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Introduction

It was in 1978, following my Baptism in the Holy Spirit, that I began keeping a journal. At the time, I wrote merely to record my precious moments with the Lord. In the interim, by way of Jesus and His Holy Spirit, I was graced to perceive an opening into the Divine Realm of God Our Father. I became aware of matters and knowledge I had previously been unaware of possessing.

At that time, there was no thought, plot or plan to write a book. However, in the ensuing years, when I reflected upon the interrelatedness and the outcome of each situation I had been led into, it became clear that the Lord did have a plan for just such a project. I simply responded and moved on in the story I shall share with you.

My account will also include the joys, burdens and hardships I experienced throughout these years. It is necessary that I reveal it all to you, as I want to give honor and glory to God, not only for bringing me through those various phases, but also for opening doors for me, thus enabling me to complete my mission.

It took me years to fully understand the first prophetic word I heard in 1978: “When they are threatened with the loss of all this, only then will they turn to Me.” Initially, in that time and place, I believed God’s word was directed solely to my Church, and so I made efforts to take that message to Pope John Paul II.

Following a near-fatal car accident in 1980, I was made aware that the above word was also meant for the whole of humanity, all of God’s Children, or Planet Earth would once again meet with devastation and annihilation. However, as you shall read, God our Father and Creator offers Hope for Humanity.

Chapter 1

Hunger for God

In the fall of 1977, I had reached a time of crisis in my life. After twenty-eight years of marriage one would suspect my restlessness to be rooted in boredom, or even a state of mid-life doldrums. Yet such was not the case; I was a healthy, very active housewife and mother who found enjoyment in being with her husband and family. I delighted in cooking, golfing and dancing with my handsome husband, and all this activity had also been interspersed with much involvement in my church.

On the surface my life appeared to be full, but inside I was troubled, or perhaps “restless” is a better word to describe my state. In spite of what I thought of as my very deep faith, I even began questioning the very purpose of existence, wondering if there was more to life than I was experiencing. The deep longing within me convinced me that something was missing in my life.

From time to time, I searched for the source or sources that were causing my uneasiness. I concluded that the unrest could not be caused by any problems in my marriage. Though I had been only nineteen when Bruce and I got married, we still shared a deep love for one another even after all these years. I also knew that the void within me was not due to our financial status; we were certainly not wealthy, but we were comfortable. Bruce had built up his own accounting business, and provided well enough for our family. Yes, in that area I was satisfied, but then again even in my earliest years I was never driven to desire things beyond my family’s means. Certainly when I was growing up, our family didn’t have a lot, but there was always love.

Chapter 2

God's Timing: A Life-Changing Event

Though I could not see it at the time, the events of a cold, blustery night in January of 1978 opened wide the door to my close personal relationship with the Lord.

The husband of a dear friend had passed away, and it was necessary I brave the snow and cold wind to attend his viewing. When I opened the door of the funeral home, the rush of heat felt so good against my almost frostbitten cheeks.

As I waited in line to offer some consolation to my friend Anna Mae, I caught sight of her cousins, Iris and Steve, sitting in the next room. I proceeded to get their attention, motioning for them to save me a seat next to them. Bruce and Steve were graduates of the University of Scranton and, recently, the four of us had taken advantage of a trip to Cancun sponsored by the university's alumni society. We would have a lot to talk about.

After paying my respects to the family, I made my way into the adjoining room. Even before I had taken my seat, as if joining in a duet, Iris and Steve inquired about my husband.

Iris commented, "Ellen, it's strange seeing you here without Bruce. I do hope he is feeling okay."

Their wonder was not without reason, because my husband and I were always together. I explained his absence. "Bruce is feeling very well, thank you, but as you know this is the income tax season and, of necessity, he is busy at work preparing returns for his clients."

Chapter 3

God Makes Way For The Gift Of Prophecy

At the end of April, just as he'd promised, Bruce joined Brian, Debbie and me on our faithful excursions to Oakdale. Wednesday nights were set apart so that we allowed nothing to interfere with our prayer meeting. One week, however, I was quite disappointed when Bruce reminded me of a previous engagement it was absolutely necessary we keep. Actually, after those first few moments of letdown, I was ashamed of myself. The commitment we had made was to attend a fundraising rally for Ronnie Mazzi, one of our best friends; he was district attorney and was aspiring to be our next judge. And I assured myself that it was the right and proper thing to do. After all, Bruce, Ronnie and his brother Angelo were as close as brothers.

On that Wednesday evening when we arrived at the hotel, I was more than pleased that we had decided to attend the rally.

In the course of the evening we met many of our friends and were introduced to some people we did not know. Two individuals who intrigued us the most were a gentleman name Franko with a charming, unmistakable Italian accent and his lovely wife Dora.

As the evening progressed, we learned something interesting about them. Though Dora had been born and raised in Oakdale, they maintained two residences, one there and another in Rome. The house in Rome was necessary because Franko owned and operated travel agencies in both countries.

Chapter 4

Italy: 1978

The last time we'd visited Rome with the children in 1967, we had stayed at the Forum Hotel. This time, eleven years later, we stayed at the impressive Bernini Hotel at the foot of the Via Veneto.

It was so exciting to be in Rome, the seat of our Church, once again, and I was filled with a desire to return to St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican. However, we planned to revisit the city of Gubbio on our first morning, and I knew it would not be possible to visit St. Peter's until we returned a few days later.

Before leaving for Gubbio, we called Father Vinnie at the North American College, and he told us he had tickets for us for an audience with Pope John Paul II on the following Wednesday. We were very happy to hear that news, and made plans to have dinner together after seeing the Holy Father.

There was so much we had to tell Father Vinnie, especially about our joining the Renewal community in Oakdale. Though I had written to him to tell him about my experiences, it just wasn't the same as talking with him in person.

I still marveled at the work of the Holy Spirit. I hadn't gotten to Oakdale when Father initially recommended it, but God's Spirit made certain we would get there through my encounter with Steve and Iris.

