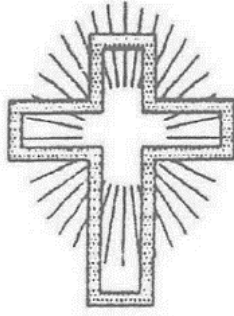


OUR WALK IN FAITH



OUR WALK IN FAITH

The story of a miracle

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Published 2019
Printed in the United States of America
ISBN: 978-0-598-51753-7
First Printing

Disciples of Mercy Foundation
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To order: The Heart of God Books
Contact: Amazon or 1-888-722-7332

To order: **Our Walk in Faith Books**
Contact: ourwalkinfaithbook@gmail.com
Or: [Disciples of Mercy 1-888-722-7332](tel:1-888-722-7332)

Cover design: John Sause
Cover picture: Emily & Sam Webber

Dedicated to the

HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD

in gratitude
for the gifts of
wisdom,
understanding,
counsel,
fortitude,
knowledge,
piety
and
fear of the Lord.

Disciples of Mercy

April 30, 2019

25th Anniversary of the Commencement

of the Lord's Instruction to Commit the

Messages to be Memorialized

in the three Volume Text,

The Heart of God.

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FOREWORD

On October 7, 2012, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Pope Benedict the XVI, declared the German mystic, St. Hildegard of Bingen as “Mystical Doctor of the Church,” the fourth woman to be so honored thus joining the ranks of 34 esteemed others in the history of the Church. In his Declaration, the Pope asserts that “the human person can have an experience of God. Relationship with him, in fact, is not lived solely in the sphere of rationality but involves the person totally. All the external and internal senses of the human being are involved in the experience of God.” Hildegard’s experience of God was from an early age consisting of visions and locutions (words ascribed as coming from heavenly personages but whose locus is the interior of one’s soul). Subsequent to these experiences she was divinely advised: “to dictate them to the Benedictine monk, Volmar, as well as to her secretary and spiritual advisor, Richardis von Stade, one of her women religious.”

In a similar modality in 1994, Lori Gudinas (a wife and mother of five) commenced receiving locutions daily for approximately two and one half years from the Lord and Blessed Mother which could not be explained within the “sphere of rationality” but these messages and Lori’s own spiritual transformation were sufficiently persuasive to attract a small band of followers whom the Lord himself would name as “The Disciples of Mercy.” This text is a story of their respective encounters directly with the messages themselves or with Lori personally. Some had the spiritual benefit of engaging them both. However, their stories of faith in Lori’s credibility did not ascend in a straight upward linear fashion but more along the curved lines of initial hard skepticism only to be diminished by imperceptible steps toward an attitude of soft skepticism which, in turn, yielded to subtle and gradual accretions of favorable evidence

that caused the probability pendulum regarding Lori's authenticity to shift to a compelling sense of certainty. This intertwining process is theologically more appropriately referred to as "the workings of grace." According to the *Catholic Catechism*, "grace is first and foremost the gift of the Spirit who justifies and sanctifies us. But grace also includes the gifts that the Spirit grants us to associate us with his work, to enable us to collaborate in the salvation of others and in the growth of the Body of Christ, the Church." (No. 2003, 2nd ed.,)

Each of the following narratives is uniquely viewed through the prism of the eyes of faith that motivated the chronicler ultimately to commit one's energies to fulfilling the mission the Lord has given him/her as a Disciple of Mercy, that is, to "spread the messages to the four corners of the earth." I trust that the reader will find these narratives worthy of reflection and inspiration on how God calls each one of us in unique service to him and by that action, with his grace and mercy, toward holiness and ultimately entrance to eternal life.

John P. Sause, Ph.D.,
Professor Retired
Department of Theology and Philosophy
Barry University, Miami, FL
June 23, 2019
Feast of the Holy Body & Blood of Christ

PREFACE

This is the story of a Jewish girl and how, through the inner voice of Jesus, her life would completely change. She would search for this Jesus she did not know, and when she found him, she would give her life completely over to him with total love. Because of Lori, who listened to the Lord, others would follow the path that the Lord had also chosen for them.

I had never planned or imagined the direction my life was going to take. But now, as I look back, I can see that much of what has happened in my life brought me to where I am today. It is also true for every individual that is also telling their own unique story on how we all came together.

Each one of us had been given the gift of faith from the Lord, and through that gift of faith and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, we would know this to be true and to believe.

I am thankful for everyone that included their own beautiful, and at times, very personal story. Also a special thanks to John Sause for his patience and expertise.

So with great love and enormous gratitude to the Holy Spirit, Jesus and the Blessed Mother and also our heartfelt thanks to Lori, we would like to share Lori's story and ours in "Our Walk in Faith."

Ingrid DiMolfetta
Editor

LORI GUDINAS

by Ingrid DiMolfetta



Lori was born on September 3, 1955, in Brooklyn, New York. The family was Jewish, and she had a brother and a twin sister. Her sister died when she was in her teens. Her father was an alcoholic, and her parents eventually divorced. Lori said that she did not have much knowledge of the Jewish faith and that by the time she was in her teens, she was street-wise and brash, and it was “the world according to Lori.”

She married her first husband in 1975, and their daughter was born the following year. Shortly after, they divorced, and Lori and her baby were on their own. During this difficult time, she had to sell her piano. This would become one of her favorite stories that she would love to tell because it would be the start of a turning point in her life.

One day I was desperate, I needed \$300 to pay the rent, which was overdue. The only possession I had was an upright piano. A woman who wanted to teach her own son to play said she would like to buy it for \$300 and I agreed. Later that same day someone offered me \$600 for the piano. I accepted that offer also, not caring about the other woman. It was during this occurrence that the Lord began teaching me. He told me, “My daughter, you are greedy; I desire that you sell the piano to the woman with the small child.” I asked, “Who are you?” The Lord told me he was Jesus, the Lord, and that he loved me. Being Jewish, I subsequently asked, “Why are you talking to me?” The Lord responded, “I speak to all my children, but many do not listen.” The Voice was so persuasive that I sold the piano to the woman with the small child. This was the beginning of my conversion over a period of time. Through the following years, I began to hear the Lord speak to me more frequently.

2 Our Walk in Faith

Several years later, Lori remarried and had a second child, a boy born in 1985. It was a toxic marriage, and she divorced him and moved to Florida with her two children.

Lori began going to an assortment of churches in her quest to find Jesus but never found what she was looking for, but would continue her search for Jesus. Lori met John Gudinas, and a wonderful friendship developed. She found in him a kind-hearted person. In 1990, they moved to an apartment complex in Plantation, Florida with their four children. Her father would also start living with them. He was very ill with cancer, and Lori was taking care of him.

One morning Lori went for an early walk in the apartment complex where they were now living and found an opening along the fence. The opening led her to St. Gregory the Great Catholic Church. It was her first time in a Catholic Church. As she walked into Saint Gregory, she immediately knew that she had finally found her Jesus! Lori was baptized and made her confirmation at the Easter Vigil Mass in 1992 at St. Gregory. In the picture taken outside St. Gregory that day is a rainbow on her left side. From then on, rainbows always had a very special meaning for her.



After Lori became a Catholic, she began to hear Jesus speak to her more often. He requested that she begin to record on paper the words he was communicating to her, but she had many apprehensions.

Finally, John and friend, Felicia, were able to convince Lori to pick up her pen and write – it was April 30, 1994.

Lori's Walk in Faith

As we walk with Lori, she tells about her daily struggles and hardships and total love for the Lord and Blessed Mother. Every word has been taken from “The Heart of God” books, both the messages from our Lord and Blessed Mother and from Lori’s personal footnotes. (Note: Words in bold italics are messages given by the Lord, and Blessed Mother and words in regular italics are from Lori).

1994

On April 30, 1994, Lori, picked up her pen and began writing daily messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother.

Message of April 30th

I don't know if I can do this, Lord.

I will show you what to write. I will place my thoughts in your mind and heart.

What if I just write what I think you might say but it's only my imagination?

Daughter, could you imagine goodness, sincerity, compassion? Are these your thoughts or mine? I, the Lord, am all these things. I am a God of Love, of Mercy and Divine wisdom. Know this. I inspire your hand.

Message of May 5th

Child, allow me to be your friend, your teacher and guide, and your comforter. Place your trust in me. Seek me. Remember, honor me by prayer and repentance.

Lori's footnote:

My Lord's patience is beyond my comprehension because I continue to doubt what is taking place and I persist in asking him for another form of manifestation – a sign that what I am hearing is truly real. Despite my doubts he does “confirm” these messages in other ways.

Message of May 29th

I am Mary, the Virgin Mother of God. Know that I am with you, child. I lead my children to my Son. Those that would follow me will find peace in God. Nowhere else shall they find peace.

Lori's footnote:

This is not the first time the Blessed Mother has spoken to me. In January of 1994, she first addressed me requesting that I establish a prayer group that would meet weekly to recite the rosary.

Message of May 31st

Lord, I'm sorry for not writing yesterday. I'm doubting these words are from you. Please, I beg you to confirm!

Trust me, child. I have given you many signs of my love to deepen your faith and encourage you on your journey to me.

Listen to holy voice of your God. I am speaking to your heart. Your soul perceives my words. Your mind cannot comprehend me. Do not fear to write. What shall you write you ask. Fear not. I, the Lord, am speaking. Open your heart to hear my words.

Message of June 6th

Jesus, did you send us to? (Father John Fink)

I did, child. He is my voice, my beloved of my heart. I have graced him with discernment. Be obedient to the tasks he has set before you. In my purpose, this is important. Child, remember, I am with you. Do not fear.

Message of June 25th

The four of you united will be one tree in my sight.

(Lori G., John Gudinas, Felicia Schipani, Ingrid DiMolfetta)

Oh, see the mercy of the Lord, your God, who in his compassion comes to answer your questions so speedily.

As each spice has a different flavor but contributes to the full taste of the meal, consider the four of you, my precious servants. Each one of you shall be granted different gifts from me, apart from the others, but together, little ones, you shall grow to be a mighty tree bearing much fruit.

Message of July 2nd (from Lori)

Praise and glory to you and thank you Lord, for the great gift you gave me.

Lori's footnote:

This was the day that I discovered I was pregnant.

Message of July 7th

Lord, what should we do to pass on the writing?

Child, I am gathering my flock, my little warriors who will make the path straight ahead of me. They are included in my plan for my word to reach the hearts of my lost ones.

Lord, you'll send them to us?

Some, my daughter, and others you shall catch as a fisherman.

Message of August 16th

You shall call yourselves, "Disciples of Mercy." The rosary shall be your armor and the cross shall be your sword. Let all of heaven and earth rejoice at the glory of the Lord.

Lori's footnote:

This is the official title that the Lord has conferred upon our group and all those who will assist us in the future in disseminating these messages. I pray we will be always worthy of the title.

Message of September 19th

Lord, what should I ask to confirm the messages?

Child, you may continue to ask "if I bow down to God the Father?"

I shall answer “Yes, I bow down to God the Father who is the One, True, Almighty, and Sovereign God.” When you hear me speak these words then you shall know I AM has confirmed. For my adversary shall flee when you ask this question.

Message of November 5th

Child, you must learn to recognize satan’s infiltration in your life. Where does your comfort lie? Know that when you are distressed and anxious, satan has penetrated your life. Did you see your nervousness and impatience today? Child, why did you not call upon me in despair. Who can rescue you but the Lord, thy God? Am I not your peace and your comfort?

Lori footnote:

I was physically sick and anxious about my pregnancy which preoccupied my thinking.

Message of November 9th

My child, see how I, the Lord have lifted you up. Why then do you despair so? Do you believe I will abandon you? Do not despair, little mercy of my heart. I AM will always help you. Stand up in faith and I, the Lord, shall teach you to walk in faith.

Lori’s footnote:

I was in the hospital on November seventh and eighth due to pregnancy complications and was unable to record the messages.

Message of November 16th

Children, my children, you must be united. Do not allow my adversary a place in your heart. Cast aside your pride and attachments and be only attached to me, and the work I would have you do.

Children, begin now to send out my messages of love.

Children, you have been in my school, and I have been your holy teacher. Examine what you have learned.

Lori’s footnote:

The Lord is formally directing us to disseminate the messages. I asked the Lord if he had a specific title in mind. He instructed me to call the messages “The Heart of God.”

Message of December 25th

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LORD!!!!!!

Do you not realize that on this date your salvation was ordained by my birth and acceptance to the will of my Heavenly Father? Yet, today I watch you, children, in sorrow, for the birth of your Savior is furthest from your heart and minds. I see hearts cluttered with the commercialism of this day and no resting place for my head.

Make room in your hearts for your Savior and God.

1995

Message of January 1st

Daughter, I am teaching you the way of the Cross, which is the way to me. Take courage in me, my little lamb, for I AM has called you, and you, my servant, have been purchased by me, the Lord God. I have purchased you all, my children, by my death on the Cross.

Message of January 18th

Tell me, child do you believe I, the Lord, will forsake you?

No, Lord. It's just that so many difficult things happen and it feels like you are far away from me sometimes.

Child, I am faithful as the sunrise. I never leave your side. My child, each time the weight of the cross is increased for you, you doubt in my loving care of you. Child, know that the heavier the cross is for you, the closer I, the Lord, am to you.

Little one of my heart, I will not abandon you.

February 15th

Lori's footnote:

On February 15, 1995, the Lord blessed my family with a baby girl. (Jessie)

Message of February 21st

Child, I have shared my grieving heart with you. Can you, little one, comprehend my grief over my lost children?

My child, I am permitting you to experience this grief so you will understand the importance of reaching out to others.

Lori's footnote:

I was placed back in the hospital after my baby was born. I cried out to the Lord in anguish over missing my new baby. The Lord responded by explaining how he wished me to understand the grief he carries concerning his lost children.

Message of March 2nd

My child, I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Queen of Peace.

My daughter, there is a spirit of confusion lurking in your midst. I have come to help you. Children, you must pray unceasingly to the Holy Spirit for wisdom and discernment.

My little children, many children will read these words of Jesus and their hearts of stone and discontent shall melt. Oh, children, satan is now closer to you than ever before. Increase your prayers. Increase your unity.

Message of April 23rd - Feast of Divine Mercy

Today the depths of my mercy have been given to my creation. But there were few to partake of my abundant love. There were few to come to me seeking my mercy.

Dear child, I have desired this feast of my mercy so that sinners may come to my banquet and share in my royalty.

Lori's footnote:

Earlier in the day at Mass, I had a vision of the outline of the U.S. I saw an image of America resting in two large hands and then I saw the hands carry "America" and place her inside a tomb. Our Lord said, "this is where she shall stay until she repents before me."

Message of May 5th

I shall not forsake you. Did I not give you a gift of encouragement today? You must relinquish your life to my care and trust me completely.

Lori's footnote:

The Lord had sent me a beautiful rainbow which I didn't ask to receive. I often ask for rainbows as a verification or confirmation to discern what the Lord has directed me to do, is truly coming from him and not the evil one. He sent me this rainbow as a manifestation of his continued presence.

Message of May 15th (A Prayer of Healing)

Dear one, I, the Lord, shall teach you a prayer. This prayer will heal the sick and anoint many with my love:

Father Eternal, by the merits of your most obedient Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, we come before you sick and wounded by our sins. Heal us, O Lord, and take our iniquity from us by the passion of our most merciful Savior, Jesus Christ. Heal us of all our suffering both in body and soul, and fill our hearts with the fire of your love. O Holy Master, grant us new hearts. Mend our wounds. Transform us into your image, that by our healing we may bring glory and honor to your Holy Name. For all thy benefits we thank thee and bless thee forever. Amen.

Echo this prayer, dear ones, and many will be healed. Whoever recites this prayer will receive grace from me.

Message of September 11th

Persevere in your journey to Calvary, my child.

Never, my children, do you have to carry the cross alone. My beloved Mother desires to help each one of you carry the cross.

Thank you, daughter of my heart. I bless you and love you, dear child. Be secure in my love.

Lori's footnote:

Today, after a series of tests done in the hospital, I discovered that I have ovarian cancer. This was why I never seemed to regain my health since my pregnancy. The news knocked me for a loop and I was feeling extremely downcast and drained physically. The Lord teaches me the lesson that this event is not without meaning and benefit to me. He and his beloved Mother will accompany me throughout this trial. Knowing that they are always present does console me.

Message of September 12th-22nd

Lori's footnote:

During the next ten days I was in the hospital undergoing more tests and ultimately having a hysterectomy done to remove my ovaries. The Lord dispensed me from taking the daily messages.

Message of September 23rd

I, Jesus, go with you and behind you in every situation. Never do you walk alone. Ask, children, for the faith to see the cross through my eyes and these graces shall be granted you. Ask for the courage to look beyond the situations in your lives, that you may see the great value they actually merit. Remember I, the Lord, will always help you.

Do not be afraid of the cross, the cross is my gift to you. The cross is life!

Lori's footnote:

Because of the difficulty of just keeping alert and focused due to the amount of pain medication I was receiving during my time of convalescence, the Lord allowed me to have another "scribe or disciple" present who would do the recording while I transmitted vocally the words of the Lord.

Message of October 28th

Speak, my child, speak boldly and do not be ashamed of the gifts I have given you. Speak with authority and confidence, my little sparrow, for I, Jesus, have taught you to fly.

Lori's footnote:

The next day I was to talk for the first time to a large audience (235 people) concerning the messages and how the Lord completely turned my life around.

Message of October 29th

Lori's footnote:

The Lord is always true to his word regarding his promise to assist me while I spoke to a large audience today. I was initially very nervous but after ten minutes everything flowed so smoothly, as if he was carrying me along. This was particularly true during the question and answer period.

Message of November 2nd

I am the God of the Resurrection. I know you are weary, my little lamb. Persevere in your efforts, my child. I will not forsake you. You are only ill temporarily and it is to benefit the Kingdom of God.

Lori's footnote:

The Lord is assuring me, despite the negative prognosis of my physicians, that the cancer will eventually be eradicated and I need to trust him entirely and this cross has benefits.

Message of November 14th

Oh, my little one, your lack of faith grieves me.

Lori's footnote:

Jesus is very disappointed in me for my lack of trust and even doubt in his very presence. This day was not a good one regarding the news of my medical prognosis and I was having tremendous turmoil despite the Lord's assurances in the past that my illness is only temporary.

Child of my heart, remember I told you that there will come a time when you will doubt my presence. The time is at hand.

Lori's footnote:

Jesus is reminding me of the prophecy he made last year regarding my present doubt and lack of trust in the Message of June 6, 1994: "You will thirst for me and doubt that I am with you."

You have nothing to fear, my little lamb. You must understand that I, Jesus, am speaking to all my children, that there are a certain amount of steps to Calvary.

The cross is priceless. The cross is my gift to each of you.

Message of December 2nd

Thank you, my beloved ones, for your sacrifices of love. My blessing shall be with all of you tomorrow. Do not be afraid, but rather go forth and speak my words to others.

Lori's footnote:

*The next day the disciples and I were to travel a 250-mile journey to speak at a prayer group concerning the book, *The Heart of God, Volume I*.*

Message of December 28th (Prayer of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus)

I shall teach you a prayer to call your attention to my most Sacred Heart.

“.... I consecrate my life to the Sovereign and Omnipotent God of All Creation. Help me to be mesmerized by your love. Help me to forsake my earthly attachments. Help me not to be distracted by the things of this earth.”

Lori's footnote:

Thank you, Lord, Almighty God and Merciful Father, your prayer has answered the longings of our souls. May we worthily say it with our hearts each day of our remaining lives on earth. Amen.

1996

Message of January 3rd

Just as a rainbow has a beginning and an end, so then does the work of my hands. I will provide the means to accomplish my work.

I will softly guide you through every roadblock and every situation.

Lori's footnote:

I received my programmed regimen of chemotherapy today and was not feeling particularly well.

Message of January 4th

Today, my beloved ones, I am extending to you a special blessing. My blessing shall pass from you to each one that you touch and a chain of love will begin.

Lori's footnote:

This took us by complete surprise for the Lord never did this before. This blessing filled our hearts with tremendous gratitude. We pray that we may be always worthy to impart it.

Message of April 8th

It is the cross, my precious lambs, that not only creates a diamond, but it creates a flawless diamond. My child, I, Jesus, am making you into a flawless diamond. The cross is heavy for you, my child, but the cross I have sent you is a priceless gift of love.

Lori's footnote:

The Lord had requested that at the end of this sentence I should make a note to be sure that this statement likewise refers to every reader of this message (as do all these messages) and not just to me personally.

Message of May 19th

When you call to me, my precious ones, say "O Heart of Jesus, O Heart of Jesus, O Heart of Jesus." Say this when you pray, for in this way you shall be honoring my three falls as well as the immense love and mercy within my heart.

Lori's footnote:

The Lord had requested that we should say this short prayer or address when we offer petitions to him.

Message of June 24th

Solemnly I assure you, there is no mercy in the act of abortion. It is clear and calculated murder. Not only is the innocent murdered, but the very special and unique gifts I, the Lord, wish to offer to mankind are also aborted.

Lori's footnote: *The Lord is speaking of the horrendous state in which we now find ourselves regarding abortion.*

Message of July 14th

Yes, my little flower. Ah, I shall repair your wilted petals. I shall restore your broken wings. Be patient, my little lamb, for the time of your healing is in a little while.

I ask you, my child, be patient in your suffering and I will eventually heal you.

Never will I leave you. Never will I abandon you. NEVER.

Lori's footnote:

I am inquiring of the Lord what the future holds for me personally since lately my blood levels which indicate the progression or regression of my cancer have not been very positive.

This message is very consoling to me since the Lord confers meaning to the suffering I am presently undergoing. I recognize the value of the cross and the Lord has offered me his consolation so many times, but I still worry. The assurance that he will never abandon me despite my weaknesses brings me tremendous solace.

Message of July 17th

My beloved children, welcome. You have brought me great joy by honoring my heart and the heart of my Mother.

Remember, children, you will always know the gardens that I take care of, because not only will the trees provide shade, but they will provide fruit as well.

Lori's footnote:

Today was a most exciting day. We were invited to the home of a lovely couple (in Washington D.C.) where the distinguished theologian and Mariologist (Father René Laurentin) was a guest. I believe this day will eventually prove to be a pivotal stage in the history of the Disciples of Mercy and the volumes, The Heart of God.

Message of July 22nd

Most precious child, I, the Lord, have been your Holy Teacher and it is the Hand of Love which has taught you.

Oh dear little disciple, I was pleased with you yesterday. You brought honor and glory to me and thus to the Eternal Father.

Lori's footnote:

Yesterday, I spoke to a group of two hundred people about the Lord as the God of Intimacy.

He is my life and my strength. I pray everyone comes to this conclusion in their lives.

Message of August 15th – Feast of the Assumption

Today, on the Feast of the Assumption, my mercy shall assume and completely cancel all of your sins, if it is desired. I shall assume your sins unto myself and cast them into the ocean of forgiveness where they shall be forgotten. All those who humbly partake of the Holy Mass shall be given the blessing.

Lori's footnote:

I wasn't feeling very well and I was having difficulty concentrating so I petitioned the Lord prior to the message that it be brief. The Lord acquiesced by making the message a concise but a powerful expression of his mercy to those who will honor his beloved Mother.

The Lord's final message to Lori:

Message of September 17, 1996

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

I do, my beloved disciple, record my words of love.

Where is your hope, my children? Hope and faith go hand in hand. You cannot have one without the other, for when you have faith it is because you believe in the things you anticipate. You only anticipate the things that bring you hope as well. Hope, though, is very different than faith. It is brought about through complete submission to my holy will. Hope is born when one completely acknowledges his nothingness, and then begins to depend on me entirely. Hope is as a tree. From her trunk comes trust and love, and even an increase of faith. But hope, my children, is as the trunk of the tree.

When one has hope, there are no storms. There are only storm endings and the seeking of rainbows to remind me to make way for the new. Yes, my rainbows remind me to clear away the old, and to make room for the new. Hence, more hope is born.

Does not a rainbow give you hope?

***Thank you for writing, my child. Be patient and endure all things.
Go in peace.***

I bless you and love you, O Lord. Amen.

Lori passed away on September 23, 1996
The Lord, as he had promised, had healed her.

You brought honor and glory to me.

Message of July 22, 1996

JOHN GUDINAS

by Ingrid DiMolfetta



John Gudinas was born on October 17, 1951, in Niagara Falls, New York. He grew up in a Catholic family. He lived near the “Love Canal.” It was an area where tons of toxic chemicals had been buried in the past. Because of that, John suffered from toxic chemical poisoning and was left with damage that caused seizures. He moved to South Florida and married in 1978. They had two children, a boy, and a girl. Twelve years later, they divorced, and John was raising the two children.

John met Lori at a local restaurant where she was working as a waitress. One night after she finished her shift, they sat for a long time and a friendship developed. Eventually, Lori confided to John about hearing Jesus speak to her. He believed that the Holy Spirit removed any doubts that he might have had and he believed Lori. She had so many questions for him, and at times, he found himself unable to answer all of what she was asking.

Eventually, John, Lori, and the children moved to an apartment complex in Plantation. It was next to Saint Gregory the Great Catholic Church where Lori would be baptized in 1992. John would tell us how she turned from being a self-centered, slightly arrogant person into “a beautiful butterfly” with total love for Jesus and the Blessed Mother. After Lori began writing in April of 1994, their lives would change forever.

Lori would often ask the Lord about John. One day the Lord told Lori that John would be given the “gift of healing.” But it was at a difficult time for John who needed to be totally committed to Lori and the family.

After Lori passed away in 1996, John would continue to be an important part of the Disciples of Mercy. He traveled to many places to give talks, attended conferences, and prayed over people. He went to Lourdes and Medjugorje. John also went with Veronica and Ralph Mueller to Peru where he prayed over a blind man that was then cured.

But life was becoming more difficult for him both physically and personally. In 1998, John and daughter, Jessie, went to live further away at his sister's house in Port Saint Lucie.

John would join his beloved Lori in heaven on November 9, 2008, at the age of 57. Rest in peace!



INGRID DIMOLFETTA



I was born on April 27, 1948, in an old army barrack in Austria. My parents were Franz and Hilda Michelich, and I had an older sister, Herta. Because of the war, my parents had lost everything and had become stateless. After two years of living in poverty, we were able to come to America and settled in New York. My parents worked hard to make a better life for us. They were good people, and I had a wonderful childhood. Our faith was a very important part of our life, and we never missed Sunday Mass. I went to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal Grammar School and an all-girl Catholic high school. I loved the nuns that taught me. In my last few years of grammar school, we moved further away, and every morning, my mom and I walked the one-plus mile to my school as she continued on to the knitting mill where she worked. I was always too early for school, so I would sit in church and wait. As I sat in that beautiful, quiet church, it would become the beginning of a life-long friendship with Jesus.

I married my husband, Jerry, in 1972, and the following year, we moved to Plantation, Florida. We have two children, Angelo and Emily, and three grandsons, Marcus, Mason, and Oliver. Our church was and still is, Saint Gregory the Great Catholic Church in Plantation, and it is where my children went to school.

In 1989, we opened the Plantation Diner, a breakfast and lunch restaurant. I knew from the very beginning; the Lord wanted us in that place. There were so many obstacles, but everything worked in our favor. We were truly meant to be there. We were open seven days a week, so our life completely revolved around our business and family, but it was a business we enjoyed.

We had become well known in Plantation. The Diner was a special, blessed place. Behind my register, I had pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Everyone felt like family. I especially loved the many lifelong friendships that would develop in our Diner over the years. People had said to me that our place felt different, and my answer to them was “because the hand of the Lord is over this place.” Shortly after we first opened the



restaurant, I asked a customer, Felicia Schipani, to work at the register for one week so I could visit my family in New York. She never left, and we became the best of friends. It is a wonderful friendship that has continued to this day.

