

Father's Retreat – 1973

2nd talk

“Not a single soul destined to be a Prince or a Princess in heaven will ever pass the gates of heaven. Each child is destined for limbo, never to see God, because of human beings. And the worship of the human being progresses apace. We are told that the religion of today is almost a religion of humanism. We are told of priests and sisters and fathers and mothers and daughters and sons who are more humanists than they are Christians, they long ago ceased being Catholic. Because of the enormity of times, dreadful things must come to pass.

Before we begin to consider for any length at all, the enormities that you are acquainted with, before we speak of the heinous sins of human beings, let us remember the thought of the last sermon. I, too, must; I, too, shall become a saint. That's the purpose of life! This is the will of God.....**your sanctification**. That is the known, manifest, express will of God. For this, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, became incarnate, was born of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, was baptized in the Jordan, suffered and died for my redemption and sanctification. It shall come to pass, if God has His way. With my freedom, I may let Him, or I may not let Him have His way.

I told the children a story this noontime, which I did not tell the children last night, either before Mass, or after Mass, though I had meant to, but it left my mind. But today, I told them the story. I shall tell you the story this evening. You are called adults, but we're only children.....of God. We never grow too old for the stories. That is true, for the stories that have a great lesson. Here's the story, it's a true story. I knew the woman. She died the fifth of September.

During the American depression, this little girl, then only seven, said to me, that, so poor was the family, that at the age of seven, mother had told her and all of the children, 'We are so poor, that this Christmas, Santa Claus cannot come to this house; there will be no toys. We are so poor that on Christmas Day, we will not even have one thing special for dinner. The children were all upset, except Helen. She was only seven, but she didn't seem to mind. She was a little Protestant girl. The father was a Baptist and the mother, I believe, was a Presbyterian.

On the night before Christmas, on Christmas Eve, the little girl seven years old, knelt down at the window and looked out and she said the sky was very clear and there was a moon. It was a lovely night. She lived in a land so far south from here, that none of the people, in that southern state, had ever seen much snow. A great number of the young people, had never seen snow. Helen knelt down, at the age of seven, and she said, 'It's Christmas night and tomorrow is your birthday and I ain't gettin' any toys, but I don't mind. My mother's always tellin' us about snow. I want You to give me snow for Christmas.' She said, 'It's only peanuts to you. It won't be hard.' The next day, she woke up, and it was bright and sunny, because the night before had been dry and clear. In the middle of the morning, the mother gathered the children together and she sang Christmas carols to them and read stories to them and told them all that she could about Christmas, to make the day special for her little children.

Of course, the mother was heart-broken and the mother cried and the children cried, but then, it grew cloudy. Helen had said to the mother at breakfast time, 'How hot is it?' and the mother said, 'It's 60.' When the story time was over, it wasn't cloudy anymore and they ran outside, and it had snowed! The earth was so warm and the buildings and trees, that the snow clung to everything and it was very beautiful to see, but it was melting almost in front of their eyes. The sun was now out and the earth was still warm and the house was still warm and the shingles were warm, but the snow had clung and the children were thrilled. They tasted the snow and they made little snowballs and they ran and stopped in their tracks again and again, hypnotized by the beauty of it all. Not Helen, she ran underneath a pine tree, which was like an umbrella. All of the needles were covered over with a white coating. She looked up through the

needles, saw the green, and the white, and the blue of the heavens, and the rapidly moving drifts of clouds and she stood on dry pine needles underneath the umbrella of the pine and then knelt down and said, 'I knew you could do it!' And then she said, 'Thank You!' She then said, 'I know You're a Baby and You were born today. So, because You're a Baby, You don't know how much I wanted snow for Christmas, but,' she said, 'Your mother did and she must have told You and that's why You gave me snow. I hope that one day You will let me meet her.' That's a Protestant girl now. She didn't even know what her name was. She just knew that Baby Jesus had a mother. 'I hope one day you will let me meet her.' She was only seven.

