

Divine Providence

A different vision about death



**The Testimony of Catalina
on the
Sacraments of Reconciliation
and the
Anointing of the Sick**

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The following is the English translation of the recommendation of this book by the Archbishop Emeritus of Cochabamba:

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We have read the contents of this booklet, where Catalina describes a spiritual experience in the face of her sorrow for the deaths of her brother and her mother, and found a collection of salutary teachings about the Infinite Mercy of God during the supreme moment of life. This booklet leads us in part to meditate on the meaning of death, which according to Divine Revelation, is human life's definitive passage towards the other, the supernatural life established by God Himself. Death is the end and the fate of all because all of us, without exception, are subject to dying and to having a new life. This writing emphasizes above all, the forgiveness that God grants to those who [approach Him] with a contrite heart, even at the moment of one's final breath; in the same manner as when the wrongdoer, hanging beside the Cross, where Jesus is dying, receives the reward of Paradise, solely for having acknowledged his sins and implored His Divine Mercy.

The reality of the death of our dear ones fills us with great suffering, but our own faith and the certitude of the resurrection bring comfort to our sorrow, turning it into spiritual joy and profound peace in our spirit. Catalina's present account leads us to the consideration of these issues, which without any doubt will significantly influence our walk towards the ultimate point of our lives. God awaits us all, but not all become worthy of the Divine benefits. The scene of the agony of Catalina's mother, although it constitutes a moment of deep sorrow, it is nonetheless a wondrous moment, glorified by the presence of the Lord, Who is ready to receive her in His Holy Kingdom along with the choir of angels that surrounds her at that supreme moment. If the transitory, human victory fills those who attain it with intense satisfaction and delight, how much more would our

soul be filled with infinite delight by the knowledge that right at the point of death is the victory over death itself. This is the scene that we live through Catalina's account, who, facing sorrow and anguish for her beloved mother's death, feels profound pleasure knowing that the woman, who brought her to the world, is crossing from this earth into eternity accompanied by Christ, by the Virgin Mary, our Mother, by God's angels, going to receive the crown of victory.

May God in His Infinite Mercy grant us repentance from our sins and accord us His forgiveness so that we may obtain a holy death. What Catalina has expressed [in this booklet] will instil into the persons who read it with attention and without prejudice, reassurance and complete confidence in the Mercy of God. At the same time, it will serve to place utmost importance in the need to establish a covenant with God through the Sacrament of Forgiveness.

These considerations move me to recommend the reading of this small booklet, which will produce a valuable spiritual fruit.

- *Signed* -

+ René Fernández A.

Archbishop Emeritus of Cochabamba

***“Strengthen yourselves with prayer, because
at the time to render an account before My
presence you will be alone and naked... with
your hands full or empty”***

[Jesus to Catalina - June 2003]



**In my mom's memory...
+June 27, 2003
(Feast day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and
Our Lady of Perpetual Help)**

**In memory of my brother Carlos...
+ June 7, 2003
(On the eve of Pentecost Sunday and
the First Saturday of the month...)**

**... They left us an example of love and peace, offering
their pains and sufferings
for the salvation of souls**

The following books, dictated by Jesus and the Virgin Mary to Catalina (Katya) Rivas in Spanish, have been translated and published in English as of May 2004:

- **“The Passion”** of Jesus Christ
- **“Words of Jesus and Mary”** including: The Holy Mass; a Holy Hour devotion before the Blessed Sacrament; Divine Providence concerning death and the Sacrament of Mercy, Reconciliation (this text) and meditations for The Stations of the Cross
- **“The Great Crusade of Love”**
- **“The Door to Heaven”**

In addition the following book will be available by September 2004:

- **“From Sinai to Calvary”**, Jesus’ explanation of the profound meaning of His seven last words from the Cross

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INTRODUCTION

Dear brother and sister reader,

You have in your hand the experience of one who is your sister, who by order of the Lord shares with you profound life experiences that are important for the soul of every human being.

We, who have been following her experiences for years, offer you a sincere testimony about the authenticity and validity of these words. We believe that this divine gift answers the need to offer men and women greater information about these subjects, which modern thought treats with too much superficiality.

Death does not mean the frustration of life. It is rather the “birth to eternal life”, but man rebels against it, he defies it, and, in many cases, he rejects it. Thus, he demonstrates insufficient preparation to face an outcome that points the fate of his soul toward living eternity with God or forever away from Him.

This outcome is written into the existence of every man since his conception, be he a believer or not. We will all have to face death and, there, the process of defining our fate will come to a close.

This present account alerts us to the importance of living in the grace of God, of availing ourselves without fear of the loving embrace of Jesus Christ through the means that He himself has instituted: Confession, the Eucharist, and the Anointing of the sick, Sacraments that heal, sanctify, and restore the state of grace.

Consequently, we invite all the brothers and sisters who are willing to listen, to not wait too long to return to the Lord... For who can guarantee that tomorrow you will have the time to do it? Run to the fountains of grace! Contemplate the Cross again and bow down before Jesus, the God of Love, Who is only awaiting the return of His children, safe and sound.

The Editors



“And when Jesus had said this, he showed them his hands and his side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord. He said therefore to them again, ‘Peace be to you. As the Father has sent me, I also send you.’

When he had said this, he breathed on them; and he said to them, ‘Receive you the Holy Spirit. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained.’ ”

(John 20: 20-23)

PART ONE

DEATH, SORROW AND HOPE

But God said to him: Thou Fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God. (Luke 12: 20-21)

CHAPTER I

LOVE KNOCKS AT MY DOOR

At the end of the month of May, I travelled to Orange County (California) in the United States to fulfil a commitment, accompanied by my spiritual director and a couple, who are very dear friends of ours. At that time my mother was very sick, and our Lord asked me to take care of purchasing the black clothes for my family's mourning.

I telephoned home to inquire about the condition of my mother's health, and I was told that it was stable. I was also informed that my brother Carlos would be arriving to be with us during these days so difficult for us.

Even though I knew that it was not the most important thing, having to look for black clothes for my family's mourning, it was a very special experience because it had to do with the death of someone I loved, in this case I thought of my mother. By the way that the Lord was guiding me, I understood that I should be preparing my spirit, and my state of mind and that of my family.

A few days earlier, the Lord had asked my spiritual director and

me, to make one hour of nightly adoration in reparation for our sins, the sins of our families, and the sins of the whole world for a period of one month.

On the 6th of June, two days before Pentecost, the Lord dictated to me as He normally does some biblical quotes for us to meditate on. Then He added:

“Ask for special help to do the housework for Saturday; I need you almost in seclusion in communion with Me.”