Her being there was also part of God’s plan.

I could never have imagined the journey that laid ahead of me. It was 1993 when Lori and John, began coming into our Diner. The Plantation Diner was fairly close to my church, Saint Gregory, where Lori had been baptized the year before. Lori and John would come in the afternoon when things had slowed down, and Felicia would wait on them. Lori felt very comfortable with Felicia, and I was also friendly with them. When I first met Lori, she was different, but I could see this beautiful love she had for Jesus. Lori began to tell Felicia about the inner locutions she was receiving from Jesus. Eventually, she told us that Jesus wanted her to begin writing what he was telling her, but she was much too scared. Finally, John and Felicia convinced her to listen to the Lord, so on April 30, 1994, Lori began writing daily messages from Jesus.

Felicia loved the messages and felt it was wonderful. “Wonderful,” I thought. Lori...no way; the Diner...really! It truly was the last thing I ever wanted or needed in my life. It was a confusing and difficult time for me. Lori was very sweet, always smiling and pleasant but would the Lord really pick someone who seemed like such a simplistic person; but that also went for John and Felicia and me. I could see how comfortable Felicia was and how much she loved reading the messages, but I just wanted this to all go away and move on with my life.



But the Lord had other plans for me. That tiny spark that perhaps it might be true was the workings of the Holy Spirit. I know that now. And the Lord also sent me an angel to take away my doubts. That was my beautiful teenage daughter, Emily. She truly was my angel at that time by continuing to reassure me. I am forever thankful for having had her support when I did not feel this was possible. And my husband, I was sure he would tell me to stop this, but strangely he never did. Had he done that, I might have backed away and said: “you’re right, this is crazy.”

I began to believe that perhaps this was all God’s plan, and he had put the four of us together. One day Felicia and I asked Lori to ask Jesus about us. The next day, Lori came back with this message. Message from May 24, 1994:

Children, I am Jesus, and I am humble. As I humble myself before you imploring your love and obedience, humble yourselves before me. Do not send a spokesperson. Think and rely on my mercy and compassion. Do not be afraid to approach me, each of you. I, the Lord, will speak to your hearts separately. What I tell one may not necessarily be what I tell the other. Tell them I will reveal my plan according to my will for each of them.

So here we were, the four of us, alone and with absolutely no idea of what we should do. We had to believe and have the faith that the Lord was going to show us the way. And he did. I had started a prayer group in my Diner. It was made up of a few people I knew and some I had recently met. One of them had given us the name of a highly regarded, well-known priest, Fr. John Fink. Lori got in touch with him, and it was so helpful for her to be in continued contact with this beloved priest.



Many of the original people that met at the Diner did not stay with us. We were inept! But doors were opening for the people that were meant to come into our lives and be with us forever. The Holy Spirit continued to work in us.

On July 11th, Felicia and I went to Lori's house for a message. We went into the bedroom where she had an altar set up, and we knelt by the bed. She would write the message and after it was read aloud.

Message of July 11, 1994:

Daughter, listen closely to my words. My precious four, in you I have laid the foundation of my innumerable graces. I have chosen you, little ones, not because of your merits, but because of your lowliness. Children, humble yourselves before me and accept the task I have set before you. I am Jesus, beloved Son of God, and Eternal Fire. Let wisdom instruct you, little ones.

I remember that evening so well. It was all so surreal. I did not know how to process it. **The Lord speaking to us!** It began to slowly set in as I was driving home, and in my heart, I believed we had been present for something truly miraculous.

Lori would continue to be in touch with Father Fink. One day Lori and John had an appointment to meet Father Fink at his office at Broward General Hospital. Felicia and I trailed along. We were standing behind them, and he looked at us and said in a quite condescending tone, "and what are you two doing here?" We had no answer for him. But that day he gave us all the best, unforgettable advice. Keep your eyes level! It kept me and the others balanced, especially those first few difficult years. Words I never forgot.

On August 16, 1994, we received a wonderful message; it said: "*You shall call yourselves Disciples of Mercy.*" We had a name! Shortly after, he told Lori to call the books "The Heart of God." We wanted to spread the messages as soon as possible, but Father Fink had given Lori strict orders to stay quiet, which we all did. We still had a prayer group in the Diner, and with the Lord's permission, Lori would, at a rare occasion, do a message there.

People started to join the Disciples of Mercy. Norm Dyko began



coming to the prayer group that Lori was having at her house. Because of him, Dr. John Sause would become such a valuable part of the disciples, and he would be instrumental in the publication of the books

and the Disciples becoming a non-profit organization. Mary Alonso was now also a fellow disciple and Fr. Schaefer would become Lori's spiritual advisor the end of 1994. He would permit us to start to spread the messages.

Fr. Seamus O'Shaughnessy was a new pastor at Saint George Catholic Church, some miles from us. He started coming into our Diner, and we became the best of friends. I believe the Lord put us together at a time we both needed to lean on someone. The Lord was always "opening doors" for us, and he did so literally when Fr. O. gave me the key to his church. Our prayer group began meeting weekly in his church. What a special gift we had, to be in such a beautiful place to pray.

In 1993 I had an "unexplained heart attack." I was only 45 years old. Then the following year, my dear, wonderful father was told he had cancer and only had a few months to live. There was no hope. I remember a few days later while standing in line in the bank; I began having a terrible panic attack. My heart was pounding. I knew I had to calm down. So as I stood there, I told the Lord, "I am giving all of this to you and putting my dad and my family completely in your care." From that moment on a total peace came over me. My dad stayed home, and my mother took care of him, and I helped. On the morning of January 16, 1995, he left us, but I was at peace. I knew where he now was. My life was changing because I had begun to have stronger faith and trust in God.

In February of 1995, Lori & John had a baby girl named Jessie. Lori would never recover after the pregnancy. I could not imagine how Lori was able to continue as she did. Then doctors found that she had ovarian cancer, which had little hope for survival. Despite that, she continued to have complete trust in the Lord and never stopped writing these beautiful messages. Other disciples would join, including Gilda Del Vecchio (Youngblood). She would help Lori and the disciples in so many ways, and always with great effort and much love.



It was December 28, 1995, and that evening, I went to Lori's house for the message. Just as Lori was about to do the message, I asked if the Lord would give us a Consecration Prayer. As always, the Lord, in his goodness, answered and gave us this incredibly beautiful prayer. This prayer is very dear to my heart.

Message of December 28, 1995

Prayer of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

Father, Eternal Wisdom and Majesty, transfuse my entire being with the light of your love. Place my heart within yours. Place my mind within yours. Place my spirit within yours. I consecrate my life to the Sovereign and Omnipotent God of All Creation. Help me to be mesmerized by your love. Help me to forsake my earthly attachments. Help me not to be distracted by the things of this earth. Lord, I come before you on my knees, completely willing to empty the blood from my veins and to accept your blood. Help me to be hungry for your Body and Blood every day, as you desire to nourish me in the Holy Eucharist. I ask now for my seat at the heavenly banquet, that my seat remain empty until you, Lord, call me home to heaven. I consecrate and offer my life as reparation, that I may obtain by this offering a seat at your banquet for someone who is lost from you. With abundant gratitude I accept the blood you have shed for me at Calvary. Let me be distracted in your love and nurtured by your blood. May the name of the Lord be blessed forever. Amen.

One day, John Sause invited a theologian and his wife to come to Lori's house and witness her doing a message. He would be one of two theologians that would read all three books, and with his help, we were able to get an Imprimatur and Nihil Obstat in 2000 from the Archdiocese of Miami. Felicia and I had come over that day to watch Jessie, but John Gudinas insisted we go in for the message.

The theologian asked Lori, just before the message, if the Lord would explain Koinonia. Lori was having a terrible time pronouncing it and asked him to repeat it quite a few times. I never heard of that word; she couldn't even pronounce it. It was awkward. But we would be present for something extraordinary. She prayed quietly and said in a beautiful, soft voice, "The Lord will answer your request."

Message of June 28, 1996

Koinonia is the thread of love which binds all my creation.

These threads, which have been woven through all time, will eventually take each soul through the tender and Immaculate Heart of my Mother, and then through the depths of my Wounds.

He was truly touched by such a beautiful message and the explanation of Koinonia.

It was getting more difficult for Lori, especially knowing that her daughter would never know her. When it became too difficult for her to write, someone would write for her as she relayed the message. But Lori never stopped doing the messages. The Lord would comfort her during her many difficult and painful days. At times, she would ask Jesus if he was going to heal her, and he always told her yes, that he was going to heal her. I truly believed that maybe there would be a miracle.

Labor Day was on Monday, September 2nd, and our Diner was closed, so we invited Lori and the family to come to our house for an early dinner since her 41st birthday was the following day.

Lori was seriously ill at this time, but she said yes. She said yes because she wanted her 10-year-old son to enjoy swimming in our pool. But sadly, he was never able to go into the pool due to the bad weather. It was not an easy day, but I looked into Lori's face, and I saw an angel. You knew the Blessed Mother and Jesus were right there with her.



Lori was at peace.

Lori was now in the hospital in hospice and Felicia, and I went to see her. It would be our last visit, and she was not very coherent anymore. But at one point, she said in a very clear and very vocal voice, "Pray to the Blessed Mother; Pray to the Blessed Mother."

Lori died on September 23, 1996.

It was the day of Yom Kippur and the Feast Day of Padre Pio. As promised, the Lord had healed Lori. She was in heaven.

Things were different now. Lori could no longer tell us beautiful stories about Jesus and the Blessed Mother. But we had been left with three beautiful gifts - the Heart of God books from Jesus and the Blessed Mother. She was no longer pointing out rainbows, but I continue to look for those rainbows. It was a very sad time, but the Disciples of Mercy continued. We had much work to do.

Lori's final words to me "Pray to the Blessed Mother" did not go on deaf ears. I have become very close to my loving Mother, Our Lady of Lourdes. I have also learned that during difficult times, whether family, health or other reason, I believe that Jesus is listening and though, at times, I want to say "why" I now try to say: "Jesus, I trust in you."

Our prayer group stayed at Fr. O'Shaughnessy's church for another year until he resigned because of ill health. John G. would continue to work with the Disciples of Mercy and would travel to many places

to speak and pray over the people. After a few years, John and Jessie moved further North to live with his sister. Fr. Schaefer moved closer to family in Indiana in 2005.

For me, the Plantation Diner would continue to be a commitment, which meant always working weekends. Though we would do get-togethers at our house and hold meetings and prayers at the Diner, I was not able to travel to most of the places others were going to. I regret not having had that time, but in my heart, I believe that this was the path the Lord had put me on.



In April 2007, we sold our Diner and moved to Estero, Florida. In 2014 we moved back to Plantation. It was time to come back home because I realized how very much I missed my disciple friends. We also had a miracle. The Lord would bless our daughter, Emily, and her husband, Sam, with a baby boy. Oliver was brought home from the hospital on Christmas Day, 2016.



Over the years, the Lord has continued to bring special people into our lives and be part of the Disciples of Mercy. Father Richard Champigny is now our spiritual advisor and is there to help and advise us. We all have a love and respect for this wonderful Priest. I will never forget that special Disciples of Mercy 20th Anniversary Mass that he said in our home. That was such an incredible blessing.

As I look back on all these years, I can see the hand of God in all of this, and I would not have wanted my life to have been any different. And so, I will be forever thankful to Lori, who listened to a Jesus she did not know and how great was her love for God. I am so grateful to be a part of the Disciples of Mercy as I share my story

with every disciple that is also telling their incredibly beautiful story. We will be united forever and beyond as we continue our walk in faith. God has been good to us!

On a personal note

I look back on my life and realize that I have witnessed many miracles, have felt the gentle prodding of the Holy Spirit, have learned to trust in the Lord and was always given a confirmation when I was in doubt and asked for one. As I said in the very beginning of my story, I have always felt that close relationship with Jesus even though I have continued to be a rather flawed individual and many times not as prayerful as I could be. And throughout all of this, I have never really been able to share my story as a disciple with most of the people that I know. Maybe because when I did, it was obvious they wanted me to please go away. But today I do want to share something with you, especially someone questioning the validity of God. I truly believe in God and that God is always at our side waiting for that moment when we call to him to become a part of our life and give him our heart. And when we do, our life will never be the same. Yes, we will still have difficult times, but through these hard times, we will find that peace in our life that is only possible through Him.

It has been an incredible journey, and though I wish to remain on this earth for many more years, I look forward to that day, I will be with the Lord.

Psalm 27

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom should I fear?
The Lord is my life's refuge;
of whom should I be afraid?
I believe that I shall see the bounty of the Lord
in the land of the living.
Wait for the Lord with courage;
be stouthearted, and wait for the Lord.

Our Walk in Faith

I felt from the very beginning that one day, I had to tell this story, but I never wrote anything down, and it remained a fleeting thought throughout the years.

I have now realized that it was because it was going to be done in God's time. And I have also realized I never needed to write anything down. What needs to be said was already written down twenty-five years ago....

Words from Jesus and his Beloved Mother

Follow my path willingly with trust and search for the treasures I have set before you, for all who ask me are given, all who to run to me are lifted up, and all who desire me will find me.
Message of May 6, 1994

There is no one who is lost whom I, Jesus, will not rescue. There is no one who calls upon my name who will not receive divine assistance. If you are lost, the compass you must use is prayer. Prayer is what will set you back on the right road, which is always the road to me and with me.
Message of January 24, 1996

Children, call upon me, your heavenly Mother. I will obtain the graces of faith and holiness for you from my beloved Son. I will hold your hand as you journey the road of truth and light.
Message of May 6, 1995, BVM

I have given you my commandments so that you may be wise in the ways of truth and holiness.

Message of May 2, 1995

It is at the Mass where heaven and earth actually become one time and one place. It is because of this union that you are given the power to share in my Resurrection. No man can comprehend the magnitude of the graces offered at the Mass.

Message of December 7, 1995

I am freely offering my heart to you. I am waiting to give each of you the precious gift of faith. Once you received this gift, it is stored in your heart as a priceless gem.

Message of August 12, 1995

Do not use the phrase "O God" unless you have the intention of prayer or praise. Children, my children, when you are in conversations why do you not defend my Holy Name to those who mock me?

Message of August 21, 1995

The road to Emmaus is the one that a precious soul travels all the days of his life. The traveler with faith and a humble heart will see my beloved Son walking with him. Remember, there are two ways to travel any road: you can go someplace or you can return from someplace. Those who walk with Jesus and who are fed by him, by the Holy Eucharist, will never be lost on this Journey.

Message of December 27, 1995, BVM

I, the Lord, have spoken to you in a variety of ways, but never forsake my Holy and Sacred Scripture. It is in my words to you that every question shall be answered. It is through the Holy and Sacred Scripture that innumerable graces flow. Read the Scriptures, my children.

Message of July 27, 1996

I have given you the Rosary, my children. This is the most tender gift a mother can give, for there are infinite treasures given those who pray the Rosary. Say this prayer, my children, which brings such joy to my heart and to the heart of God.

Message of June 20, 1996, BVM.

Every answer that you seek shall be found in the tabernacle. The tabernacle, children, is my footstep upon the earth.

Message of November 4, 1995

Many of you are afraid to make a commitment to me. You are afraid of the unknown, but I, Jesus, solemnly assure you that nothing is kept hidden from the heart that loves me. Be not afraid to follow in my footsteps for I go before you always.

Message of December 23, 1995

FELICIA SCHIPANI



I was born on March 3, 1936, in Buffalo, New York. My parents, Genevieve and Matthew, were both of Polish descent. I was an only child. My father was a loving father, but he was an alcoholic who would disappear days at a time. He was a skilled carpenter and would do odd jobs. My mom worked in a piano factory. The first three years of grade school, my mother and I were alone much of the time. My mother worked from 6 am to 5 pm, and a friend would take me to school and pick me up, and I stayed with her until my mother came for me. My mother would braid my hair the day before, and in the morning I would get dressed. One day I had left my pajama pants on. Since I was only in the third grade at the time, the other children did not pay attention to what I was wearing. Shortly after, we moved in with my aunt and my three cousins. My mother now had two jobs; also working in a dress shop at night. I felt safe living at my aunt's house. Dad also moved in and got a job. He tried going to AA, but the disease always got the better of him.

I became pregnant when I was 16 but continued with my senior year of schooling. At final exams, the art teacher put me in a private room to take my exams. Tony and I got married, and in July we had a baby boy. We stayed in Buffalo and had two more children, both girls. I worked for a newspaper, but in 1979 we moved to Plantation, Florida. My father had already passed away in 1958 from cirrhosis of the liver. My mother lived with us after I got married and moved to Plantation with us. We opened a beverage convenience store and had it for eight years.

It was 1989, and the Plantation Diner had just opened up. It was close to where we lived, and we started going in often for breakfast. The owners were Ingrid and Jerry DiMolfetta. They had only been opened for a short time when Ingrid asked me if I would be willing

to work at the diner for a week so she could take a trip to New York to see her family. Having had our own business, she said she was comfortable with me working at the cash register. My husband immediately told her, yes! So what I thought would be a week-long job became a wonderful new career as cashier, waitress, and hostess. I loved working there. God had put me into a wonderful place where so many friendships began, and everyone felt like family. Little did I know how my life was going to change.

In 1993, a couple began coming into the Plantation Diner in the afternoon. I was working as a waitress at the time and would wait on them. I enjoyed seeing them. They were easy and pleasant, and John was a Buffalo Bills football fan. Since we were both from Buffalo, we had much in common. Lori was always interesting and very child-like. She giggled a lot. Lori was very excited to tell me that the previous year, in 1992, she was baptized and confirmed at the Easter Vigil Mass at St. Gregory the Great Catholic Church in Plantation. She showed me a picture that was taken that day, and over her left shoulder was a rainbow. We compared notes on family, money, and our struggles.

Lori once told me that a few times during her early adult life she heard an inner voice consoling her, telling her what to do, and I related to her because we all have an inner voice. I didn't find that unusual. As time passed, Lori would tell me more about the inner voice she was now hearing daily, and I thought things were getting out of hand. But John seemed very comfortable with the whole situation, so I didn't say anything one way or another.

After a few months, they stopped coming into the diner. We did not know what had happened to them but would find out that they were taking care of Lori's dying father who was staying with them. After he passed away, they returned to the Diner. It was November and Ingrid, and I were going on a bus trip to Conyers, Georgia. They had two available seats left, so Lori and John joined us. I had felt from the beginning that unity with John and Lori.



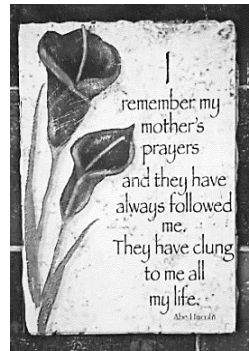
One afternoon Lori was very upset, thinking she was losing her mind. She was afraid because Jesus wanted her to start writing down what he was telling her. This went on for a few weeks. Finally, John insisted that Lori should start writing down everything she heard, and I also began to encourage her. She finally did begin writing. Her first message was on April 30, 1994.

After a few days, Lori brought the writings into the diner and asked me to read them. Almost immediately, my life changed when I started reading Lori's messages. The words touched my heart so deeply I was determined to share those beautiful words with my family; my dear mother, my husband, Tony, and my three children, hoping that they too could enjoy the feeling of HIS love, peace, and forgiveness. Please let the whole world hear the Lord's "love." I must say until I read the messages, I thought that Lori truly needed help from a doctor. When I read the first message I knew, I just knew, it was a message from God. Lori didn't need a doctor; she needed a priest.



My angel was my mother, Genevieve. She was with me all of my life. As a child, she would read me beautiful stories, mostly about the Saints. We went to church every Tuesday and Sunday to St. Luke's Catholic Church. Every night mom would read to me stories about saints but mostly about St. Amelia. When I was

married and had children, she lived with us with her love, always caring for us, praying constantly. My mom often wrote down her thoughts daily, and I would find little notes everywhere. She was always asking about Lori and wanting me to read the messages. She loved listening to the messages and was very supportive. There were times I wondered if this was truly happening. Genevieve always believed in these messages that Lori was receiving and helped me when I needed a confirmation. She truly



was my angel during this time, and I will always remember my mother's prayers and her love.

I was both anxious and curious to witness Lori writing a message. I wanted to be there with her as she was receiving the message. So on July 11, 1994, Lori and John took Ingrid and me into her bedroom where she had a small altar set up in the corner of the room. We all knelt by the bed and prayed silently as Lori wrote. When she finished, John read the message aloud. It was a beautiful message about the four of us. How blessed we were!

We began spending much time together. Ingrid and I would often meet them to discuss how we could become messengers for Jesus and Mother Mary. We so wanted to tell the "whole world" about "love and forgiveness." One day the four of us met at my house in Plantation. I remember us kneeling on the cement floor holding hands, praying that we could share this love and forgiveness with the whole world. But how we wondered. That day the four of us consecrated ourselves to Jesus and the Blessed Mother. We became united forever.



Story of Angel Stephen

It was September 1994, and my husband, Tony, and I were spending a week on Captiva Island. Tony had a very serious reaction to a spider bite and had to be treated in the hospital. I was having a very stressful and difficult week.

This is what I wrote shortly after I had this vision:

In the middle of the afternoon, I went into the bedroom to lie down when a flash of bright light blinded me. At the same time, I heard a soft bell sound. I closed my eyes for an instant, and the light disappeared into a small pinpoint and instantly grew into a large circle. The inner circle was a beautiful pink with a pale yellow edge.

Very slowly, an image started to appear into the center of the pink. As it grew, I saw a beautiful angel. The image stayed for a few seconds, then faded out into the small pinpoint circle, the way it had started.

After the trip, I went to see Lori and told her I had something crazy to tell her. Lori said, “say no more” and went to the table in her bedroom, and she opened up a draw and took out her journal. It was not the Heart of God book. Lori opened the journal, and in it was written: “one of you will see an angel, and his name will be Stephen.” It was dated before my vision of the angel.

Angel Stephen

Angel Stephen has no wings. He was a young boy with his arms outstretched with glitter all around. His hair was short, dark, and curly. As it became clearer, I saw the profile, which turned and looked at me, smiled, and went back to the profile.

He did not have a trumpet but was told by either Lori or John to add the trumpet because I was told, he was bringing glad tidings.



Prayer to Angel Stephen (August 3, 1996)

Beloved Stephen, guardian divine, come into our homes and hearts. Take there up thy rest and assist us in all our endeavors. May the name of the God of Israel be blessed forever. Amen.

It was a joy spending time with Lori, John, and Ingrid; and then Dr.



John Sause, Gilda Del Vecchio (Youngblood), Mary Alonso, Norm Dyko, Chris Youngblood. and many others. When Lori and John had walked into that Diner, I was blessed. I hoped that it would never end. So did my

husband. He truly enjoyed the stories I told him and went to some of our meetings. He liked my friends. As a disciple, so many beautiful people have come into my life.

My favorite message and prayer has always made me smile. The Message of November 21, 1995, describes love and consolation. I can see myself on my knees, whispering love songs to my Lord Jesus. Reading the messages always made me feel that we all deserve love and forgiveness.

Message of November 21, 1995

Father and Majesty of All Heaven and Earth, what could a wretch like me say to console you? I shall say that I am grieved by my offenses to you. I shall say that I will worship and adore the Union of the Three, the Most Holy and Blessed Trinity. On my knees do I come to whisper love songs to you. Grant me your passion to love you. Grant me your heart to love the world. Grant me your eyes that I may see your crucified body impaled upon the heart of everyone I meet. And when I love the stranger, it is because I love you. When I do my work silently; it shall be to console your grieving heart. When I am forgiving of those who mock and wound me, I will be anointing all your wounds. When I console others, then I am consoling you, my God. Amen.

Every week I would spend some time with Lori. We would usually take walks with Jessie in her carriage. One evening she told me to look up at the moon; it was a beautiful moon that day. As we walked, the clouds covered the moon, and she asked me if I still

believed the moon was there and, of course, I said yes. She said that even though we do not see Jesus, we still believe he is present.

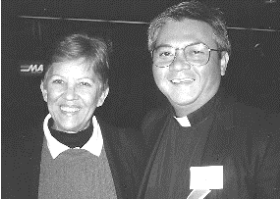
Knowing and loving Lori and John, hearing and reading the messages and prayers changed my life. Now I could see the light and smell the roses – love and forgive. John was always so encouraging. When Lori and I would walk Jessie, she would tell me her beautiful thoughts about Mama Mary and Jesus. Once Lori began laughing, and she said that Jesus had a sense of humor.

Another time we were in the car and a person was in the street begging for money. Lori asked me for money, and I told her I didn't have any. She told me to get all the change I had at the bottom of my pocket, and I handed her a handful of change. She was only able to find a few coins, but we gave him what we had.

In 1996 I wrote a letter to Fr. René Laurentin on Lori's behalf, telling him Lori was very ill and could he interview her, please, as soon as possible. Father answered my plea and invited Lori to Washington, D.C., for a meeting. Upon his return to France, he published three wonderful articles about Lori and her messages in the French Catholic Monthly "Stella Maris."

Lori always prayed and asked for a confirmation, a sign. Yes, or no! When she became very ill, the last few weeks of her life, she didn't know how to cope. She needed answers from Mary and Jesus. I went to Lori's house one day just to sit with her and John. She was suffering. Should she admit herself into the hospital? I wished I could do something to help her. She asked me to open her mail and read it to her. One envelope came from a convent in Buffalo, New York. When I opened it, white rose petals fell all over the floor. Lori cried, "I got my answer. I asked Jesus for a white rose. I have to go back into the hospital." A few weeks later, on September 23, 1996, Lori died. I will miss her very much.

In September 1997, Gilda, John G, Ingrid and I went to Pittsburgh for the Medjugorje Steel City Conference. John had told me that I had to go and hear the singing Mass, so I was looking forward to it. The three of us stayed in a Convent, and John stayed elsewhere. We each had a small room with a single bed and a cross and a table and

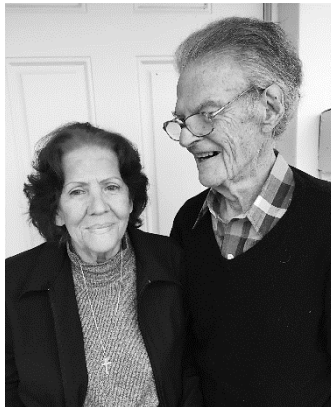


chair. We believe that years prior, it was a room for one of the nuns. The convent also had a beautiful chapel for quiet prayer. So many people attended this Conference. They had come from all over. We set up a table for the Disciples of Mercy. Father

Michael Semana, a beautiful priest, sang the whole Mass. I will never forget that Mass and Fr. Semana. I still listen to the tape I bought that day, over 20 years ago, of him singing a Mass. It was an unforgettable experience.

My life now

I have continued to be a part of the Disciples of Mercy for twenty-five years. I have been truly thankful that I was able to have been a part of this.



Now, as I live my life in my 80's and possibly into my 90's, my husband, Tony, and I deal with our daily struggles and challenges.

As I remember my past life, I smile when I think of each and every one of my beautiful friends. What a wonderful gift Jesus and Mother Mary gave me. Even through the hard times, I knew everything would be alright. My friends and my Jesus will be with me throughout the rest of my life, no matter how many more years I have left on this earth.

I have been saying this beautiful prayer every day for as long as I remember:

*My dear Jesus, come into my heart and stay with me
always. On the last day make my soul holy and beautiful
so that I may see Thee in Thy beauty in heaven for all
eternity.*

I thank my dear Jesus every day for his love and the peace I feel since meeting Lori. I was blessed with my beautiful mother, my father, my husband, Tony, my three children, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren; and all of my dear, wonderful friends – the Disciples of Mercy. I'm sure that one day Ingrid and I will be sitting together at that great banquet table with all those I have loved and who have been a part of my life.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die.