As I share my story with you, in retrospect I can see it was indeed God's providence that we met Franko and Dora and then accompanied them on their business trip to Gubbio.

Chapter 5

My Cousin Ann: Christmas, 1978

When we returned home from Italy, the routine of life resumed, at least in terms of mundane everyday affairs. However, my mind and heart were constantly preoccupied with the Word I had heard in Gubbio. As a result, each day I checked and rechecked the mailbox, hoping for a response to the letter I had written to the Holy Father.

I shared my experience of hearing the Lord speak and of writing to the Pope with my cousin Ann, and both she and Bruce shared my anticipation of a response.

Just as it had been before we left for Italy, my Wednesday evenings were reserved for the prayer meeting. The members had been most affirming when I shared with them about God's grace and the gift of prophecy. I did not, however, share the Word I had heard in Gubbio.

In the first week that I returned to the prayer meeting, I had great difficulty in attempting to use the gift of prophecy. The beating—no, it was more like the pounding of my heart—almost prevented me from speaking the encouraging, love-filled words of the Lord. However, the inner urging I experienced, coupled with an innate knowledge, persuaded me that it was necessary the message be uttered. When I surrendered and spoke out, I was filled with peace.

Ann and I also resumed our usual morning bible sessions.

Upon learning that in the upcoming month the prayer group planned to hold another "Life in the Spirit" seminar, I took advantage of every opportunity to speak to Ann about Charismatic Renewal, and also about the gifts of the Holy

Chapter 6

A Wake-Up Call

In all those months since I had heard the Lord speak, though I had not received a response to my letter, I felt as if my being was charged, ever in a state of expectancy. I had become aware of a gentle coercion, that of the Invisible, Spiritual Being of God; I could perceive His power and activity at work in my life.

The desire to be alone and meditate upon the Lord was always present. I yearned for those quiet times, knowing they were an opportunity to become in tune with the Lord. It seemed I had found a path to the Divine; I could be put in touch with Jesus through the interior of my being, my consciousness. During many of those times, it was necessary that I record the words that I heard; very often they were prophetic, and I did not want to lose any of them.

A frightening experience—in reality a situation of traumatic proportion in my life—occurred in the early months of 1979. At that time, I was quite immature. I also lacked knowledge about the subject which instigated my fear, namely the concept of apparitions. I can see now that this happening was responsible for what I had come to recognize as part of my mission. Even now as I prepare myself to relate it, the same shiver of fear I had originally experienced begins to permeate my being.

The day of this dreadful experience began like any other day. Ann joined me that morning to pray and read scripture. She brought me a small book and also a few prayer cards, which had been given to her by some friends who had

Chapter 7

Called To Write

Just a couple of months after that frightening but most enlightening realization about apparitions, I learned that our diocesan Catholic Charismatic team was sponsoring a Day for Unity in Prayer at our local university. Bruce, Debbie, Brian and I made plans to attend. I was quite pleased, because at that time we four friends shared a togetherness not only on a social level but also rooted in our common faith.

For some time before our plans to attend the Day for Unity in Prayer were finalized, I experienced an urge to write—not as I had been up until that time, merely jotting down notes—but to formally record the words I had heard in Gubbio and also those I had heard afterwards. I was being subtly persuaded to record the instances of unusual phenomena which had occurred in my life—for example, that entire experience having to do with apparitions. But I was not yet certain I had been called to do so. I felt that by some means I had to be affirmed in my belief that the urge to write was truly the Lord’s will for me.

In May of 1979, on the day we would unite in prayer at the university, I turned off the alarm at 6:30 a.m. I wanted to have time to pray before getting dressed. The urge to write was very strong within me, and yet I had to be sure it was God’s will. I knelt to pray, asking the Lord to somehow guide me, to show me whether the inner urging I was experiencing, pushing me to write, was indeed His will. My prayer also included a plea that the Lord remove the scales from my inner eyes and ears so that I would be awake in Him and hear and recognize His response to my prayer.

Chapter 8

The Cup: My Brother Aaron

During that same month, I was greatly anticipating my brother Aaron's visit. Though he was younger than I, I had been in the habit of sharing with him whatever was going on in my life. For many years he had been employed as a literary agent in New York City, and his work experience enabled him to amass volumes of knowledge. That night I had planned to take advantage of his store of wisdom, as there were some matters I had to search out and discuss with him before I went further.

After dinner on the first evening of his arrival, he and I took our coffee out to the patio so that we could enjoy the cool night and carry on with our conversation. I had already filled him in on the children's lives, and also talked about our cousin Ann, and how she was becoming more and more debilitated. As we sat down, I decided that now it was my turn to talk about myself. Aaron already knew some of the exciting, joyful and also frightening occurrences which had transpired in my new life in the Lord, but I hadn't told him about one particular phenomenon, the appearance of the cup. Surely, I thought, he could be of some help to me.

Almost immediately I began to tell Aaron that, for some time after I had been baptized in the Spirit, my inner eyes had presented me with a picture. It appeared whenever I was in a rapturous state of mind—at our weekly prayer meeting, at Mass, and also at home when I read and meditated upon scripture. Actually, I was forced to call it a phenomenal happening, since I had no explanation for its appearance.

Chapter 9

1979 – A Year Of Growth

In that transforming year of 1979, my spiritual bliss and growing discovery was counterbalanced by the sadness of Earthly things. In August, my visits with Ann had to take place in the hospital. Her condition was worsening, and prayer was more important to her than ever.

In the months before she'd been admitted to the hospital, her rheumatoid arthritis had progressed to the point that each step she took was accompanied by horrendous pain, and we learned that she needed corrective surgery. In her complete trust in the Lord, she was able to cope quite well with that unfortunate news. Her disposition was one to marvel at, as was her acceptance of the cross she carried.

One morning before I left for the hospital, I took time to pray before beginning to write: "Oh Yahweh, My God, You are so precious. I am ever in a state of anticipation, eagerly awaiting isolated moments to be silent, in the hope of hearing Your words. Thank You for the Gift of Your Son Jesus. He has been my Door to You. In going through that entry, I have experienced beauty, awesome immensity and exhilaration."