I understood that the Lord did not want me distracted in other matters, because I had to be available to Him, to pray and to wait on Him to speak to me. I was told that my brother Carlos might not be arriving yet because he had had a kidney problem.

On Saturday morning June 7th, the eve of Pentecost the Lord said after the prayers of Laudes [“The Hours”]:

“I want you to be available; do not think of other matters. I am counting on you both; let the others do whatever they have planned. It is necessary that you know how to act calmly and firmly. What is important is the love expressed in all that you do.”

During our morning prayers, a person visited my spiritual director and I to join with us in prayer. Later my son arrived with the terrible and unexpected news that my brother Carlos had died in Bolivia, my native country.

I ran before the Blessed Sacrament and I began to cry, asking the Lord why had He taken my brother at a time when he was not prepared. For that is what I thought. I was worried because my brother, who was divorced, had now remarried to a second wife and could not receive Holy Communion. That situation made him suffer very much, given that he had begun to be part of our apostolate, and a life of intense prayer.

We could not share this news with my mother, as she was in the final stages of her illness. We decided that I was to travel back to Bolivia with my son the next day. I returned to my room to pray

for his soul. I asked for mercy so that he would not be lost and that my prayers would arrive in time to intercede for his salvation.

THE CONSOLATION OF THE LORD

Inexplicably, I began to feel a profound peace, and an inner joy so immense that I felt like laughing and singing. My reaction frightened me and I asked the Lord to guide me through what was happening to me.

Then He said to me: *“Look at Me!”*

I held my gaze on the crucifix next to my bed. It started to illuminate itself, and the Lord continued:

“Again I tell you: Can you not see Me with My arms outstretched wide in front of you? ... Your father and brother are already next to Me... with Me, because My Mercy covered them. That is your joy; he is already saved.” [Note: Catalina uses “...” in this book to indicate either a pause in the dictation or a need to pause in reading to reflect upon the words.]

Later during the evening meal, we were talking about my brother’s death, and the Lord dictated a biblical verse to us, Acts 7:55-56, which says thus: “But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing the right hand of God. And he said: Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.”

In reading that verse, I felt even more comforted. My spiritual director celebrated a Mass for my brother that night. I had asked the Lord to let me know the state of my brother’s soul, to allow me to feel something, and He, in His infinite Mercy, permitted me to interiorly hear my brother’s voice telling me that he was very happy. It sounded extraordinarily joyous and enthusiastic.

The next day, Sunday the 8th, as I was getting ready to leave for his funeral, and preparing my luggage, my left arm and chest began to hurt. I spoke with my family in Bolivia, and they

advised me not to go, as under such difficult circumstances, they feared my health would worsen. Even so, I had a deep desire to be by his side. He had been like a son to me. He was six years younger than I was, and he called me 'mommy'.

As always, I decided to place everything in the hands of the Lord, asking for Him to guide me. I entered my mother's room for her to bless me before travelling, saying that I had to be absent overseas. But she began to cry as never before and she asked me not to travel, that she loved me very much and she needed me. I then understood that it was the Lord's Will that I should not travel. My son would go in my place. My daughter was already taking care of the situation, and my husband was preparing the place for the wake. The decision was for me very painful, but I had to choose to remain by my mother's side, to spend with her what were to be her last days.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION, A SWEET PRESENT FROM GOD

Later we heard that when Carlos was returning to my country after having visited us in January, he had asked a priest to hear his confession, telling him on his own that he understood that while he could not receive absolution, nonetheless he was already atoning for his sins with much repentance, and that he knew he was confessing to God through the priest, and that he was appealing to His infinite Mercy.

He asked the priest for prayers, because he was hoping to quickly settle the requirements for having his marriage declared null. He eagerly desired to avail himself of a formal Confession and receive the awaited absolution. He wanted to receive Holy Communion to unite himself to the spiritual experience that we all lived. By his conduct and conversion, he had already begun to make reparations for the errors in his past life.

Subsequently I learned that he prayed the Rosary every day with

the family. He did physical exercises for his heart problem, and during his walks he would complete all fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary. Every Sunday he and his family would visit a Marian shrine where he participated in the Holy Mass. After the celebration, they would remain for another half an hour in Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

Regrettably, his death came unexpectedly after a very short but sudden and devastating illness. A heart attack ended his life. No one had suspected the seriousness of his condition. Consequently, more emphasis had been placed on his medical needs. There had not been enough time to seek spiritual help. In their last moments, his wife asked him to pray, and shedding a tear, my brother died.

YOU ARE NEVER ALONE

On the 11th of June I was very sad, above all because I had to hold back my tears, I had to keep myself from crying so that my mother would not notice anything. It was difficult for me to accept my young brother's death and I felt abandoned. I could see my other brother suffering a great deal; I had to be strong.

Something happened, I had to hide my pain, as if I had put aside one thing to accept the imminent death of my mother, for I understood that she was living her last days. Two months earlier, on another trip, I surprised myself in assuring my close friends, that the Lord would take my mother on the day of the Sacred Heart. I had that idea, that feeling inside of me, as if it had been written on my flesh.

That night of the 11th of June, after my prayers, the Lord dictated [the following] to me:

“My daughter, at no time have I abandoned you. I want you to give a great deal of thought to those nights during which I permitted you to taste a little bit of the Celestial Paradise.

“Think of the Communion of the Saints and in this way you will find that the apparent goodbye to your dear brother has to

transform itself into joy for your family, joy that will bring them consolation.

“Remember that the Blessed reflect on all of you their beatific light and be certain that because of that Ecclesial communion, those whom have preceded you, departing filled with love, are helping with their prayers. They are close to all of you to comfort you in your sorrows, to strengthen you in your trials, to dismantle the obstacles that you find in your way, and to help you overcome the shrewd snares that our common adversary usually sets out for you.

“I have prepared you, and I have guided you to lead your family in the mourning. Would you have accepted with the same submissiveness if I had told you that the mourning was for your younger brother? And faced with the Divine Will, you poor creature, what would you have done?”

THE ASSISTANCE OF MARY, OUR MOTHER

Jesus continued saying:

“It was My Mother’s work of preparing that soul to be ready to receive My Mercy. May this departure, premature in human terms, teach all of you to live with your lamps lit, seeking your daily holiness, not that which might be seen by man, because that has no value before My eyes but rather it saddens Me.

“It saddens Me to see an outwardly religious demeanour in many of My children, who are far from living it, and which serves only the pursuit of their personal gain. They deceive people in order to acquire power, and use it to stand out, manipulating things according to their own whim and fancy.