Robert Louis Stevenson

FATHER JOHN FINK

by John Sause, Ph.D.,



In early 1994 following her baptism into the Catholic faith, Lori had become more attuned to the messages of Jesus largely due to their increased frequency. She sought the counsel of some intimate friends as to whom she should go for the spiritual direction, given the circumstances that Jesus was now requesting that the messages should be formally written down. Almost unanimously the name, Fr. John Fink, a priest in good standing in the Archdiocese of Miami, was referred. Fr. Fink is highly respected for his spiritual wisdom among the clergy and devout laity of the diocese. He possessed faculties to celebrate Mass not only in the traditional Latin rite but also in the Eastern rites that have allegiance to the Pope. He possessed a deep prayerful interior and is an avid proponent of the saying of St. Paul “The Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words. And he who searches the hearts of men knows what is the mind of the Spirit because the Spirit intercedes for the saints according to the will of God” (Rom 8:26-27). Fr. Fink possessed a deep humility, understanding that “gifts of the Spirit” are not dependent upon anyone’s achievements but solely through God’s grace and as a consequence, while always discerning, he respected the fact that “the Spirit distributes his gifts individually to each person as he so wishes” (1 Cor 12:11).

Because of his esteemed reputation, Lori felt confident that Fr. John would at least give her a hearing regarding her claims of receiving heavenly messages. She had made an appointment to see Fr. Fink at

his office at Broward General Hospital in Fort Lauderdale. Fr. Fink at the time was assigned chaplain by the Bishop at this large public hospital to address the spiritual needs of the Catholic patients which provided great relief to the priests of the five surrounding parishes to whom this responsibility would ordinarily fall. Fr. Fink held this position at the hospital for almost 25 years before his retirement in 2012. Besides his position at Broward General, he was actively engaged exercising his priestly ministry at several parishes on weekends as well as being a keynote speaker at various Marian Conferences, and the main celebrant at healing masses held regularly throughout the archdiocese. One such parish that held healing services every month was Our Lady Queen of Martyrs in Fort Lauderdale. It was at this parish that Fr. Fink found a priest of similar theological and spiritual inclinations - Fr. Roman Schaefer.

Fr. Schaefer was a retired Air Force chaplain who became incardinated in the Archdiocese of Miami upon his separation after 30 years' service in the military and was assigned as parochial vicar to Our Lady Queen of Martyrs. Fr. Schaefer was an enthusiastic participant in Fr. Fink's healing Mass and service. Consequently, Fr. Fink discovered Fr. Schaefer to have a kindred spirit possessing a deep spirituality, openness to the workings of the Spirit, sincere conviction in the vital role the Mother of God plays in the economy of salvation, He also had a deep admiration for the famed German mystic, stigmatist and victim soul, Therese Neumann, whom he met, and a devotion to a Capuchin Monk known popularly as Padre Pio.

At the encouragement of friends, Lori and her husband, John, had attended these healing services officiated by Fr. Fink and she felt that he was approachable regarding her situation. An appointment was made, and they initially encountered him at his office at Broward General. Fr. Fink possessed a listening ear and made a few suggestions to Lori, but he was very reserved in initially giving his full approval to Lori. Following several subsequent meetings, Fr. Fink found that Lori needed direction beyond the time he could adequately give her due to his extremely busy schedule. Before his last meeting with Lori, he called Fr. Schaefer and inquired whether he would be averse to counseling this woman claiming to have

messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother. Fr. Schaefer agreed and at their next meeting, Fr. Fink recommended Lori to see Fr. Schaefer and so began a wonderfully enriched and supportive relationship between the two which lasted until Lori's death. Fr. Schaefer lived to a ripe old age 94 passing away at a nursing facility in his home state of Wisconsin.

Fr. Fink has retired from active ministry but continues to say Mass at several parishes in the archdiocese whenever the need arises.

FATHER SEAMUS O'SHAUGHNESSY

by Ingrid DiMolfetta

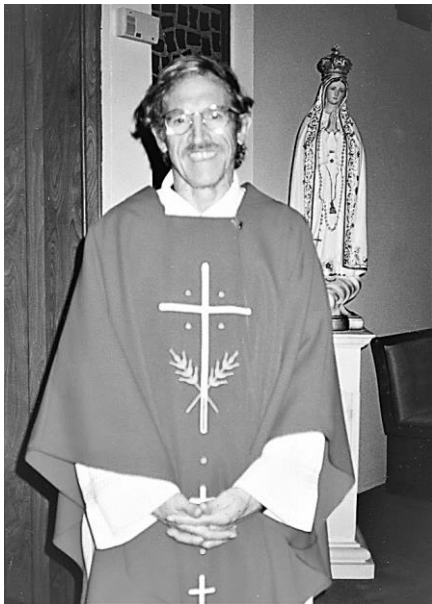
Fr. O'Shaughnessy was born in Limerick, Ireland on March 9, 1940, and was one of ten children. He was ordained a priest on May 31, 1970. He learned about the Archdiocese of Miami through a recruitment offer and soon after moved to Florida. He served as associate pastor to several parishes and in 1984 became Pastor of Christ the King Catholic Church in Perrine. He helped to organize the First National Black Catholic Congress in 1987. Fr. O. was a strong advocate for the rights of minorities and received the St. Martin De Porres "Peace and Unity Award."

In 1993 he became pastor of St. George Catholic Church in Ft. Lauderdale. It was a small church that barely stood out among the boxy houses that lined Northwest Eighth Street. It was a predominately black church.

When Father O. became pastor at St. George, he began coming into the Plantation Diner. We would become the best of friends. He also became close to Lori and the Disciples of Mercy and was always very supportive. He gave us the key to his church, so every Thursday evening, the disciples had a wonderful, spiritual place to pray. What a special blessing that was to pray our rosary in that quiet, lovely church.



Father O'Shaughnessy passed away on April 7, 1999, all too soon and greatly missed.



Prayer to the Potter

(my meditation on the prophet Jeremiah... S.O.S.)

*The lump of clay that I am
keeps crying for some form
day by day.*

*I yearn for you to mold me.
This is a trust song, Lord
I am like clay
I am ready to be transformed.*

*I expect
to be molded,
I expect
to be beautiful,
I expect
to be loved.*

*And if by chance someone
should drop me
as your apprentices sometimes do,*

*I expect
to be hurt*

*I am just trying to say
I have surrendered
to your dreams for me.
I am in your hands like clay.*

Prayer to the Potter by Father Seamus O'Shaughnessy

MARY ALONSO



I was born in Manhattan on February 1, 1942. My father, Facundo Alonso, and mother, Maria Perez, were born in Cabo Rojo in Puerto Rico. They were first cousins and knew each other from the time they were born. They were both born in 1908, my mother in March and my father in June. In 1929, my father left for New York and found a good job working for Gruman Aircrafts. Three years later he sent for my mother to come to New York and they married. Also, many of my aunts, uncles, and relatives would also come over to the United States.

I was their only child, and we continued to live in upper Manhattan. My dad would go to church for Easter and Christmas. My mother and I would go to Mass every Sunday and all holy days. I attended Corpus Christi Elementary School. I was in love with the Lord. When I was 16 years old, I told Mother Superior I wanted to become a nun. I was asked how many brothers and sisters in my family, and I told her that I was an only child. Mother Superior said I could not be a nun. If my parents became sick, I would have to take care of them. I was so very sad, but I know now that the Lord had other plans for me.

I went to New York University for six months to learn programming; it was the beginning of the computer age. I enjoyed it, but I went to work for the Health Insurance Association of America. I also began doing volunteer work at Roosevelt Hospital every Monday in the emergency room. I would help them with Spanish-speaking people and also with registration. I did that for 13 years. I was now living in Washington Heights after a friend moved out of her apartment, and it became available. It was two bedrooms, and my parents came to live with me because their neighborhood was beginning to change.

A few of my good friends had moved to Florida. So in 1978, I decided to join them, and I also moved to Hollywood, Florida. After I moved, my parents went back to Puerto Rico with our two dogs. They went back home where many relatives and family were still living.

I began working for the Hollywood Medical Center and would stay with them for 31 years until I retired in 2007. Even though I did not feel my faith was as strong as it should be, I never missed going to Mass at Nativity Catholic Church, but I was more focused on my personal life, my job, and my friends.

In 1989 I began going to Saint Maurice Catholic Church in Fort Lauderdale. A friend told me I should go there, though at first, I was not sure if I would like it. Much had to do with the music. On Good Friday, the church did a re-creation of the Passion of Jesus. It was incredible and very moving, and I knew this was now my church. The following year, I played the part of the Blessed Mother. It was truly an honor. I became very involved with the church. They had a "Hunger Program" that was helping many places throughout the world. People in our parish would visit these places to help them improve their living conditions.

In Conyers, Georgia, the Blessed Mother was appearing to a woman named Nancy Fowler since October 13, 1990. A group from Saint Maurice would go up there every month to help them. They asked me to join them, but because of the expense of going there, I would usually go about every other month. I would help by handing out prayers and messages from the Blessed Mother from the previous month. There were large numbers of the faithful going there, and it was where I first saw Lori, John, and the family.

It was the early part of 1994, and as I was handing out the messages, I saw a family coming down from Holy Hill. I remember them so well. John was carrying Lori's son. John's son and daughter were carrying a large cooler. Lori's daughter was carrying the statue of St. Michael and Lori was carrying the statue of the Sacred Heart of

Jesus. The statue Lori was carrying would always be a part of the altar in her room where she was receiving the messages.

Months later, I again saw Lori at a rosary prayer group. We both exchanged phone numbers, and Lori said she would call me. A week later, I finally called her, and she told me that she had lost my phone number. Lori and I first met at a restaurant, and we quickly became friends. Soon after, she told me about herself and handed me about 30 hand-written messages. I was in awe. I had prayed for something closer than Conyers because of the expense of going up there, and the Lord answered me. He always gives us what we need in his time. I agreed to help and gave a copy of those messages to Brother Joe Biamonte. He would take them to Fr. Fink, who unbeknownst to anyone, was already speaking with Lori.

When I first came to know Lori, she was five months pregnant. She was not feeling well, and I went to help her with household chores, whether cleaning floors, or dishes, or anything that needed to be done. I would type up the prayers from the Heart of God on my old typewriter and make copies and pass them out to people. I would also bring copies of the prayers from the Heart of God when I went on my weekly visit to the jail. In 1991, a few of us had joined a ministry at the jail. We went every Friday teaching about the Lord and the Bible. I was involved in this ministry for eight years.



I began to meet the other Disciples of Mercy. Lori had a weekly rosary prayer group at her house. I also began going to meetings being held at the Plantation Diner, that fellow disciple, Ingrid DiMolfetta owned. I went to Saint George Catholic Church for the Thursday rosary prayers. I was now a member of the Disciples of Mercy. We always needed more help, but I felt the Lord telling me the words of

Saint Padre Pio: *“Pray, hope, and don’t worry. Worry is useless.*

God is merciful and will hear your prayers.” I believed many more disciples would join us.

In the early part of 1995, we put all of the messages from 1994 in “book form” and titled it “The Heart of God” as directed by the Lord to Lori. We made just a few copies of these books. I sent one to Fr. Taggart at Saint Stephen Catholic Church in Hollywood. He truly believed in Lori, and during his healing services, he would read prayers that were from the messages from the Heart of God books.

I remember one day Lori, and I were in the Chapel in front of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Lori and I knelt in the front row. I said something to Lori, and she held up her hand to me. The Lord had told Lori we needed to talk outside. He told her he wanted us to sit quietly because “he wants to see what is in our hearts.”

After Jessie was born, I began helping Lori with the care of her little daughter. Many times I would walk with Lori as she pushed Jessie in the carriage. Lori would always sing to her the Ave Maria during those walks. One day I went with Lori to the Pediatrician’s office with Jessie. Jessie started to “sing” the Ave Maria to the amazement of everyone because they could make out what she was singing with her babbling.



I would go food shopping with Lori to Publix. Lori would always look for Susan, who worked as a bagger. Susan was having a difficult time making ends meet, so Lori always made sure she was the one that would bag her groceries. At the time, Susan told us she was sleeping in a stable. Lori would always give her \$20 for bringing the groceries to the car. After Lori passed away, I would continue to help her out. After a few years, she was no longer working there, and I lost track of her.

At times, I was present when Lori would write a message, and it was truly a blessed experience to witness that. This is a message that I truly love.

Message from October 14, 1995

Lord Jesus, do you want to write?

Children, I am here. I am the Lamb of Reconciliation. I am the Finder of the Lost and the Healer of the Sick.

Beloved children, I grieve as I watch you in despair. You say to the person to the left that you are troubled. You say to the person to the right you are troubled, yet you say nothing to me.

Your lives are empty because your hearts are empty. If you were to visit a large city you would see thousands of people in close proximity to each other, but sadly they are strangers. There is no unity nor camaraderie between them. Many of you seem as passengers on a train; though the train makes occasional stops, you do not get off for you know not where to go. In my kingdom love flows as freely as a river. In my kingdom there is no difference between one soul and another, for all of us are one heart. This is why I, Jesus, say to you, "do not judge your brother or sister." How can an impure heart judge another? With what clarity shall he make his decision?

Children, imagine a large playground and in the center of this playground is a water fountain. This water fountain delights at the children that will come and drink this water. This water fountain has only one care, to provide drink to those who thirst. In simplicity I, Jesus, give this example. The children will come to the water fountain and their thirst will be quenched. But some of the children will not come, they will seek satisfaction elsewhere. So the water fountain grieves because those children have not accepted the water. I, the Lord, am as that water fountain. I await all eternity to give you water and food.

I, Jesus, am the Gift-Giver. Come, children, come and accept the gifts I desire to give you. I am the only source in heaven and on earth of love. Unless you come to me for nourishment, you cannot nourish others. Unless you make a home in my heart, you cannot share your heart with others. Truly, I say, "if you are not with me, you are against me." You will be as a stranger in the place you dwell. But if

you are with me, you will never feel as a stranger, for my mercy and love shall be your garments.

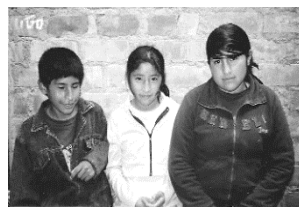
Thank you for recording my words. Understand that I am the heart of all creation. We shall continue tomorrow. I bless you all.

We love and bless you, too, Lord. Amen.

I knew that Lori was very sick even before she received the final prognosis. I could see her difficulty with breathing; I just knew something was seriously wrong, and shortly after, on September 11, 1995, Lori found out she had ovarian cancer.

I went to see her one Sunday in the hospital. She was very ill. I sat with her much of the day and did not realize that hours later, she would be in heaven. It was September 23, 1995.

After Lori went home to Jesus, I became more involved with the Saint Maurice Hunger Program, which supported Veronica and Ralph Mueller's "Mission Possible" ministry in Peru. I became a "Foster Madrina" (Foster Parent) for Saida, Melinda, Andy (pictured) and Jacelyn. Over the years I also fostered two brothers, Ramos and Gilbert, 30 and 45 years old. They suffered from polio. I then fostered Ronald and Edison, and finally Gerald, Cesar, and Angela. Being so far away, it was difficult to communicate with the foster children, so after I retired, I took about six trips to Lima to visit them, and I would stay for about three weeks with Veronica and Ralph at their home.



While in Peru, I would go with Veronica to visit the Divine Mercy Drug Rehabilitation Center. It was a place for men and older boys that had become addicted to alcohol or drugs. This Center helped many of the fifty that stayed there, and many left with a love of God. I went to many Masses and visited schools where Veronica would teach them about the Holy Spirit. We never traveled without a bodyguard. It was dangerous over there, more so if you were an American. Once Saint Maurice sent over one hundred "Beanie

Babies” to Peru. Imagine when we had to pass through customs and their reaction when they opened the suitcase.

Over the years, I have continued to do my work for the Lord. I attend daily Mass, bring communion to the sick in the hospital, to people in hospice and the home-bound. I have always had a close relationship to the Blessed Mother, who I call Mama Mary. I have always been drawn to Our Loving Mother.

I have been a member of the Legion of Mary for a long time, and we still meet every Friday at Nativity Parish for prayer and every Monday we meet with the “Juniors” and make rosaries and chaplets. A group of us would also meet every Wednesday at the 79th Street Diner, and we would make rosaries and chaplets. People of all ages would come over to talk to us in that diner.

I am also a member of the Secular Franciscans. We use to meet at Queen of Martyrs Church where our spiritual advisor, Fr. Schaefer, was also a part of the Secular Franciscans. We now meet monthly at Saint Gregory the Great Catholic Church in Plantation where Lori became a Catholic.

God’s Mercy is infinite.

I was first introduced to Divine Mercy by Lori many years ago. In August 1994, the Lord would name us the Disciples of Mercy. In many of the messages in the Heart of God books, the Lord speaks of his Mercy.

I remember attending my first Divine Mercy Mass at Little Flower Catholic Church in Hollywood. Divine Mercy Sunday is now being celebrated on the Sunday after Easter in most of the Catholic Churches.

One day I purchased an 8” Divine Mercy statue from Christina, who was well known for her work with Divine Mercy. I brought the statue home and looked at the statue, which was weeping oil. I touched the eyes, and there were tears of oil. I would give this Divine

Mercy statue to Saint Michael's Catholic Church in Cabo Rojo, Puerto Rico, my parents' hometown. This statue was carefully placed in a mahogany case. People may, at times, bring this statue to their homes for a week and healings have come from it. On Divine Mercy Sunday it is solemnly carried through the church before every Mass.

Mercy came to me again. Saint Maurice Catholic Church (also called the Stable because originally it was a stable before it became a church), was closing its doors. We were now going to belong to Resurrection Catholic Church in Dania. That first Mass that was celebrated together in that church was on Divine Mercy Sunday. The name of the church would also be changed to Saint Maurice at Resurrection Catholic Church, Dania Beach.

The hunger program at my church was now sending money to help the needy in the Philippines. It was being sent to, of course, the Sisters of Mercy.

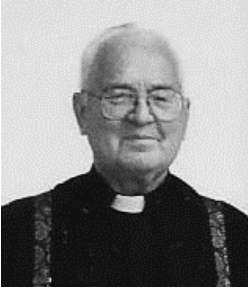
God's mercy is infinite. God's mercy is with us at all times.

It has been almost twenty-five years, and I am still a part of the Disciples of Mercy. I have had wonderful experiences in my life and being part of Lori, and the Disciples has been an incredible gift from the Lord.

God's Mercy is Divine!

FATHER ROMAN J. SCHAEFER, USAF

by Ingrid DiMolfetta



Fr. Roman Schaefer was born in Nicollet County, Minnesota on February 14, 1916. He was the son of Leo and Amelia (Bushard) Schaefer and had five brothers and four sisters. He attended Holy Trinity School in New Ulm, Minnesota and entered St. Paul Seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was ordained a priest on June 2, 1942. His first Mass was at Visitation Church in rural Nicollet County. After two years at Saint Agnes in St. Paul, he entered the Army Air Corp and attended Chaplain School at Harvard University. He served during WW II and was stationed in Bavaria near Munich from 1946-1950.

He served as chaplain at several bases during his 25 years in the Air Force ministering to soldiers and their families in two other foreign wars, the Korean Conflict while in Yokota, Japan, and the Vietnam Conflict when based in Guam. His last assignment was at Vandenberg AFB, California, retiring as Colonel in 1969. He then returned to the Diocese of New Ulm, New Mexico where he was the pastor at Saint Andrews Parish in Fairfax. During his years in the Diocese, he remained active with the VFW as Chaplain. He retired to Florida and served as a priest in residence at Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Catholic Church in Fort Lauderdale for 19 years.

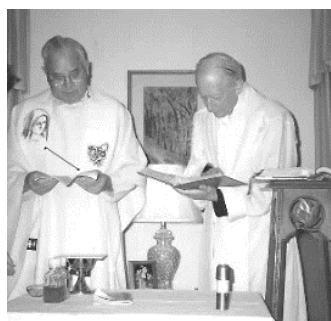
Fr. Schaefer was an avid pilgrimage leader, serving as a chaplain for many pilgrimages to Marian shrines around the world, and also to Rome and the Holy Land. He lived with deep faith, active prayer life and prayed the rosary daily with great devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. So it was no wonder that Father John Fink would ask Fr. Schaefer to become Lori's spiritual advisor. Being the spiritual advisor to the Disciples of Mercy, he believed in the printing and distribution of the messages and wrote the forward for both Volumes

I and Volume II and a Testimony in Volume III of the Heart of God books. He was active in coming to the meetings, attending the prayer group at Lori's house and always being there for Lori and the Disciples. He became close to Lori, John and the family and had baptized their baby, Jessie. He was always a part of the Disciples of Mercy.



Fr. Schaefer believed that the communications to Lori were directly from heaven, and there was not one word that went against the Catholic faith. He felt that the Lord had given Lori a beautiful gift that allowed her not only to hear their voices interiorly but the gift of allowing Lori always to be able to ask our Lord and Blessed Mother a question.

How incredible it was for him to accompany Lori to Washington, D.C. to meet world-renowned Marianist Theologian, Fr. René Laurentin. When they arrived at the couple's house that morning where Father was staying, Mass was first going to be held. Fr. Schaefer celebrated the Mass and Fr. René concelebrated. It was such an honor. Father Schaefer felt that Fr. Laurentin truly believed Lori because their one-hour interview went to over four hours. That was, to Father Schaefer, his confirmation from such a distinguished priest, not to mention the three articles that Fr. Laurentin subsequently published about Lori in the French Catholic Monthly, *Stella Maris*.



After Lori's passing, he continued to be our spiritual advisor. The Disciples of Mercy were truly blessed to have had Father Schaefer for so many years. In 2005, he moved to Donaldson, Indiana where his retired sister, Sister Sharon Schaefer lived.

At the age of 96, on May 19, 2012, Father Roman Schaefer found his eternal peace with his dear beloved Blessed Mother, bringing him to the banquet table of our Lord.

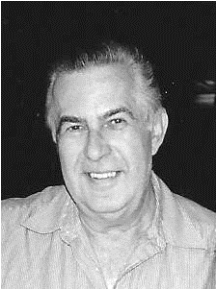


My beloved priests, so great is my love for you that I permit you to crucify me during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that you may feed my flock. My beloved sons, I embrace you and I have placed you in the arms of my beloved Mother. I know that your task is difficult, my sons, but I, Jesus, shall carry you up the steps into my sanctuary. I, Jesus, shall carry you over my shoulder that you may carry others. My priests are my greatest joy and there is a special seat for each one of you at the eternal banquet.

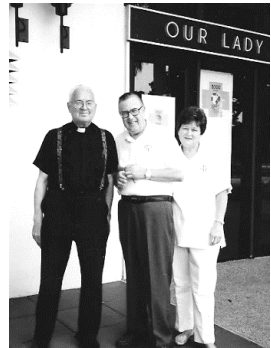
Message of February 7, 1996

NORM DYKO - A Dedicated Disciple

by
John P. Sause Ph.D.,



Norm Dyko was a dear friend whom I met several years before encountering Lori G. At a Marian conference in Miami I noticed a gray-haired man with camera paraphernalia intently recording on video the plethora of speakers at the conference. During one of the rest breaks, I approached Norm to see what specific equipment he was using since I always had an intriguing interest in technological advancement. Norm was very approachable, and our conversation went beyond the description of his present recording devices. I discovered he did not live far from my home, and he had visited several notable Marian sites which I too had frequented. A certain simpatico developed between him and me, so we exchanged phone numbers and within a span of two-three weeks Norm had called me. Norm being of Polish descent possessed a tremendous kindred love for Pope John Paul II and wholehearted support to the Divine Mercy movement. Like Pope St. John Paul, Norm reflected a tremendous devotion to the Blessed Mother. As our friendship matured, I discovered that Norm would not listen to the radio stations displayed in his car but rather continually played the CD-Rosary mysteries on his way to and from work as well as his many leisure drives. But what best characterizes Norm was his uncanny ability to be a major resource person for all the devotional activities taking place in South Florida. To me, he was a walking clearinghouse of the current movements and devotionals and whether they were worthy of his interest and attendance. I could always rely on Norm to be very informative in this regard since I had a very busy commitment to the university as an academician and an active member of my parish.



One day in late February of 1995, Norm had phoned me and related that a housewife and mother of five is claiming to receive messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother. Norm had already attended two of her prayer meetings, but he had invited me to go with him to the next meeting. I initially begged off from committing to him. After attending the third prayer meeting, he called me and invited me to join him at the next meeting. Again, I did not commit, but Norm began to badger me to attend the upcoming prayer meeting with him. To appease his insistence, I requested of him to see if he can obtain some copies (at least 2 - 3 weeks work of messages) and send them to me. Norm dutifully did as I had petitioned. After reviewing the messages, I found them to be very pious expressions of Jesus and the Blessed Mother's love for humankind. But I was skeptical regarding whether Lori G. heard correctly from the Lord regarding one particular word in the message of August 1, 1994, where Jesus said, "Repent and confess your sins so that I, the Lord, may repent of my wrath." I reflected on this sentence for some time reasoning that the Lord may not have said the word "repent" but rather the word "relent" since both words sound very similar. I reasoned that the Lord would not have said "repent" since that would imply an error of judgment by the Lord and he could never make such an error. I thoughtfully reflected that Lori's response to my inquiry with the anticipation that she admittedly made the error of writing the word "repent" instead of "relent" would largely determine whether she would receive any further interest on my part. Norm posed my question to Lori G., who asked the Lord whether she heard and wrote the word correctly, be it "relent" instead of the word "repent?" However, Lori, after conferring with the Lord, sent word back to Norm that the original written word is "repent" and not the word "relent." It was the latter word (relent) which I believed to be better suited in the context in which it was said. It was only several months later that my skepticism regarding this particular text was completely dissolved. To describe the full resolution of this issue would take us too far from the topic concerning Norm.

After several weeks of Norm's repeated invitations to join him to come to the prayer meeting of Lori G., I finally agreed to meet Lori the evening of April 12th, 1995. I met Norm at his house but decided

to take separate cars since Lori's house was located where my return journey to my home would be to my advantage and more expedient than returning to Norm's house. I followed Norm in my car to Lori's home. I remember that night praying to the Lord, "Lord if you want me to give this woman more credence, I want to hear your Mother's name outside of a prayer context."

Norm and I arrived, met Lori, her husband John, their children and Fr. Roman Schaefer, Lori's spiritual director, a well-respected priest in the diocese and whom I had met several times years before. After exchanging the usual pleasantries, we were ushered into Lori's bedroom where she knelt before a makeshift altar and positioned herself on a prie-dieu. After having prayed a short silent prayer, Lori went to kneel near the bed, retrieve a three-holed binder containing paper and began to write a message using the mattress as a desktop. We all knelt around the bed and prayed silently. I observed Lori very carefully. She appeared to be taking dictation. She did not stop and reflect as if composing her own words and thoughts before committing them to paper. Nor did she scratch or cross out any word she wrote. Within 20 minutes, she put her pen down, closed the binder, and made the sign of the cross. She then passed the binder to Fr. Schaeffer who read silently the recently penned message and returned the binder to Lori with the acknowledgment that it was fine for her to read the message aloud to the group. Lori, however, passed it to her husband, John, to read, but John said, "Let's have our guest, Dr. Sause, read the message." I acquiesced and began to read the message which the Blessed Mother gave on that fateful day of April 12, 1995, which begins "Daughter, I am here. I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Mother of God. My child, I am covering the earth with my mantle of love. My crown is giving heavenly graces to all those who call upon me. Listen carefully to my word..." No one knew of my silent prayer to the Lord about the mentioning of his Mother's name outside a prayer context when I was driving to Lori's home. Upon hearing the message that night, I then knew that I had to give Lori more credence than I anticipated. In the ensuing months, I was given numerous confirmations that Lori was authentic, and we became close confidants.