My prayer drew forth the need to write:

We Christians are so fortunate; the possibility of stepping through the Door who is Jesus to come to know the Father exists for all of us. Our Lord's coming into the world has offered us access to

Chapter 10

The Beginning Of Many Trials

During the months of August and September, to my dismay, the joy-filled moments I had experienced in hearing and recording the Lord's words were curtailed. Instead, deep pain and suffering were mine as I watched Ann's struggle for life.

In the hope that she would be able to walk without pain, she had consented to have corrective surgery on her toes. But instead of alleviating her problem, the operation only intensified it; gangrene set in, and it became necessary to amputate her foot. Eventually the infection spread and she had to have her leg amputated.

No words can sufficiently describe her suffering. There was an even greater need for us to pray together, and on more than one occasion I stayed with her at the hospital through the entire night. Through all of this, her trust in God was unshakable.

One morning when it was impossible to deny that her death was imminent, I cried out to the Lord in prayer:

“Lord, when I go to pray with Ann and come face to face with her unspeakable suffering, my words seem so inadequate. And, Father God, I must confess, doubts do arise within me and I have nowhere to turn for answers, except to You, to the Silent Abyss: When your child has turned to you as Ann has and still her body is racked with excruciating pain, what can I tell her?”

“In going through scripture, I have learned that the good news Jesus came to bring us does benefit both our earthly and eternal existence. I have also learned that the joy in knowing You could be and is experienced by the sick as much as the

Chapter 11

Slain In The Spirit: Dormission

In spite of, or maybe because of, the concerns in our lives, Bruce and I decided to take part in a spiritual retreat sponsored by the Diocesan Charismatic Renewal Team. On our first evening in attendance, following a period of prayer and praise, we were informed that each of us would have an opportunity to be prayed over. Everyone in attendance gathered and stood in a line which encircled the entire auditorium.

As we watched, Bruce and I were puzzled. We were witnessing something we had never seen before. My first thought was that this resembled the tent revivals I had seen on television. We were mesmerized as we watched the priest go from person to person, making the sign of the cross on each person's forehead. As he did so, some but not all of the participants simply fell backward into the arms of someone waiting to catch them.

We were amazed at what we were seeing. Very soon, however, I felt a little ashamed of my first impression. Still, I thought, while I had no doubt that God's power was at work here, I was uncomfortable with what I perceived as a carnival atmosphere. Yet, so as not to be different, Bruce and I took our place in line. When it was Bruce's turn to be prayed over, I saw that he did not fall down as the others had. Feeling rather smug and self-righteous, I thought, Well, I'm not going to fall down, either! I will neither fall down nor be any party to this display!

What a surprise the Holy Spirit had in store for me! When my turn came, the priest barely touched my forehead and, without any expectation or exertion on my part, I simply fell

Chapter 12

Our Journey To The Holy Land

Every Christian dreams of visiting the Holy Land, and for Bruce and me that hope became a reality in 1979. What a privilege it was to arrive in the land of our Lord's birth, and to be there on the eve of Christmas was incredible, too good to be true!

We were filled with awe in anticipation of spending the evening in Bethlehem. In the following days we planned to visit the important sites we had read about in scripture; we were looking forward to associating specific places with the particular events in our Lord's life.

At the airport we were met by our guide, Moshe. It was strange, but an instant rapport sprang up between him and me. Sensing that affinity, I was relieved, for the six of us—Moshe, Franko, Dora, their nine-year-old daughter Stephania, Bruce and I—were to be together the entire time we were in Israel. After we had loaded our luggage into Moshe's car, we were off to Bethlehem.

Shortly thereafter, our excitement took on an edge of fear when we were forced to stop at a roadblock. Without any hesitation, Moshe got out of the car and showed his credentials to the soldiers who were pointing their machine guns in our direction; simultaneously some others had begun to search the trunk.

Finally, after what was only a short time but which felt like hours, Moshe reentered the car. He immediately apologized for the delay, and then informed us that even though we had lost some time, that would actually be to our benefit, since we planned to spend time in Bethlehem. A huge crowd was expected, and the procedures we'd just gone through were

Chapter 13

Decision To Write A Book

Though we had been thousands of miles away from the family, they had never been out of my mind, heart and prayers.

David and Ria were there to greet us when we arrived home, and Bruce and I warmly embraced them both. However, when I looked closely at David, my joy was lessened, and I knew there was much more to pray for. He looked terribly thin and though, for our sake, he smiled, I recognized that something underlying his smile was causing him great unhappiness. It broke my heart. In that instant I made up my mind to have a talk with him, to question him outright about the possibility of his being addicted to pills.

The very thought of it pained me, yet I had to admit that addiction was a possibility. All through David's high school and college years, which coincided with the era of the Vietnam War, hippies and flower children, it was not uncommon to hear about young people experimenting with all sorts of drugs—pot, LSD, and myriad others. Drugs certainly were a problem of the twentieth century, but I never thought that kind of horror would ever touch our family. Yet, if it turned out to be David's problem, what could we do?

A day or so later the opportunity for me to talk with David presented itself. To my surprise I found myself reluctant to begin, and this led me to wonder if other parents with the same suspicions acted as I did. I wanted to know the truth, but at the same time I wanted to put off asking my questions. No doubt this was cowardly on my part, but knowing that the time had come for me to face this, I had a difficult time beginning. Finally I found my voice.

Chapter 14

Disaster Strikes

Later that same day, Lisa handed me the pages of my journal that she had typed. As I was placing them into a folder, a noise outside drew my attention to the front window of the office. I was surprised to see hailstones pelting against it; I could also hear thunder and saw some streaks of lightning. The combination was enough to arouse my curiosity, and I went to take a look outside. Thunder and lightning were rare in February; this had to be a freak storm, and it was beginning to cover the sidewalks and the road with ice. Bruce and I wasted no time in closing the office, getting to our car and starting for home.