“And what does Jesus think? That’s what they should be asking themselves when pride, the spirit of hypocritical criticism, is seizing the soul.

“My little nothing, offer Me all that burden which may seem to break your strength. There are so many souls to save! During all this week, you and Father will make your Hour of night-time Adoration starting on Thursday, when My Eternal Priesthood is

commemorated, until next Thursday during which you will pray the Rosary, and, with your prayer of reparation, you will console Me for the many who reject My Eucharistic Heart.

“(...) Strengthen yourselves with prayer, because at the hour of giving an account in My presence, you will be alone and naked... with your hands full or empty, (...) Be generous in your personal surrender, beyond selfishness, revenge, impurity and ingratitude. It is each one’s decision to belong to this group or to ruminate over the frustration of having failed Me in the things that are truly important to Me.

“It is very sad to see every instant on earth that indeed the commandment of love of neighbour is destroyed by selfishness, envy, hatred, division and, in this way, the dignity of God’s creatures is crushed by the anvil of interior slavery, which makes them victims of disorderly passions (...) Hold on very strongly to My Mother’s hand and grant each day its own toil with the assurance that My Spirit strengthens, encourages and guides yours.

“Do you not believe that My love is infinite, and that it can fill everything? Smile and rest in My Heart.”

CHAPTER III

ILLNESS, SUFFERING AND RELIEF

On the night of the 21st, my mom began to have very strong pains. We spent the night together with the nurse, without any rest at all. I was feeling extremely upset in seeing her suffering. I kept asking the Lord to allow me to suffer those pains in order to provide relief for her, but I had the understanding that she had to endure them herself for her purification. The only thing she kept repeating along with the moaning about her pain was the phrase, “my Mother, my Mother!”

On Sunday the 22nd, she suffered a great deal and she was constantly moaning. When I was in church, I spoke to the Lord

and, praying in front of His crucifix, I more or less said this to Him: "Lord, from the cross You took pity on Your Mother's pain. But I believe that You did not see Her as I see mine suffer with a continuous 'ow!' [a moan] I beseech You, Jesus, may she live according to Your Will the time that You want, but let her not be in so much pain. Have pity on her suffering, because each one of her pains, is like a sword that pierces my heart." (I asked this of Him as I cried.)

The doctor had prescribed a painkiller to be administered in drops. When I arrived home, I administered them to her but I know that it was not the drops, but the Lord Who took away her pain. He had granted me what I had asked for during prayer. The pains stopped almost immediately and completely. She did not complain anymore until she died.

The doctor himself was surprised with what had happened, because he knew that the medication would not have such an immediate, so intense and prolonged effect.

THE PREPARATION OF THE SPIRIT

Some ten days before her death, during a conversation with my mother, I proposed taking her to the beach so that she may rest a few days. But at that point she began telling me that she could "see" this or that person (many whom had already died). As she had moments in which she lost lucidity due to her liver condition, we did not pay any attention to it until she said to have seen my brother, Carlos, who had told her that in Heaven the ocean was much bigger and more beautiful than on earth.

In that instant I was convinced that she was seeing people who were no longer in this world (because she had not been told that my brother had died) and I thought that it was good that these souls would come to prepare her.

However, in her last days, she also stated that she was seeing persons who were coming to torment her, who insulted and mistreated her.

My brother, Eduardo, told her that these were persons who did not want her to make her [Holy] Communion well, and he suggested that she cast them out from her side by saying that she belonged to Jesus. We realized that she slept very little, as if fighting with someone. She would awake with nightmares and tell us to get rid of those people who were bothering her.

Because of that situation, we decided that we would keep the television channel tuned onto Mother Angelica [The EWTN network] during the day so as to help my mother to keep herself thinking about topics concerning the Lord and to remain in prayer. At night my sister-in-law, my brother and I took turns praying the Rosary with her.

Trying to understand why she was being “harassed”, I remembered that once she had told me that a friend had taken her to see a fortune-teller... I suspected that it could have been something she had not mentioned in [the Sacrament of] Confession. I asked my spiritual director to help her as a priest. I suppose she must have confessed the episode because from then on all the harassment disappeared. Even her face changed, reflecting a noticeable serenity and sweetness, and the friends who would come to pay her a visit, would say that she seemed another person.

Here I must make a parenthetical remark in order to encourage those who will read these lines that, if at any time they have been involved in these things of divination, fortune-telling, magic, witchcraft, tarot cards, to make a good Confession, because we are never aware of what it is that we have played with and of the consequences which such actions could bring into our lives.

JESUS, AN EVER-LIVING PRESENCE

During my prayers on the 23rd, the Lord, knowing that I was feeling very much alone, spoke to me and said:

“My beloved, here I am, responding to your call. However, not even for an instant have I abandoned you... You are seemingly alone but I am with you.

"Think of My anguish in the garden; I felt alone.

"Are you afraid? So was I.

"Do you need to talk to someone? Talk to Me.

"Do you need a hand to caress you? Here are Mine.

"Do you need a shoulder on which to cry? Do so on Mine and I will dry your tears with My kisses... Your tears will blend with Mine. I am not indifferent to your sufferings.

"Do you need someone's company to pray with you? Here you have My Saints and My Angels... Offer Me your patience in this life of exile and, thus, each time that I come looking for you, you will be free of grief and able to enjoy great interior peace.

"Place all that is yours solely in My Divine Will. Allow yourself to be carried by My Holy Spirit and be grateful for His generous gifts..."

Then, as I often do, I asked the Lord if He was in me, and I in Him. He replied:

"Yes, you in Me, and I in you, but remember it every single moment. Now pray Psalm 121..."

FIRST THE WILL OF GOD

On the 25th, I was very tired due to my interior suffering, afraid of suffering more. Then I began to hear the voice of the Holy Virgin:

"Children, you should not fear suffering, because fear prevents you from doing the Divine Will.

"Above all else you must accept the Will of God whether you are faced with happy or unwelcomed and unpleasant events.

"You must all ask for a Spirit of permanent prayer so as to live and lead your existence with courage, out of love for the Lord, even when life appears bitter and full of sufferings.

"Unhappily, many of My children are searching for one thing or another, and when they obtain it, they discover that it did not

bring them the happiness which they had hoped for...

“What sadness My maternal Heart feels when they complain about the people around them and the place where they are currently living. These children, in whatever circumstances and with whomever they find themselves, will feel the same way because the change must come from within themselves.

“Think [My children], that only by overcoming your own faults and detaching from self will you reach the path of sanctity. Do not make pacts with your faults; instead attack them, applying wholeheartedly the opposite virtue. Show more concern for others and forget a little about yourself. Detest sin for what it truly is: an offence against God and the failure of self.