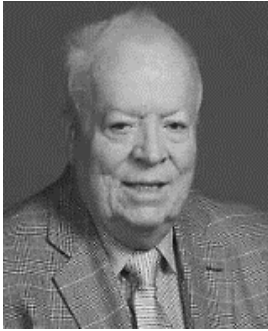
I often thanked, my dear friend, Norm Dyko for his persistence to have me meet Lori G. Norm, likewise became more confirmed in Lori's authenticity, and he became a pivotal figure due to his contributions to the Disciples of Mercy and the spreading of the messages through his technical knowledge. The Disciples appointed Norm in charge of video production, and we have a 40-minute DVD of Norm interviewing Lori. Norm was a very active member of the Disciples attending all the meetings and donating his time and talent to the cause.



My dear friend and fellow disciple passed away suddenly on June 17, 2009. He is sorely missed, but we rejoice in his reunion with Lori and all the disciples who preceded him in their heavenly reward.

JOHN SAUSE, PH.D.

Who is John Sause?



John was born in Presbyterian Hospital in Newark, New Jersey on Good Friday, April 7, 1944. His parents were Robert Russell Sause and Mary Barry Sause. Both parents were not overtly religious, but they insured that all their children went to a Catholic grade and high school in New Jersey. Robert and Mary Sause were very hard working and etched out a living that would be considered at the lower level of middle-class economic status. Nevertheless, they instilled the value of a dollar and the necessity to work for it. John's mother died at age 63 of cancer in 1978. His father retired to Florida at age 70 and lived with John for 15 years until he developed paralysis due to degenerative arthritis of the back. He moved to his sister, Maureen's house in Fort Lauderdale until he died at age 91.

John had an older brother, Robert Barry whom all affectionately called "Barry" and a younger sister, Maureen. Barry, who passed away on March 15, 2015, taught Pharmacy at St. John's University School of Pharmacy in Queens, New York for most of his career. He served as a Captain in the Army during the Vietnam War and was stationed for three years at Fort Gordon Army Hospital in Augusta, Georgia. Upon release from the Army with honorable discharge he moved to the Cherry Hill section of southwest New Jersey where he commuted to Temple University Graduate School of Pharmacy ultimately obtaining his M.S. and Ph.D. in Pharmacy. Upon graduation, Barry procured a teaching position at Mercer University College of Pharmacy in Atlanta. He was there for three years, but at the behest of his wife who wanted to return to her family roots, they moved to Massapequa Park, NY. He commuted to St. John's for the remaining years until his retirement. Upon retirement, he moved to Boca and lived only 2 miles from John for the next ten

years until his death. His brother had four children, Robert Barry Jr, who possesses a Pharm.D. and works at Pfizer Pharmaceutical Company in New Jersey and has recently become a permanent Deacon in the Diocese of Metuchen. He has three children. His sister, Deborah Frances, lives in Pembroke Pines and is the Director of Religious Education at Annunciation Parish in West Park, FL. Deborah has two children. Her younger brother, William John, lives in Deland and possesses a Ph.D. in Computer Science and teaches at Stetson University. Bill has two children. Carolyn Teresa, the youngest of the family, has a teaching degree and teaches high school chemistry, math, and physics in Orlando. She has three children.

John's sister, Maureen, went to Kean State College in New Jersey where she graduated with a degree in Special Education. She met her future husband, Tom, while she was visiting John during the Spring Break. They both left the teaching profession and started their own employment agency entitled *Right Associates*, which blossomed into a very successful business. They have two adult children, Ryan and Kyle. Ryan works for them at *Right Associates*, and Kyle is an associate director doing commercial advertisements in the Los Angeles area. Maureen and Tom have 46 people employed by their agency, assisting others in starting new careers or finding career opportunities for those who have proven experience, talent, and desire to remain in their chosen fields.

Academically, John has an undergraduate degree in English, Three master degrees: Theology (Manhattan College), Family Counseling (St. Thomas University), Medical Ethics/Health Law (Loyola University of Chicago School of Law) and a Ph.D. (Florida State University) in the area of the sociology of religion. The title of his Ph.D. dissertation was "Prognostications on the Future of Religion in America: An Analysis of Berger, Bellah, and Greeley."

Spiritually, John confesses that during his grade and secondary school education, he was fairly devout but, as similar to all young adults, his college years found him drifting toward non-attendance. John majored in English and minored in Philosophy, two fields that

would prove to be excellent preparation for a law degree, which was his career goal. However, it was his philosophy professor who urged him to consider doing graduate work in theology because the Vatican Council was in progress, and there would be many opportunities to teach theology in Catholic higher education. John followed his advice and subsequently was hired as an instructor at St. Elizabeth's College in Convent Station, New Jersey. He left St. Elizabeth's after two years to pursue his Ph.D. at Florida State University. Upon completion of his degree, John took a position in the Philosophy & Theology Department at Barry University, Miami, Florida. He served 36 years there until his retirement in 2010. During his post-graduate and early teaching years, John's faith became revitalized, and he returned to regular attendance at Sunday Mass and frequency of the sacraments. However, his fervor would ebb and flow according to the tides of life's difficulties and joys. It wasn't until his experience on September 13th, 1991 at Conyers, Georgia which John often refers to his "second baptism"(see essay on Fr. Joachim Tierney O.C.S.O. for further description of this occurrence). This epiphany event brought to surface the question that existentially confronts every adult human being, that is, do I want to live my life as if God truly exists and act accordingly with regard to his commandments and counsels, or do I continue living my life as if God may exist but am not sure so I can be more lenient on myself particularly when it comes to the allurements and temptations to sin that the world offers? The consequences of the latter being possibly eternal punishment. In philosophical jargon, this is known as Pascal's Wager. John humbly chose the former and committed himself seriously to developing his spiritual life. He began to read voraciously books in the field of ascetical theology, investigate the history of various apparition sites prior to making a pilgrimage to their respective locales, and attend numerous Marian conferences.

Consequently, John began attending daily mass and partaking in local rosary groups. His encounter with Lori and the messages had played a significant influence on his spiritual development with its particular emphasis on the role mercy plays in the economy of salvation. He candidly admits that while he is still a sinner, he takes consolation in the words of St. Augustine which Pope Francis often cites: "There is no sinner without a future and no saint without a past."

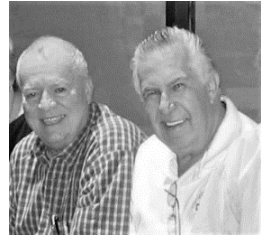
MY ENCOUNTER WITH LORI G.

John P. Sause, Ph.D.,

Always be ready to give an explanation to anyone who asks you for a reason for your hope. (1 Peter 3:15)

The French spiritual writer, Fr. Jean C. J. D'Elbee, graphically described the divine design woven into the fabric of each person's life as "after all, it is God, it is Jesus who writes all the lines, all the words, and all the letters of our lives." My friendship with Lori G. was definitely a long line, more probably, a lengthy paragraph consisting of numerous words which helped deepen my spiritual journey with the Lord and Blessed Mother. Prior to meeting Lori on April 12th, 1995, I had already developed a spirituality common to all members of the Catholic faith that were nurtured in their early years by sharing in the richness of graces that are derived from the liturgical, sacramental and doctrinal dimensions of the Church. However, just as identical twins have a different set of fingerprints, so does the journey in faith bear a unique personal relationship that evolves with the Lord and our beloved Mother. This spiritual evolution is often characterized as "one step forward, then one step (or many steps) back." At the time I met Lori G., I was in one of those steps of moving closer to the Lord to the point that I was very judicious in permitting myself to become involved with anyone or anything that might upset my self-fabricated pattern of spiritual exercises and devotions. In short, I resided in a spiritual comfort zone that nurtured me and was resistant to any perceived threats that would debunk its legitimation even under the guise of actions that could possibly further my spiritual development.

When I first heard from a dear friend (Norm Dyko) of a lady in Fort Lauderdale receiving messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother, I was extremely skeptical and resistant to Norm's entreaties to meet her. Norm and I were very close friends, and we would converse over the phone at least once every three days. Our conversations were mostly centered around various religious subjects, our devotions, common spiritual exercises, and the state of morality reported by mass media on such topics as the AIDS epidemic, partial birth abortion, President Clinton's sexual escapades, etc. Inevitably, the issue of my meeting Lori arose several times over a period of three-four weeks. To appease my good friend, I said for him to approach Lori and request that three weeks of the messages be sent to me. I remember my attempt was to review the messages with the hope that I could discover some fraud or subterfuge perpetrated by Lori that I could refer which would substantiate my claim as her being a charlatan. In short, I needed at least one statement in Lori's messages that was found contradictory to the truths articulated either in the Bible or in church doctrine. Within three days of my request Norm delivered the messages consisting of the duration that I requested.



Upon careful scrutiny of the messages, I found what I thought would be surely the death knell to Lori's authenticity. Of the three weeks of messages, I found in the August 1, 1994 message the phrase attributed to Jesus, "Repent and confess your sins so that I, the Lord, may repent of my wrath." My thinking was purely on the propositional/rational level dictated by the rules of logic. In short, for the Lord to "repent of his wrath" implied an act of self-reproach or contriteness for past conduct - an error in judgment. Now the Lord, I reasoned could not make such an error in judgment since he is total truth and such a statement would be tantamount to being self-contradictory which the Lord could never propose. I secretly felt a bit of professional pride in the fact that I caught her in this logical quandary and that I would be free of Norm's consistent pleas to join him to meet with Lori at one of her prayer meetings. Nevertheless, to give Lori the benefit of the doubt, I asked Norm to request of Lori

whether she heard correctly from the Lord, and he, the Lord, possibly may have said a similar sounding word such as the word “relent” and not “repent.” “Relent” would be more appropriate and logical in my mind, given the context of the sentence. “Relent” meaning to soften or mitigate one’s original intent or action. Norm did as I requested and inquired of Lori whether she heard correctly regarding this original written word “repent” and not the word “relent.” Norm returned to me with the news stating that Lori did request of the Lord whether she heard correctly and whether the original word (repent) she inscribed in the message was correct. The Lord responded in the affirmative; the word “repent” is correct.

I was originally taken by surprise at Lori’s response but admired the fact that she was not intimidated by a college professor’s questioning as to the veracity of the statement. For the early experiences that gradually led to my conviction to assist Lori by aiding in the spread of messages such as putting them in book form ready for publication, and seeking audiences on her behalf with noted spiritual authorities, I refer the reader to the sections in this text on Norm Dyko and Fr. Joachim Tierney O.C.S.O. respectively. I employ the term “early experiences” concerning these occurrences but as I reflect back now on those events that were really God-incidences. Permit me to give you a small example of these “God-incidences.” Regardless of the number of persons whom I highly revered and sought their counsel as to whether Lori was considered legitimate in their eyes, the Lord’s use of the word “repent” and my preference for “relent” still continued to linger in my mind, literally, to use a hackneyed expression, it “still stuck in my craw.” Then several months later - almost a year from when I first met Lori, while attending daily Mass during the first or second week of Lent, one of the readings was the story of Jonah and how he was resistant to be the prophetic messenger God had requested of him to be, that is, to go deliver an ominous message to Nineveh, a large city and the capital of Assyria, Israel’s historic archenemy. Despite Jonah’s reluctance and actual efforts to escape this commission by boarding a boat and seeking to embark to a city which was the farthest away in the West from Nineveh, the Lord has him shipwrecked and winding up in the belly of a whale who in three days spouts Jonah out and ironically he discovers himself on the shore

within walking distance of Nineveh and he is told “Arise and Go to Nineveh” (Jon 3:2). Jonah dutifully obeys the Lord this time and as he walks through the city, he announces, “Forty days more and Nineveh shall be overthrown” (Jonah 3:4). Miraculously, the people believed the words of Jonah as coming from God and “they proclaimed a fast and all of them, great and small, put on sackcloth” (Jon 3:5). Even the King himself rose from his throne, “lays aside his robes and puts on sackcloth and sits in ashes” (Jon 3:6). Not only does he present himself as a model of repentance but he even decrees a fast: “no man or beast, no cattle or sheep, shall taste anything; they shall not eat, nor shall they drink water” (Jon 3:9). Upon witnessing the actions of the people of Nineveh and how they repented of their ways “God repented of the evil he had threatened to do to them; he did not carry it out” (Jon 3:10). These last few words from the lector reverberated in my mind as if the sounding of a percussion instrument was next to my ear. The illumination had an immediate and significant effect, I apologized to the Lord for being so prideful in judging Lori so harshly, thanked him for the opportunity to dispel any lingering doubts I may have possessed concerning Lori’s authenticity, and assured him that I would do whatever I could in the promulgation of the messages.

This event was a culmination of the numerous and diverse ways I had tested Lori, more due to my own prideful needs than Lori’s need to have my moral support in her endeavors. As a college professor one’s reputation should be impeccable since it is the only possession that can be so easily destroyed by one’s own doing, whether its cause was completely innocent and unintended or due to a character flaw which may raise its ugly expression on a given occasion the negative repercussions of which go beyond one’s reasonable expectation. The famed money manager, Warren Buffett, said, “It takes 20 years to build a reputation and five minutes to ruin it. If you think about that, you’ll do things differently.” I have tried to abide by Mr. Buffett’s exhortation throughout my professional life, and my association with Lori was carefully exercised with this in mind. I did not want anyone to assume Lori was receiving messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother unless I had a 100% conviction. I have always taken very seriously the Lord’s ominous admonition that

“whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to fall away—it would be better for him if a heavy millstone were hung around his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea” (Mark 9:42). Hence, I did not wish anyone to attribute the origins of their belief in Lori on my account because of my reputation as being a credible witness to Lori’s claims. I believe such responsibility is akin to the early evangelists whose testimony about Jesus was justified by the trustworthiness of their character. I would be horrified if I and others were deliberately misled should it be discovered in the future that Lori duped us all. Lori, herself, was equally aware of her responsibility and the consequences that would occur to those who feign words coming from the Lord (and the Blessed Mother) for “the prophet who presumes to speak a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, or who speaks in the name of other gods, that same prophet shall die” (Deut 18:20).

My first encounter, or rather God-incidence with Lori was the fact that the message came from the Blessed Mother whom I prayed that if I would have heard her name outside a prayer context on my initial visit to Lori, I promised the Lord that I would be conservatively more open to Lori and her needs. In the ensuing months, we became more incrementally familiar with each other, and a bond began to develop. Lori became more self-revealing, particularly about her health. I remember her saying that since the birth of her daughter in February of that year, she never seemed to return to her usual 100% in terms of health. I encouraged her to seek medical attention, which she did. Fortunately, Lori had the foresight to maintain her former employer’s health insurance through a federal health care policy known as COBRA. This federal law was designed to permit those who left employment for a number of reasons to continue their employer-sponsored health insurance so long as the former employee continues to pay the full amount of the monthly premium for a duration of eighteen months. The former employer is free of any obligation to support the health insurance of the past employee. This action by Lori proved to be extremely beneficial since in early September of 95 she was diagnosed as having ovarian cancer and ordinarily she would not have the financial means to undergo any further hospitalizations to address this issue were she to discontinue her

COBRA payments. In October of 95, Lori underwent surgery to remove her malignant ovaries. To give the reader an insight into Lori's child-like love and trust in the Lord, the night before her surgery, Lori was naturally feeling very vulnerable and apprehensive about the upcoming procedure. She asked Jesus in her unsophisticated way, "Lord, can you blink?" The Lord laughed and said, "Yes I blink." Lori replied, "But I'm sick right now and I don't want you to blink! You'll lose sight of me if you blink!" And the Lord said, "No, my heart never blinks." Lori rest assured of the Lord's constant presence and love providing her with a sound sleep that night. Post-surgically Lori began to undergo the standard regimen accorded to the state of medical science at the time: radiation and chemotherapy. The following months consisted of fluctuations regarding her blood tests, which monitored her progress or the lack thereof.

Despite feeling the ill-effects of undergoing chemotherapy plus the ingestion of pain medication, Lori was determined to be alert to take the daily message from the Lord or Blessed Mother. She gradually realized that listening to their words and recording them in script drew a lot of her concentrated energy, and hesitancy arose to continue this modality fearing possible errors in her recording so she petitioned the Lord if it were possible that another disciple be present to record the message which she would dictate verbatim upon "hearing" the Lord or Blessed Mother's voice during their visitation to her soul. He granted her permission to do so.

During this time, I had taken a full semester sabbatical leave from my teaching duties at the university and attended classes in Scripture and Canon Law at St. Vincent de Paul Seminary in Boynton Beach which is approximately a 40-minute drive to Lori's home. Lori had requested that if I had some free time, would I be available to record the message for that day? Because my classes were in the morning and early afternoon, I assured her that I would be most willing to assist her in this endeavor at least two or three times a week. Other disciples would assist her during the weekends. It was this arrangement that eventually led to a deep bond of friendship between Lori and I. Soon I began visiting Lori's home and usually after a

half-hour of conversation following my entrance; she would perform her normal preparation routine prior to receiving a message. Lori



would kneel on a small prie-dieu before the make-shift altar in her bedroom, bless herself with the sign of the cross, commence some silent prayers, bless herself again, then rise and retrieve her three holed loose-leaf binder and pen. She would then proceed toward the bed where she usually knelt beside employing the topside of the mattress as a desktop and embark on recording the message dictated either from the Lord or Blessed Mother.

This pattern was briefly modified whenever I was present or another disciple to record the message. She would not deviate from her usual preparation, but now she would move onto the bed using multiple pillows to keep her back properly supported in a semi-reclined almost sitting position, perform the sign of the cross, and the Lord or Blessed Mother would come to deliver a message permitting Lori to use her voice which, in turn, the words would be dictated to me. I, the recorder, prior to the beginning would say a few silent prayers evoking the Holy Spirit's protection from distraction and requesting the intercession of St. John the Evangelist to be present and guide me in attentively listening to the words emanating from Lori's voice and record them verbatim without any errors. The Lord and Blessed Mother were very patient with me, permitting Lori to speak slowly and clearly as I inscribed their respective words.



Occasionally, I would look directly at Lori during these dictating minutes and discovered her eyelids were in a rapid movement like those abiding in R.E.M. sleep. It is said that rem sleep consists of paradoxical movements with EEG graph recording of brainwaves indicating that the brain is very active, but the muscular activity of the body is completely still - extremely relaxed - almost completely limp. When the message was over, Lori would open her eyes and remark how restful she felt and wished the Lord and Blessed Mother would never leave her.

In the ensuing months of my multitude visits to the house, Lori and I became very spiritually close and comfortable with each other. In this atmosphere, as what occurs with all friends, we developed a moniker affectionately calling each other “Bubba.” I have no idea of how this began, but I no longer called her “Lori” and she, no longer referred to me as “John” but as “Bubba.” I believe our relationship is best described by the Scottish poet, Alexander Smith, where he defines fraternal love and friendship as “the discoveries of ourselves in others and our delight in its mutual recognition.”

As with all friendships occasionally, they are tested. During these regular visits, I would often request Lori to ask the Lord or Blessed Mother for a prayer, that we disciples could recite at our prayer meetings. I must candidly admit that I was still coming to grips with my own willingness to commit wholeheartedly to Lori’s authenticity. I employed the words found in the First Letter of St. John, to justify to myself in this pursuit, “Beloved, do not trust every spirit but test the spirits to see whether they belong to God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world” (1 Jn 4:1). I confess that I would give Lori no previous warning of my request for a prayer for a variety of occasions such as perseverance, aridity, souls in purgatory, prayer before every endeavor, etc. My requests would only be given to Lori twenty minutes before she and I would commence our joint session of recording a message. Such impromptu requests were primarily sincere, but from another perspective, they served to dispel any suspicions of possible chicanery on Lori’s part and finally to justify as is rationally conceivable that Lori truly was what the Lord attested: ‘You are my prophet. You are to speak all that I, the Lord, tell you (January 3, 1995).

Ninety percent of the time Lori was very compliant, and 100 percent of the time the Lord or Blessed Mother would respond with a prayer in the message pursuant to that request. Finally, one evening, Lori had called me and said she had a long talk with the Lord over “my incessant requests for prayers,” and she admitted that she was becoming annoyed over this. She said the Lord sensed her mounting disgruntlement with me and asked her, “What is it child that so disturbs you?” Lori indicated to the Lord the issue was my apparent

constant requests for prayers to which the Lord immediately quelled her growing agitation by saying, “My child, why do you worry so, who do you think puts those requests in his mind?” Right then Lori informed me her annoyance dissipated and any further requests of mine regarding prayer she is fine with since the source originated with the Lord himself and not me personally.

This sense of self-revelatory openness between each other cultivated trustworthiness on both of our parts. Lori and I began to have almost daily conversations over the phone, and 8 pm became our time to review each other’s activities of the day. In a way, I became her spiritual confidante principally because she did not want to bother her spiritual director, Fr. Schaeffer with what she referred to as “minor stuff.” In the course of these conversations, she would inevitably ask me, “What did I learn at the seminary today?” While I was taking classes in Canon Law and Scripture, Lori would always focus on the subject of Scripture. She had a voracious appetite for learning all matters of scriptural interpretation. I remember discussing with her the story of the woman caught in adultery (Jn 8:1-11) where the scribes and Pharisees sought to test Jesus since according to the law of Moses such an act merits stoning. Jesus does not respond immediately to their question, but “Jesus bent down and started writing on the ground with his finger” (Jn 8:6). The group persisted in their condemnation, shouting accusations at the woman claiming she warrants the penalty. Then Jesus “straightened up and said, “Let the one who is guiltless be the first to throw a stone at her” (Jn 8:7). “Then he bent down and continued writing on the ground” (Jn 8:8). Upon this act, the shouts of accusation became mollified, and “they went away one by one beginning with the eldest until Jesus was alone with the woman” (Jn 8:9). It is interesting that while Jesus intervened and did not condemn the woman, nor did he exonerate the women entirely, for he said, “Go away and from this moment sin no more” (Jn 8:11). I inquired of Lori, “What do you think was the motivating factor that dispersed the accusing crowd? “Obviously, it was what was written in the ground,” replied Lori.

There is speculation among biblical scholars about what was Jesus writing. Some say the individual sins of those that consisted of the

crowd. Others theorize that it was merely the names of the stone-holding individuals which was sufficient for them to know that Jesus had the power to display their sins as well but spared them this embarrassment. Lori was fascinated by this story, and the next evening, she called and informed me that she had asked Jesus the answer to this scriptural quandary. I was shocked at Lori's unabashed questioning with the Lord, but it reflected the level of intimacy and comfort she found in the Lord that she could ask him any question on her mind to him. I inquired further as to the answer to which she replied, "Jesus said he would reveal this to her but not immediately but in the near future." Regretfully, I never pursued whether Jesus finally answered this biblical topic of interest.

Besides assisting Lori with the recording of the messages and discussing topics in scripture, I had reached the stage in our friendship that Lori had complete trust and confidence in me. This was demonstrated that whenever a task was requested by the Lord that Lori felt would require her to step outside her comfort zone, she would ask the Lord, "Can John Sause come with me? The Lord would always answer in the affirmative. Some of the requested tasks cost a minimum of expenditure of energy, and their respective fulfillment was relatively easy. However, I remember one task that Lori was requested by the Lord that was to test Lori's surrender and absolute trust in the Lord. Lori had read in our regional newspaper about a "priest" who ran a mission outside a storefront church called "Church of All Saints." While the article was essentially laudatory for his efforts to feed the poor in the surrounding Oakland Park area, it described him as a "member of the Independent Catholic Church," and he was a former seminarian at our diocesan seminary but did not receive formal ordination. He also officiated at the marriages of those partners which would not ordinarily be sanctioned by the Catholic Church. Upon completing her reading of the entire article, the Lord gave her a message that he wanted to be delivered personally to the "priest." She called me later that day and informed me that the Lord gave his permission for me and two other disciples to accompany her to the storefront church. She asked if I would make the call for an appointment with him. I said I would and dutifully called and spoke briefly to the "priest,"

and the appointment was confirmed. A week later we arrived and two of the disciples said they would stay in the car and pray for our success while Lori and I entered the storefront church which to our surprise consisted of square footage the equivalent of three storefront spaces, one for the sanctuary and pews, another for a kitchen and dining tables, and the last for the priest's office. Lori was initially impressed and taken by surprise at the beauty of the sanctuary with the altar delicately clothed and draped with beautiful red linen with the words "Sanctus" adorning it. Statues of the Blessed Mother and other saints were strategically placed throughout the area as you would normally see in a bona fide Catholic Church. As we crossed the sanctuary into the recreational/refectory area, we sat down at the bench of a dining table. Fortunately, we arrived early, and the "priest" came out of his office and briefly said he would be with us in about 20 minutes - at the exact appointment time. As Lori looked around the sanctuary with all the markings of a Catholic oratory or chapel, she began to have doubts concerning her mission. She said, "I am getting nervous about this, and maybe I was mistaken as to the Lord's instructions." I responded, "Lori, ask the Lord now what he wants us to do." Then Lori bowed her head and went into a slight trance as if she was intently listening. As she came out of this state, she said, "Jesus said, 'Not to be deceived by these statues and the surrounding environment, I am not sacramentally present here so continue your mission.'" I said, "that's sufficient; we must go through what the Lord asked." Soon the priest emerged from his office, greeted us, and gestured for us to enter and sit at the two chairs facing his desk. I introduced myself as a Professor of Philosophy and Theology, and Lori as a close friend. I then commenced saying that "there is an associate of mine who for the past two years has received daily messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother. I believe her experiences are authentic and worthy of spiritual merit." I then indicated that the lady adjacent to me was that person, and Jesus had requested that she deliver a message personally directed to you. Lori then proceeded to deliver the specific message (see message of January 28, 1996). The message was two-prong - first admonishing those who have separated from his high bishop (Pope John Paul) and his bride, the Church, the consequence of which those separated do not truly serve him and secondly, an entreaty for those

“priests” to be reconciled with him for he “extends his merciful heart to those who have fallen away from him.” While the “priest” respectfully listened until Lori had finished, he rose quickly from his chair, thanked us for coming and showed us to the door. I think Lori was expecting a more receptive response, but it was not coming. I told Lori as we exited the storefront, “Now we know how Jesus must feel for all those who are misguided and entrenched in their own ideology to refuse the Lord’s offer of reconciliation.”

As I became more familiar with the character of Lori and her relationship with the Lord and Blessed Mother, the more my own relationship with them deepened. As I stated earlier prior to meeting Lori and discovering the messages, I became complacent in my spirituality not wanting to go outside my comfort zone, and I was naively satisfied with my progression, but the Lord was not satisfied with such an attitude. Regarding our spiritual growth, the Lord makes the analogy of a jigsaw puzzle trying to place ourselves as unique little pieces that interlock so as to complete the total picture of the spiritual growth he has envisioned for each of us. In the February 8, 1996 message, Jesus says it so succinctly, “My children, to you, my plan appears as a jigsaw puzzle. Each day, I, Jesus, give you several pieces to work with. When you find the spot those pieces belong to, I shall give you more. Do not be discouraged, my little lambs. Though some pieces may be more difficult to place than others, you must remember there is an exact place for them. It takes insight and patience to put a jigsaw puzzle together.” The insight of which the Lord is referring is to possess the knowledge and trustworthiness in the fact that the Lord loves each one of us infinitely and compassionately. He “desires to be a part of us, to walk with us, and to help us for we cannot comprehend his great love for us” (Message of May 1, 1995). What boggles our minds is the fact that he would go to Calvary all over again even if we were only one small piece of the puzzle. “Oh, children, I, the Lord, desire you to know how infinitely precious you are to me. If there was only one among you to desire me, I should go to Calvary again” (Message of July 27, 1995). It is a simple message but a very humbling thought that God’s love and mercy toward each of us sinners is so immeasurable that he would endure all the bitterness, powerlessness, and desolation of the cross to

grant even one repentant soul eternal life. If we would only recognize this overwhelming reality of God's love for each of us and how he "comes holding out his heart and begging for our love" (March 27, 1995).