The storm had come up rather suddenly. There had been no warning or we would have cancelled our last appointment and left the office sooner. We knew the stretch of highway we needed to traverse to get home, twenty-four miles away, was treacherous in this kind of weather, especially on the top of Farview Hill, where the elevation is reputed to be the highest in the Pocono Mountains. However, having traveled that same road for many years and knowing Bruce was the most competent of drivers, I was not concerned for our safety and, as soon as the heater had warmed up the interior of the car, I nodded off to sleep.

What was meant to be a short nap turned out to be a very long sleep. I did not really become aware of what had happened to us until almost two weeks later when I awakened in my hospital room. I was told we had been involved in an accident at the very top of Farview Hill, the area I'd been concerned about. A woman driving a truck had apparently failed

Chapter 15

The Writing Resumes

Finally, in June, after almost four months, I was able to return to writing. Before beginning, I reviewed my last entry. To my surprise it was dated February 20th, the day of our accident! As I read what I had written, my amazement deepened. My last words had been to thank God for my moments of grace with Him,

**...and also knowing that in the time
of our existence, every task and situation
is filled with purpose. As a result we
have a responsibility to bring our lives to
a successful conclusion.**

How strange, I thought. I had been writing about the responsibility we have to bring our lives to a successful conclusion and, only hours later, my life almost ended.

While sitting there in my cumbersome cast and reflecting upon those words, I wondered what purpose our accident could have served. Certainly on a temporal level my life had drastically changed, and I wondered, not for the first time, if I had been allowed to continue living in order to complete my assigned task.

As I pondered this, I was reminded of yet another disappointing piece of mail I had received. It had to do with the small portion of the manuscript I had mailed to Aaron just before the accident. What he wrote in response had me puzzled. He said that the subject matter needed “clarification.” Yet as I reviewed what I had written in those pages, I could see nothing wrong with them; they were quite clear to me.

Chapter 16

Inner Teaching Of Judaism: *The Kabbalah*

Despite the months that had passed since our trip to the Holy Land, on my brother Aaron's advice I had not succumbed to the desire to read and study the *Kabbalah*, the inner teaching of Judaism, as our guide Moshe had suggested. Finally one day I could stand the suspense no longer, and decided to begin reading *Adam and the Kabbalistic Tree*, the book Moshe had selected for me. At first glance, however, I was tempted to set it aside. It was filled with complex diagrams containing symbols written in Hebrew, and terminology that I feared might be too ambitious an undertaking for me.

However, because of the strange events which had occurred surrounding this book, there was no way I could turn my back on it. Remember that before leaving for the Holy Land, I had written "Tree of Life" repeatedly in my journal, and just hours before Moshe selected the book for me I had been reflecting upon those very words in my hotel room. Imagine my shock when, in the bookstore, I had randomly opened the book and saw exactly those words, "Tree of Life," on the page in front of me. In no way, I believed, could this be passed off as coincidence. To call the incident a chance happening would be a gross error, an insult to an alert, thinking, intuitive human being. Hence there was no doubt in my mind that there was hidden meaning in the incident, though at that time I had no idea as to what it could be. Consequently I decided it was time to begin reading the book.

Chapter 17

God Plants The Seed: Catastrophe

Following Ria's birthday, we learned that a Day of Renewal sponsored by the Charismatic Service Team would be taking place in our area. Bruce had a business appointment that day, so I was delighted when Brian and Debbie offered to go with me. At home, getting around on crutches posed no problem, but I would need assistance maneuvering up and down the stairs inside the building where the Day of Renewal would be held.

When we arrived, I could not have been more pleased to learn that our principal speaker for the day was a member of the congregation of the Sisters of Mercy. A disability had confined Sister Ann to a wheelchair, but this in no way hampered her excellent delivery as a public speaker. As I listened to her presentation on the prophet Amos, I was awed to find that, once again, I had encountered affirmation of my work.

More than a year earlier, I had literally been led to read and write about the state of the world in Amos' time as compared to ours. Once again, I was reminded of the Word I had heard in Gubbio. In his day, Amos had prophesied that destruction would fall upon the land and the people if they did not return to worship of and obedience to the One True God. The prophecy I had received from the Lord in Gubbio was remarkably similar: *"When they are threatened with the loss of all this, only then will they turn to me."*

Sister Ann used the same passages from scripture passages that I had consulted to confirm that word:

Chapter 18

The Journey Progresses

One day in December of 1981, a searing pain so severe I almost fell to the floor tore through the leg I had injured in the accident. It increased in intensity with each step I attempted to take and, without hesitation, I called Dr. Murakat, the surgeon who had performed the initial surgery.

On our ride to the office, I said to Bruce, “I can’t help being grateful to God that I was able to walk down the aisle at Ria’s wedding arm in arm with our sons, and I’ll always remember how wonderful it was to dance with you at the reception.”

What I was thinking, but didn’t dare say, was that I thought something had gone horribly wrong, and there was a possibility that I would not be able to walk anymore. To try to make light of it, I kept chattering away.

“Come to think of it, Bruce, I’m very happy this happened now and not before the wedding. At least Ria’s wish was fulfilled. We did dance together at her wedding, and we’ll always have those treasured memories to stow away in our hearts.”

As he drove, Bruce reached over and took hold of my hand. Trying to keep his voice from shaking, he said, “Ah, c’mon, Ellen, please don’t worry. I’m sure everything will be all right.”

When I tried to step out of the car, the pain once again staggered me, and I had reason for genuine concern.

Just as soon as we entered the medical center, I was ushered in for x-rays. While we waited for the results, I prayed, “Lord God, please help me to continue walking!”

Chapter 19

An Answer To Prayer

Sometimes it is possible to remember the exact date when something of import happens. Early on the morning of September 18, 1982, I was busy in the kitchen preparing that evening's dinner. David had promised to join us, so I was baking an apple pie. I had just put it into the oven when the phone rang. It was Joyce.

She said, "Ellen, I simply had to call you. Do you have a few minutes?"