“My beloved, find refuge for your sufferings in your celestial Mother’s bosom. I never abandon you and I pray for your strength. Think of St. John the Baptist and, like him, bless the maternal womb in which the Most High set His gaze full of Love.

“Peace, peace, peace... Ask the Lord to grant you the grace of peace in each moment.”

And so it was, that with much love I approached my beloved mamma and placing my hand on her womb I said, “Mommy, blessed be your womb, because here God set His sight full of Love so that you would bring us into life.”

Kissing me she replied, “Blessed are you, love of my love, because you were a mother to your father and now you are a mother to your mother...” I believe that the most beautiful inheritance that I received from both my parents was to hear these words from them before they died.

That night, after my prayers, as I was saying goodbye to Jesus, I said to Him: “I will make a deal with You, Lord, that I exchange for a little while Your Heart for mine... Undoubtedly You will loose but do You know why I ask it of You? Because if You give me Your Heart, You will sanctify me, and when You receive my ugly, small and unworthy heart, as it enters You, equally You will sanctify it...”

CHAPTER IV

THE DAY OF THE SACRED HEART, THE TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

In the first few minutes of the 27th, the day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at about ten past midnight, I entered into prayer and the following dialogue ensued. Jesus said to me:

"Love Me!"

"In whom today do You want me to love You, Lord?"

"In the ones who hurt you."

"In that case I am going to have to love many."

"Not as many as those who hurt Me, and I love them."

I felt a great sweetness. I thought of all the people who had wounded and hurt me. I felt only love. I had every desire to express it and tell it to them all. Undoubtedly that immense love is the Love that Jesus feels for us all. I said to the Lord:

"I wanted to be the first person to kiss your Sacred Heart today."

Jesus replied: *"At the stroke of twelve, My Heart was kissing yours."*

"Remember during this day that I am sustaining you."

In the morning during my prayers, I said to the Lord that if I had to choose a day for Him to take my mother, it would be the day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that is, this day. Then I said something like this to Him: "If You were in my place, You also would have chosen this day for Your Mother to go to Heaven. Today I hand her over to You with all my love."

At 2:45 p.m., more or less, my mother took a change for the worse. A vein burst in her esophagus and her agony began. Different from the previous days, today she awoke lucid, as if to say all she needed to say. We ran to help her, and she would

calm us down. She asked that we pray the Chaplet of Divine Mercy. She would repeat the prayers between spasms in which she was losing a lot of blood, but she was completely conscious... And, thus, the pain began to mix with joy, the fear with trust, the powerlessness with hope and love... in an atmosphere of devout prayers and hymns.

My spiritual director had to celebrate the Holy Mass in a parish, so before he left I asked him to administer once more the [Sacrament of the] Anointing of the Sick. She received daily Holy Communion preparing herself for this important moment. She asked the priest for a blessing and said to him, "Father, always remember me, and do not forget me in your prayers."

What we experienced at home will be unforgettable for all of us who were with mother. We were able to experience the love of God alive and present in a woman so weak and fragile.

I only have words of gratitude for the doctor who took care of my mother during her illness, not only because he is one of the best specialists we met, but because he lives his Catholic faith and offers a valuable testimony of life from the practice of his profession. The doctor had to attend a convention, and because of this we had to call his replacement, but sadly he did not have the same attitude. As a result, I had to turn to the Lord every moment so that He would guide us.

I feel it is very important to suggest at this point that in difficult circumstances a practicing Catholic doctor be found, a doctor sensitive to the suffering of the family that is gathering around a terminally ill person. Doctors must understand that the patients are human beings and that they do not only need a prescription, but also the closeness, the security, respect and trust, and the love that a profession of this type requires.

Understanding that the end had arrived, I thought that we should say our goodbyes to her in a manner deserving to those who live and die in the grace of God. We started to pray again, with music of praises playing in the background. She was able to hear some Psalms, religious hymns and also the Rosary [that

we were praying]. Amid her sufferings, she appeared delighted with what she was hearing.

I could see my brother Eduardo's pain, and his suffering hurt me even more because he is a very sensitive person. At a specific moment, I asked my mother for her blessing, and she gave it to each one of us.

At a certain moment, around 6:30 p.m., she said that she had to go with "them" and she made a gesture to get up. I said to her to wait a bit, to calm down. She would stare at me with dilated pupils, and say, "Now, now! ..." At first I did not understand her, but after seeing her do the same thing for two or three times I realized that she wanted to pray the concluding prayer from the Chaplet of the Divine Mercy, as she would say, "Holy God, my Mother, my Mother." At that time, we invited her to repeat: "Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One... have mercy on us", "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, save souls and save my soul", "Lord, into Your Hands I commend my spirit", and she would repeat it several times.

She gave the impression that her soul wanted to leave her body, but she wanted to go body and soul at the same time, with such enthusiasm that it truly surprised us.

She began to bleed again from her nose and mouth. We laid her down.

At one point she called the young woman who helps at home, who had cared for her for nearly four years, and she said to her: "Doris, take care of my daughter, of my sons." Then she said to me, "Now you will be the mother of your brothers, just as you have been my mother" ... At the end, saying her goodbyes, she addressed a few words to each one of us.

I MUST GO; LET ME GO!

She would open her eyes quite wide, as if searching for something, and repeating: "Father, my spirit..." and again: "now, now! ... We understood that she wanted to say, "Father, into Your Hands I commend my spirit." We helped her and she

repeated it four times... Then, she said: "Do not stop me; I must go; let me go."

Her hands were very cold between mine. I told her to go without fear into the arms of Jesus, that it was a wonderful day, the day of the Sacred Heart, that we were all seeing her off with happiness... I began to sing to her "Beyond the sun, I have a home..." She joined in my song. Then I sung a lullaby and she also accompanied me. In the mean time, the others remained in prayer around her, praying the Holy Rosary.

After a few moments she said: "I can not leave! I must first see the Virgin Mary..." We passed her the picture of Our Lady Help of Christians, and told her: "Here She is."

But she looked in another direction and replied: "Yes, She is already here; what is her name?" My sister-in-law, Anita, asked her: "Is it Mary Help of Christians?" She said: "No." Anita then asked her if it was Our Lady of Guadalupe. She replied: "Yes, it is Her; that is Her name... Make room for the Mamita, give way... Holy God...! My Mother...! Father into Your Hands...! And raising her hand, as if to take hold of the hand of someone we could not see, she fell unconscious. She lasted less than a minute in that condition, and expired... [Translator's note: In many Latin American countries the affectionate term: "Mamita" is used to address the Blessed Mother. It denotes love, respect and the acknowledgement of Her personal and universal motherhood.]