All the Lord asks is that we reciprocate our unique, irreplaceable love back to him. This is why both Jesus and the Blessed Mother earnestly request that we pray from the heart for it "is a sweet smelling incense to the nostrils of God" (March 4, 1996). When we pray in such a manner, we are not just entering into a personal relationship with our beloved Lord seeking an answer to our petitions and acceptance of our oblations, but we are also joined by the entire community of saints and the entire prayer-life of the church bringing enormous beneficial effects to all humankind. As if this is not enough persuasive influence, the Lord himself said, "Every prayer of the heart is mingled with my blood before it is answered" (March 29, 95). May we never denigrate the power of prayer. Finally, what I discovered about the Lord and Blessed Mother through Lori's interaction with them was that they enormously appreciate the slightest activity you do on their behalf. Throughout the numerous messages, they both are consistently thanking us for "our sacrifices of love" (April 12, 95).

If I were to characterize the essential goal of what Lori and her mission in spreading the messages would be, it is the confidence a repentant sinner can have in God's mercy. Lori would often describe the mysterious reason why God chose her to be conveyor of the messages by stating, "God chose me not because of my merits but because of his mercy." This was confirmed by Jesus in one of the later messages (June 10, 1996) "I have chosen you because of your wretchedness and not because of your merits." This is reminiscent of the memorable words of hope Jesus delivered to St. Faustina regarding even the most inveterate sinner: "The greater the sinner, the greater his right to God's mercy." (Para 423).

There are numerous parallels between the messages given to St. Faustina (*Divine Mercy in My Soul*) and those rendered to Lori (*The Heart of God Vols 1, 2, and 3*). To inform the reader of all these

analogous citations would be a task far beyond the parameters of this essay. Although Lori may not be raised to the altar of saints like Faustina, she discovered that the key virtue of growth in holiness is childlike surrender despite the struggle between our prideful ambitions and the inherent limitations which our human nature imposes upon us. As Jesus informed Lori, "Submit to my will with humility and I Jesus shall grant you the courage to carry the cross. You must submit to all trials in your life with the belief that I will stand by your side" (Message of February 20, 1996). This is the battle we all face in our lifetime between our own self-projected visions of how we shall make our mark in this life compared to those the heavenly Father carefully and uniquely crafted for us with our eternal life in mind. Truly, by virtue of the salvific actions of Jesus, we are not defined by the span of our human life, which ends in death but by those Christlike activities that determine our eternal life. Humankind's fellowship with Christ begins with his Incarnation, then divinely seeded by one's baptism, and nurtured by participation in the treasury of graces offered by the Church through the liturgy, prayer, and sacraments with the hope that one willingly chooses to be a Disciple of Jesus. A true Disciple of Jesus is one who desires and permits himself to be grafted into the Master's life - a life of total obedience to the will of the Father which challenged Jesus to the very depths of his physical and psychological human capacity. Because the servant is not greater than the master, we too must expect to share in the cross. St. Paul phrased it succinctly, "I have been crucified with Christ, and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I now live in the body; I live by faith in the Son of God" (Gal 2:20). Contrary to conventional wisdom, "we must not look at suffering as a curse" (Message of February 14, 1995). In the mysterious economy of salvation, the Lord incorporates us into his redemptive work. "When one accepts the cross as a part of his life, he is given a share in my redemptive work. The cross brings countless graces to the one who carries it and countless graces to others as well. Although there is not one to be spared a cross, I, the Lord, have given heavier crosses to specific souls. I have done this that these souls may offer reparation for their brothers and sisters" (November 16, 1995).

Lori earnestly tried to inculcate these words of Jesus into her last year of life. It was difficult for her as the prognosis gradually became more negative, and she became more concerned about the plight of her



family should she succumb to her dreaded disease. Her biggest worry was the future of her one and half year-old baby girl, Jessie (named after Jesus). The other children were approaching 11, 16, 18, and 20, respectively. This psychological stress added to the physical dimensions of the cross she

was carrying. I must admit that I had aspirations of Lori being suddenly healed, continuing her mission in receiving the messages and proclaiming them through written publication and various speaking engagements.

Although the Lord and Blessed Mother never appeared to her, she did experience internal visions of the passion. Soon after her surgery in October of 95 to remove her ovaries, the Lord requested Lori to begin saying the Prayers of St. Bridget. These prayers (15 Our Fathers and 15 Hail Mary's plus subsequent prayers) when said daily and devoutly for a full year are believed to have honored the 5420 blows the Lord received upon his body during his passion. Despite the fatigue associated with her illness, pain medication usage, and daily duties as a mother and housewife, Lori kept to this prayer regimen requested by the Lord. In June of 1996, the Lord began granting her interior visions of his passion (like watching a flat monochrome television screen with no depth perception). These visions occurred principally during the recitation of the St. Bridget Prayers and gave consolation to Lori that her suffering was spiritually meaningful and truly united to the Lord's redemptive journey.

In July of 1996, Lori received another consolation. Two of the disciples on behalf of Lori had been communicating via fax for several years the messages to Fr. René Laurentin, the foremost Mariologist and scholar in the world. Fr. Laurentin was the principal investigator who facilitated the children of Medjugorje to undergo

various medical and scientific tests in an attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena they claim to have been experiencing. The tests took place in 1984 approximately three years following our Lady's first appearance on June 24, 1981, the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Fr. Laurentin subsequently wrote several texts on the subject of Medjugorje as well as a voluminous number of books on the Blessed Mother. To our surprise, Fr. René communicated to us that he would be in Washington, D.C. He had recently given a series of lectures at the International Marian Research Institute at the University of Dayton and had a stop-over in the District for a few days before flying back to Paris. He indicated he would welcome a visit from Lori. Though Lori was easily fatigued, she mustered enough strength to agree to make the trip since she felt this could be a major catalyst for the messages to reach beyond our regional South Florida area. Immediately, Lori, Fr. Schaefer - Lori's spiritual director, and I booked the flights and arrived one day ahead of our meeting. The next morning, we left the hotel and met Fr. René at the home of his friends. Fr. René and his hosts were very gracious to us, but after a brief greeting and introduction to all present, he indicated that he could expend only an hour with us. We first had Mass with Fr. Schaefer saying the Mass and Fr. René concelebrating. After Mass, we sat in the living room and Fr. René took out a writing pad and began copiously taking notes as Lori answered his carefully crafted queries. He was always genteel in his manner but very thorough reflecting years of experience investigating claimants of supernatural phenomena. As the hour went on, Fr. René became more and more fascinated with Lori, especially by the fact that the Lord initiated his locutions with Lori while she was of the Jewish faith.



Fr. René then indicated that we were welcome to have lunch with him and the hosts. Following lunch, Fr. wished to continue with Lori and soon another hour of inquiries passed. By the third hour, I noticed Fr. René excusing himself when the doorbell would ring. He went to

the door and graciously requested the visitor to return at a later hour. This happened several times throughout the interview that lasted a total of five hours. Interspersed within the five hours, Jesus had a message to deliver to which Fr. René was very receptive (see Message of July 17, 1966). While Lori delivered the message orally, I wrote it down. Also, one of the hosts of Fr. René was carefully inscribing it in French as well for Fr. René. Fr. René was listening but also taking snapshots of Lori during the delivery of the message. At the end of the day, we took some pictures of Lori with Fr. René and Fr. Schaefer. Lori was looking for some immediate feedback from Fr. René, but he kept informing us he was not an official representative of the Catholic Church, just a priest who personally undertook such investigations in searching for the truth and protecting the Church from scandal. I told Lori, “Not to worry, the fact that he kept us four hours beyond our allotted time is indicative that he felt you were worthy of his interest or he would have stopped the interview quickly had he believed you to be a fraud.” Seven months later (March of 1997), Fr. René wrote three favorable articles on Lori in the French Catholic Monthly *Stella Maris*.

I don’t think Lori realized the magnitude of her visit with a priest of such scholarly stature as Fr. René. He was the leading Marian scholar in the world and would ultimately publish in 2011 and later updated in 2016 a definitive study entitled, *Dizionario delle Apparizioni della Vergine Maria (Dictionary of Apparitions of the Virgin Mary)* which covers over 2600 apparitions from around the world. Regretfully, the text has not been translated into English. I am faithfully confident that this beloved priest was held in the spiritual arms of the Mother of God whom he so selflessly served when his last hours on earth came on September 17, 2017, just one-month shy of his 100th birthday.

Six weeks after the visit with Fr. Laurentin, Lori’s health was quickly deteriorating, and it was evident that she would not live through September. The last message she received from the Blessed Mother whom she affectionately referred to as “Momma Mary” was one of encouragement and that her oblation of suffering had significance and

meaning in God's eyes. "You must not forsake your prayers for you have much to offer. I am speaking to all suffering souls. Allow my Jesus to use your suffering for the conversion of sinners. Offer him everything. Hold nothing back. Bring everything to the Lamb at Calvary. Offer everything as reparation. The willingness of a soul to offer his suffering to God places a crown of roses upon my Son's brow. Every suffering is as a rose, which blossoms for the salvation of souls. Do you think your suffering is in vain? Offer it to God who will use it as seed to grow a garden of holiness." (September 13, 1996)

While in the hospital at Lori's bedside, several disciples had witnessed extraordinary mystical phenomena. Some saw angels coming and going via the hospital window; others saw a metamorphosis where the face of Jesus appeared instead of Lori's own countenance. Lori passed into heaven ten days after the message of the Blessed Mother on September 23rd, 1996, the same day but not the year of Padre Pio's death in 1968. Ironically, at the exhortation of Jesus, "Call upon Padre Pio to assist you" (April 14, 1995), Lori had developed a special devotion to Fr. Pio who was not officially beatified until 1999 and canonized by St. John Paul until 2002. In a way, this prophetic invitation was a confirmation that the messages delivered to Lori are indeed trustworthy. St. Pio often recited a fervent prayer which I believe epitomized Lori's journey with the Lord and could be fittingly whispered into her ear just prior to her death by her patron Saint Pio, "My past, O Lord, to Your mercy; my present, to Your love; and my future to Your Providence."

I lost a very beloved friend on the 23rd of September, 1996, but I am consoled by the fact that I knew Lori completed the mission the Lord had sent her on earth to perform. I have the conviction beyond any doubt that the messages she inscribed truly came from the Lord and Blessed Mother. If only the people would read and reflect on them, the Lord would win them over to his heart as he did to me and my fellow disciples. My dear "Bubba" spent an enormous amount of energy to be obedient and humble in performing her mission. In gratitude to the Lord for choosing Lori and because of our loyalty to

our beloved friend, the Disciples of Mercy have continued to spread the messages to “the four corners of the earth.”

As we all have aged and hear the fainting footsteps of our coming deaths gradually becoming louder each year, our confidence in God’s mercy has lit the light of anticipation of hope that we will be reunited with Lori and together will no longer hear and see the Lord’s words through our human faculties, but bathe in the full glory of his celestial presence and his words of love will joyfully fill us beyond our imagination.

FATHER JOACHIM TIERNEY, O.C.S.O.

by John Sause, Ph.D.,



Fr. Joachim Tierney, O.C.S.O. played an integral role in the early years of the Disciples of Mercy's period of discernment concerning Lori G. as an individual whose locutions came from Jesus and the Blessed Mother.

A native of St. Louis, Missouri, Fr. Joachim was one of the original twenty monks who migrated in 1944 from the famed Abbey of Gethsemane in Kentucky and founded the Monastery of Our Lady of the Holy Spirit in Conyers, Georgia. As a young monk he worked exceptionally long hours in constructing the monastery sandwiched in between the daily canonical prayers of the Divine Office and the rhythmic liturgical life of a Cistercian. Due to an accident on the monastery grounds, Fr. Joachim suffered a severe spinal cord injury. He claims that it was a miracle which he attributed to St. Thérèse that he did not suffer total paralysis but he possessed a prominent kyphosis as a residual. As with all persons of prayer he developed his own unique spiritual modality to get closer to the Lord. For those who would approach him for spiritual advice he would initially enjoin the words of scripture, "Seek first the kingdom [of God] and his righteousness, and all these things will be given you besides" (Matt 6:33). However, he would then patiently explore with the inquirer, given one's state in life, how to live more fully in the presence of God. His favorite aspiration was "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, save souls." His scriptural pursuits of interest were principally the Epistles of Paul and the Book of Revelation. He had a particular devotion to the Blessed Mother associated with the Schoenstatt movement that pledged total abandonment to Mary. In his "private" chapel located in a crypt below the main floor of the monastery he prominently displayed above the altar the image of Our Lady of Schoenstatt, the Mother Thrice Admirable, signifying

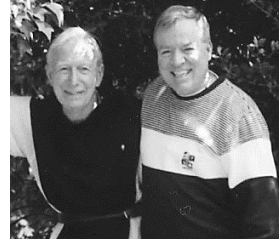
one's pledge of loving, invoking and imitating the Beloved Mother's qualities throughout one's daily life. He believed very strongly in the use of sacramentals and devoted souls would flock to the monastery to obtain his exorcized water and salt as a protective shield against the onslaughts of the demonic. Over the years, Fr. Joachim had developed a reputation of being a respected spiritual advisor. Many persons (clerics and laity) sought his spiritual wisdom and humbly valued his assessment of their alleged mystical experiences.

Father Joachim was a strong believer in Apostle Paul's assertion of the numerous gifts coming from the Spirit which he believed continued down through the ages for the purpose of accentuating certain salient devotions needed at that time in the Church that were already present either notably or embryonically in scripture, tradition, and ecclesial doctrine. He never allowed himself to pre-judge a claimed mystical experience without having an open and honest hearing for "the Spirit distributes his gifts to each one as he [the Spirit] so determines" (1 Cor 12:11).

Although he never sought notoriety, Fr. Joachim gained much publicity through his encounter with visionary Nancy Fowler in the early 1990s. Nancy claimed to have been mystically directed to Conyers and that she had gone to the Monastery to seek a confessor/spiritual director. Through the workings of the Spirit, she connected with Father Joachim, and for a period of two and a half years, he had been her confidante and guide. Though a humble soul, Nancy became emboldened by her experiences with Jesus and at the Lord's direction she constructed an outline of the United States with local stones and erected a standing eight-foot Crucifix behind her house and called the area the "Holy Hill." On October 13, 1990, she announced the Blessed Mother had come to her and indicated she would appear on the 13th of the month thereafter.

Understandably, word began to travel about the apparitions and while they were never acknowledged by the Archdiocese of Atlanta as "worthy of belief" the laity who attended these events reported mystical phenomena in a variety of forms. Property consisting of approximately 60 acres located adjacent to the Holy Hill was

purchased by an Independent organization entitled Our Loving Mother's Children. This property became known as "The Farm." On September 13, 1991, Our Lady appeared for the first time on the grounds of the Farm. I was one of the attendees at this event. On that September 13th day, I witnessed miraculous expressions of nature such as the spinning sun and the strong odor of roses in the Farm House soon after Our Lady's appearance to Nancy Fowler. After careful scrutiny throughout the house, I saw that no flowers of any kind (especially roses) were found on display. Through God's providence, I had the occasion to meet Fr. Joachim at the Monastery the following day.



Father was not permitted to speak of Nancy at this time other than to profess his confidence in her veracity. A spark of friendship seemed to be ignited between us, which was nurtured through regular correspondence and periodic visits to the Monastery in the pursuing years. In December of 1994, at the request of my friend, Norm Dyko, I was asked to join him in meeting Lori G. I was extremely skeptical of a person getting messages from Jesus and the Blessed Mother in South Florida and was hesitant to acquiesce to the requests of Norm. Over the next two months Norm continued, almost to the point of badgering me to meet Lori G. To offset my friend's pestering, I agreed to visit Lori G. On April 12th, 1995, I met Lori through an uncanny occurrence (the message given that evening was by the Blessed Mother). Being skeptical, I had requested of the Lord prior to the meeting with Lori G. that His Mother's name be mentioned outside a prayer context. This event gave me pause for thought and to consider Lori worthy of some initial credence. However, to aid in my discernment, I requested a copy of three weeks of messages which I could send to my friend, Fr. Joachim Tierney, O.C.S.O. Lori G. agreed, provided she received the consent of her spiritual director, Fr. Schaefer. Fr. Schaefer concurred giving his consent and the next day I sent the messages to Fr. Joachim. Within four days of the messages being sent, Fr. Joachim called me and said: "I believe these messages are of God, but naturally I would like to interview the lady to whom the

messages were received." I was surprised at the deference given to Lori's messages derived from such an immediate assessment by the revered monk. Arrangements were made for a meeting/interview of Lori G. with Fr. Joachim in May of 1995 at the Monastery.

Lori G, her husband, John, baby Jessie, and I traveled to Conyers and met Fr. Joachim right after the morning Mass at the Monastery chapel. Prior to the commencement of the Mass, our small group climbed up the choir loft stairs and just as we sat down and took a view of the magnificent sanctuary, Lori claimed to receive a short message from Jesus to allay her anxieties about seeing this respected monk: "Child, welcome to my home. Have no fear."



At the end of Mass, the group met Fr. Joachim just outside the chapel steps. He greeted us very graciously and said that we should follow him to the retreat building adjacent to the chapel. We entered the first floor and walked down a long hallway to a room which Father referred to as his occasional office. After sitting and exchanging pleasantries for a few minutes, Fr. Joachim commenced the interview

with Lori. One immediately got the impression that this was not the first interview with persons who claim to have similar experiences as Lori. Fr. Joachim carefully posed questions to Lori in a gentle and insightful manner as to Lori's personal and religious history. A good part of his focus was the circumstances that surrounded the onset of the messages from the Lord and Blessed Mother. Within the span of one hour and forty-five minutes, the interview was suddenly interrupted with the need of baby Jessie to have her diaper changed. John and Lori excused themselves from Joachim's presence to

address the baby's needs, but upon their return, Father said that there was no further need to pursue the interview with Lori.

As John, Lori, and baby Jessie walked down the hallway and exited the retreat house, Father and I followed behind. When John, Lori, and Jessie were about 35 feet ahead in the retreat house garden, Fr. Joachim grabbed my arm, turned to me, and said, "From the first moment I saw Lori outside the steps of the chapel I knew she was authentic." Such a statement of support by this respected priest and wise spiritual advisor brought more weight of credibility to Lori G and rendered a good measure of relief to my own process of discernment concerning Lori's validity. Approximately four years later, on May 25th, 1999, this beloved priest passed into the realm of heavenly existence where one can imagine he still intones his favorite aspiration, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, save souls."

GILDA-JO YOUNGBLOOD



I am Gilda-Jo Youngblood, and I will tell you the story of how two Jewish women totally transformed my life: Our Blessed Mother and Lori G.

I was born in 1953 in New York, and I was the oldest of two daughters. My parents were Mary and Joseph Del Vecchio. They were truly the basis of a holy Catholic family. When my Mom went into labor with me, it was right after she had received the Eucharist in daily Mass. The Lord had me in the palm of His hand from before I was born, and so did the Blessed Mother.

Growing up on Long Island, New York, our parish was Our Lady of Mercy. How prophetic! My First Holy Communion was on our Blessed Mother's Feast Day on December 8th. I always had a love of the Blessed Mother as a child and especially loved her Feast of the Assumption on August 15th. I attended the School of the Holy Child Jesus from first grade through twelfth grade. I attended St John's University in New York, where I received my Bachelor and Master's degrees in Pharmacy.

In 1978, I moved to Hollywood, Florida, and began a lifelong career in hospital pharmacy. Ten years later, in 1988, at the age of 35 years, I learned about Medjugorje and knew I had to go. It was during this time that I had heard Jesus tell me in my heart that I would be a "Fisher of Men," but it was not until 1995 that I would understand the full meaning of this. In Medjugorje, the Blessed Mother would prepare me for the work she would lead me to in later years.

After my trip to Medjugorje, I was inspired to complete a Certificate program in Spiritual Direction at St Thomas University in Miami. I

learned the importance and the practice of the discernment process, which assisted me in later years when I came to know Lori Gudinas.

In 1990, I attended a “Life in the Spirit” Seminar, where I was first introduced to the Divine Mercy and Sister Faustina (later to become Saint Faustina). Little did I realize that once again the Blessed Mother was preparing me for a great work for her Son, the mission of spreading the Divine Mercy.

In 1995, when I was 42, I finally came to know what the Lord had meant seven years prior when He spoke to my heart with the words from the Gospel in Matthew 4:19, “I will make you a fisher of men.”

In September of that year, the Lord brought me into the personal life of locutionist, and Jewish convert to Catholicism, Lori G., one of the most unusual women that Fr. René Laurentin had ever known, and in fact would write about in his French periodical, “Stella Maris.” Although a housewife and mother of five, she was able to converse with the Lord and the Blessed Mother at any time of the day or night.

And this is how I came to meet Lori.

I had never met Lori, but we had a mutual friend, Brother Joe Biamonte, who was studying to enter the seminary. He called me one day and said, “There’s a woman named Lori, and she was just diagnosed with ovarian cancer. She has a six-month-old baby and four other children. You need to go help her.” My answer was, “Why would any woman who has a new baby let me in her home when she doesn’t even know me?” The answer came back. “Just call her, I know you, I know you are going to help her. By the way, she receives messages from the Lord and the Blessed Mother, and she can talk to them whenever she wants.”

My thoughts were racing. “I see, okay, talks to Jesus and the Blessed Mother whenever, 40-year-old mother, lives in the next town.” Do I really want to get involved with this? But, she was a woman with terminal cancer. Their household consisted of Lori and her husband,

John, and John's two teenage children, Lori's young son, and their six-month-old baby, Jessie. Lori's oldest daughter was now in the military.

Well, one of the factors in discernment is seeing the fruits of the Holy Spirit, and when I called her, she said, "Oh come on over. I will make you some coffee." Here was a woman who had just received a horrible diagnosis, making me feel comfortable and putting someone else's needs before her own and doing so with peace.

I was in between jobs at that time (the Lord had a plan), and for the first few weeks, I would help her with household chores, and we would chat over coffee. Jesus was all she loved to talk about. Jesus was her best friend. Well, this was all in my comfort zone until one day, it was October 25, 1995, she said: "Do you know about me?" (In my mind I am saying: "Oh no, here it comes!" I was hoping I could avoid this.) She continued. "I receive messages from the Lord and Blessed Mother, and I write them down, but now that I am sick and don't have the energy to write, the Lord permits me to dictate what He tells me and someone else records. Would you like to do this for me today?" I said, "Ahhh, OK." In my mind, I was thinking, "Oh, boy! Jesus, I don't want to have anything to do with this if it's not from you. Please let me know if this is from you!!!"

We went into her bedroom where her prayer altar was, and she sat propped up on the bed, closed her eyes, and said: "Do you bow down before God the Father." Lori had told me that the Lord instructed her to do this to ensure the authenticity of the message as only the Lord or Blessed Mother would say yes. I then heard her say, "Lord, do you want to write" as she would do every day when she was ready to receive the formal daily message. I was kneeling by the bedside with pen in hand, loose-leaf paper in her binder, as I began recording. In my mind, I was praying, "St Michael, please come around. Jesus, please let me know if this is really you!!!"

And then it happened to me. As I mentioned before, Jesus had communicated to me years before with the phrase "Fishers of Men,"

and then I heard the following words in the message that Lori was dictating and I knew in my heart it was Him. Message of October 25, 1995: *“I, the Lord, am the fisher of men’s souls and I have loosed the nets of heaven that they may catch every soul who desires my mercy.... Do not be afraid my little ones, for truly I tell you if you are mine; I shall not let you go.”*

After that, my life would completely change. I became totally committed to the spread of the message of the Divine Mercy as given by the Lord and His Mother in the messages that the Lord Himself titled “The Heart of God.”

As the days, weeks and months went by; I came to learn many things from this woman. I learned that Jesus meets us where we are at, in our brokenness and sinfulness. What draws Jesus’ mercy down on me the most is what He calls my “wretchedness,” which is my sinfulness. In the message of June 10, 1996, Jesus says to Lori: *“My dearest disciple, I, Jesus, have chosen you to be the tour guide to my Divine Mercy. I have chosen you because of your wretchedness, and not for your merits. For truly, it has been your sinfulness that has attracted me to you and I, the Lord, have lifted you out of the mud of your iniquity.”*

YES! It was on May 19, 1996, that Jesus first told Lori that she was to be the tour guide to his Divine Mercy. Jesus said: *“Today, my beloved, I instructed you that you are to be the tour guide to bring people to my merciful heart. Bring souls to my heart, my child. Bring them to me physically at the Holy Mass, and bring them to me spiritually in prayer.”*

This echoes what Jesus told Saint Faustina, recorded in her diary, Divine Mercy in My Soul #1160, a message from June 1937: *“My daughter, Secretary of my mercy, your duty is not only to write about and proclaim my mercy, but also to beg for this grace for them, so that they too may glorify my mercy.”*

We know that Jesus said Saint Faustina was the secretary of his Divine Mercy, but Lori a tour guide? Why Lori? She was not a

mystic, not a consecrated religious, not a cradle Catholic. NO, she wasn't. But she was a woman like me, a woman living in "fun in the sun" South Florida.

She came from Jewish heritage, and in His Mercy, Jesus affirms her in the message of August 28, 1995: *"I am the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob... Grace is a gift, my children, to you from my merciful heart... I see you, children, in your daily struggles, and I pour forth my grace upon you."* And so, Jesus affirmed me in my own daily struggles.

She was a mother, and Lori shared this story with me. One day as Lori watched her baby sleep, she whispered to little Jessie, "You are so beautiful." She then heard the Blessed Mother, in HER mercy, say, "and so are you." I learned how the Blessed Mother has taken me as her child.

She was a mother who worried about her children's safety. One day in December 1995, as I was visiting the Gudinas home, Lori was having a hard time focusing on taking the message. The next day, her oldest daughter, who was on leave from the military, was leaving for her new assignment in Korea. Lori then told me that in His MERCY, the Lord consoled her and told her that Lori, her daughter, and the Lord are never separated since they are part of His mystical body and a mere act of love or a prayer made to Jesus on their part, brings all three of them together. This taught me that as a mother myself, I could be united through prayer with my children no matter where they are.

She had a wacky sense of humor. Lori enjoyed sharing with me a story of how one day she was puttering about her chores, and chattering on and on to the Lord. And in His MERCY, the Lord affirms us with His humor, by saying to her, "Yes, my daughter, but you babble so."

She was sick, and the Blessed Mother in Her Mercy said to her on October 18, 1995: *"I am Blessed Virgin Mary and Queen of Peace. I am the Mother of Mercy and Mother of the Sick.... It is love which*

heals.... Call to me and I will extend my motherly hand to you.... I bless you with the immense love of a mother.” How wonderful that I now know that I can entrust to the Blessed Mother the many sick patients that I care for as a pharmacist.

Lori’s cancer caused her abdomen to fill with liters of fluid, and her breathing was difficult. In His MERCY, Jesus would feed her in Communion, and she would feel temporarily better after Mass. In His MERCY, Jesus said on June 10, 1995, “*Dear ones, I the Lord, invite you all to partake of me in Holy Communion.... This sacrament is life-giving, for you receive me and I am the life.*” This strengthened my belief that Jesus can heal my body as well as my soul in this sacrament.