"Of course I do, Joyce," I answered immediately. "Please go on."

I could hear the excitement in her voice as she asked, "Are you familiar with a book called *God Calling?* I've been reading it, and it made me think of you."

For a moment or two I could not respond. As always, the mention of that book sent a shock of surprise and anticipation through me. With a catch in my voice, I said, "Yes, I have read the book; in fact someone gave me a copy some time ago."

As I spoke, I thought: I wonder what the Lord is prompting or alerting me to through the vehicle of that book?

Joyce was still talking excitedly. "Then you know that the book has to do with prophecy. Actually, Ellen, that just might be the reason you came to mind, because I know your manuscript has to do with the prophetic word. Besides," she added, "just before I began reading, I'd been praying for you and your work."

"I can understand your excitement, Joyce, but perhaps it's just a coincidence," I suggested. "Or," I added facetiously,

Chapter 20

The Seed Blossoms: The Way To Save The Planet

In the following months, in between reading scripture, praying, working on the manuscript with Lorrie, preparing teachings to be given at various church functions, being active in my parish and prayer group, taking care of the family, and waiting upon the Lord to tell me through my writing how humanity could be instrumental in staving off impending catastrophe, I also, whenever possible, took the time to research anything to do with the power and energy resident in the universe, in order to see how humanity could tap into these to possibly stave off catastrophe to the planet.

One such source, of course, was Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision*. In reading it I met with knowledge which convinced me that something I had heard the Lord speak some months before had to do with that impending catastrophe. I had been frightened when first I heard the Word and was at the same time presented with a vision of some of the resulting calamity.

However, at the same time some of the words also puzzled me. In fact, I thought perhaps I had misunderstood them. Yet later when I became aware of some of the information presented in Velikovsky's book, I knew I had heard and written the Word correctly.

What I saw was enormous walls of water—tremendous, terrifying, beyond human comprehension, accompanied by an equally frightening hissing sound. The words the Lord spoke to me as I saw these things were equally terrifying, and puzzling as well.

Chapter 21

Another Obstacle Overcome

In January of 1984, I experienced a deep sense of humility and awe in connection with another church-related work. I had been invited to serve on a commission for the Second Synod of the diocese in which I lived. In the prior year, Bishop O'Mannon, who later became Archbishop, then Cardinal, had initiated preparatory plans for the Synod. When he became Archbishop and left our diocese, his successor, Bishop James C. Dolan, continued with his plans.

The Synod was to be gathered for the purpose of prayer and study, so that we might better know and fulfill the Mind and Heart of Christ, Who enlivens the Church by His grace and calls Her to full stature in Himself. I was delighted to learn that I would be serving in the Synod on a commission entitled "Prayer Life, Spirituality." With great anticipation, I looked forward to the Mass and the opening session, which were to take place on February 4th.

On the night before the opening session, as we worked on the manuscript, Lorrie and I touched upon many items of interest. After awhile my mood seemed to change, and a deep sigh escaped from within me.

"Ellen, is anything the matter?" Lorrie asked. "I know you have a busy day tomorrow. If you feel too tired to go on tonight..."

"No, no, Lorrie, I'm fine. But I do seem to be feeling something I can only describe as fear."

"Fear?" my cousin repeated incredulously. "Fear of what?"

I tried to explain something that hadn't even occurred to me until I said the words. "Lorrie, in the past, whenever I thought my work was near completion, as I do right now,

Chapter 22

Demystification of God's Plan

At this time I was prompted to search out the specifics of God's call for the unification of His children, to determine how it was possible that an emanation of energy could be emitted while they engaged in love and prayer. What really boggled my mind was the thought that the resulting energy would be great enough to forestall catastrophe on Earth.

Again and again, I pondered that revelation, thinking, whenever God has spoken to man, He has always directed him to love and pray, but there has to be more to understand about that call. Certainly it is bound in mystery. Yes, when we respond to that call in our daily lives, we experience a state of peace and order, which will definitely have an effect upon our eternal existence, but even in that blessed emanation, there simply has to be more. Could it be that there is a mysterious power yet to be revealed in and through loving and praying?

Based on this line of thought I read in my Dictionary Concordance and then wrote the following:

In reality, the New Testament notion of mystery, and particularly the writings of St. Paul, have their roots in Judaism and in particular in the apocalyptic tradition. In this tradition, the notion of mystery had nothing to do with rite or worship, but refers to the secrets of God yet to be revealed.

Excitement coursed through my being as I went on:

Chapter 23

Further Demystification

Consequently, one summer day in 1984, I took the time to once more reread what I had previously written. As usually happened, the content of those pages amazed me; I felt so inadequate to be writing about such important spiritual and temporal matters, and yet this was my task.

That same morning I called upon the Holy Spirit, asking Him to enlighten my mind, to infuse it with His knowledge so that I could search out the power of love and prayer as energy.

After a short time, I was reminded of something I had heard the Lord speak following my accident in 1980: *“Yes, My child, come forward; the veil that obscures man can be lifted by prayer. You must pray, pray. Prayer in unison pierces the nebulous condition.”*

Seeing the relevancy of these words to my current goal of searching out the power of prayer, I began to write:

When the world is threatened or already in the throes of cosmic catastrophe, the unified, focused prayer of the mass of God’s followers, even the whole of humanity, can release emanations of energy capable of deflecting that force of disorder. Jesus has assured us that such a feat, supernatural in origin, is possible and may be found in the Gospels. In Matthew 21:18-22 we read,

*As He was returning to the city
in the early morning, He felt bun-*

Chapter 24

Concept Complete, But More Work To Be Done

With summer almost ended, I was filled with excitement as well as trepidation as I rode along the streets of Manhattan en route to Aaron's office. Entering the multi-floored office building where his agency had its offices, I could not have been more impressed. Everything looked so big and grand. I actually felt shy, almost frightened about undertaking a project that seemed to be too big for me, namely the publishing of a book. Yet I knew I had no alternative; there was no turning back. I was responding to the Lord's will and, in fact, because I had undertaken the task for His honor and glory and the benefit of His People, I was extremely confident in the assurance of His continued assistance.