So much suffering, especially during those last months, had worn-out her strength. I believe that we could not have hoped for a more holy and serene death.

Her wake was as humble as she was. We did not want her placed in a casket; we laid her on her bed, which was rented from the hospital. That led me to meditate once more on how vain is the attachment to material things, because by the time we are leaving [this world], we, in truth, have nothing.

We dressed her in a white dress that several days earlier she had asked insistently that we have ready for her, and the people from

the funeral home arrived to prepare her body. I asked only for a Crucifix with two interior lights, and no cords or adornments at all, as their gaudiness would have not been in tune with the family's mourning and sentiments.

Her wake [in her home] was attended only by those from my side of the family who live in this city, the core group of our Apostolate, a very dear friend, Analupe, who arrived from Mexico [City] to accompany my brother to the Crematorium, and myself.

Amid all this pain, we thanked the Lord for the people whom my mother loved very much, people like David Lago, who took care of everything as if he were another son, Dr. William Rosado, who put aside family commitments, and guided us with all the obligatory medical paper work, Miguel, Cecilia, Pepe... and the rest of the group, each one with their share of affection and solidarity.

The priest, who leads our group, celebrated the Mass for the dead in my mamma's bedroom, by the bed where she appeared to be asleep.

But our wonderful Lord wanted to give us something more for her, like a sympathy card sent from Heaven. The Dominican sisters, our much-loved friends so dear to us, showed up at our house to sing at the Holy Mass. It truly seemed that we were in a place very far away from the pain and from the earth. At one point it seemed to us that we were hearing the choirs of Angels themselves.

We watched all night, her dear face was kept uncovered. A priest arrived to stay with us for a few hours, a friend who I especially esteemed very much, and who, very generously, offered his church to celebrate Mass and deposit her ashes.

How much love from the people close to us! Especially from a young lady who I love as if she were my daughter, and who remained by my side the following 24 hours: Martha, may God repay you for your kindness of keeping me company.

Yes, there were tears, but not desperate crying. We remained in prayer all night. At 1 p.m. the next day, she was taken to the

Crematorium. I had telephoned an Archbishop to ask him to instruct me on these things, because in my [native] country it is not our custom to take these measures and his reply put me at ease in this regard.

When mom was leaving the house, I went into the oratory to pray the Holy Rosary with my spiritual director (the blessed man who the Lord sent to strengthen and save my beloved momma). I knew that only prayer could offer me the serenity I hoped for. The members of our Apostolate accompanied her body singing to the Blessed Virgin: "Come walk with us, Holy Mary, come..."

Later on, the Holy Mass was celebrated in an atmosphere of profound spiritual joy and peace, in the Divine Mercy Shrine. There in the crypt, now rested the remains of this woman who trusted so much in the Mercy of God.

CHAPTER V

HER INHERITANCE: CHARITY, HUMILITY, COURAGE

What we inherit from her is only the love that she left us, her profound charity for others, her admirable humility that those who knew her recognised in her, her exemplary courage and the desire to atone for her faults, in order to be more purified when she reached the arms of our Lord...

I think with a smile: How surprised she must have been seeing two of her children saying goodbye to her here, and finding the youngest waiting for her there! I do not stop giving thanks to the Lord for having His hand on every detail, and to the wonderful Heart of our Mamma in Heaven, who perfumed my entire home with a profound scent of flowers from the moment mom began her agony.

THE SPIRIT FLIES TOWARDS GOD

Around 9 p.m. I prayed in front of a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Suddenly it began to be filled with light.

The Heart began to grow until it reached such a proportion that in front of me there was only a golden light and nothing else; everything else had disappeared.

Amid that light I saw a woman, her back to me, dressed in a long white dress, which appeared to have been made from gauze. It gave me the impression of seeing her flying but erect, as if running, but without moving her feet. Her long hair reached halfway down her back, chestnut in color, quite wavy, sprinkled with beautiful natural white flowers, like pansies.

Flanking her on both sides there were two rows of people advancing with her. They were dressed in pastel colored tunics; light blue, pink, green... I hardly notice them.

Suddenly I thought that the woman could be my mom, but she was young, and I remembered never having seen her with her hair so long... for a fraction of a second, she turned to look at me, and I was able to recognize her! She had a most beautiful smile but young, very young, while continuing her flight towards that enormous light, which almost certainly is where you find the Throne of God.

This vision mitigated my pain and I felt a great peace. I was surrounded by that silence that I felt at times when some priest, after laying hands upon me, helped me to know that special state known as "resting in the spirit".

I must say that during the celebration of the Holy Mass for the dead, with mom's body present [in her bedroom], when the priest was reciting the response saying, "May the Angels lead you into Paradise; may the martyrs come to welcome you at your arrival and take you into the Holy City..." Jesus spoke to me:

"That is what you saw..." He told me.

I cried out of happiness, grateful to my Lord for each one of His delicate touches in these moments of so much pain. Thank you Lord, because you take care of each detail to demonstrate Your infinite love for me!

PAIN AND MERCY

On the 29th day the Lord told me:

“Gold is tested in the burning crucible. All that all of you are living is necessary for growth... I love you very much. Believe it and love Me more. Even if you think that you are incapable of loving more, continue to exert yourself in that for love is like a rubber container that expands, with the only difference being that the container never explodes, it is refined until it becomes noble material.”

Later He continued:

“My desire is for every soul to be holy so it may come to Me at the moment of its death and remain in the Kingdom that the Father has prepared for it from all eternity. However, I desire to purify that soul even on earth, so that, as much as possible, it not be necessary to purge that which remained to be cleansed in life. That is why when a person is well disposed and desires to know Me, to love Me, to make Me known and to be purified on earth, I do my work as a potter and shape that clay, sometimes adding some more water to refine the mass, other times hitting or squeezing the mass to soften it, and when it is ready, I cook it in the burning oven of the virtues, in order to make that piece soft to the touch, shiny and worthy to be presented and offered to a King.”

Even though I was certain of having seen my mother’s journey towards the Throne of the Lord, I kept wondering if her soul had to expiate for a time in Purgatory... It was then that the Lord told me:

“Why do you allow the devil to sow doubts in your mind? Trust and pray... None of you will understand until you are on this side, but even if you are almost certain (as I have revealed to certain souls) that your deceased ones are already enjoying Paradise, continue praying for them because in this way you complete what they lacked or increase what the souls of other persons close to you presented in their hands when they appeared before Me.