She was dying. But as I joined her circle of family and friends during her last year before she succumbed to ovarian cancer at the age of 41, Lori taught me by example the value of the cross of suffering, just as the Lord and His Mother had taught her. On July 5, 1996, Jesus says: “*But I, Jesus, say... Why is the cross so valuable, my beloved? When one embraces the cross, he is actually embracing me, and the Eternal Father who sent me. He is embracing all the virtues, graces, and desires for holiness which the cross will provide. It is patience in suffering which makes a piece of coal into a diamond.*”

Oh yes, I came to learn many things. I learned that as with any intimate relationship, LOVE GOES BOTH WAYS, and so does MERCY to the loved one.

Why do I say this? Because Jesus in **His Mercy**, allows us to love with His own heart and love with His love, as he invites us to pray the **Prayer of Consecration to the Sacred Heart**. In that message of December 28, 1995, he teaches us to say, “*Place my heart within yours. Place my mind within yours. Place my spirit within yours.*” And again, on September 6, 1995, in the **Prayer to Love with the Heart of Jesus**: “*Teach me to love with the Great Heart of Love.*”

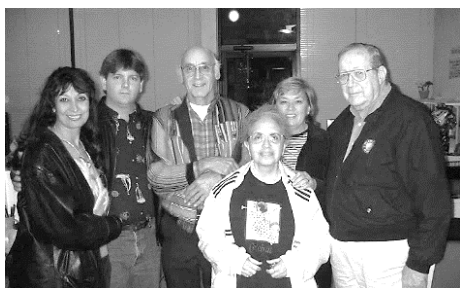
Lori, in **her mercy**, wanted to love her Lord back. She put into practice what the Lord had taught her in the Message of August 29, 1994. *“Children, ask to love me, and these graces shall be given you. Remember I come and knock upon your heart. Let all those who hear, invite me in. Allow me to rest in your hearts, little children. Give your hearts to the Lord, your God, who has given his heart to you. Draw a heart, child..... Place your heart in mine.....Then and only then, shall we be one heart.”*

And so, Lori would have many sticky pads with doodles on each one, little love notes scribbled to her Lord and her “Mama Mary.” In these doodles, Lori would write things like: “Jesus, I love you so much, I’m really sorry for the way things are and the way I am” OR “Lord God, rest in my heart when you want” OR “Lord, let my heart beat with yours all the rest of my life.” Yes, I learned from Lori to return love and mercy to my God, who longs for my love. My relationship with Lori also reinforced my desire to visit the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In the Message on November 21, 1995, the Lord said: *“The greatest consolation....is for me to look into one’s eyes and to see them teary with love for me. Oh, how my heart leaps for joy. Beloved ones, think of this example. When the sea meets the shore, it wets every grain of sand it touches. It ignores none. This is how you can console me, touch every person you meet. My children, you are the light of love to shine upon the earth. You are my disciples and my students. Within your hearts, I, Jesus, have lit the candle I have placed there at the moment of your conception. Continue in your efforts, children, and great will be your rewards. Thank you for writing. I bless you.”*

My life has been changed as I have learned how to console Jesus and in turn, touch every person I meet. Jesus and Mary’s messages of mercy will continue like a ripple in a pond from one person to another. And this story continues.

After Lori’s passing to her Eternal reward on September 23, 1996, (I believe it is not a coincidence that this is the same date on which Padre Pio went to Jesus as well in 1968) I continued to gather with her husband, John, and the close circle of Disciples, which at that

time consisted of Ingrid DiMolfetta, Felicia Schipani, Dr. John Sause, Norm Dyko, Mary Alonso, and also Lee Gecy and her daughter, Chris. Chris shared much with Lori in giving her heart also to Jesus. Before Lori's passing, we had been planning that John Gudinas and I would attend our first conference where we would present the Heart of God messages at a booth at the Steel City Marian Conference in Pittsburgh. The Conference was to be held in October, just a few short weeks after her death. Would Lori want us to still go? Would the Lord want us to go? Would we ourselves still want to go? The answer was YES to all three questions. And in so doing, we met Austin Steo, a documentary producer from Maryland and John and Pam Szramowski of Pittsburgh. So began a continued friendship and a dedication as they joined this circle of Disciples.



This picture is of myself and my husband, Brian, also Bob Tome, Mary Alonso, Ingrid DiMolfetta and Pat Heffernan. Bob Tome would distribute the messages at his book store in Hollywood, Florida. Pat had learned about the disciples

from our radio shows through the generosity of Peter Bruno. As years went by, the Lord led the Disciples far and wide—to the oil fields of Nigeria with Disciple David Amaya, to the poor who lived on the garbage dumps of Lima with Ralph and Veronica Mueller of Mission Possible, and the world of the internet with Sid and Claudia Schumann. We spoke at conferences where John Gudinas shared his gift of healing. We printed the messages in three volumes, and the Lord sent to us Disciples who would translate the messages into Spanish by Marta Menendez-Cano and into French by Anne Tanis. Gloria Casale joined us and took great care to transcribe our meeting minutes.

During these years following Lori's death, with the encouragement of my husband, Brian, I was invited to visit Peru with Ralph and Veronica Mueller of Mission Possible to share the Heart of God messages there. I accompanied John Gudinas and David Amaya as we spoke and participated in healing services in Catholic Churches.

John Gudinas prayed the Healing Prayer over each one who attended. On one of these occasions in Lima, John was praying over a blind man, who then received his sight back from the Lord. It was so rewarding for us to hear this cured man's relatives and neighbors rejoicing with him and thanking God.



We were guided all along by the Lord's faithful priests, from Father Roman Schaefer, our spiritual director, to Father Gregory Njoku of Nigeria, and to Father Richard Champigny, who assisted us through Peter Bruno, by interviewing the leaders in the Divine Mercy movement on the radio. And it was the Lord's faithful servant, Father René Laurentin, who wrote three articles about his interview with Lori. At a conference that John Gudinas and I attended in California, it was Father Laurentin who shed tears when John and I informed him that Jesus had taken Lori home to Him.



And so we continue to this day in Florida, because in His promise to always provide what we need, in his mercy and kindness, Jesus sent a special lady, Roberta Stephens into my life. Roberta was to become a dear friend, a "sister" and a backbone of the disciples.

Never seeking the limelight, but working tirelessly to spread these messages of mercy, she exemplifies what Jesus refers to in his message of November 1, 1995, when he speaks of the "small hidden flower." The Lord further guided our steps with the computer savvy of Elias Ghazel and the encouragement of Disciples Angela and Francesco Crocenzi, Valerie Balsama, Cathy Conklin, Barbara Colt, Disciple Ida Salem in Canada, to Br. Paul Wilson of the Franciscan

Minims in Pittsburgh to Doris and Al Maguire, who established the Disciples in Idaho with their fellow disciples, Cory Harper and Marvin Mackay. We continue with the support of all who pray for our mission to spread the Heart of God messages to the Four Corners of the Earth.

The Lord has promised His Mercy to anyone who reads these messages, and He has told us that whoever reads these words and takes them into their heart by sharing their message, is a Disciple of Mercy as well. In the message of October 2, 1994, the Lord says, *“For those who desire to be Disciples of Mercy, you must follow in my footsteps. Preach the gospel and share these messages with others.”* And how encouraging to know that we have each been chosen, as He says on February 19, 1995: *“Children, my army of disciples is growing for I, the Lord, Jesus Christ, have called you by name.”* And how beautiful to hear the Lord tell us on June 23, 1996, *“Oh children, from the beginning I, Jesus, saw you. I determined your existence in the womb, and I determined the very hour you would read these love letters.”*

Our mission will continue. We will continue to share these words wherever we are invited, on any continent and throughout time.

God’s Mercy is Yours!

MARTA MENENDEZ-CANO



It was in 1995 that I was blessed to come to know a unique lady, locutionist Lori G. I was attending a lecture that was being presented by Dr. John Sause, a professor of Theology and Philosophy at Barry University. He was discussing the beauty and spiritual depth of one of the daily Messages from the Lord that were recorded by Lori in the text titled by the Lord as “*The Heart of God*.” The message that John was explaining was from the first Volume of Messages, which were dictated to Lori during 1994. When he concluded his lecture, I introduced myself to John. After some discussion, he asked if I could write Spanish since the Disciples were looking for someone who could translate the Messages from Volume One into Spanish. I knew at that moment that I was the one to take on this work of love for the Lord and eagerly volunteered to accept the task.

During the time I was working on the translation, I was blessed with the opportunity to discuss some of the fine points of the Messages with Lori herself, as I wanted to render a translation that was as close as possible to the intent of the message in those cases when an exact equivalent word to the English did not exist in Spanish. She responded to all my questions with humility and graciousness.

When the work was completed, before I could undertake the translation of any further volumes, I was called to focus my ministry in Guatemala. I continued the work of furthering the *Heart of God* Messages by distributing cases of the Spanish translation of Volume One to those who were eager to read these where I was ministering in Guatemala.



I was still able to assist the disciples by attending a Catholic Communications Expo in Miami in March 1998. It was a joy to join John Gudinas, David Amaya and Gilda-Jo Del Vecchio (Youngblood) in bringing the Spanish edition to the Spanish

community in Miami.

In 2001, the year that Pope John Paul II (now Saint John Paul II) visited Cuba, I was also blessed to visit Cuba, and during my time there, I distributed 50 books of *The Heart of God, Volume One*.

I would like to end with my words of Dedication of the Spanish book.

“My Lord, I offer this translation to you for Your Honor and Glory. I ask You to send me Your Holy Spirit so that my thoughts are Yours and not mine. All in honor of the Sacred Heart of Your Son, Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Thank you, Lord, for giving me the opportunity to have the privilege of translating Your Words. Guide me so that your messages reach many hearts. I love you very much. Lord, I offer all the hours spent on these, Your Messages and those of Your Blessed Mother, for our salvation, for the salvation of our loved ones and the salvation of the whole world. Amen.”

RALPH AND VERONICA MUELLER

by Gilda-Jo Youngblood



Ralph Mueller was born to August and Tina (Noterman) Mueller on June 12, 1929, in Hillsboro, North Dakota. He graduated from Hillsboro High School and became a farmer. Ralph had one sister and two brothers. One of the brothers became a priest.

Veronica was born on December 21, 1931. She graduated from a small school, St. Catherine's School in North Dakota in 1950. She loved music and could play by ear. She seriously considered becoming a nun, but before making a final decision, she met Ralph Mueller. They were married on November 21, 1951, by Ralph's brother, Fr. Maurice Mueller at the Basilica of St. James of Jamestown, North Dakota.

They farmed together in Hillsboro until 1963. In 1963 they moved to Cooperstown and ran Ralph's Jack & Jill Grocery Store and Veronica's Ceramic shop. In 1970, they moved to Florida and three years later opened B&B Ceramic Molds in Boca Raton. They would be blessed with six children and 15 grandchildren.

Realizing the shortage of priests all over the world, Ralph and Veronica had decided many years ago, to become lay workers in the field of evangelization and healing. Invitations from two missionary priests brought Ralph and Veronica to Peru for the first time in June

of 1978. The experience of extreme poverty changed their lives forever, and in June of 1978, they founded Mission Possible, to work with the poor and underprivileged. Recognized by all who met them as indeed holy in every sense of the word, the Lord had blessed both of them with all the Fruits of the Holy Spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, gentleness, self-control and for both a very strong faith. Their whole lives reflected these virtues, and made it possible for them to see Jesus in all whom they touched, for they truly had a “servant’s heart.” Through Ralph’s handiwork and skill, they were able to build homes, churches, a shoe-making factory, a sewing center - where the Moms could go and sew a uniform for their children so they could go to school and get an education. There was the brick-making factory and the soup kitchens, and the hundreds and hundreds of children and their families that were blessed by the Mission Possible Foster Parent Program.

It is so fitting that this holy “team,” so filled with compassion, mercy, and grace should be chosen by the Lord to be part of His mission of Mercy through the messages in “The Heart of God.” It is an honor and blessing to tell the story of how it came to pass that Ralph and Veronica would meet Lori, and for the rest of their lives worked to bring the Heart of God messages to the poor in Peru, as one of the many works of mercy within their Mission Possible ministry.

Ralph and Veronica’s daughter, Lu Ann, was a professional ballerina and was invited to perform a liturgical dance during the intermission when Lori spoke at St Andrew’s Chapel, in Boca Raton, Florida on October 29, 1995. It was there that Ralph and Veronica first met Lori. Veronica was deeply touched by Lori and felt compelled to bring the Messages of Jesus and the Blessed Mother from “The Heart of God” to the families and Churches that the Mueller’s served in Lima and Chimbote through their Mission Possible ministry. To help spread these Messages, and to bring Lori’s story to Lima, Veronica invited Lori’s husband, John Gudinas (who possessed the gift of healing from the Lord) and fellow Disciples David Amaya (who also assisted as interpreter) and Gilda-

Jo (Del Vecchio) Youngblood, to speak at select Churches and institutions, leading a healing service at each one. Sadly, Ralph and Veronica's daughter, Lu Ann, would pass away from breast cancer on October 14, 2009.

Here is a letter, dated August 21, 1999, from Ralph to these Disciples following their August visit:

Thank you for your visit with us in Lima. You worked beautifully as a team at all of the healing services which are, through the power of the Holy Spirit, bearing much fruit. Hundreds of lives were touched as God visited His people. In your talks, you said that Jesus wants His people to return to Him in the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. Many responded, and we are very grateful for the co-operation of the Priests who heard many confessions during the healing services.

Some of the men at the Divine Mercy Drug Rehabilitation Center who rested in the Spirit gave testimony of experiencing great inner peace, and the entire group sang praises to God with enthusiasm from their hearts.

At the jail in Lima, two of the men who rested in the Spirit gave testimony of their experience. Both of them were evangelical Protestants who now embrace the Rosary. After the healing service, the group also sang praises to God.

It was great to see all four of the Churches full where you ministered to hundreds as many rested in the Spirit. We are thankful for the beautiful choirs that sang for hours during the entire healing service.

One strong, tall young man rested in the Spirit, and afterward he said, "I didn't believe in this, but after my experience, I believe." and he bought the Spanish translation of "The Heart of God" book. Another young girl gave testimony that she was suffering from terrible headaches, fever, and aching in her whole body. Her mother asked her to go to the healing service. She didn't believe it but went to satisfy her mother. The next morning, she awoke feeling great, and there was a wire that came out of her ear. Her headache, fever and ache all over feeling was gone, so she came the next night for more prayer and to give her testimony. A boy from the jungle was staying with us, and we assigned him to help the people up when

they began to move after resting in the Spirit. He was greatly touched by the power of God and “expressed that the spiritual work of the Disciples of Mercy made his and other people’s faith come alive.”

We thank God for the Disciples of Mercy who bring God’s love and mercy to the people. We and the people here look forward to your returning to Lima next year. We ask God’s blessing, and mercy be upon you all.

In His service, Ralph Mueller, President, Mission Possible

We fast forward to September 2013, when Veronica hosted the first Disciples of Mercy Conference at Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Rimac, Peru. In preparation for the Conference, Veronica made available to the Disciples a Spanish translation of the Heart of God messages that were spoken by the Lord or Blessed Mother regarding the sanctity of life and against the evils of abortion. To stress Veronica and Ralph’s devotion to life, here is a testimonial, as written by their daughter, Mary Jo: “When Veronica was in her third month of pregnancy with their first child, she was very sick with Hyperemesis Gravidarum, weight loss, and dehydration. She could not keep anything down. In the hospital, the nurses had a difficult time finding veins to get IV fluids into her. The doctor, in hopes of saving this now comatose lady, came to my Dad and asked him to sign a paper to “take the baby.” My Dad told the doctor, “NO! Only God can make that decision!” He could not sign a paper that would kill his baby! The doctor was so frustrated, he told my Dad to find a NEW doctor, threw his wife’s chart on the bed and left! My father cried out to God and prayed feverishly. He surrendered his wife and baby to God; humbly accepted God’s will and trusted the Lord to take care of his loved ones. As my father was praying, my mother was now floating above her body. Mom described it to me as if she were walking on clouds of cotton balls! There was no more pain as she came closer to a beautiful light. However, she heard a voice, “Veronica, it is not your time!” She felt herself being turned the other way and saw hundreds of children! She did not understand but trusted the Lord as she felt herself crashing into her body. As she became more alert, Mom told me, the first thing she did was to feel her tummy for her baby bump and was so grateful! Yes! Her

baby was still there! She prayed over that baby and started to recover. My Dad was so thankful! As his wife became stronger, the baby grew, and his wife delivered a baby girl at full term! Now, 65 years later, here I am! That baby girl was me! I am so grateful that my Dad, who was only 23 years old, when he made that decision, did not sign those papers to abort me! I am so amazed that Dad had such a strong sense of surrendering, accepting, and trusting in God at such an early age.”

In March 2014, Veronica traveled to Conyers, Georgia with one of the Disciples. Invited by the Mother of God Catholic Church, she brought the Heart of God books and prayers from these books and planted the seed for another Disciple of Mercy prayer group. Wherever she went to speak, she brought with her a one-foot-high Crucifix, which was missing Jesus’ hands and feet, and she would teach us that WE are Jesus’ hands and feet. Watching her during a healing service, and seeing the love with which she first anointed each person’s palms and then tenderly touched their face as she prayed, you knew that it was the love of Jesus which moved through her to heal. The Lord knew no limitations in filling Veronica with His Holy Spirit, because in a story recounted by the disciple who roomed with Veronica in Conyers, Veronica could be heard, during the night, speaking in tongues in her sleep, as well as conversing playfully with angels and her Guardian Angel, whom she affectionately called “Cruzi.”

Later that same year, we witnessed Veronica’s extraordinary gift of healing equaled by her organizational skills and gifts of creativity as well as graciousness. On October 25, 2014, Veronica conducted the most amazing evangelization when she coordinated the Second Disciples of Mercy Conference at Los Merochucas Restaurant in



Lima which was attended by a packed house of nearly 300 Disciples members, including 11 priests and seminarians! The theme of the Conference was “Faith is a Treasure.” Veronica was fortunate to find a restaurant large enough to feed so many people. They were all quickly fed a delicious hot meal that day! There was an

almost life-size statue of Divine Mercy, as well as a Disciples of Mercy banner and wall hanging with a photograph of Lori, John and their new baby Jessie, and a beautiful cake which was decorated to display the Divine Mercy image and the Conference theme. There were 21 Disciples prayer groups present, including a Divine Mercy Youth Group of 42 members from Callao. Each group chose a name for themselves after a particular Saint. The groups came from the cities of Lima, Chimbote, Trujillo, Chiclayo, Lurin, Callao, and Chacabuco. Each member owned their copy of “The Heart of God, Volume One” which had been translated into Spanish, and shortly before Veronica’s last trip to Lima in 2015, they each had the newly translated Volume Two in Spanish. Also present at the Conference were Father Orlando Zapata and Father Francisco Arias, the Spiritual Director for Mission Possible and head of the Redemptorist order in South America.

Sadly, in October 2015, Veronica ministered in Peru for the last time, praying for hundreds as a minister of healing, teaching the Word of God and singing worship songs with her angelic voice inspiring so many.



On May 10, 2016, Jesus called Veronica home to Him after a brave battle with pancreatic cancer. She was 84 years old.

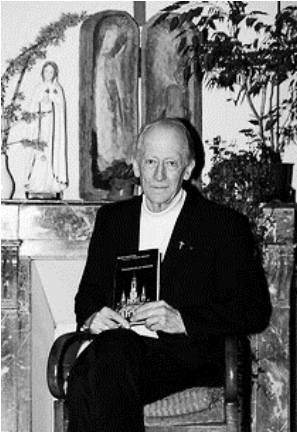
On June 28, 2018, shortly after his 89th birthday, Ralph, went to join his beloved Veronica.



They will continue to live in our hearts as we can hear the Lord say, “Well done, my good and faithful Servants.”

FATHER RENÉ LAURENTIN

by Ingrid DiMolfetta



Father René Laurentin, a prominent Roman Catholic theologian, was born on October 19, 1917, in Tour, France. It was the same year that the Blessed Mother appeared to three shepherd children in Fatima.

Fr. Laurentin is widely recognized as an expert in the field of Mariology and is the author of over 150 books six volumes of which focused on Lourdes. His writings, translated in many languages, cover a range of topics on Marian apparitions including Lourdes and Medjugorje; visionaries and mystics including Bernadette Soubirous, Thérèse de Lisieux, and Catherine Labouré.

He offered guidelines for discerning an apparition: that the messages “conform to faith and good morals”; that the seer be “credible, disinterested, balanced”; that the message not deviate from church teachings or the instructions of prelates; and that conversions or healings result from the experience.

As he explained in *The Call of Heaven: The Journal of Messengers and Apparitions*, the church’s decision implies neither certainty nor an obligation to believe. “Even where the church recognizes an apparition (including Lourdes and Fatima, the most solemnly recognized), she does not employ her infallibility or even her authority, since it is not a question of a dogma, necessary for salvation and taught in the name of Christ, but of a discernment, only probably and conjectural,” he said in a 2003 interview. “She does not say ‘You have to believe’ but ‘There are some good reasons to believe. It is beneficial to believe.’”

Lori had been communicating for almost a year with Fr. Laurentin. In May, Fr. Schaefer wrote Father Laurentin to ask if Lori could meet with him while he was in Washington D.C. in July. Father wrote back and said he had an extremely busy schedule and full program, and he did not feel he would have any time. With Lori's health deteriorating, Felicia wrote Father Laurentin explaining how very ill she was and Father, on very short notice, invited Lori to see him and said he could give her an hour of his time. Lori, Fr. Schaefer and Dr. John Sause went to Washington D.C. a day before the meeting. It was July 16th, Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The following morning, they met Fr. Laurentin. During their visit, Lori wrote a message from the Lord.

Message of July 17, 1996:

My beloved children, welcome. You have brought me great joy by honoring my heart and the heart of my Mother....

Remember, children, you will always know the gardens that I take care of, because not only will the trees provide shade, but they will provide fruit as well.

Thank you, my beloved children, for your efforts to serve me. I bless you and I love you.

MT 7:20: "thus by their fruit you will recognize them"

Lori's footnote following the Message of July 17th:

Today was a most exciting day. We were invited to the home of a lovely couple where the distinguished theologian and Mariologist was a guest. Initially, the scholar-priest indicated that he could afford approximately an hour with me but once the interviewing started it lasted for five hours with only a small respite for lunch. It was equally demanding for us both in physical terms—for me due to my illness, and the scholar-priest on account of his age and the hectic pace he keeps. Doctors have advised him that he must slow down but one could not help but see that he is a man who is deeply mystical, energized solely by grace, and driven to perform



his task in an impeccable manner. His dedication to the Lord, Blessed Mother, and the Church is unquestionable. His questions were very probing and thorough but always gentle and in the spirit of love. The Lord had given permission for him, the interpreter—the husband of the hostess, Fr. Schaefer, and the other disciple to be present for this message. I believe this day will eventually prove to be a pivotal stage in the history of the Disciples of Mercy and the volumes, The Heart of God.

Fr. Laurentin would write three articles concerning Lori and the messages she allegedly received daily from the Lord and Blessed Mother. The first article was in the March 1997 issue of the French Catholic Monthly, *Stella Maris*. They were reprinted into English with permission of the author. Father was deeply saddened to hear that Lori had passed away just two months after their meeting.

After a distinguished life, Father René Laurentin died on September 10, 2017, at the age of ninety-nine in Evry, a suburb of Paris.

Note: Though Fr. Laurentin wrote these three articles concerning Lori, it must be noted that he never endorses anyone. As he stated regarding his investigations “When I visit an apparition site, encounter a visionary or write about him or her, it does not imply that I support that person or confer upon him or her the stature of authenticity. Regretfully, at times, I have found the misuse of my name and reputation associated with my activities. Hence, I hereby state that my involvement does not denote its declaration of authenticity.”

AUSTIN STEO

How I became involved as a Disciple of Mercy



It has been over 20 years since I became involved with the Disciples of Mercy. There is much I could talk about, but the pivotal moment of my introduction to the Disciples of Mercy was when I went to the Steel City Marian Conference in Pittsburgh in early October of 1996. However, my reasons for originally planning to go, go back almost ten years before that to 1987 when I saw a poster for a documentary about Fatima hosted by Ricardo Montalban, at a time when I was drawing closer to my God in the faith of my family as a Catholic. This opened up a door to considering our Lord's call through His mother, which then led me to learn about other current and past Marian apparitions.

After I graduated college with a film/video production degree, I began working with fellow Catholics on religious video productions. Soon I felt called to produce a documentary on why Mary, the mother of Jesus, was appearing in our world today, and had been during the last century and before. Eventually, I began gathering video interviews from professed visionaries, or locutionists whom I might include in the video that I had in mind. I knew much discernment would have to be done before anything was completed. I asked a Catholic video producer friend of mine to join me at the 1996 Marian Conference in Pittsburgh to see if we could interview some of those who would be speaking. At some point, I decided it was just not worth the time to go to the conference. I don't know why. All I know is that I then began to feel this constant pull that I needed to go, when at the same time I kept trying to tell myself it was not worth the time to go, but the urge to go kept

getting stronger even though I knew that is not what I wanted to do at the time. So I said to George, I feel we need to go anyway. So we went. At the conference, there were several tables with different religious organizations presenting material related to their various ministries, and I was able to interview a few people. The Disciples of Mercy had a table with the books entitled “Heart of God.” Behind their table was John Gudinas and Gilda Del Vecchio (Youngblood). They explained to me that the books contained messages by Jesus, Mary and the Holy Spirit given to a woman named Lori G. I make a point to try to read some of what any visionary or locutionist has written, if possible, before deciding to ask for an interview. It was the same here. I asked John if I could review one of the message books for a little bit. I am not sure how long I read some of the first Heart of God book, but soon after, I asked John if I could do a video interview with him about Lori and the Disciples of Mercy. I think it’s important to note here that John was at this conference in support of the Disciples of Mercy’s mission despite the fact that his wife had recently passed away into the hands of Mercy only two weeks earlier. And as it turned out, Lori G. was John’s wife!

Once I returned home and read all the messages in book one, my heart was moved and convinced that surely the Lord is speaking here. But, just as it is for all believers in Christ, especially Catholics who are trying to discern the authenticity of anyone who professes to receive messages from God or the spiritual realm, we prayerfully and humbly trust and believe in the guidance provided to the faithful by the Catholic church that Jesus Christ founded for the appropriate approval. We all can be misled if not cautious.

Although it wasn’t until 2000 that the Heart of God books received the Nihil Obstat and Imprimatur—which essentially is the church’s approval that the content was free of doctrinal error—they did have initial approval from a Rev. Fr. Schaefer, the Disciples of Mercy’s spiritual director, and theologian, Dr. John Sause, both of whom contributed to the Forward for the books.

This was very helpful for me and important to anyone who should be skeptical at first and gave me my first confidence of the authenticity of messages. Later editions of the books expanded upon the introduction to provide a more in-depth overview of the discernment process for accepting or rejecting persons who claim supernatural experiences. The faithful need assistance in understanding how to discern, how the church discerns, what are the reasons why anyone should believe that such messages are from heaven, or even also to reject them. The great deceiver can, and does, and has deceived when we look to the past. Even the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Fatima and Lourdes were initially considered to be false. We can all benefit from a greater understanding of what makes sense in the light of faith, the Scripture, and what the church teaches. So having such a well thought-out and described explanation on discernment by John Sause was another reason I felt I should take seriously the messages given to us by heaven through Lori.

