmata while praying before the choir loft. According to his accounts, the crucifix came to life as the crucified Christ, wounds bleeding profusely in what St. Pio described as "a terrifying vision." After this image of Christ disappeared, a seraph came towards him brandishing some kind of weapon like a sword. It came upon him and pierced his hands, feet and side, leaving him crying out for help on the chapel floor.

St. Pio was ironically named after St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order and the first stigmatist in Church history.

Padre Pio's Other Gifts

Padre Pio was known to have many miraculous gifts, among them

- 1.) A Mysterious Scent of Roses which Emanated from his Wounds
- 2.) Bilocation
- 3.) Miraculous Healings
- 4.) The Ability to Read Consciences in the Confessional

One of the miracles utilized in his canonization involved a young girl born without pupils and blind from birth, who although her eyes never again had pupils, was restored to perfect vision.

He was known for advice he gave to those who came to him regarding the avoidance of Purgatory and Hell. His life involved many austere practices similar to those assumed by the Early Desert Fathers in the *Philokalia*.

Padre Pio's Persecutions

Throughout his life, Padre Pio was persecuted by doctors and by the Church. For a period of ten years, Padre Pio was not allowed to celebrate Mass in public while the Church tried to discern if his stigmata was from God or the devil.

Padre Pio also suffered from violent demonic attacks in his cell wherein he sustained physical injuries.

Padre Pio's Death

September 23, 1968, Padre Pio died from complications of heart failure. Thousands flocked to see his body and still flock today at his tomb to request the prayers of this unusual saint of the modern day.

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By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel
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Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think

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<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

BOOKS OF TERROR - Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think: The purpose of this journey is not to present a well balanced view of humanity, but to take you directly into the heart of only one aspect - the evil within. We make no apologies for this, as this is its sole purpose; to allow mankind to see that which lurks beneath hidden sin and thereby give everyone who dares to enter into these gates a second chance. What is this second chance? To see what sin looks like in its truth and allow another choice before it's too late for the remedy.

"The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Joseph Conrad: Under Western Eyes, Part II [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)