At the age of forty, one day, she was walking in front of a Catholic Church at lunch hour, like she did every day. Year after year, she walked in front of the Catholic Church. Why? Because it was a southern city and it was very hot and the doors were always wide open and when you walked in front of the Church, if you looked up, you could see the tabernacle on the altar. She used to pace back and forth in front of the church at her lunch hour. She had been interested by the time she became fourteen, in becoming somebody special to Jesus. Her father was a Baptist and her mother, I think was a Presbyterian and she had to decide what to do with her life. How would she practice her religion? So she studied and she talked and she read and she asked, and finally, she said, 'If there's a real church in the whole world, I bet it's the Catholic one, because they're the only ones that say they have HIM and they say HE'S on the altar. Nobody else says that. I bet they're right! Week after week and year after year, she walked in front of the Catholic Church.

One day, when she was forty, down the steps came a girl who had gone to high school with her. The girl said, 'Helen, what are you doing here?' Helen said she was glad to see her and said, 'I come over here every day at lunch time and walk in front of this church.' The girl said, 'Well, you used to be Protestant, are you still Protestant?' 'I am!' 'Oh, then, come inside! My, oh my, has no one ever asked you to come inside?' She took her up the stairs and she said, 'Now Helen, when you come into a Catholic Church, you dip your finger into the holy water and then you genuflect and Helen kept walking and ignored what was said and the girl cried out, because Helen was talking out loud as she walked down the aisle and Helen kept saying, 'I knew you were here.' The girl cried out and said, 'Helen, get in the pew, shhhh! Don't speak!' Helen kept walking down the center of the aisle, right up to the communion rail, but she did not genuflect and she did not look at the altar, she went over to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and it wasn't a statue. Her arms were wide open and the Blessed Mother was doing this, as she smiled at Helen. Helen knelt down for many hours and did not go back to work. When she left the church, she began instructions and she became a Catholic.

In five years, she was dead. In five years, she had advanced so rapidly in spirituality, that she was a mystic when she died. Because she was a mystic, she had a total recall of every word that she said that Christmas. She remembered it all as though it had happened minutes before. She saw it all, as though it had happened minutes before and she told me that's just how it was. Remember she said, 'It's only peanuts to You! I knew you could do it! You're just a Baby and today's Your birthday. You don't know what little children want, but I bet your mother told You. I hope someday I'll meet her.' God **always** hears our prayer. He **always** answers our prayer.....always....., if it be for His greater honor and glory and the greater good of our souls. But you know that He took a long time. She was forty years old. But you see how He made up for lost time. In five years, this little Protestant girl became a mystic and then she died, with much suffering of mind and body and soul. She died on September fifth. If you would like some requests, maybe you would pray a prayer and say, 'Helen, how about me? You know all the people suffer in this world. How about me? Can you speak on my behalf?'

Now here's the point of the story. It's a beautiful story. It's a really true story. But here's the point; do you want to be a saint? Why don't you ask God? She only said it once and she forgot about it. 'I hope someday I'll meet your mother.' She was seven and it took to the age of forty, but it happened. Why don't you ask God's most Blessed Mother to make you a saint? Why don't you ask Jesus Christ to

make you a saint? Why don't you ask the Most Holy Trinity to make you a saint? After all, that is the will of God. God is all wise, so He knows how to do it. God is all powerful, so He is able to do it. God is all love, so He wants to do it. God is all mercy. He'll pass by anything of my life, just as long as I ask for mercy, He will gently pardon me anything.

The terrible condition of the world today requires that we be saints. It's always been necessary to be a saint. But it was so easy to be deceived, thirty years ago, fifteen years ago. Not anymore. You know, don't you, that in a very short time; how many years? God knows, only. Only God. How short a time? Only God knows. But very soon, two years, six years, twelve years, whatever it be, no one will be on the earth except Satanists and saints. That's me now. I'm gonna be one or the other. I know about the sins of my past. I know how I have slipped. I could slip again, only this time not come back. I could go all the way down.

In a very short time, whatever it be, and human minds cannot determine when it shall be, because the acceleration of the deterioration of the Church, of this nation, is such, that we cannot believe the rapidity of the depravity that is being found everywhere among the young, among the poor victims.....the young. Among the poor victims who have been shot to death.....spiritually, by the arrows from hell. The arrows of liberalism and humanism, and socialism and communism and atheism. The arrows of pornography. The arrows of permissiveness. The arrows, of, well, call them by whatever name you wish. The children never saw them coming. The parents for a long time never saw them coming. They sent their children to Catholic schools, to save the children's souls, and the children came home with no belief.