At some point, I felt compelled to help the Disciples of Mercy further, and produced an introduction video to the Disciples of Mercy healing service with John and Gilda presenting, and also invited them to speak and offer healing services to some churches in Maryland. Soon John and Gilda became my friends in Christ. I had lots of ideas of what we could do to use audio and video media to spread the Lord's messages given Lori to us all. Soon after completing the introduction video, my life became more complicated with a growing family and the struggles we all face.



In 2003 I wrote down a dream that I had where I understood I was supposed to help a woman on a bicycle named "Gil," but I didn't know who that was. It was many years later that I began hearing or seeing Gilda refer to herself as "Gil." At first, I didn't remember the dream, but at some point, I did and realized that I needed to follow that inspiration and find out how I could help Gilda and the Disciples of Mercy with my media experience.

I continue to be involved in spreading the messages that God wants us to take to all “four corners of the earth” as the Lord promised to Lori He would. So as best as I can, God willing, I do what I can, despite the seen and unseen obstacles trying to stop me. When you begin to try to help, you will know what I mean.

PETER BRUNO



My first introduction to the Disciples of Mercy Foundation started when a theologian, Dr. John Sause, Ph.D., was invited into my home by my brother-in-law. My brother-in-law, Robert McCormack SOSM, conducted healing services for many years where the Lord had allowed him to lay hands of healing for those in need.

My brother-in-law had volunteered my wife (his sister, Ellen) to proofread the messages received for the Heart of God books prior to printing. While things were being set up in my wife's office, I had the opportunity to speak with John Sause and asked him what these messages were all about.

Although a practicing Catholic, to the best of my ability, I was not always focused on prayer and spiritual readings. John told me that these messages were from Jesus and His Blessed Mother speaking to Their recipient Lori, who was then given the objective of spreading these messages throughout the four corners of this earth.

I had asked John by who and how would this be done? He said that the Lord requested this group of interested people to be called the Disciples of Mercy and that a non-profit foundation had been formed. I then asked if this group of Disciples or its participants had any money? He said that the group had no money and were hoping to generate funds through the sale of the Heart of God books. He also said that the group was made up of very compassionate people from various vocations and that the Lord said he would provide.

After hearing this, I thought to myself that I was always asking the Lord in prayer to use me, and here I was, sitting with someone who might be of need for my limited marketing skills.

Having the opportunity of now reading through these various messages at random, I have come to believe that these messages are a way that the Lord could talk to us on a personalized basis. John had said that the Lord already knows who will be reading various messages, and when they will be doing so.

A couple of examples: My business was running well when one morning, I read one of the messages stating that although I would be experiencing stress and frustration, the Lord would always be walking with me. I thought that was odd because I was not experiencing any stress or frustration at the time until I went to my office that day with some bad news being announced that would affect my business. Upon returning home, I shook my head in disbelief as to the stressful and frustrating day I just experienced and immediately remembered that message I had read that morning about the Lord walking with me in that day ahead.

Another example was when my father was dying, and Hospice was in my parents' home administering to my dad. Mom married my dad when she was only 17 years old after meeting in Italy. The marriage had been arranged by their fathers. After 50 plus years of marriage with a six-year age difference with my father being older, I felt that my mother was not willing to let him go, regardless of his final suffering.

While sitting with her in her family room, she pointed to the Heart of God books, which I had given them previously and were sitting on their bookcase. I explained that these were messages from our Lord that could be read at any time. She said, "OK, give me a book." I held out the two books for her to choose and she picked one and asked what she should do next? I said that first, she should pray to the Holy Spirit to guide her towards a message most appropriate to her. She did so and opened to a specific page asking me to read the messages as she did not have her glasses handy. I then read the message to her something about that even that a person had lived a long life and is ready to die, that person is still a child of Jesus who takes him into his arms as an infant and brings him home to Heaven. My Mother was shocked and said to me that reading that

message has now allowed her to let my father go! She found it hard to believe that the message read was so appropriate to her needs and feelings. I then announced to my mother if she found that hard to believe, she will also find it hard to believe that in my own home that morning, in my morning prayers, I had read the exact same message from my choice of three Heart of God books. It now has been about 16 years since that incident, and after having read hundreds of our messages, I could not find that exact message that mom and I had read and experienced that day.

With these and other experiences throughout my years as a Disciple of Mercy, there is not one doubt that these messages are from Jesus and his Blessed Mother and my motivation continues to help spread these messages throughout the four corners of this earth.

In this regard, I am continually motivated and have set some new and additional goals for myself in order to continue with the Lord's directive of spreading these messages throughout the four corners of this earth. The first goal was to build a bridge connection between the Divine Mercy messages within the Heart of God books and those divine mercy messages within the very popular diary of Saint Faustina. There are millions of devotees of the messages within the Diary of Saint Faustina, which concluded in the 1930s. The Heart of God messages pick up, starting within the 1990s and can serve as a continuation of the mercy messages.

With the help and the interviewing skills and talent of Father Richard Champigny, O.Carm., a wonderful website was developed, www.divinemercymedia.com showcasing the audio interviews conducted by Father Richard and the key figures of the Divine Mercy movement throughout the United States. Also, at this website, viewers can sign up to receive daily messages from both the Saint Faustina Diary and the Heart of God. With this internet outreach, we are broadening out the readers of these messages hopefully to countries outside the United States.

My current goal now is one that I will be devoting the rest of my life towards, and that is in the introduction of the Divine Mercy devotion to the youth. Many of the young today seem to be lost, confused, and troubled and do not really have any good role models to emulate, hence the many suicides we hear and read about currently. With the introduction of social media today, our youth are spending less time interacting with family, getting more depressed with peer pressure, not to mention access to inappropriate websites which succumb to the temptations of the evil one. The answer is in promoting to them, the only person they can truly trust that will never disappoint them and will guide them with the graces needed throughout their lives and that, of course, is God.

The website www.childrenofdivinemeracy.com is designed to help promote this effort by having religious organizations willing to devote a classroom or alternative location for the devotion of the Divine Mercy Image. A free starter kit will be provided to them that would include an 8' portable stand displaying the image along with the Chaplet of Mercy Prayer, as well as a 2' by 2' coloring page of the image with crayons for the younger people and a chaplet of mercy rosary wrist band. It is also suggested that a petition box be placed under the image that will later be prayed over by a priest before being privately destroyed. Our belief is that many blessings from our Lord's unfathomable mercy will be offered to those youth attendees requesting our Lord's guidance and mercy. As an attractive alternative, and in this world of ever increasing technology, we have developed a Divine Mercy App for smartphones and a Divine Mercy Adoration website where once parental approval has been granted, children can receive an email or text each day as a reminder to click on an attached hyperlink that will go directly to www.divinemeracyadorationchapel.org.

Our belief is that many blessings from our Lord's unfathomable mercy will be offered to those youth attendees requesting our Lord's guidance and mercy.

Respectfully submitted,

Peter Bruno

PostScript - One day after attending Mass, a vision that seemed very real to me was from a lady who was a stranger to me but began thanking me for my Disciple of Mercy efforts. Somewhat surprised, I asked if we had ever met before? She said, "I am Lori." You see, I first became involved with the Disciples of Mercy years after she had passed and never did have the opportunity of knowing her. However, I thank her every morning in my prayers, before reading the Heart of God messages, for her unselfish devotion in writing down all these messages making up the three volumes of the Heart of God books.

ANNE TANIS



My name is Anne Tanis. I translated the first volume of “The Heart of God” into French. Before I get to the translation and explain about doing God’s will, I need to share some of my background. I was born Anne Caillou in a small town, Combrée, in the region of Anjou in western France. I am the first of three daughters. My sisters are Elisabeth, who is 15 months younger than I am, and Mary, who is three years younger. Etienne, my Father, was a watchmaker by trade. He and my Mother, Geneviève, had a store in our home. The business kept them very busy.

I grew up very close to my great-aunt, Louise Caillou, “Daddy,” who lived next door. She was my Father’s aunt and was more like my grandmother. We were 60 years apart. She was the first person to hold me when I was born. As I grew older, she and I would go to church every Sunday morning. During the month of May, she and I attended evening prayers at the small chapel dedicated to Saint Joseph, reciting the rosary together and singing for the Virgin Mary. I learned to love the Virgin Mary, especially with her.

I remember preparing for my first communion: I was so eager to do what was right and to be pure for God. I felt God in my heart and wanted to be the best for him.

In 1964, my Father decided to emigrate to the United States. He and my Mother came to New York by themselves first. We, three daughters, joined them six months later. This was a very interesting experience. I went from living in a small town of nearly fifteen hundred people to a huge metropolis. I had never seen people of different races, except on pictures in geography books. Suddenly, a whole world revealed itself. It was wonderful. However, after a

year and a half, we all returned to France. I started attending boarding school in the fall of 1966 in Angers, a city about one hour away from Combrée. My Father returned to New York in October 1966. My Mother remained in Combrée, with my two sisters. Eventually, she joined my Father in New York in the Spring of 1968. My sisters and I were staying in separate Catholic boarding schools in France while our parents were in the United States. They felt that we would get a better formal education in boarding school. From the time that I was 11 until I turned 18, I did not live with my parents.

Life in America - Getting back to a life with God

Upon finishing high school, I attended a week-long religious retreat in Lyon, in the south-west of France. The Focolare movement was created in Italy in 1943 during World War II, as a spiritual renewal in the Catholic Church. Strengthened by my faith and by my experience with the Focolare, I wanted to ensure that my two sisters would experience some family life with our parents. I felt that it was important. Therefore, in August 1973, a few months after I turned 18, I came to live with my parents in Jackson Heights, New York and both Elisabeth and Mary followed me a few months later. I came originally for one year but stayed, and I am still here. God had different plans for me.

In the summer of 1976, my family moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. I worked as a ticket agent at the Fort Lauderdale International Airport. Eventually, I got married and had two sons, Eric and Paul. I gradually moved away from the church but not in my heart and not from God. It was the Virgin Mary who brought me back to the church around 1996, through books that I read about her apparitions. In one of the books, I became fascinated by the story of Our Lady appearing to several children in Medjugorje, a small town in Bosnia and Herzegovina. I wanted to read all the messages. I wanted to obey God and do his work. The desire to be part of a religious community grew strong in me. I became a parishioner at Saint Rita's Catholic Church in Wellington and was part of the prayer group.

One evening, we learned that one of the visionaries from Medjugorje would give a talk at Saint Rita: Mirjana Soldo was staying with one of the parishioners. She had graciously accepted to share her experience of being with the Virgin Mary with us in an impromptu visit. The church quickly filled up. Mirjana related her story. I found it touching that she was holding on to a rosary. I asked her one question: “How do you feel after ‘coming back to normal’ upon having spent time with the Virgin Mary.” She smiled before she responded and said that she loved her children very much but that when she was with the Virgin Mary, she did not want to come back, not even to them. She just wanted to stay with the Virgin Mary.

Upon finishing her testimony, she sat down in the front pew. I was sitting in the third pew almost directly behind her. She turned, holding the rosary in the palm of her hand, and looked in my direction. I looked around, thinking that she was contacting someone else, but she indicated that she wanted to give it to me. I did not want to believe it. However, she insisted. I was deeply touched. I held this rosary with much reverence as if the Virgin Mary herself had given it to me. I did not sleep that night. I was too overwhelmed, holding such a gift. It was a rosary that had been in the room in which the Virgin Mary had appeared to Mirjana. I had never received anything more precious in my life.

Shortly after that, in the summer of 1997, I went on a pilgrimage with other parishioners to visit Fatima in Portugal and Lourdes, Nevers and Lisieux in France. Fatima was a beautiful place. We stayed in a convent with nuns who were love personified. I attended a nightly procession. It felt as though the whole place was bursting with love. It was very moving — the convent where we were staying welcomed pilgrims from all over the world. After dinner, we sang with everyone. There was an incredible joy. Then we left for Lourdes.

I had been to Lourdes as a little girl with my parents, one of the few trips we took together before they left for America. I had wonderful memories of it. The Virgin Mary had seen me through quite a few

difficult times over the years. Lourdes is such a special place. Being in Lourdes as an adult woman was marvelous. I decided to experience the Bath at the Sanctuary in the frigid and healing waters of the Gave river. I waited with many other women, mostly English and American women. We were praying the rosary as we waited our turn. That was very moving in and of itself. I found myself on the brink of tears, just reciting this beloved prayer, slowly and in unison with other women. When I reached the preparation area, the French helpers were thrilled to assist a French woman. Apparently, according to them, not many French women like to be dipped in the cold waters. They handled me as if I were a little baby. The love that emanated from these women touched my heart deeply. I still remember the feeling. The plunge was quick. However, I felt a deep and total inner cleansing. Twenty years later, this experience still brings tears to my eyes. During the pilgrimage, we attended church every day. I felt closer to God. There was much joy in my heart.

I had taken the rosary given to me by Mirjana to France to show my parents and Elisabeth while visiting there. (My parents had returned to France to retire, and Elisabeth had married her childhood friend earlier.) I was eager to share the rosary with them. I came back from France. I prayed the rosary every day to and from work in Boca Raton. One evening, the day before February 14th, 1998, I stopped at the local store to get Valentine cards for my family. I had the rosary on my lap. It must have slipped on the ground as I got out of my car. I lost the rosary that night. I was distraught. I went back to the parking lot several times and asked store owners if they had found it. To no avail. It was lost. I was deeply sad, almost devastated. Then, the thought came to me that Our Lady did not want me to be so attached to a thing. The rosary was only an instrument helping me to pray. I also felt better at the thought that someone who needed a rosary had picked it up. It was still very difficult to accept.

On September 11, 2001, I was scheduled to travel to Medjugorje with several parishioners from various churches. As we all know, all flights were cancelled that day, and that trip did not take place.

However, I knew in my heart that I would go to Medjugorje eventually. The pilgrimage was just postponed. All in God's timing.

Eventually, in March 2008, I finally went on a pilgrimage to Medjugorje, not knowing anyone in the group. That trip was life-changing. I stayed in a home next to Mirjana's. We spent one hour with her and a translator the day before her time with Our Lady. In the church in which the apparition took place, I was about twenty feet from Mirjana when she had her vision. I sobbed when it was over. I am not sure why I cried. It felt as though my soul had experienced something which my senses could not describe. It was overwhelmingly beautiful. The last day, I attended Mass and, while praying, clearly heard someone play and sing the "Auld Lang Syne" song. I thought that it was so sweet to let us know that we would see each other again, that this was just a goodbye. However, when I asked other pilgrims from my group, no one recalled hearing the song. Perhaps it was just for me. Many wonderful things happen in Medjugorje.

I also participated in a pilgrimage to Poland in May 2012. I visited Auschwitz and left a single string of lily of the valley flowers in the cell that had been occupied by Saint Maximilian Kolbe.¹ That visit was emotional. Saint Maximilian had given his life selflessly for another.

Discovering "The Heart of God"

Getting back to the church and belonging to a prayer group made it possible for me to meet an amazingly kind and God-loving couple who basically became my surrogate parents, Dick and Helene McSheehy. I met them during an Easter morning Mass. They were right in front of me. When they turned to me right before communion, I felt an overwhelming desire to know them. By that time, my parents had returned to France to retire. This amazing couple, who loved me as their daughter, healed the void in my heart

¹ Saint Maximilian Kolbe, OFM, Conv. is the Patron Saint of the Disciples of Mercy.

left from not growing up with my parents. I attended church regularly with them, went to the prayer group, and participated at Catholic events. Prior to one Charismatic weekend, Helene told me that she had learned about a set of three books called “The Heart of God” that had been written by a woman called Lori G. who had received messages from Jesus and Mary. Helene did not have the books but knew that I could obtain them the next day, Saturday. I was thrilled. I remember that Saturday morning vividly as if it were yesterday. As I looked outside, before I set for the conference, I saw a beautiful rainbow painted against a damp, dark blue sky after the morning rain. It was breathtaking. I have seen many rainbows in my life, but this is the only one that I recall clearly. I found out later that the rainbow was a very important sign between Lori G. and our Lord and the Blessed Mother. In fact, the last message from our Lord to Lori G., dated September 17, 1996, a week before Lori passed away, reads as follows:

“Where is your hope my children? Hope and faith go hand in hand. You cannot have one without the other, for when you have faith it is because you believe in the things you anticipate. You only anticipate the things that bring you hope as well. Hope, though, is very different than faith. It is brought about through complete submission to my holy will. Hope is born when one completely acknowledges his nothingness, and then begins to depend on me entirely. Hope is as a tree. From her trunk comes trust and love; and even an increase of faith. But hope, my children, is as the trunk of the tree.

When one has hope, there are no storms. There are only storms endings and the seeking of rainbows to remind me to make way for the new. Yes, my rainbows remind me to clear away the old, and to make room for the new. Hence, more hope is born.”

Does not a rainbow give you hope?”

I read the three books and felt without a doubt that Lori G. had had an extraordinary contact with Jesus and Mary and had experienced a divine relationship. The books reflected the *Nihil Obstat*² and *Imprimatur*³. That gave me comfort. Almost immediately, the desire to translate the books into French took hold of my heart. I had read in one of the volumes that Father René Laurentin⁴ had met Lori. Father René Laurentin was a priest who had spent his life researching Marian Apparitions. (He died in September 2017.) I thought that perhaps he had translated the books. One evening, shortly after that, John Sause came to discuss “The Heart of God” with our prayer group. I could not wait to ask him if Father Laurentin had been involved in their translation. John confirmed that Father Laurentin had not translated any of the volumes. I then asked John whether I could translate the first volume. He was thrilled. He said something to the effect that Jesus had said that he would take care of the translation. (In his message dated January 3, 1996, Jesus stated that he “*will provide the means to accomplish my works.*”)

I cannot express exactly how I felt that calling to translate the first volume except that there was a very strong desire in my heart to translate it no matter what. There was a joyous thrill in my heart at the thought of translating the messages. I searched my motives for this desire. The quest for prestige was not a factor. I just wanted to be the instrument that God used to translate and spread his messages. I wanted to be of service to God.

Translating the first volume of “The Heart of God” – “Le Cœur de Dieu.”

² **Nihil obstat** is the certification by an official censor of the Roman Catholic Church that a book has been examined and found to contain nothing opposed to faith and morals.

³ **Imprimatur** is an official license to print or publish a book, pamphlet, etc., especially a license issued by a censor of the Roman Catholic Church.

⁴ **Father René Laurentin** was a prominent and influential figure in Mariology. He was well known for his investigations into purported apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (www.udayton.edu)

I am not a professional translator (I was an accountant!) and had never undertaken such a translation. However, I was undaunted. Any journey starts with the first step. Before you know it, the journey is completed: one has covered a lot of territory, one step at a time. This journey would cover one word at a time.

The first day I started the translation, my youngest son's friend was visiting from New York and gave me 24 white roses. I knew in my heart that our Blessed Mother Mary was thanking me for answering the call to translate the messages. On May 6, 1996, our Virgin Mary said:

"I am Blessed Virgin Mary and the Queen of Roses."

Receiving 24 white roses on the very day that I started the translation could not be a coincidence. Those messages would be spread to the French-speaking community. It was an important task.

For the next year or so, I translated a daily message every day. I used my work lunch hour during the week for the translation and continued in the evening. I continued during the weekend. I am not a scholar or theologian. I used many reference books: several English-French dictionaries, an "Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible," several French bibles, including the Bible of Jerusalem, and French Missals ("Misselets") I referred to the French translation of the diary of Saint Faustina in which she shared our Lord's messages; and to the French translation of "He and I", a series of books by Gabrielle Bossis, a French woman, who had received similar messages from our Lord during the Second World War in France. I also referred to Josepha Menendez's "The Way of Divine Love."

At times, I was awed by the task. However, God gave me the grace to follow through. I felt a reverence during the translation that filled my heart and mind. Not only did I read each message several times, but I also had to ponder on its meaning to determine how best to translate it. I needed to be very obedient. For instance, there could be several ways of conveying a thought and several ways of translating it as well. I needed to use the correct translation. I asked

for guidance from the Holy Spirit and Jesus and Mary. I had to be true to the original word. Often, I could not find the right translation. However, with prayer and further research and patience, the precise word would materialize.

Some of the passages are stunningly beautiful: On January 3, 1996, our Lord responded the following to Lori G., after she asked him what the Disciples of Mercy could do to assist him:

“Just as a rainbow has a beginning and an end, so then does the work of my hands. I will provide the means to accomplish my work. Remember I have told you I will part every Red Sea you encounter. I will softly guide you through every roadblock and every situation. When you find yourselves in the desert of a situation I, Jesus, shall bring you a cool drink of water.”

It has been an amazing privilege to translate the first Volume. I remember the sweetness of doing the translation; the serenity that followed when I had translated a passage to the best of my ability and according to God’s will; the elation that I felt when I would finally find the French translation to a more difficult or unusual expression; the love that filled my heart while I absorbed the divine words; the closeness to Jesus and Mary during that process, as though they were addressing me directly.

When they said “thank you” to Lori for recording their messages, I would also get emotional as they were saying “thank you” to me for translating them. It was a very humbling experience, one that brought me closer to Jesus and Mary. I am so grateful and joyful to have been their instrument and to have used my talents to that end.

I finally finished the translation in 2004 and asked several French persons to review it and let me know whether there were errors of grammar or expression. It is now available only in electronic form. I have no idea if many people have read it. My Mother read it and one of my aunts did too. My schedule has been such in the years following that first translation that I have not been able to translate

the other books. However, I recently started the translation of Volume Two after answering God's call to do so and am thrilled to start this process once again. I know that many blessings will come my way through this new translation. I am looking forward to feeling especially close to Jesus and Mary once again during that process.

How that translation changed my life.

About seven years ago, one of the parishioners at Our Lady Queen of the Apostles, the church that is now my parish, started asking me to become a Eucharistic minister. There was so much on my plate already that I could not possibly take on one more project. I had a demanding full-time job: I was sometimes working seven days a week and fourteen to sixteen hours a day during busy times.

God had different plans.

I went to visit my parents in France and attended Mass with them on a Saturday evening. One of the ushers asked me to give communion. She knew that my Mother would be pleased if I were to do it. In the United States, usually one cannot give communion unless one has been approved, received training, and been fingerprinted. I was unsure of the rules in a French parish. I also did not feel worthy. However, I said yes. Therefore, the first time I gave communion was in France, with my parents near me. This was very emotional for me. I love to speak French. I was offering the host to each communicant in French, trying not to sob. Afterward, I had no doubt that God was calling me to do the same in my American parish. For more than six years now, I have been visiting Catholic patients at the hospital associated with my church. This has been a great gift and privilege. I am so grateful. Our Blessed Virgin Mary specifically addresses the role of Eucharistic Minister in her Message of January 16, 1996:

"If you are a Eucharistic Minister, then you must realize the great responsibility placed upon you by the Eternal Father. When my Son knocked upon a door of a house, sometimes he

was invited to eat and rest, and this house was blessed by the Eternal Father. Sometimes, the door was slammed in my beloved Son's face, and all the blessings upon this house were taken and given to another. If you are a Eucharistic Minister, you must be as the one who invited my Son for supper. You must desire to dine with my Son before you have others do so.

I, your Mother, say this because many who participate in the holy banquet are as the Pharisees, they do not really care about my Son. Prepare yourselves in this way: 1) Come to Mass hungry that you may understand the hunger of the people you feed; 2) be reconciled to God; 3) be reconciled to your brothers; and 4) leave your grievances at the altar with my Crucified Son and know that the Eucharist will heal you..."

"...Children, any endeavor to attain holiness and to do the will of my Son will always be blessed. Go in peace, my little children, but remember, be the one who invites my Son to dinner when he knocks, for that day occurs in everyone's life."

I hope that I am always willing to respond to God's calling. I have a closer relationship with Jesus and Mary as a result of that translation.

As I get older, the only thing that counts is how I love my God and am willing to do his will. Doing his will is essential to my spiritual growth. I am to love all the people that come into my life, whether I like them or not. I learn patience, compassion, perseverance, and trust. The way I see it, everyone that I meet is entrusted into my care. It is up to me to treat everyone with love and respect. As with all interactions with human beings, some people are only in my life for a small portion of my journey on Earth while others are there for the duration. However, each encounter is an opportunity to do God's will and to respond to his call.

I will close with one of the messages from our Blessed Mother, dated December 7, 1994.

“My daughter, with outstretched arms I am imploring my children’s return to God. My daughter, listen carefully to my words. Time as you know it has been extended to you, my children. By my motherly intercession, I have obtained these graces for you, but children, I must have your cooperation. I must have your prayers and acts of atonement.

Each act of charity benefits the entire Body of Christ, where each act of betrayal of my Son harms the Body of Christ. Children, you need to realize how you support one another. Be always charitable and kind and give encouragement to those around you. Allow these words from Jesus to soothe and uplift you. Remember, children, to always call upon me and I will cover you with my mantle of love. Thank you, my dear little daughter. Go with my blessing. I love you.”

I have been incredibly blessed to have met the Disciples of Mercy and have translated the First Volume into French. There are no coincidences. God wanted me to meet them and for me to become a Disciple of Mercy.

GLORIA CASALE



My name is Gloria Casale. I am 70 years old, and I live with my husband, Frank, in middle Tennessee on the Cumberland Plateau. I am a cradle Catholic and had twelve years of Catholic School education. My mom was what I would call a religious fanatic. Though she had mental issues and the practice of her faith was questionable at times, I attribute my faith in God and my dependence on him to her. And to my dad, who was a loving, kind, gentle, and selfless soul, I attribute my daily desire to be more like him.

It was either in 1997 or 1998 that I first learned of the Heart of God messages. There was a chapel at St. Bernadette's Catholic Church in Davie, Florida, that had all day adoration. Sometimes I would go there to pray during my lunch hour. In the back of the chapel was a table that had various books and pamphlets available for reading. One day I picked up a book titled "The Heart of God, Volume Three." I thought if this was volume three, there had to be a volume one and two. Anyway, the sign on the table said not to remove any of the books from the chapel. I started reading some of the messages and was very drawn to them. I went as often as I could to the chapel to read the messages, but one day, the book was gone.

A few months later, I was in the gift shop at St. Boniface Catholic Church in Hollywood, Florida. It was there on a used book rack that I saw "The Heart of God, Volume One." I was thrilled to have found it. I took it home and started to read the introduction pages and learned that one of the introductions was written by Dr. John Sause, a professor at Barry University. My husband worked at Barry University at that time as a fundraiser. Coincidentally, or maybe not so coincidentally, Barry University was having a function that evening that my husband and I were attending. Sitting at the table with us was a priest named Fr. Dan Madden. Fr. Madden knew John Sause

personally. We only spoke briefly about the messages and John's involvement, but with the chain of events that had taken place between finding Volume One, reading an intro from a professor at Barry University, then dining with a priest who knew him personally, I felt impelled to contact the Disciples of Mercy to learn more about them.



I called the number listed in Volume One and eventually spoke with Gilda Youngblood (Del Vecchio at the time). Gilda invited me to join the Disciples of Mercy at their next meeting. I did, and the rest is history. I attended every meeting thereafter for several years and got to meet all the disciples that lived in the area. I acted as secretary in various years and even took minutes of the meetings for many years.



I no longer live in Florida, and my activity as a Disciple is limited. I continue to support our efforts to spread the messages to the four corners of the earth and pray daily that the Lord guide us in these efforts. I believe that the Lord, in his ever gracious and merciful way, led me to the Disciples of Mercy at a time I was seeking to know Him better and to love Him more. And through the messages and the fellowship of the Disciples I have met, my life has been transformed and continues to be. "Praise be to God!"

Many of the prayers from the Heart of God have become second nature to me. During my morning prayer time, I always include the prayer for healing for those in need. Many prayers or words from the prayers, the Lord or the Blessed Mother taught us come to mind when I seem to be searching for comfort or an answer to one of life's issues.