“When I said, ‘Come to Me all you who are burdened or tired...’ I also said it to you. Many things, which I allow or send, you sometimes find silly or unjust. Faith has to teach all of you that I plan everything for good. Remember that the soul, who maintains its peace and faith in the face of adversity, has the right to expect My Love and its benefits.”

As a special gift from God, we received a visit from our International Ecclesiastical Advisor, a great friend and a priest very much anointed by the Lord, who concelebrated a healing and forgiveness Mass with my spiritual director. There we felt very strongly the living Presence of Jesus in the love and mercy for this part of His suffering people.

My family and a married couple, who we love very much and to whom we will always owe gratitude, participated in this Eucharist. How many things need to be healed in the soul of every human being! With gratitude we were able to experience it for ourselves.

CHAPTER VI

CONFESSION, DEATH AND TRANSFORMATION

Ten days had passed since my dear mom’s death, when one morning in my room upon finishing my first prayers for the day, the Lord asked me to remain there for a few moments. Suddenly, as if in a movie, the scene of my mom’s death appeared before my eyes.

Therefore, it will be necessary that I to go back in my account and to repeat some of the things I have already related. It will enable you to better understand every thing that had happened on that day, and which the Lord allowed me to see in full, only afterwards, in the vision that I am about to tell you.

And so I return to the day in which my mom was dying, just as I could see it in this vision.

She was in her bed. We had just laid her down on her right side

and as I was wiping the blood that she was losing from her nose, she stared above me toward the window. She squeezed my hand and said, "I want to be with you."

"Are you afraid, my dear mamma?", I asked her somewhat worried.

"No, I am not afraid, but I want to be with you."

At that moment, I saw some people come close behind me and my mom, to her right side. I recognised St. Joseph, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Rose of Lima, St. Dominic of Guzman and St. Silvester. They were behind mom's head, next to "Leopoldo", that was the name of mom's Guardian Angel, a very handsome youth, who appeared to be praying on his knees while caressing her head with his hands.

There were other men and women, young and old, about 40 people, all praying. A young man dressed in a white alb, carried a little golden bowl in his hands. Every now and then, he would insert his hand in it and take out smoke, sending it upward like incense.

With that, he appeared to prevent some dark shadows from coming near, which we could see at a distance from the bedroom, frightened to advance any closer.

The young man would move his lips as if saying some prayer. Then he would change the little bowl to the other hand and do the same with the other, throwing smoke from the little bowl into the air. He would go around and around all the people who were encircling my mom's bed behind us. I was amazed to see so many people. Then, Jesus spoke to me and said:

"They are her patron saints and those souls whom she helped save with her prayers and sufferings, and even though she did not know them, they have come to be with her on her journey."

When we placed her on her other side to change her clothes, my mom said, "It is time for me to go with them," as she looked over my shoulder.

We advised her to calm down. We sang a Psalm to her and she

kept repeating it. She opened her eyes almost in wonderment, as if contemplating something she could not express and said: "Turn on the light!" We did so, but understanding that she could no longer see what was on earth, but what was beyond. Then squeezing my hand she said: "Holy God, now! ... Holy God... now!" She seemed to be coaxing me to pray, to repeat the short prayer: Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, have Mercy on us and on the whole world!

She would repeat the short prayer over and over while insisting:

"I must go." She moved her feet as if to walk and exclaimed: "Do not stop me"... And once again she would repeat: "Holy God, Holy Mighty One... Have mercy on me and the whole world."

Those of us around her began to pray the Chaplet of Mercy. But at the same time, she was repeating her own prayers, insistently exclaiming: "Father, my Spirit! Now! ... Now! ..." She could not remember the complete prayer. We began to say: "Father, into Your hands I entrust my spirit..." understanding that to be what she wanted to say... She agreeing would repeat our words.

In the vision that I had, I noticed that to mom's left side, behind where we were, another group of people began to arrive, and among them I could recognise my father's figure, one of my grandmothers, an aunt who had lived with us, and other people who's faces I could not clearly see. I was dazzled by what I was seeing, but at the same time, I was trying to concentrate on my mother.

In front of her a light was lit, and I saw approaching, as if descending at ceiling height, a choir of Angels singing. They formed two rows of celestial characters, and upon reaching us they separated to encircle the place. Everything was very solemn. At that moment mom said, as if addressing the people that I am sure had come to accompany her journey:

"Wait, I need to see first the Holy Virgin! "

My brother said: "Mommy, the Lord is here. He is waiting for you..." He said that because earlier my mother had mentioned

seeing the Lord. And she replied, "I still have to see the Holy Virgin..."

Many times she had heard that the Blessed Virgin collected the souls of those who awaited death praying the Rosary.

We gave her the picture of Mary Help of Christians so that she could look at the Holy Virgin, thinking that was what she wanted to see. But she was looking above the picture. It seemed to us that she could no longer see the things of this world, but the things of the other... Suddenly she said, "I see her there; there she is... Give way to the Mamita! We must ask forgiveness from the Holy Virgin..."

THE TENDER EMBRACE OF THE MOTHER

At that instant I saw the Holy Virgin coming down from Heaven. She positioned herself at my mother's feet, while remaining suspended in mid air. I saw her extending her hands towards my mom. In one of her arms the Holy Virgin was carrying a white dress. My mother extended a hand as if to receive or to touch something. I noticed how the Holy Virgin took her hand. Mom lost consciousness at that moment, for less than a minute, and, then, she expired.

When her head became still on my hand as I was holding it, I thought that the whole vision would disappear, but immediately I witnessed the instant in which my mother's soul arose, separating itself from her body.

She advanced towards the Holy Virgin, who at that moment gave her the white dress with both hands, as if measuring it for size over the nightgown she was wearing. My mom immediately appeared clothed in that dress. The Holy Virgin had a lot of gentleness in Her expression. She was smiling and embraced my mom, placing her arm on my mom's mid back. My mother in turn did the same, leaning her head on the Holy Virgin's shoulder, and they ascended together with the entourage of people who accompanied the scene.

The bedroom became almost empty. St. Joseph looked at us. He

touched St. Silvestre's hand and St. Silvestre imparted a blessing upon all of us all. He then turned and left, followed by St. Joseph.

Very solemnly Jesus said to me:

"Tell it to the world, so that all men value the Grace offered at being present with the dying who depart assisted by Heaven. One's absorption with that moment must be absolute, since part of Heaven is in that room. It is the moment in which God visits that place."

