

The “Letter from beyond”, September 1937

The “Letter from beyond” transcribed below refers to the eternal damnation of a young girl. The original of this letter was found among the papers of a deceased Nun, who had been a friend of the condemned girl. In it, the Nun recounts the events in her companion’s life as if they were known and verified facts, as well as her eternal condemnation communicated in a dream. The Diocesan Curia of Trier (Germany) authorized its publication as highly instructive reading.

The "Letter from beyond" appeared for the first time in a book of revelations and prophecies, together with other narrations. It was Reverend Father Bernardino Krempel C.P., a doctor of theology, who published it separately and gave it greater authority by undertaking to show, in the notes, its absolute consistency with Catholic doctrine. Among the manuscripts left in her convent by a Nun, who in the world was called Clare, the following testimony was found.

Clare's Account:

I had a friend, Anita. That is, we were quite close because we were neighbours and colleagues in the same office M. Later, Anita got married and I never saw her again. From the moment we met, there had been, deep down, more courtesy than actual friendship. Because of that, I felt her absence very little when, after her marriage she went to live in the elegant district of the villas, far from mine. During my holidays on Lake Garda (Italy), in September 1937, I received a letter from my mother in which she said: “Anita N died in a car accident. She was buried yesterday in Wald Friedhof”. The news shocked me. I knew that my friend had not been what you would call religious. Would she have been prepared to go before God? In what state would her sudden death have found her? The following day I heard Mass, I received Holy Communion with Anita in my intentions, in the sisters’ boarding house, where I was living. I prayed fervently for her eternal rest, and I offered my Holy Communion for that same intention.

During the whole day I experienced a certain uneasiness, which went on increasing in the evening. I slept restlessly. I woke up suddenly, hearing something like a jolt at my room door. I turned on the light. The clock showed ten minutes past twelve. There was nothing. No noises either. Only the sound of the waves of Lake Garda monotonously striking the garden wall of the boarding house. There was no wind. I had the feeling that on waking up I would hear, as well as the knocking at the door, the noise of a breeze or the wind, similar to what my office manager produced when in a bad temper he would throw a letter which had annoyed him onto my desk in the office. I thought for a moment if I should get up. No! All of this is only my imagination, I told myself, upset by the news of the death. I turned over in the bed; prayed a few Our Fathers for the Holy Souls and fell asleep again.

I dreamt then that I got up in the morning, at 6 o’clock, and went to the Chapel. When I opened my room door, I found a number of sheets of paper. Picking them up, recognising Anita’s handwriting and screaming only took a second. Trembling, I held them in my hands. I have to confess that I was so terrified I couldn’t pray. I could hardly breathe. The best thing was to get away from there, to get outside. I got ready quickly, I put the letter into my bag and I got out straightaway. I went up the winding road between the olive trees, the laurels and the village farms. Daybreak was radiant. On previous days I stopped every hundred paces or so marvelling at the view of the lake and Garda Island. The gentle blue of the water refreshed me; like a child who looks in wonder at her grandfather, I gazed in wonder at the ashen-coloured Mount Baldo, rising on the opposite shore of the lake to an altitude of 2,200 metres. On that day I didn’t have eyes for all of that. After walking for a quarter of an hour, I dropped mechanically onto a bench which was situated between two cypresses, where the evening before I had enjoyed reading “The Maid Teresa”. For the first time I could see in the cypress trees the symbol of death, something I had not thought about before. I took the letter. It had no signature. Without the slightest doubt, it was written by Anita. The large ‘s’ was not lacking nor the French ‘t’ to which she had become accustomed in the office, to irritate Mr G. It was not her style. At least, that was not how she used to speak. The usual thing with her was pleasant conversation, laughter, underlined by her blue eyes and her congenial nose... It was only when we spoke about religious matters that she became mordant and adopted the rough tone of the letter. I

myself feel engulfed by its agitated cadence. Here is the letter from beyond from Anita N, word for word, just as I read it in my dream.

The letter

CLARE, DO NOT PRAY FOR ME, I AM DAMNED. If I give you this warning – what is more, I am going to speak to you at length on this – don't think that I am doing it out of friendship. Those of us who are here no longer love anyone. I do it because I am forced to. It is part of the work "of that power that always wants evil and carries out good". In reality, I would like to see you here, where I am now forever. Don't be surprised about my intentions. Here, we all think like this. Our will is petrified in evil, that is to say, in what you consider to be "evil". Even when I can do something "good" (such as I am doing now, opening your eyes to hell), I'm not doing so with upright intention. Do you remember? It was four years ago when we met, in M. You were 23 years old and had already been working in the office for six months previously, when I came in. Several times you got me out of trouble. Frequently you gave me good advice, which for me, as a beginner, was very useful. But, what is "good"? I wondered, at that time, about your "charity". Ridiculous... Your helping me was pure ostentation, something which I have suspected since then. Here we do not recognize any good whatsoever in anyone. But since you knew me in my youth, it is now time to fill in a few gaps.