Clutching the box holding my manuscript firmly, I walked into Aaron's very impressive office. In that moment, I was so proud of my kid brother. After we'd hugged and said hello, I got to see a side of him I'd never seen before. All of a sudden I was immersed in his professional side; I was simply another client with high hopes of having my work published. As naïve as I was about the mechanics of publishing, I was taken aback and genuinely surprised at what would yet be expected of me in order to see this project through.

Aaron introduced me to Jacob, a young man at the agency who would be helping me with the work. He would edit the manuscript, thus revealing whatever corrections were necessary before it could be sent to a publisher. Once he'd done that, I would review his notes and make those corrections.

At one point, conscious of the importance of the work, I

Chapter 25

Overwhelming Obstacles: 1985-1988

Time and again I have wondered if all those who have desired to respond to God's call have met with the many interruptions and obstacles that I have encountered. If it were not for the moments of peace and bliss I have experienced with the Lord, I could not have gone on.

The summer of 1985 was the beginning of an era of great pain. To begin with, Bruce required arthroscopic surgery on his knee, which was unsuccessful and required many trips to a center in Philadelphia for follow-up treatment. Ultimately, praise God, his knee did heal and eventually he was able to walk without too much difficulty.

It upsets me to burden you, my reader, with these problems, yet it is necessary for you to know why I was not able to carry on with my work during this time, which meant of course that it was once again put on hold.

I realize that if I had succumbed to those arrows which St. Paul speaks of and not attended the Charismatic Conference being held that summer, those arrows would have hit their mark, holding me back from what I needed to do. I would have missed out on an opportunity to have my gift of prophecy tested. Instead, with the Lord's assistance, I successfully dodged the arrows and managed to spread the Gospel of Peace which St. Paul speaks of in Ephesians 6:14-16, "*So stand your ground with truth buckled round your waist and integrity for a breastplate, wearing for shoes on your feet the eagerness to spread the Gospel, and always carrying the shield of faith so that you can use it to put out the burning arrows of the evil one.*"

Chapter 26

Doors Were Opened

To this very day, I am most grateful to God that the trip came to fruition. Certainly when we left our home I had no idea that God had special graces awaiting us, not only because our son was able to be with us, but also because I received an incentive to pursue my mission. Truthfully, that incentive was sorely needed, as any possibility of continuing my work had been pushed to the back of my mind when Jon was taken ill. In its stead, the threat of death presided; hanging over my son's head, it overshadowed everything else.

Hence, in later years, when I reflect upon the incredible things that took place on that trip to Rome, it is apparent that Our Lord, the Hound of Heaven, desired not only to comfort us but also to urge me to go forward with my mission. Most importantly, He gave me a way to successfully accomplish it.

I will always remember the somber but peace-filled joy emanating from Jon's face when we landed in Rome in 1988 and then rode into the city. As you already know, it was not the first time he was seeing all the sights—the many ruins, the umbrella trees, the incredible traffic, the artists along the Tiber selling their paintings—but perhaps the thought entered his mind, as it did mine, that this might possibly be the last time he would gaze upon the wonders before him. Every meal, every leisurely walk, every sight we saw created a special memory for us to cherish.

* * *

Chapter 27

The Last Straw

After Jonathan's death, though ever so slowly, I took up where I'd left off. Once again I began taking an active role in the Wednesday night Mass and prayer meeting and, whenever the need arose, I also resumed speaking at other functions. At one specific event, I heard a bit of negativism that cut to the core of my being.

"Ellen," one woman asked me later after I had spoken to the group, "how can you be so filled with peace and speak of God's great love for us? Just look at what happened to your son!"

Her words made me cringe, but they also evoked a sense of sympathy for this woman. I felt sorry that her image of God was so shallow and deceptive. In imaging Him as a vengeful being, she and others like her were deprived of the comfort He holds out to those of us who see Him as He really is—as a loving, compassionate, merciful and forgiving God.

Without doubt, the image I held in my heart was contrary to the one she embraced, and my response to her question was: "I know as well as you do that God is all-powerful and, yes, if He had willed my son to live, he would have lived. But since He allowed his death, I am comforted to believe the truth we read in Romans, which says that because I love God and know He loves me, the whole situation will work together for Jon's good and ours.

"Perhaps in this lifetime it will not be possible for me to know what that good is," I added, "but my trust in God assures me that, in His time, I will be shown how everything had indeed worked together for good."

Chapter 28

Yet Another Letter In 1991

The latter part of 1989 through April of 1991 were once again a time of both happy and sad visits to the hospital. Our happiest moment was when Ria gave birth to our grandson John; now little Maria had a brother. The overwhelming sadness occurred when my beloved mother required major surgery, which was followed by an extended period of discomfort and pain requiring hospital and home care. My mom, my best friend, died in April of 1991.

However, in that two-year period, as I kept her company at her bedside and also accompanied her to the offices of her many doctors, long periods of waiting gave me time to read various magazines, news releases, Catholic publications, and so on. Whenever I came across articles on certain subjects it became obvious that my mission, so much a part of my life for so many years, was still vital and important. The embers stirred, for example, each time I read an article on the subject of unity with our Christian sisters and brothers. My fear rose to danger level whenever I read of factions which wanted to compromise Jesus' position as sole Redeemer and Mediator of His People.

Further, when I read the numerous reports of supposed sacred apparitions throughout the world, my fear of the possibility of Satanic disguise was also renewed. These apparitions, I was convinced, were in some cases the root of much of the disunity in the church.

I began to save clippings of these articles and photos. My plan to write Pope John Paul II once again began to take form. If and when I did so, I fully intended to include copies of a few of the articles and photos whose headlines and cap-

Chapter 29

An Incredible Opportunity

Prior to our trip to Italy in November of 1992, Romano called with some good news. He informed me that he might be able to arrange for me to speak with Pope John Paul II personally. At the Wednesday afternoon audience, we would be seated in an area where such an exchange could take place. As an afterthought, Romano also reminded us that his wife Gabriella and he looked forward to having dinner with Bruce and me at their home. My excitement was such that I barely heard him.