When the vision was over, I knelt down crying to give thanks to God for His having gifted us with all this grace and having allowed me to see this marvel. A marvel which today I can relate to the world so that they realize the importance and the duty which we have to help our dear ones who are dying, and all others who are dying, so that they can begin happily their journey towards the eternity of the Love of God.

CHAPTER VII

AN URGENT CALL: ASSISTANCE TO THE DYING

Some days later as I prayed the Chaplet of Divine Mercy, I heard the voice of the Lord saying to me:

"Pay attention to what you are going to see. Do not fear, but it is necessary that you see it."

At that moment I had the vision of a hospital room. There was a gentleman, of about 50 to 65 years old. (I could not better determine his age because he looked sick and haggard.)

There were several people near him, some were crying, but they were all awaiting his death. Desperate crying could be heard; the man's body was contorting with pain. He knew that he was dying. One could see that he was annoyed for he was angrily saying while shaking his body violently:

"Why am I to die...! How can God allow for me to die...! Do

something... I do not want to die!"

He was rebelling before the imminence of death. One could tell his conflict, his torture, and his lack of peace. And it made an impression on me to see that the people who were with him, did not contribute anything to bring peace to this soul. No one was praying.

In the exterior corridor, I recognized a little patio where some people were talking and laughing, some were drinking and smoking. They were completely unaware of the sublime moment that sick man close to them was living with conflict. That overall scene could have been any daily social event.

Then I saw a nun coming and the Lord told me:

"She has been sent by My Mother."

I then could see the Holy Virgin contemplating the scene at a distance, with Her hands together praying, while tears ran down Her face. There was an angel with a very sad look next to the sick man. With one hand he was covering his face, and with the other hand he was touching the sick man. Then the angel stood up and, with his hands, he tried to clear away the many shadows that were approaching the man. These shapes were distorted, like having heads of a deer, bears, and horses. I could not see with more clarity because they were shadows.

When the nun entered the room, she approached the bed and took the hand of the dying man. She attempted to give him a holy card telling him something. The man raised his hand in a sign of refusal. The nun insisted once again offering him the holy card but, with the little breath left in him, the dying man became agitated, shaking his hands at her in a sign of rejection. He cried out annoyed. The nun left the room very sad.

In the corridor she took her rosary and began to pray. The people who looked at her, smiled in a mocking way. They did not consider in the least the importance that her prayers would have in this most delicate moment. She invited them to pray but their eyes and grimaces revealed clearly their rejection.

A few minutes later the man died. I could see that when his soul was arising all those shadows jumped on him, each one pulling and tugging, like ferocious animals, wolves, dogs, who were tearing apart their prey. Suddenly the Angel stood in front of them and raising his hand, ordered:

“Stop! Let him go. First he must present himself before the Throne of God to be judged!”

Some people began crying around the deceased in a very desperate way, or better said, in a hysterical way.

I then understood the difference that there is when we say goodbye to a soul who is at peace and who departs with its hope resting in the Mercy of God.

PART TWO: THE SACRAMENT OF RECONCILIATION

“What man of you that hath a hundred sheep: and if he shall lose one of them, doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert, and go after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, lay it upon his shoulders, rejoicing: And coming home, call together his friends and neighbours, saying to them: Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost? I say to you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance.”

(Lk 15:4-8)

CHAPTER VIII

YOU TAKE AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD...

On Tuesday July 8th, we travelled to Cozumel because we had been invited to speak there at a conference. The Lord dictated to me a message for a young lady, saying:

“Tell her that I have waited for a long time for this moment and I await her surrender.”

She was a young lady who had gone looking for our spiritual director to make her life’s confession. When I handed her the message she cried. Then the Lord asked me to help her.

We spoke until the arrival of the priest. When they left the room together, heading toward another for the [Sacrament of] Confession, I saw unexpectedly that there were a great number of people around her, possibly ten or twelve who wanted to enter with her into the [confessional] room. I was surprised to see that but soon understood it to be a mystical experience and I began to pray.

You could hear, on the one hand, some voices speaking loudly and with music to the rhythm of drums that was shocking. And at the same time you could hear a choir, people singing the Ave of Fatima, and another choir sang in the distance: “Glory and praise to God the Creator, to the Son the Redeemer, and to the Holy Spirit...!”

I knelt down and asked the Lord to enlighten that Confession. Suddenly I heard the rumble of many people screaming. I immediately looked towards the place where all the noise was coming from, and it was the balcony of the room where the young lady was having her confession heard.

What I saw was frightful: absolutely unpleasant figures, deformed creatures that would go out running and screaming, throwing themselves from the balcony into the empty space below. As I reached my window to see the fall, which was my first impulse, I no longer saw anybody.

At that moment the friend, who had asked Father [the spiritual director] to hear her [the young lady's] confession, came in and we both could clearly hear the noise from chains and rubbing of metal that seemed to be ripping off the roof and walls. We began to pray, and I told him not to be afraid, that they were the typical noises and annoyances from the devil because he had a soul being taken away from him. He accompanied me for some minutes in prayer and then he had to leave.

I remained alone in prayer for a few minutes. I do not know for how many, and suddenly a light made me open my eyes. I realized that the wall in front of me, which separated my room from the room in which the confession was being heard, had disappeared.

I could see then the young lady seated in Confession, but not in front of the priest, but in front of Jesus Himself. I did not see the priest; it was Jesus who had taken his place. Our Lord was visible from the side with His hands entwined, as in a praying position, and His chin resting on them, listening attentively.

Behind the young woman and near the door of the room, was a group of people. Among them I could make out a nun dressed in blue with a black veil. Next to her an Angel stood out with very large wings, a very majestic character with a very big lance in his right hand, looking left and right on the alert. I thought that it might be St. Michael the Archangel or one of his captains from his Celestial Militia.

In the background, to the right hand side of Jesus and the young lady in Confession, I recognised the Virgin Mary, standing, dressed like Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in a gown that seemed of silk, pearl in color, with a dark yellow or caramel mantle with the emblems usually associated with that image.

Two very tall Angels stood and held their lances in one hand, watching attentively, in the same way as the Angel at the door. They were vigilant and alert, as guarding the Blessed Virgin, who remained standing with her hands in prayer, looking towards Heaven, while the Angels appeared to be guarding the

whole place.

There were many small Angels that went and came, as if they were transparent. At a certain moment, Jesus raised His right hand, positioning His palm a certain distance from the young woman's head. His whole hand was full of light from which golden rays were coming out and covering her entirely in all splendour, transforming her. I could see how the face of the penitent was changing progressively, as if someone was removing a mask from her... I saw how the hard face from before was transforming itself into another, a more noble, sweet, and peaceful one.