According to my parents' plans, I should never have existed. Due to an oversight, the misfortune of my conception became a reality. My sisters were 14 and 16 years old when I came into the world. I wish I had never been born! I wish I could now annihilate myself, flee from the torments! There would be no pleasure comparable to that of ending my existence, just as a dress is reduced to ashes, without leaving a trace. But it is necessary for me to exist. It is necessary for me to be what I made of myself: the total failure of the purpose of my existence. When my parents, who were then single, moved from the countryside to the city, they lost contact with the Church. It was better that way. They kept up relations with people who were disconnected from religion. They met at a dance, and they were "forced" to get married six months later. At the marriage ceremony, they received only a few drops of holy water, sufficient to draw Mum to Sunday Mass a few times a year. She never really taught me to pray. All her efforts went into the daily household chores, although our situation was not bad.

Words like prayer, Mass, holy water, Church, I can only write them with inner repugnance, with incomparable revulsion. I profoundly hate those who go to church and, in general, all men and all things. Everything is torment. All knowledge received at death, every memory of life and what we know, becomes an incandescent flame. And all these memories show us the opportunities in which we despised a grace. This torments me so much! We don't eat, we don't sleep, we don't walk on our feet. Spiritually chained, we reprobates contemplate our failed lives in despair, howling and gnashing our teeth, tormented and full of hate. Do you understand? Here we drink hatred like water. We hate each other. More than anything, we hate God. I want you to understand that. The blessed in Heaven have to love God, because they see Him without veil in his dazzling beauty. That makes them indescribably happy. We know that, and that knowledge infuriates us. Men on earth, who know God by Creation and Revelation, can love Him. But they are not obliged to do so. The believer - I am telling you this in fury - who meditates, contemplating Christ with his arms open on the cross, will end up loving Him. But the soul that God approaches, fulminating, as just avenger because one day He was rejected, which is what happened with us, that soul can only hate Him, as we hate Him. She hates Him with all the impetus of her ill will. She hates Him eternally because of the deliberate resolution to separate herself from God with which she terminated her earthly life. We cannot change this perverse will, nor would we ever want to change it. Do you understand now why hell is for all eternity? Because our obstinacy never melts, it never ends. And against my will I have to add that God is merciful, even with us. I say "against my will" because, even if I say these things voluntarily, I'm not allowed to lie which is what I would like to do. I leave a lot of information on paper against my wishes. I also have to stifle the avalanche of foul words that I would like to vomit. God was merciful with us because He did not permit us to pour out on the earth the evil that we would have wanted to do. If He had so permitted we would have increased our guilt and punishment far more. He made us die prematurely, as He did with me, or made attenuating circumstances intervene. God is merciful, because He does not force us to go any closer to Him than we are, in this remote infernal place.

That lessens the torment. Every step closer to God would cause me greater affliction than what you would feel by taking another step closer to a bonfire.

I displeased you one day by telling you, during a walk, what my father said a few days before my Communion: "Enjoy your new dress Anita; the rest is nothing more than a sham". I almost felt ashamed at your displeasure. Now I laugh at it. The only reasonable thing about all that comedy was that children were allowed to receive communion at the age of twelve. At that time I was already quite taken over by the pleasures of the world. Without any scruples, I left religious things aside. I did not take Holy Communion seriously. The new custom of allowing children to receive their first Communion at seven years of age infuriates us. We use all means to mock this, making believe that to receive communion there must be understanding. It is necessary for children to have committed some mortal sins. The white Host will be less harmful then, than if it is received while faith, hope and love, the fruits of baptism - I spit on all this - are still alive in the child's heart. Do you remember me thinking like that when I was on earth?