But those days are past. Now parents know. Parents know there are a limited number of Catholic schools still left and so they search for those schools. The parents know that they must unravel so much of the teaching every single day that is pernicious. Parents know. Parents should know that they're gonna lose and they're not gonna succeed, if they do it just as parents. Mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, aunts and uncles, great-aunts and great-uncles, are you upset about the children? Then become a saint and save them. It will take a saint. Intelligence, experience in bringing up children, a good heart, dedication, some prayers, that's not enough. Our wrestling, after all, is with principalities and powers and spirits of darkness. Spirits of evil on high.

This world that we live in now, says over and over and over again and means it, 'We have no king but Caesar!' As the Jews of old separated themselves from Jesus Christ, their Messiah, so too, this age. 'We have no king but Caesar!' 'We want now!' 'We want the creature comforts of now.' 'We want the materialism of this world, the pleasures of this world and as for the rest, let it pass.' More and more and more people live this way, though they never speak those words, but they live this way. This civilization is going to hell in a toboggan. We're going down fast and faster. Then there will be no one left, in a certain period of time, save the saints and they who have the mark of the beast.

It is our privilege this night, to be in the presence of God. It is our privilege this night to have the conviction that, it was Jesus Christ Who said, 'Ask and you shall receive.' 'Well, Father, I asked about my son. But you know what I got for an answer, after five years? Nothing!' Helen waited from the age of seven to the age of forty. She didn't ask for a good intention, she asked for the total will of God...sanctity! 'That I might meet Thy mother!'

We are not to put specifications on when the prayer is to be answered, but answered it will be. And for most mothers and most fathers today, sanctity will come from a broken heart. It won't come just from suffering. It will be a very special suffering. You will see your children terribly wounded and the better of them will be at best, mediocre. And as you anguish, as you pray for those children, in the passing of time, as you begin to go to sanctity steadily, you will be the cause of their conversion and total return to God. God does not will evil, but God has permitted the devil his hour and after all, these children find it so hard to cope with what they do not understand and what they do not even see to be danger!

This church, like every church in America on Sunday, is filled with young people who do not know how to dress in the house of God. They are a shame and a scandal and yet these are good children.

Boys and girls go up to the communion rail and they have no idea how to be reverent. These are the victims that have been defrauded of their heritage.

This happens to be a church where there is a Gregorian Chant at a high Mass. Why, children have gone through kindergarten to high school and have never heard Gregorian Chant in one hundred other parishes right in this locale, north, south, east and west; fifty miles in any direction. All of the heritage of the Catholic Church has been taken away from them. Young as some of them be, they are wounded. The older ones are wounded mortally and are gasping their last breath of faith, as they totter toward despair. All of the promiscuity and all of the depravity in young lives, all of the drugs, all of the insanity, all of the suicide. It is explained only by.....despair. Children who cannot cope with life. They do not understand. Everything that was calculated by Divine Love, to bring them to sanctity, has been taken away from them. They asked for bread and they received a stone. They reached for fish and they obtained a serpent. They were told to build the house of their lives on shifting sands, and the rains fell and the winds blew and the flood came and beat about the house and all went down.

These poor little children of nine years old and twelve years old, how can they begin to master the chicanery, the hypocrisy, the hideousness and the heinousness of evil that is all about them, gilded, lily-like sometimes, in appearance, but always the nest of.....deadly vipers! The poor little children are stung and the fangs of Satan are fastened into them before they can quite grasp the evil. They will need saints for fathers, that's all there is to it. They will need a good man; they will need saints for fathers. They won't need a good mother in the home, they will need a saint for a mother, but they will have that, ask!