At the instant that Jesus was imparting absolution, the Holy Virgin genuflected and bowed Her head and all the beings that were around Her did the same. Jesus stood up, approached the penitent, and, just then, I could just see the priest seated where Jesus was before.

The Lord embraced the young lady and kissed her cheek. He then turned around, embraced the priest and also kissed his cheek. At that instant, everything filled with an intense light, which disappeared as it ascending towards the ceiling at the same time that the whole vision was disappearing and I was once again looking at my wall.

After having presented me with such an exceptional mystical experience, the Lord spoke to me and said:

"If you [My children] only knew how a soul who has made a good confession is transformed, all those near it would welcome this soul on their knees, because by virtue of sanctifying grace, such a soul is filled with the Holy Spirit."

When the young woman came out of Confession, I felt a true desire to kneel before her, but instead I embraced her with all my love, for I knew that I was embracing the person who earlier had been embraced by the Lord. She looked different, much younger and very happy. I told everything to my spiritual director, and we both remained in prayer, giving thanks to God.

That night the Lord asked me to prepare to write down

everything that I had seen in a publication dedicated to the Sacrament of Mercy, Reconciliation, which is this present text.

CHAPTER IX

THE DELICATE MOMENT OF RECONCILIATION

Two days later, the Lord said that we would continue with our work, and suddenly I found my self in a church, in front of a group of people waiting their turn to go to Confession.

There, before my eyes, appeared many shadows, figures with human bodies and animal heads. These were in the process of lassoing with ropes a certain person who was going to the confessional. The ropes were being thrown around the person's neck and forehead, while they whispered something in his ear.

Suddenly one of those shadows discreetly separated itself from the rest and took the shape of a woman, dressed and made up in a very provocative way passing in front of the man who was walking to the confessional. He became distracted, and held his eyes on her. Those horrible beings were pleased and they laughed loudly. An angel was fighting with his hands, trying to push away those wild beasts.

Another person waiting for Confession, a very quiet and humble young lady, with a small prayer book in her hands, was reading and then meditating. The shadows approached her only at a certain distance but they could not lasso her. It seemed, I thought, as if the angel with her was stronger than those shadows.

I remained observing, and when this young woman finished her Confession, she was no longer dressed the same as before. She wore a long gown of a pearl color, almost white, with a tiara of flowers on her head. Four angels who followed her to the Altar surrounded her. Her face was full of peace. There she kneeled to pray, surely her penance, and the angels remained with their hands together in prayer. Then the vision was over and I again

saw the furniture in my house.

The Lord said to me:

“You have just seen two persons going to the Sacrament of Reconciliation. One who, distracted and without any previous preparation, proceeded to the confessional. In such circumstances, anything that those evil spirits will do, gathers greater strength.

“On the other hand, the young lady was praying, preparing her confession, asking assistance from Heaven. That is why the devil could not get near her and her guardian angel could work better in her defense, since she invoked him.”

Then He added:

“Everyone should pray for those who go to confession, so that they may make a good confession, because it could be the last one they make in their life.”

He made me understand that all the people who remain in the church could also help with their prayers, interceding for the confessor and for those who go to Confession. I was surprised that He requested prayers for the priest, because days before I personally saw that it was Jesus who forgave in place of the priest.

Then Jesus said:

“Of course they also need prayers. They also are exposed to temptations, to distractions, to fatigue. Remember that they are human beings.”

THE GIFT GRANTED TO A PRIEST

During the night, the Lord educated me about what happens when a person requests Confession and the priest does not grant it due to negligence or carelessness. This is what Jesus said:

“If a soul searches for a priest seeking Confession, unless it is a case of grave impediment, it is compulsory for the priest to hear

the confession of the faithful. This is because if that sinner dies, he is immediately received into Heaven by virtue of his repentance and desire for his purification. I Myself will absolve him.

“But the priest who refused to confess the sinner, for comfort or negligence, without a justifiable reason before God, will have to answer before the Divine Justice. He will have to give account for a very serious fault, as much as if he were culpable for the sins he refused to listen to and to forgive, unless he has confessed and amended his fault.

“The priest has received gifts which have not even been conferred upon My Mother. He is united to Me and he works in Me. Therefore, he deserves much respect from the person who seeks the Sacrament, respect in how one treats him, in the way in which one dresses, in the manner in which one accepts his advice and in the penance imposed.

“That is why I ask for prayers for priests, so that faithful to their vocation and to the Grace that has been conferred upon them in My own Person, (in Persona Christi), they grant pardon and mercy to the souls.

“Remember, My daughter, that on earth everything has a relative value. Some things may have a very high material value and if someone loses them, that person ends up in economic ruin... but that is all. They can attempt to recover all, or at least part of the loss. But, if you lose your soul, nothing will ever be able to save it from the eternal fire.”

A BRIEF CONCLUDING REFLECTION

Brother, sister, you who have arrived at this point of my testimony, have you asked yourself: how long has it been since you have made a good and conscientious Confession?

If our Lord had to call you at this very moment, do you think that you would be saved? Have you dedicated yourself conscientiously to the things of God? Or have you been a comfortable, part-time Christian attending Sunday Mass, more

out of habit or appearances than authentic fervour? Have you asked yourself how many souls you have helped save? Have you always been careful to receive the Sacred Eucharist in the grace of God, or are you one of those who think that you should have to confess yourself only before God and not to a priest?

While you read these lines, there will be someone who will be offering a prayer for you, so that at the moment of your death, which will inevitably come, you may not be deprived of the assistance received from the Sacraments. Thus, with your departure, there will be celebration in Heaven and on earth and you will not experience fear, but love and joy!

Open the doors of your heart to the Grace and the forgiveness that we all need! Ask for the help of the Virgin Mary, for living from today onward in conformity to the Will of the Father!

I desire this for you, in the Merciful Love of Jesus,

Catalina

Lay Missionary of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus.

July 18, 2003,

Day of the Precious Blood of Jesus

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHERS

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Death does not constitute the frustration of life. It is rather “the birth to eternal life”. But man rebels, he defies, and in many cases he rejects it, demonstrating an inadequate preparation to face an outcome that directs the destiny of his soul, to live eternity close to God or to definitively distance himself from Him.

This perspective is inscribed in the existence of every man from his conception, be he a believer or not... We must all face death and there our destiny will cease to be defined.

Starting from the story of some events lived by the author, this book seeks to transmit a new perspective for that “inevitable journey” for all humanity. From the point of view of Faith, this is a real help to find in God the Peace, which can give us back hope.

At the end of the path, our closeness or our distance from God will mark the real success or failure, the finality and importance of our life.



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