I return to my father. He fought a lot with Mum. I rarely told you because I was ashamed. What a ridiculous thing shame is! Here, everything is the same. My parents no longer slept in the same room. I slept with Mum, Dad slept in the next room where he could come in at any hour of the night. He drank a lot and he spent our money. My sisters were working; they said that they needed their own money. Mum began to work. During the last year of her life, Dad struck her many times when she didn't want to give him money. With me, he was always very gentle. One day I told you about a caprice that scandalized you. And what didn't scandalize you about me? When I twice returned a pair of new shoes, because the shape of the heels wasn't modern enough. On the night Dad died, as a result of a stroke, something happened which I never told you about, for fear of an unpleasant interpretation. Today, however, you should know about it. It is a memorable fact: for the first time, the spirit that torments me approached me. I was sleeping in Mum's room. Her regular breathing meant that she was in a deep sleep. Then I heard someone say my name. An unknown voice murmured: "What will happen if your father dies?" I didn't love Dad anymore, since he had begun to mistreat my mother. In actual fact, I loved absolutely no one: I was only grateful towards a few people who were kind to me. Love without the hope of retribution in this world is only found in souls who live in the state of grace. This was not my case. "He will certainly not die", I answered the mysterious speaker. After a brief pause I heard the same question. "He will not die!", I replied sharply. For the third time I was asked: "What will happen if your father dies?" At that moment I brought to mind the way my father often came home, half drunk, shouting, abusing my mother, embarrassing us in front of the neighbours. I then answered furiously: "Well, that's what he deserves. Let him die!" Afterwards everything was silent. The following morning when Mum went to tidy Dad's room, she found the door locked. At midday they opened it by force. Dad, partially dressed, was dead on top of the bed. On going for beer in the cellar he must have suffered a fatal crisis. He had been ill for a good while. (Did God let it depend on the will of his daughter, with whom the man had been kindly, for him to obtain more time and the opportunity to convert?)

Marta K and you got me to join the Youth Association. I never concealed from you that I considered the instructions of the two directors, the Misses X, to be far too "parochial". The games were fairly enjoyable. As you know, in a short while I came to have a leading role there. That is what I liked. I also liked the excursions. I even let myself confess and receive Communion a few times. To tell you the truth, I didn't have anything to confess. Thoughts and words didn't mean anything to me. And I wasn't mature enough for any other more offensive acts. One day you admonished me: "Anna, if you don't pray more you will be lost." In actual fact I prayed very little, and the little that I did, I did with displeasure, unwillingly. Doubtlessly you were right. Those who burn in hell either did not pray, or prayed little. Prayer is the first step towards reaching God. It is the decisive step. Especially prayer to the One who is the Mother of Christ whose name we may not even pronounce. Devotion to Her snatches innumerable souls away from the devil, souls whose sins would have infallibly thrown them into his hands.

I am continuing with fury, because I am forced to do it, although I can't bear this any more, from so much fury. Praying is the easiest thing that you can do on the earth. And precisely because it is so easy, God makes our salvation depend on it. Little by little, God gives light to those who persevere in prayer, and He strengthens them in such a way that even the most hardened sinner can recover, even though they are sunk in the mire up to the neck. During the last years of my life I didn't pray anymore at all, depriving myself of the graces, without which no one can be saved. Here we do not receive any kind of grace and even if we

did receive any we would scornfully reject it. All the vacillations of earthly existence end in this other life. On earth, man can go from the state of sin to the state of grace. From grace, he can fall into sin. Often I fell out of weakness; few times out of wickedness. With death, each one enters a final, fixed and unalterable state. As one advances in age, changes become more difficult. It is true that one has time up until death to unite with God or turn their back to Him. However, as though drawn along by the current, before the final transit, with the last vestiges of his will weakened, man behaves according to the habits of his whole life. The habit, good or bad, becomes a second nature. This is what drags him down at the supreme moment. And so it happened with me. I lived entire years separated from God. As a consequence, at the last call of grace, I decided against God. The fatality was not having sinned frequently, but that I didn't want to rise up anymore. You often invited me to attend sermons or to read pious books. My habitual excuses were that I didn't have time. Did I perhaps want to increase my interior doubts?

Finally, I have to give testimony to the following: when I reached this critical point, shortly before leaving the youth Association, it would have been very difficult for me to change course. I felt unsure and miserable. But a brick wall was being erected in front of my conversion. You didn't suspect how serious it was. You believed that the solution was so simple that one day you said to me: "You have to make a good confession, Anita, and everything will be normal again". I realized that this would be so. But the world, the devil and the flesh, kept me firmly grasped in their clutches. I never believed in the devil's influence. Now I bear witness that the devil acts powerfully on people who are in the situation that I found myself in at that time. Only a lot of prayer, my own and the prayer of others, together with sacrifices and sufferings, could have rescued me. And even with that, little by little. Although there are few people possessed in body, innumerable are those who are possessed internally by the devil. The devil cannot take free will away from those who give themselves up to his influence. But as a punishment for their almost complete apostasy, God permits the "evil one" to nest in them. I also hate the devil. However, I like him, because he tries to ruin all of you: he and his minions, the angels who fell with him at the beginning of time. There are millions of them, roaming around the earth, innumerable, like swarms of flies; you don't see them. It is not up to us reprobates to tempt: that is the responsibility of the fallen spirits. Every time they drag a new soul to the depths of hell their torments increase even more. But, hatred is capable of anything!