On the flight to Rome, I could barely contain my enthusiasm as I anticipated the possibility of speaking with the Holy Father. I wondered if I would find the courage to mention the concept that the Lord had offered for extending life on Earth. At the same moment, I realized that I dared not venture into that area too precipitously. Simply raising the subject, when the Holy Father had no knowledge of who I was or on what basis I had received this information, could easily be misunderstood. My revelation could very easily be perceived as just another foretelling of the end times. I realized then that I would not share what I knew with the Holy Father on this occasion, but all the same I would have loved to tell him, “Your Holiness, this is not another vague prediction of end times. It is in fact quite different, because through the combined prayer of all His children, God is offering hope for humanity.”

I finally had to set aside my enthusiasm in contemplating this imaginary exchange as I realized that I could not at this time share the concept with the Pope. Having shelved that plan, I found another thought tormenting me. Why had I

Chapter 30

Mission Resurrected

From time to time, several members of our prayer group expressed a desire to go to Italy. Finally, in 1994, we decided to make the trip in September of the following year. All of the arrangements were taken out of our hands and placed into those of our dear friends Franko and Dora, who very capably put together a wonderful itinerary.

Some of our friends had been deeply impressed while viewing the 1992 video of the papal audience, especially seeing Bruce and me speaking with Pope John Paul II. Naturally it was their desire, as it is of all Roman Catholics, to have an opportunity as we had to visit the Vatican and see the Pope. Initially when we planned the trip we contacted Romano, informing him of the group's plan. We were pleased when he said that, when the time came, he would obtain the necessary invitations for the day of the audience.

The group decided to invite Father Richard Henley, the liaison to Bishop Dolan for all Diocesan Charismatic Renewal affairs, to accompany us.

Bruce and I had never before toured Italy with a group, and we learned that, though we had good times rooted in much laughter, song and prayer, we also had an added responsibility, since we had helped arrange the trip. We were especially fortunate having Franko traveling with us; he acted as our guide, a well known and welcome one at that. Both at the airport and throughout Italy, it seemed everyone knew and respected him.

We traveled directly from the airport to the city of Gubbio. As we neared the city, memories began crowding in upon me, remembrances of wonderful, love-filled times.

Chapter 31

The Letter

As always, going away on vacation—or any trip, for that matter—was great, but returning to the comfort of home felt so good. In reality, we were overjoyed in anticipation of seeing our five grandchildren. After we had visited with Lauren, Maria, John, Paul and our newest, Meggin, I began giving serious thought to the composition of my letter to the Holy Father. However, before beginning, I knew it was imperative that I first speak with Romano and inquire if in fact he would be able to deliver my letter to Pope John Paul.

One afternoon, in response to my request, Bruce dialed Romano's number. We were pleased to find him at home, and after exchanging greetings and also news of our families, Bruce informed our friend of the primary purpose of our call. The entire time Bruce and he were talking I prayed, asking the Lord to touch Romano's mind and heart so that he would respond positively to my plea.

Bruce knew how very much our friend's help would mean to me and, after he had replaced the phone, a broad smile crossed his face as he gave me the good news. "Romano said he will make every effort to get your letter to the Pope. Obviously he can't give us a guarantee, but he will do everything in his power to see to it that it will either be read personally by the Holy Father or that he will at least be apprised of its content."

My husband's words brought not only relief, but tears of joy rooted in gratitude to the Lord for providing this channel.

* * *

Chapter 32

God's Plan Comes Together

Yes, I did breathe a sigh of relief when I received assurance that the Holy Father had become aware of the contents of my letter; however I also knew I was only midway into my mission. It was necessary for me to rewrite the manuscript and prepare it for publication. However, knowing that this was necessary had not enabled me to move as quickly as I might have desired.

In the summer of 1997, I moved speedily when I realized I would soon be visiting with Aaron again. It was necessary for me to fulfill my promise to bring with me a long overdue sample of the manuscript, and this visited me with some anxiety. My anxiety was rooted in a simple truth—in the preceding months I had had little time to prepare the work for my brother's discriminating perusal.

When I reflected upon my life in that past year, I could see that because of my many commitments my inaction was justified. I served as Eucharistic minister in my parish church, as well as lector, member of the RCIA Team, and President of the Confraternity of Christian Women. In my prayer group, I had the task of pastoring our community. On a diocesan level I served on the board of the Women's Commission which served as liaison to Bishop Dolan on women's issues, and I was also an active member of the committee in preparation for the third millennium.

In addition, whenever possible I did prison work, giving Life in the Spirit seminars. In the spring of 1997, I had been elected president of all Catholic women in the diocese. I also had numerous speaking engagements to prepare for and present throughout the year. For example, in the early part of

Chapter 33

Great Joy In 1998: Hypothetical Confirmation Of God's Concept

Through the Fall and Winter of 1997 and into the Spring and Summer of 1998, interspersed with fulfilling my many commitments, I worked diligently to prepare the manuscript. When it was near completion, so as not to miss anything important, I decided to browse through the many clippings, periodicals, and so on that I had collected into boxes over the years.

It had been a habit of mine to amass whatever materials I happened to come upon which in some way pertained to my mission. Also, some of my friends—Lynn, for example—with whom I'd chosen to share my work, had done the same for me. I knew the collected data would be readily available if ever it was needed to confirm and support my objective. Very often, when an item of information came into my possession, it served to substantiate the specific issue I was at the time concerned with. Now, to some that might seem to be coincidental, sometimes even uncannily so. However, to me and to all people of faith, it is possible to see, either at the time or in hindsight, that these seemingly random incidents are in fact activities of the Holy Spirit of God.

One night in May of 1998, Bruce walked into the computer room and found me amid the ocean of boxes filled with materials I had gathered over nearly two decades and said, "Ellen, you've been at this all day. It's very late. Let's go to bed."