Those of you whose children are long married. Those of you who call yourselves grandparents. Those of you who have remained single all of your lives, but now have come into great age, pray! Pray faithfully. Pray with all your hearts for mothers and fathers. Pray for children. Pray for mothers and fathers who mean so well, but deliver so badly. Pray for the little children. Pray for the adolescents. Pray for those young people going into marriage, who have no idea what the sacrament of marriage is. Who call themselves 'Catholic' and have pagan souls.....completely pagan, with here and there a Catholic patch. The very prayers you offer, will make you a saint. Ask and ask and ask to be a saint. Go to heaven with a great multitude of souls, children, following behind you. But as you pray, in your concern for children, won't you try to make up to Jesus Christ, for the waste of His death, for the waste of His pain, for the waste of His Precious Blood?

One million and a half babies destroyed....more to come.....more to come.....more to come. Make up to Jesus Christ for this enormous manifest effort against the known will of God. As for our Blessed Mother, I told the little children today, she's doing tomorrow what she'll be doing today. Tomorrow she will do it again, she's doing it today, she did it yesterday.....she's crying!

St. Peter cried, because he cursed and swore and said, 'I know not the man!' He really did. God revealed that. God revealed that St. Peter cursed and swore, 'I know not the man!' St. Peter cried. He cried all the next day. Years later he was still crying. We are told in Sacred Tradition, that St. Peter never stopped crying. He never got over it. The Blessed Virgin Mary has never gotten over her tears either. She's called, 'Our Lady of Angels', 'Queen of Angels', 'Queen of Patriarchs'. She's 'Our Lady of Sorrows', because Jesus Christ, her Son, is the Man of Sorrows. She's been crying for a long time. She was crying yesterday. She'll cry tomorrow. She's crying now and she is crying over the children. But do you know that even more, she is crying because she knows what Jesus Christ endured. She knows how much He has loved and it's all wasted. She cannot stop crying, Our Lady of Sorrows. She appeared in the year 1846 in tears at La Salette. I have told you that every year. Think of that. Was the world bad then? Bad enough for her to cry in public! Has the world become worse since then? Think of how she cries now.

Remember, we used to have the Stabat Mater after the Stations of the Cross? 'Have we no tears to shed for Him? While soldiers scoff and Jews deride. Ah, look, how patiently He hangs. Jesus, our Love, is crucified.' Have we no tears? The answer is, 'Oh, I hope not!' It's time to weep for Christ.

Everybody is asking you to weep for the children and pray for the children...do, but this is the fastest way to sanctity.....a love of God, to the point of crying, as you beg Him for sanctity. As you try to make up to Him for what He has endured. If you think of yourself as too unworthy; if you think of your sins; if you think of the loathsomeness of some of the transgressions in your life; if you are horrified by the return to the pattern of sin that has become almost an easy habit, then it is good to remember the mercy of Jesus Christ, the gentle pardoner.

One sun in glory rises, when at night it sinks to rest, stay with me, my gentlest Jesus. Love me now, my loving Guest. And as I hasten to embrace Thee, to enfold Thee in my arms, Thou art rushing, gently rushing to enfold me in Thine own. That's what Jesus is doing about me. He's rushing to pardon me, to forgive me, to kiss my heart with a kiss of the Most Holy Trinity, so that I shall never recover from the rapture of giving myself to God without reserve. Grant that I shall love Thee always, and then do with me what Thou wilt. How many times have we said that as we have made the Stations of the Cross and meant it, and were not quite cognizant of what we were saying in all its awe and enormity. Grant that I may love Thee always and then, do with me what Thou wilt. Oh, that makes us cringe! Think of the tenderness and the mercy and the loving of Christ. It takes great faith to trust Him, but it is the great faith that moves us to the great love and it is the great love that sanctifies.

St. Teresa, the older of the two saints, St. Teresa of Spain, of Avila, said, 'No wonder Thou hast so few friends, you treat them so badly!' That was her complaint. Yes, that's the way of God. After all, the Heavenly Father said, 'This is my well-beloved Son in Whom I am well-pleased.' Look at how He treated Christ. Oh, suffering is the road to sanctity. Suffering and love. Love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and suffering for the Sacred Heart, to make up for the wounds endured. Which wounds on Calvary were a small suffering in comparison to the wounds that are inflicted on the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ today.

Remember what I said earlier, please, as I quoted from St. Paul in Romans: 'For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord.' "

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

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