Although I was walking a tortuous path, God sought me. I was preparing the way for grace, with acts of natural charity which I did many times because of the inclination of my temperament. Sometimes, God attracted me to a church. And there I felt a certain nostalgia. When I was looking after my sick mother, in spite of my work in the office during the day, making a real sacrifice, God's attractions acted powerfully. Once I went into the Chapel in the hospital where you took me during the break at midday. I was so impressed, that I was just one step away from conversion. I was crying. But at once the pleasures of the world appeared, poured out like a torrent on top of the grace. The thorns strangled the wheat. With the explanation that religion is sentimentality, as they always said in the office, I rejected this grace as well, like all the others. On another occasion you drew my attention to the fact that instead of a genuflection to the ground I only made a very slight nod with the head. You thought that I was doing this out of laziness, without suspecting that, by then, I had already ceased to believe in the presence of Christ in the Sacrament. Now I believe, although only materially, such as one believes in a storm, the effects and signs of which can be seen.

In the meanwhile I had created my own religion. I liked the general opinion in the office, that after death the soul will come back to this world in another being, reincarnating successively, without ever reaching an end. With this, the distressing problem of the afterlife was resolved. I felt that it no longer troubled me. Why did you not remind me of the parable of the rich man, Epulon, and the poor man, Lazarus, in which the narrator, Christ, sent one to hell after death and the other to Heaven? But what would you have achieved? Not much more than you achieved with all your other holy speeches. Little by little I was making a god: with sufficient attributes to be called that. Far enough away from me, so that he couldn't force me to have any kind of connections with him. Sufficiently hazy, so as to be able to transform him at will. So without changing religion, I could imagine him as the pantheistic god of the world or think of him, poetically, as a solitary god. This "god" did not have heaven to reward me, nor hell to frighten me. I left him in peace. And that was what my worship consisted of. It's easy to believe what pleases us. With the passing of years, I was more persuaded about my religion. I could live well there without any bother.

Only one thing could have broken my self-sufficiency: a profound and prolonged pain. But that suffering did not come. Do you understand now the meaning of “God punishes those whom He loves?”

One Sunday in July, the youth Association organized a walk in A. I liked the outings, but not the insipid discussions and other pieties. Another image, very different from that of Our Lady of Graces of A., had already taken its place on the altar of my heart. It was the distinguished Max from the warehouse next door. We had already enjoyed pleasant conversation, several times. Precisely that Sunday, he invited me to go for a walk. The other girl, with whom he usually went out, was sick in hospital. He understood that I was looking at him a lot. But I wasn't thinking of getting married yet. His economic situation was very good but he was also too friendly with all the other young girls. At that time I wanted a man to belong to me exclusively, as the only woman. I always kept a certain natural education. During this walk Max showered me with kindness. Our conversations, of course, were not about the lives of saints like yours. On the following day, in the office you scolded me for not having gone on the Association walk. When I told you about how I enjoyed Sunday your first question was: “Did you hear Mass?” Silly! How could we have gone to Mass if we went out at 6 in the morning? I remember that, very annoyed, I said to you: “The good God is not as petty as the priests are”. Now I must confess that God, in spite of his infinite goodness, considers everything much more seriously than all the Priests put together.

After this first walk with Max, I only went once more to the Association during the Christmas celebrations. Some things appealed to me. But internally, I had already separated from all of you. The dances, the cinema and the walks continued. At times we fought together but I knew how to hold on to him. I hated my rival a lot, who, coming out of hospital, became furious. Actually that was to my advantage. The distinguished calm which I displayed produced a great impression on Max, who inclined definitively towards me. I found a way to belittle her. I expressed myself calmly: externally with objective realities, but internally vomiting gall. Those feelings and attitudes quickly lead to hell. They are diabolic, in the strict sense of the word. Why am I telling you all this? To explain to you that this is how I definitively turned away from God. In reality, Max and I didn't often reach the extremes of familiarity. I realized that I would cheapen myself in his eyes if I give him full freedom ahead of time. That is why I was able to control myself. Actually, I was always prepared for what I considered to be to my advantage. I had to conquer Max. For that, no price was too high. We gradually came to love each other, because we both had very good qualities which we mutually appreciated. I was resourceful, efficient, and of pleasant character. I held onto Max firmly and I managed at least during the last months before our marriage to be the only one who possessed him. That was what my apostasy consisted of: in making a god out of a creature. In nothing else is apostasy more fully realized than in the love of a person of the opposite sex, when that love is drowned in the material. That is its enchantment, its sting and its poison. The “adoration” which I had for Max became my religion.