Without hesitation I joined him, as I was in fact quite tired, and I had no problem falling fast asleep. Then one of

Chapter 34

God's Plan Becomes Clear: Amazing Affirmations

My dear reader, for more reasons than one, as you will soon see, I am very happy I was not discouraged to the point of throwing in the sponge. Indulge me for a moment while I tell you a story having to do with God's plan; how He used the game of golf to help it unfold.

In the past I had been in the habit of playing golf at least twice a week, and also with Bruce in an occasional weekend tournament. That year, however, because of the need to work on the book, I had played only a few times. It seemed I did not feel free to leave the manuscript. I felt bound by my responsibility.

But as I waited for Dr. Lipinski to return my call, I realized I could do no further work until I heard from him, and so I temporarily set the work aside and responded to an invitation to play in a tournament in Brownsdale. When I learned that my good friend Arlette would be in our foursome, I was especially glad I had decided to accept.

If you recall, after our horrendous car accident in 1980, when I was knocking on death's door, it was Arlette who had given me the book *Prison to Praise*. I remember that when I finally got around to reading it, I was most grateful to her, as through the vehicle of that book any disquiet I might have had in regard to the accident was dispelled.

Apparently at the time I had needed to be reminded of a truth I already knew. Yes, bad things do happen to good people, but God never wills them. He is all-powerful and can prevent Satan's arrows from inflicting harm, yet He allows him

Chapter 35

Surprise Filled Reflection On God's Plan

On Wednesday, July 1, just four days after I had spoken with Dr. Lipinski, I set aside both the book Arlette had given me and also the recollections it had called forth, and struggled with a sense of awe. My recognition of God's Power in my life was literally staggering.

And though I thought I couldn't possibly be surprised by anything more, I was visited with another astonishing revelation when I realized that, putting together all of the events which had occurred in those last eight weeks, I now truly had an ending for my book! From the need to recognize disguised apparitions, to the Lord's call for prayer from all His children, to the concept that the power of prayer could be measured scientifically, it was all of a piece, and this was how my book would end. But I discovered that there was still more.

To be specific, the time-frame began in May, when I was awakened at 4:44 a.m. Apparently, my initial thought—that I had been awakened to be made aware of another occurrence of that number in my life—had been correct, only there was much more. I now believe this was the Holy Spirit's way of alerting me to hurry and finish the book. Now here it was He who had provided me with an ending! This may seem impossible, but it is the truth, as you will see:

It was after the night in May when I was awakened at exactly 4:44 a.m. that I learned of the scientific feasibility that the power of prayer could be measured—termed Spiritual Energy—a concept that the Lord had presented me with years earlier, but which I alone with my limited knowledge of sci-

Chapter 36

Stunning Revelation In 2006

Here in 2006, as once again I began finalizing the preparation of this manuscript for publication, I took the liberty of writing a letter to Dr. Lipinski. But before you begin to read the letter I wrote to him, I would first like to remind you, my reader, of the prophetic word mentioned in the letter; it was written in 1982. What I heard and so wrote then was, **“In the process of transformation, it is necessary for humankind to become diffusers of love.”**

At that time, when I referred to the dictionary, I learned that one of the meanings of the word “diffusion” is “the scattering and crisscrossing of light rays, producing illumination rather than radiation.”

My letter read as follows:

Dear Doctor Lipinski,

I have enclosed two pages of my manuscript. The same were written in 1982. As you can see they contain a prophetic word whose meaning I had not become aware of until now, some 24 years later. Why now? In the hope of finally publishing my book, I have engaged a professional writer to rewrite the manuscript and, in my review, when I came upon the enclosed word, it was as if I was seeing it for the first time. This new awareness is in regard to the report you wrote in 1985.

If you recall, in that report you were much puzzled when the electroscope

Some Information Re #444

Before sending this manuscript out to the various publishers though it appeared to me that my cup runneth over, I decided to search out information in regard to the number 444. In my quest, I made an appointment with a rabbi who recommended I research on some websites he had provided. In consequence, not being adept in the use of the computer, I proceeded to contact my good friend, a computer wizard, and her search resulted in the following: Thee Trinity Creation, which explores the meanings of numbers. This is what the website's creator had to say about the number 444:

It is really remarkable when a Person begins seeing Numbers with an acute Awareness, it is always due to a severe stressful event in their Life and/or due to a traumatic type event that has or is about to occur. These Numbers are of a Higher Consciousness Communication, in fact it was through the Spiritual Energy Communication of 1988 that Three Trinity Creation born of Truth came into Being: The irrefutable System of Numbers Meaning.

As for the Number 444, of Meaning it breaks down to the following: The Number 4 is Humility and the Number 44 is Absolute. Humility (4) is State of Being in which you have elevated yourself to the point whereby you Know who you are, you feel good of who you are and you do not have the need nor Desire to impress others nor to reduce them for you are the Fullness of your Being and you simply Live it daily. Your life speaks of who you are and others listen naturally.

Epilogue

Dedicated to Pope John Paul II

On April 2, 2005, the Catholic Church and all of God's children experienced a time of grief, sadness and loss when our beloved Pope John Paul II died.

At this moment I have his picture before me. His beautiful blue eyes, which I gazed into when I spoke with him in 1992, are not so clearly visible in this particular photo, yet the peaceful expression on his face reveals his compassionate, love-filled character.

This great man of our time had already taken the steps toward inter-religious dialogue which should be required of all religious leaders. Many instances of his efforts in that area have been recorded. The one which Pope John Paul II made in February of 2000 while he was in Egypt, has special meaning for me, because he told the people that he believed the future of humanity depended on the dialogue between different cultures and religions.

Certainly our Holy Father did not make that statement particularly in regard to the message God has given me, which I have recorded in this book, but his statement nevertheless confirms the need I had expressed for humanity to join together in prayer, and so I knew it should be included here.

Some of Pope John Paul's further efforts to promote inter-religious dialogue are as follows:

- In 1986, leaders from several religions came together in Assisi to pray for peace