At that time, in the office, I virulently attacked priests, the faithful, indulgences, the Rosary and the other stupidities. You tried with a certain intelligence to defend everything that I attacked, although perhaps without suspecting that in actual fact the problem was not in those things. What I was looking for was a foothold. I still needed one to rationally justify my apostasy. I was rebelling against God. You didn't realize it. You thought that I was still a Catholic. On the other hand I wanted to be called such; I even paid the contribution for worship. Because a little “insurance” doesn't do any harm. It is possible that your answers at times hit the mark. But they didn't reach me, because I didn't agree with you. Because our relationship was based on falseness, our separation, due to my marriage, caused me little sorrow. Before getting married, I confessed and I received Communion once more. It was a formality. My husband thought the same thing. If it was a formality, why not fulfil it? You say that such a Communion is “unworthy”. Well, after that “unworthy” Communion, I achieved a certain calm in my conscience. That Communion was the last.

Our married life went ahead, in general, in harmony. In almost all points we were of the same opinion. And also in this: we did not want to be burdened with children. Well, in actual fact, my husband wanted to have just one, naturally. Finally, I managed to get him to give up on that desire. What I liked most were the dresses, the luxurious furniture, the worldly gatherings, the car trips and other distractions. One year of pleasure passed by between my marriage and my sudden death. Every Sunday we would go out for a trip in the car or visit my husband's relatives. I was ashamed of my mother. Those relatives were prominent in social life, the same as we were. But interiorly, however, I was never happy. There was something

undetermined which was gnawing at me. My desire was that, at the hour of death - which was doubtless a long way away - everything would end. It happened exactly as I had heard as a child, during a talk: God rewards in this world every good work that is done. If He does not reward it in the next life, He does so on earth. Unexpectedly, I received an inheritance from aunt Lote. My husband was fortunate to see his income significantly increased. And so I was able to comfortably set up a new home. My religion was dying, like a twilight glow in a distant firmament. The bars in the city, the hotels and the restaurants through which we passed on our journeys, did not bring us closer to God. All those who frequented them were living like us: from the outside in, not from the inside out. If during our holiday travels we visited a famous cathedral, we would try to distract ourselves with the artistic value of the lovely masterpieces. The religious sentiments which they radiated - especially the medieval churches - I would neutralize them, criticizing the lay brother who guided us; I would criticize his negligence in hygiene, I would criticize the commerce by the pious monks who made and sold liquor, I would criticize the eternal ringing of bells calling people to the sacred offices, saying that their only purpose was to make money...

And so that was how I managed to turn grace aside, every time that it called me. I especially discharged my bad humour before some paintings from the Middle Ages representing Hell in books, cemeteries and other places. There the devil was roasting souls on a red and yellow fire, while his companions with long tails, were bringing him more victims. Clara, hell can be drawn, but never exaggerated! I always used to mock the fire of hell. Remember a conversation during which I put a lighted match below your nose, asking you: "Does it smell like that?" You put the flame out immediately. Here, no one can do that. I tell you something else: the fire of which the Bible speaks is not the torment of conscience. Fire is fire! It should be interpreted to the letter when He said: "Depart from Me, accursed of My Father, go to the everlasting fire". To the letter! And how can a spirit be touched by material fire? You will ask. How can your soul suffer, on earth, if you put your finger into a flame? Your soul itself doesn't burn, but at the same time the whole individual suffers the pain. In the same way, we who are here are spiritual prisoners of the fire of our being and of our faculties. Our soul lacks the agility which would be natural to it; we cannot think nor love what we would want to.

Don't be surprised at my words. It is a mystery contrary to the laws of material nature: the fire of hell burns without consuming. Our greatest torment is in knowing that we will never see God. How can this torment us so much, if on earth we were indifferent to it? While the knife is on the table, it does not make an impression on you. You see the blade, but you do not feel it. But if the knife enters your flesh, you will scream in pain. Now, we feel the loss of God. Before we only thought about it. All souls do not suffer the same. The greater the wickedness, the greater the frivolity and stubbornness, so much more the loss of God will weigh on the damned, so much more will they be suffocated by the creature of which they made abuse. Catholics who damn themselves suffer more than those from other religions, because, in general, they received and wasted more lights and greater graces. Those who had greater knowledge suffer more bitterly than those who had less. The one who sinned through wickedness suffers more than the one who fell through weakness. But no one suffers more than they deserve. Oh, if this were not true, I would have a reason to hate.

One day you said to me: no one goes to hell without knowing it. That would have been revealed to a Saint. I was laughing at that while I took refuge in this thought: "if that's the case, I will always have enough time to pull back". That revelation is exactly right. Before my sudden death, it is true that I did not know hell as it is. No human being knows that. But I was fully aware of something: "If you die, I said to myself, you will enter eternity like an arrow, directly against God; you will have to bear the consequences". As I told you I did not turn back. I persevered in the same direction, dragged along by habit, as happens to men the older they become.

My death occurred like this: A week ago - I speak according to the way you count time, because if I were to calculate by my pain, I could have been burning in hell for ten years - my husband and I went out on another Sunday excursion which was the last one for me. It was a radiantly sunny day. I felt very well, as on rare occasions. However, a sinister foreboding was creeping over me. Unexpectedly, on the journey home my husband and I were blinded by the headlights of an oncoming car at high speed. Max lost control of the vehicle. Jesus! It escaped from my lips, not as a prayer but as a cry. I felt a crushing pain: compared with my torment now, it was a trifle. Then I lost consciousness. How strange! That very morning, without explanation, this thought came into my mind. "For once, you could go to Mass". It was

like a plea. A clear and decisive “no!” put a stop to that idea. “I have to finish with those things for good”. That is to say, I took on all the consequences. Now I bear them. You know what happened after my death. The plight of my husband, of my mother, what occurred with my body, my burial. I know by the natural intuition we have; all of us who are here. Of the rest of what happens in the world we have a confused knowledge. We know what refers to us. Therefore I see the place where you live.

I awoke suddenly at the moment of my death. I found myself enveloped in a blinding light. It was the same place where my body had fallen. It happened just like in the theatre, when they turn out the lights in the room, the curtain raises and a tragically illuminated scene appears. The scene of my life. As in a mirror, my soul showed itself. I saw the graces despised and trampled on, from my youth until the last “no” before God. I felt like a murderer being taken to court to see the lifeless victim. Repent? Never! Shame? Never! However, I could not remain under the gaze of God whom I rejected. I had only one way out: to take flight. So just as Cain fled from Abel’s corpse, so my soul sought to flee far from that vision of horror. This was the particular judgment. The invisible judge spoke: “DEPART FROM ME”. Immediately my soul, like a yellow sulphur shadow, fell headlong into the eternal torment.

Clare’s Epilogue

So ended Anita’s letter on Hell. The last words were almost illegible because the letters were so twisted. When I finished reading the last line, the letter turned into ashes. What was I hearing? In the midst of the harsh terms of the words which I imagined I had read the sweet ringing of a bell sounded. I woke up immediately. I was asleep. I was in bed in my room. The morning light was coming in through the window. The chiming of the Hail Marys was coming from the parish Church. Had it all been a dream? I had never felt such consolation from the Angelus as I felt after that dream. I said the prayers slowly. Then I understood: The Blessed Mother of Our Lord wants to defend you. Venerate Mary filially, if you do not want to have the destiny which she told you of – although in a dream – a soul that will never see God. Trembling still by the night time vision, I got up, dressed quickly and hurried to the Chapel of the house. My heart was pounding. The guests who were closest were looking at me with concern. Perhaps they thought that I was agitated for having run down the stairs. A kindly lady from Budapest, a sacrificed soul, small as a child, short-sighted, though fervent in the service of God and of great spiritual penetration, said to me that evening in the garden: “Miss, Our Lord does not want to be served in agitation”. But she could see that something else had agitated me and was still worrying me. She added kindly: “Let nothing disturb you – you know Saint Teresa’s counsel - Let nothing alarm you. Everything passes. Whoever has God lacks nothing. God alone suffices”. While she was whispering this without taking on a magisterial attitude, she seemed to be reading my soul. “God alone suffices”. Yes, He has to be enough for me in this world or in the next. I want to possess Him there one day, whatever sacrifices I have to make here to overcome. I do not want to fall into hell.