From the Prayer of Righteousness and Perseverance: "*Let perseverance be your gift to me.*" Message of June 1, 1994

From Prayer of Discernment: *“Let us always recall your attributes and be steadfast and without hesitation to pursue the Kingdom of God. For as we pursue the Kingdom of God, all things, therefore, shall be given.”* Message of June 28, 1996

Before confession: *“Permit..... the Blessed Virgin Mary, to place her loving arms about me as I confess my sins.”* Message of December 12, 1995

And when tempted: *“Lord, Holy God, may these temptations pass through your sacred wounds and return to me as gentle thoughts.”* Message of February 19, 1996

ROBERTA STEPHENS



My name is Roberta Stephens, and I am 75 years old. I have a son, Robert, and Grandma to Collin and Camryn. I am a parishioner of St. Ambrose Church in Deerfield Beach, Florida. I am a Sacristan, Eucharistic Minister, and a Lector. I also participate in the Home Bound Ministry, bringing Jesus to a lady who is 101 years old. I have been living in South Florida for the past 35 years. I was raised in Connecticut in an Italian family and raised in the Catholic Church. In the early years of religion, I was always fearful of the Lord. Received Jesus weekly and the remainder of the Sacraments. Today my love for the Lord is more about honoring him and thanking him than being fearful. I am no longer fearful.

I knew Gilda for many, many years, always trying to get together for coffee. During July 2010, I had knee replacement surgery. Gilda came to visit with me. She told me she had many tasks to do for the Disciples of Mercy group, so I said bring me something to do as I am stuck in for a while. Thus, my fascination started with all of the beautiful Prayer Cards. My task was to put the Prayer Cards together in packs of 100 and wrap them in rubber bands. Each card spoke to me. I did this until all the cards were wrapped. She also brought me a set of books. I couldn't believe how the Lord spoke to me through the daily readings. Being called a Disciple was very foreign to me. I thought I had to be back in Jesus' day not today. But I read the back cover of Volume One "Imagine yourself being a disciple of Jesus but this time you are not located in the first century Palestine but in a modern urban area advertised nationally as the Sun and Fun Capital of America." I am sure that Jesus is not happy about all that takes place today. Our world is filled with sin and hardened hearts. In the writings in the books, Jesus said all that read his words are Disciples; I am now one of them.

My journey has continued with the Disciples of Mercy group. I attend meetings and pray for our group and all the other Disciples wherever they may be. I record the meeting minutes, update the Gospel messages every other week as requested by our Lord on our web site. I am responsible for making bank deposits. I mail books to those that ask and have attended Retreats and Conferences where we can sell our books to spread the messages to the four corners as Jesus has requested of us.



My life is different today. I start my day with prayers and readings from the Volumes of the Heart of God. I love my prayer time – it gives me a spiritually peaceful beginning to my day. The Lord always speaks to me. Knowing that I am not alone in life because I have his messages which help me to understand what the will of God means. December 2, 1994, Volume One, *“Be not afraid, my little mercy. In all things strive to be obedient to my will and I, the Lord Jesus Christ, shall reward you for your efforts.”* I have always asked the Lord what your will for me is. Today, through the messages, I still don’t know, but I am willing to strive each day for holiness and a pure heart. I strive to keep the commandments because that is a perfect guide for me and then listen to the “still small voice within.” I am not a perfect human being just willing to show up every day and do what is in front of me. I try not to despair when things go wrong as they usually do. I know that Jesus is very near and will help me.

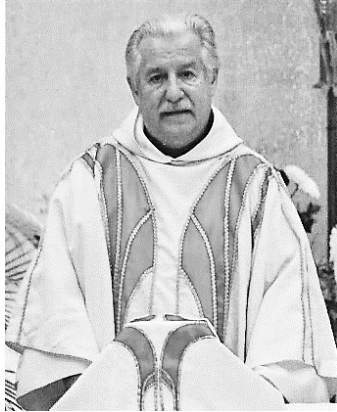
Two of my favorite messages are the Message of January 3, 1996, *“Just as a rainbow has a beginning and an end, so then does the work of my hands. I will provide the means to accomplish my work. Remember I have told you I will part every Red Sea you encounter. I will softly guide you through every roadblock and every situation. When you find yourselves in the desert of a situation I, Jesus, shall bring you a cool drink of water.”*

He certainly has, I must remember to ask him.

The other one is the promise from Jesus – Message of January 4, 1996, “*there is a house and a garden of roses for each of you.*”

How exciting is this for all of us knowing Jesus has selected a house for us in eternity. Jesus loves roses, and so do I.

FATHER RICHARD FRANCIS CHAMPIGNY, O. CARM.



There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear.
-1 John 4:18

I was born on November 3, 1938, in Holyoke, Massachusetts. My dad, Ronald Dennis Champigny, was from Moosup, CT. and my mom, Edith Marie Dagg, was from N.Brookfield, MA. I was the fourth child of six siblings and was baptized on November 20, 1938, at Nativity Parish in Willimansett, MA. I grew up in Easthampton, MA., and attended Immaculate Conception Parish and School. I made my first Holy Communion on July 9, 1946, and also was confirmed in that same Parish.

My family was a “family of faith.” We attended regular Sunday Mass, Monday night Novena of the Miraculous Medal and prayed the family rosary daily. I served as an Altar Server when the Mass was still celebrated in Latin!

My decision to become a priest was made by the second Grade. My two great-grandmothers had prayed that someone in the family would become a priest. God's choice fell on me! I left for Carmelite Seminary in Middletown, NY, at the age of 16 to do my fourth year of High School. I did Theology studies in Rome, Italy, from 1961-1965, during the Second Vatican Council and the papacy of Saint John XXIII and Saint Paul VI.

After my ordination in Washington D.C. by Bishop Giovanni Telesphoro Cioli, O.Carm., I taught in the Seminary and became Novice Director for the New York Province of Carmelites. I also would be Pastor of Mt. Carmel Parish in Middletown, NY, Retreat Director and worked on the Parish Mission Team of the Archdiocese of NY. I was involved in Renewal movements such as Worldwide Marriage Encounter (International Coordinating Team), Cursillo, Fraternity of Priests (International Director), Charismatic Renewal (Prayer groups, Healing Masses, etc.), Confessor to Stockbridge, MA. Community for Marian Fathers and Brothers, Retreat Director for Carmelite Sisters and various other Religious Sisters. I was Chaplain for the Knights of Columbus, Council of Catholic Women, and the Disciples of Mercy. I have traveled on Pilgrimages to Medjugorje, Israel, Guadalupe, and Ecuador. I have interviewed more than 20 of the leading "experts" on Divine Mercy on a local Radio Station.

I first met the Disciples here at St. Jude Parish in Boca Raton. John Sause invited me to attend their meetings over the years that I have been here at St. Jude. I have supported their devotion to Divine Mercy and have often offered my own insights based on my experiences with some of the world's leading authorities on the Revelations of Saint Faustina. It was a blessing for me to come in contact with the revelations and writings of the Dialogues of Lori G. with the Lord Jesus.

I was happy to offer several suggestions as the Disciples were preparing the Book for Priests. I have always been impressed with the reverence of the group for me and my priesthood. It has been a privilege for me to be their “chaplain.” It was due to my relationship with the Disciples that Peter Bruno asked me to do a series of radio interviews with the “experts” of Divine Mercy. Even though I thought this was far beyond my own ability, God blessed these interviews, and they became a learning experience for me as well. They are also available on-line and CDs.

RADIO INTERVIEWS ON DIVINE MERCY

Fr. Richard Champigny, O.Carm., parochial vicar at St. Jude Catholic Church in Boca Raton, Florida, has been interviewing leading experts on the history and devotion of Divine Mercy. Fr. Richard is a member of the New York Province of St. Elias. His titles include Novice Master, Retreat Director, High School Teacher, Pastor, Traveling Preacher and Spiritual Director.



To date, Fr. Richard's interviewees have included:



Robert Allard
Sr. Isabel Bettwy
Peter Bruno
Joe Cannon
Ed Daccarett
Dion DiMucci
Vinnie Flynn



Fr. Michael E. Gaitley, MIC
Jay Hastings

Fr. John F. Horan, O.Carm.
Fr. George Kosicki, C.S.B.
Virginia Leopold

Dave and Joan Maroney
Fr. Seraphim Michelenko, MIC.

Rev. John O'Holohan, SJ
Eileen Rockensies

Marie F. Romagnano, RN

Dr. John Sause

Dr. Bryan Thatcher, Sr.

Mrs. Gilda Youngblood

Most Rev. Gerald M. Barbarito
Bishop of Palm Beach



Fr. Richard, himself, has been interviewed by Peter Bruno!

To listen to the interviews, visit www.divinemicrmedia.org under Audio.
Future interviews will also be published on this page.

I was recently reminded how we had celebrated a beautiful and reverent “home Mass” at Ingrid’s home, with the Disciples, for their 20th Anniversary of Lori’s writings.



I also had the privilege of getting to know Veronica and Ralph Mueller and the work they have done in Peru. Another privilege was to celebrate the Mass of the Resurrection for them when they went to their eternal reward.

I have been impressed with the leadership of Gilda Youngblood for the meetings and Roberta Stephens for her secretarial faithfulness. Every member of the Disciples is a blessing. As they distribute the three volumes of The Heart of God messages given to Lori G. and make efforts to spread the word of God’s Mercy, they are a powerful force for the Lord and his messages of Mercy, as revealed, especially, through Lori.

As I celebrate my 53rd year of ordination, I am grateful to the God of mercy, as I write this on the feast of the Great Pope of Mercy, St. John Paul II.

Pray for us!

CATHY CONKLIN

Jesus Uses the Least and Most Unlikely of His Children



It was 1963. I was eight years old and had just finished a rehearsal for a dance recital. I waited for my mom to pick me up at the high school. My friend's mom, who had dropped me off felt she was supposed to bring me home, but my misunderstanding of the logistics left me insisting my mother was coming. I waited and waited. Everyone had left the school. Several hours had passed, and dusk was coming. I couldn't understand what had happened, but in my young mind, I knew I needed to find a phone to call home. So I walked the city residential neighborhood, concerned in passing a house with party noise coming from it, which reminded me that I needed to be careful where I went. I continued to walk, not knowing where I was going, but concerned to find a phone. Suddenly, I realized darkness had set in, and I was scared that I was lost. With a gift of faith, I only knew that I needed to pray. I knelt under a street light and prayed a Hail Mary. When I was done, and as I got to my feet, I heard these words, very loud and very clear, **"GO TO WHERE THERE IS LIGHT!"** Without knowing why I somehow knew to look up at the dark sky to see where there was light even though I was standing under a street lamp. So I tried to walk in that direction, looking towards the light in the sky, possibly about three blocks away and found myself at an ice cream stand. I stood in the line, got to the window, and asked if I could use their phone because I was lost. I called my mother, who was hysterical as she had police out looking for me. That first experience of God or possibly my guardian angel was so very real. Little did I know that this was just the beginning of my life's journey with Jesus and His loving guidance.

I grew up as a cradle Catholic in upstate, New York with half of my elementary years attending a Catholic school. My parents were devout Catholics and tried their best to pass on their faith to my brother, two sisters, and me. One of the faith traditions we were brought up with, which I still remember to this day, was how we were taught to observe Good Friday even as children. We had to stop everything we were doing at 12 noon, come in from playing, sit quietly, and just read or pray until 3 pm for this was the Lord's time of His death. That must have really stuck with me because as long as I remember, I have always taken at least the afternoon off from work on Good Friday to focus on Jesus and His crucifixion between 12 and 3.

I remember my father as an avid member of Nocturnal Adoration and my mother became involved in the Charismatic Renewal movement in the Catholic Church. Dad, with his disease of alcoholism, and mom, battling diabetes, worked diligently in making their family real estate business a success. My older brother, two younger sisters and I survived our family life the best we could with the debilitating environment of alcoholism, but I know in my heart it was only my gift of faith that carried me through.

In 1982, my mother was going on trips with local Catholics to healing services celebrated in Massachusetts by Father Ralph DiOrio, a devout priest who I was told had a gift of healing. Mom would come back from these services all excited and renewed in spirit and emotional strength to help her battle the family challenges with my father's disease. She would continue to coax me to go with her on the next trip, but I would tell her, "Mom, I'm really glad you are feeling better from going to those services! But I am NOT going to go all the way to Massachusetts to see some healing priest! If he comes to Utica, I'll go!" Well. . . the good Lord is so funny. . . He, of course, heard me, and it wasn't long before one of our local priests in Utica, NY, invited Father DiOrio to come to our hometown to celebrate a Mass and healing service! When I found this out, I cried out to the Lord, "OK, Lord, I get it! You heard me and the jokes on me!" Little did I know that this was the beginning of my new life in Christ!

When Father DiOrio did come, I stood by my word and attended the service. The very first moment he came out onto the altar, I was mesmerized by his countenance. I looked at his face and felt something I had never experienced before. There was something within him, something glowing in his face that I could not understand. It was my first experience of what I now term. . . **“Jesus’ spiritual radiance.”** Well, that was enough for me. . . I said to myself, “I want that!” And the rest is history! I gave my heart to Jesus at that moment, cried like a baby and when Father DiOrio came to bless the congregation, I was “slain” or rested in the spirit which, in short, is God’s loving way of touching our hearts to bless us, strengthen and heal us and release the stress of our lives with His grace! From that moment on, I was in love with our Lord Jesus and could not get enough of my faith, going to healing services, conferences, prayer meetings, and diving into any kind of book, CD or DVD on my faith.

Even with my Catholic upbringing, I never knew or experienced the fullness of my faith until I truly found my Lord Jesus as Savior, Friend, and Deliverer who fills my every need. It is through my Charismatic journey with the Lord that I knew He would fill a faith void of which I am about to tell you.

It was back in 2010 when a good friend and close sister in Christ, Gabrielle, had been to a Catholic weekend retreat in the Catskill mountains in NY. At that retreat, she had learned about a young Jewish woman, Lori G., who had received messages from our Lord Jesus and the Blessed Mother. My friend had ordered a 3 volume set of the **“The Heart of God”** messages, but had somehow received two sets in the mail and graced me with one of them. Grateful to my friend for this gift, I had no idea how God’s hand was directing the start of my journey to the Disciples of Mercy.

At that time in life, I was semi-retired, spending most of the winter at our Florida residence in Deerfield Beach. As my husband was still working full time in NY and could only break away from work periodically, I had a great deal of time to focus on my faith and prayer life. Coming from a strong Catholic Charismatic faith

journey filled with prayer meetings, healing Masses and much reading to satisfy the hunger to deepen my faith and know the Lord's will, I would continue to ask Jesus to bring good and holy sisters in Christ into my Florida life for continued strength and faith companionship.

Which brings me back to Lori When I started reading the Lord's messages in Volume I, I was immediately struck by the gentleness, love, and compassion in Jesus' messages to save all of his children and the pain He felt for those who were lost. What convinced me even more of the authenticity of the messages was the simplicity and innocence of Lori in her conversations with our Lord and her childlike responses - to even relay to Jesus that her hand was tired from writing the messages. As some might say, . . . "you just can't make this stuff up." It was just so authentic. And while listening to the CD's of Lori's talk in 1995 at St. Andrew's chapel, it again confirmed to me that her locutions were real. It is just so characteristic of Jesus and Blessed Mother Mary to choose the least and most unlikely of messengers to bring their messages to the world. Prior to her completing R.C.I.A. (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults), Lori was a non-practicing Jew, self-absorbed and totally unfamiliar or focused on any kind of faith life.

My Charismatic Catholic faith taught me a great deal about the Gifts of the Holy Spirit, especially that of spiritual discernment. So consequently, I am always aware to "test the spirits," to always prayerfully ask the Holy Spirit for discernment, especially in the authenticity of any spiritual message, locution or apparition. In this discernment of the messages Lori received, I found so many messages spoke to my heart with distinct and specific truths that were relevant to my own life. Never did my spirit ever feel discomfort from anything I read. Many messages even brought me to tears at their profundity. And, most importantly, the Volumes of **"The Heart of God"** had received the Imprimatur and Nihil Obstat!

So what was it that sealed the deal for me? I happened to glance at the copyright page, and the good and gracious Lord had me notice *where* “The Heart of God” was published - in Deerfield Beach, Florida! When I saw this, I nearly fell over for this was the exact city of my Florida residence! I could not believe it! I was ecstatic! How the Lord delivers on His holy will! No one can outdo our Lord in His generosity! Remember, I had been prayerfully asking the Lord to guide my faith journey in Florida to support me with other sisters in Christ? After some research, I was able to reach two of the Disciples of Mercy and met Gilda Youngblood and Roberta Stephens for lunch in 2011, diving into faith conversations and the background of Lori and the Disciples. I knew in my heart that this whole journey in finding the Disciples of Mercy and learning of Lori G. and **“The Heart of God”** was of the Lord’s doing! For it was in our conversations with my Disciple Sisters that *“my heart was set afire”* like the two men walking with Jesus to Emmaus who realized later that *“...Were not our hearts burning within us while he talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us?”* Luke 24:32. From that moment on, I became a Disciple of Mercy, joyfully dedicated to spreading the messages of Jesus in **“The Heart of God”** and have also been invited to become a Board Director.

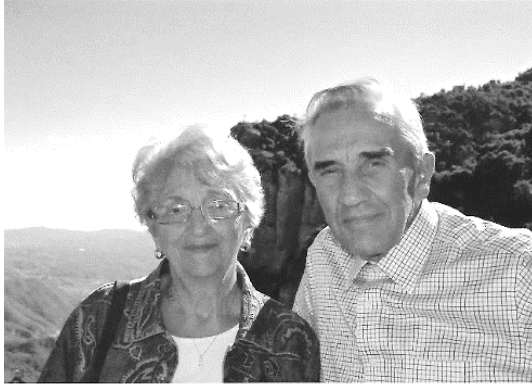


In closing, I would like to share part of one of the many messages from **“The Heart of God”** that melted *my* heart. I found this message so moving and profound that I immediately envisioned, if priests could read this single message from the altar to their congregations, it would pierce hearts of stone. . .

Message of April 23, 1996, Volume III

“ . . . Children, I, the Lord, became a prisoner of the tabernacle as I took my last breath on Calvary. It is my last breath that is in every tabernacle throughout the world. It is the breath of my ardent desire for the salvation of souls. When you present your needs to me in front of the tabernacle, I inhale them into my Sacred Heart. Oh, children, who among you can understand the magnitude of my love? The breath of God is within the tabernacle. The mercy and compassion of God is within the tabernacle. The tabernacle is my heart. It is my breath and my heart upon the earth. . . . ”

FRANCESCO & ANGELA CROCENZI



Francesco Crocenzi was born (1929), raised and educated in Italy. He lost his mother to typhoid fever in 1938. His Aunt, Sister Assunta, was a nun but nonetheless assumed responsibility for his and his brother Enzo's well-being and education.

Upon graduation from the University of Rome Medical School in 1955, Francesco applied for and was granted an exchange student visa, to specialize in the US. In 1956 he sailed to America on the Andrea Doria. He had been scheduled to leave on the following voyage, but due to a cancellation, he was able to depart sooner. He would probably have lost his life had he left as planned: as we know the doomed ship sank due to a collision.

In the States, Francesco did an internship at St. Francis Hospital in Jersey City, a residency in General Surgery also in Jersey City, and a residency in Plastic Surgery with the famous Dr. Lyndon Peer in Newark, NJ. He also had further training in Hand Surgery in New York City and Toledo, Ohio. Francesco's visa at this point called for him to return to Italy. The Holy Spirit intervened, and Francesco was introduced to Angela Noto (November 11, 1962). Seven months later, they were married! They will soon celebrate their 56th wedding anniversary.

The major part of their active lives was spent in Montclair, NJ, where Francesco practiced, and they raised their four children. The offspring are well oriented and raising Francesco and Angela's six grandchildren.

Angela's story is much more "ordinary": one of four children, she studied at Marymount, NYC, earning a BA in French, and at Seton Hall University earning a Master's in French. She was teaching French at Clifton NJ High School. A colleague of her father arranged for her to meet Francesco, and the rest is history.

When Francesco retired in 1996, the couple relocated to their vacation home in Boca Raton, FL. and a good deal of time was suddenly available. He decided to spend it writing his memoirs, with Angela as his usual editor and typist. The result: "The Diary of an Octogenarian Plastic Surgeon" now published and available to anyone who enjoys a good read.

Devout Catholics, they developed a devotion to Sister Faustina, a Polish nun. They were delighted to learn of the cause for her to become a saint.

On April 27, 2000, Francesco was working in the garden when his back went into spasm, and he was as if paralyzed. Angela somehow got him to a first-floor bedroom where he lay, supine, unable to move. On April 30th, there was a live TV transmission of Faustina's canonization, and Angela said, "You are missing the canonization." Francesco said, "Sister Faustina, help me" ("Suor Faustina, aiutami"): and Angela gently pulled him up and out of bed and he walked to the living room to watch the canonization. He has never again suffered back pain.



How did we meet the Disciples of Mercy? One day, 6 or 7 years ago, while praying the Rosary after daily Mass at St. Ambrose Church, Francesco was approached by a lady who gifted him with the first volume of “The Heart of God.” Again the Holy Spirit at work. To this day, Gilda doesn’t know what prompted her to do this.

From that day forward, the Crocenzi’s have been happily involved with the Disciples, winning new friends, including Lori.....

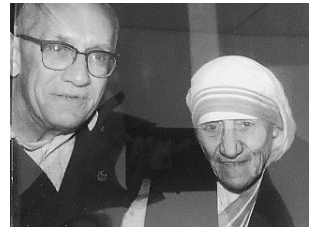
VALERIE BALSAMA

My Everyday Life with Extraordinary Faith



My father loved to brag that I was born on the day of his personal property exam in law school while he was in his first year at George Washington Law School in D.C. I was born January 30, 1950. I was raised in Staten Island, New York, and attended Saint Peter's Elementary School, taught by Saint Elizabeth Seton's Sisters of Charity. As a child, I considered becoming a nun. Notwithstanding being devoted Catholics, my parents transferred me to a public high school believing I had enough religion; and the convent was a fine place for other people's children.

As a child, I went with my parents to meet my dad's first cousin, Father Carl Dincher, S.J. as he was setting off on an ocean liner to India where he eventually served 50 years as a missionary with Mother Teresa and her nuns, primarily giving retreats. As a child, I recognized his aura of humility, holiness, and deep joy.



My first extraordinary spiritual experience involved Fr. Carl. My husband and I were away at a Florida Bar retreat at Innsbruck Golf Resort. He loved to golf, and I loved him. We practiced on the range and played nine holes the first afternoon we arrived before the conferences began. I put a diamond bracelet I usually wore in the skirt pocket where I was keeping my tees. I had taken the bracelet off as it impeded my swing, so I thought. My game was so bad I didn't need any additional handicap. But after undressing in the room and showering, I returned to the skirt unable to find the diamond bracelet in the pocket. We had evening plans, so I figured I had to accept the bracelet was lost forever. Somewhere in the

many blades of grass of the golf course it probably had fallen out when I reached in the pocket to take out a tee.

The next morning when I awoke, I had a strange thought that I was to find the bracelet and I was to sell it and give the money to Fr. Carl. But it had rained during the night and how would I find it? Telling my husband as he was eagerly rushing to gather what he needed to set out for his day, I was told to simply solve the dilemma by writing a check for what he had paid for the bracelet. But that wasn't what I was told, I retorted.

After checking out the golf carts and looking around the women's tee area of all nine holes, I returned to the golf clubhouse and asked if anyone had turned in a diamond bracelet. Well, no, but if I leave my name and number.....

Walking out of the club, I glanced across the length and breadth of the nine holes and surmised my husband's solution had to suffice. Then, after walking a few steps, I heard this voice inside my head telling me to walk a few steps more, turn left and stop. Instinctively, I did as I was told. When I looked down, I saw a sparkle in the Chattahoochee that I thought must be the light shimmering on the stones. My body froze. Then I leaned over and picked up my diamond bracelet located directly above my right shoe. The hairs on my arm stood up, and I felt the powerful presence of our God. I remembered the scriptures, "He knows the numbers of hairs on our head."

The money arrived at the Jamshedpur Village in India just in time to help a missionary worker and his family who had lost everything when their home had burned to the ground in a fire.

Middle Years

After graduating cum laude from the University of Notre Dame's law school in 1974, I practiced law in a private firm in Buffalo, New York; was an assistant State Attorney in Erie County; and taught for three years at Nova Law School. We had moved down to Florida,

and I was happy to stay home with our children as my husband put in the long hours to progress to partner in a prestigious law firm. We were living a prosperous and idyllic lifestyle in a beautiful big home in Boca Raton when my husband suddenly announced he wanted a divorce not many months after our third child was born. I had grown up in a home where divorce was not even in our vocabulary, so to say that I was blindsided would be an understatement.

Interestingly enough, when we had moved into our home, I had said a prayer of detachment: “Lord always let me be able to walk away from this.” Never could I have anticipated that our divorce judge would order our three children and me out of our home, which was partitioned to be sold as part of the divorce order. My husband had already purchased a larger home for himself and the woman he had left to be with.

The trial court’s order was taken up on appeal and held to have been in error, establishing a law in Florida (*Kanouse v. Kanouse*) that a primary residential parent ought not to be ordered out of a marital home when there are minor children if it is at all financially feasible. The appellate division also ordered that I be additionally remunerated for “lost career opportunities” given up by the years devoted to child raising. However, such a remediation was never realized in so far as the children’s father felt that the best defense was a good offense and initiated a child custody battle to take the children away from me. Yes, he claimed as one of the bases, insufficient housing! I settled the suit by trading my rights to assure my children, and I stay together, and the custody litigation be shut down. I slowly began the uphill battle of building my life and my career. Throughout this difficult time, I always stayed close to the Lord. Whatever abandonment I may have felt in my life, I never felt abandoned by God. One day a month, I would go to Our Lady of Florida Spiritual Center in North Palm Beach in order to get guidance as well as quiet time. They have an outside stations of the cross. Earlier, while involved in the custody battle, I put my hands on Christ’s hands nailed to the Cross. He clearly spoke to my heart saying, “I will never leave you, I will never abandon you.” And He never has.

By 1995, I became president of the South County Bar Association and board certified in the practice of marital and family law. I was one of the first in Boca Raton to be certified as such. Two years prior, I founded the nonprofit interdisciplinary think tank called the Council for Marriage Preservation & Divorce Resolution, Inc. Motivated by my own pain and suffering, I was determined to lessen the agony for other families. I dedicated this work to the Blessed Mother. Because of this work, I received the Notre Dame Alumni Association's 25th anniversary of women enrolled at Notre Dame "Woman of Distinction" in the area of law.

The dual goals of discouraging divorce and minimizing the destructiveness if a divorce does take place permeated my 25 years of family law practice in the law firm of Valerie G. Kanouse P.A. I advocated for the most amicable and innovative types of non-adversarial divorce practices permitted by the Florida bar, including pushing the envelope to do so.

It included mediation and also collaborative divorces. In every case, I was attuned to any possibility of reuniting the couple through reconciliation; recognizing that in most situations, it was like being a doctor working in a funeral parlor. The mortality rate is almost as high at the time one of the parties has retained a divorce attorney. The fact is it may take two to get married, but in all practicalities, it only takes one to bring about the divorce process.



After the youngest left for college, I was ready to marry again. I called Fr. Carl to come marry Dr. George Balsama and me at a Nuptial Mass. George is a man who is



extraordinarily intelligent, spiritual, and makes me feel cherished every day. I may have been a divorced attorney for a quarter of a century, but sweet Jesus awarded me a happily ever after ending in a marital life in this world after all.

Despite everything, I have always relied on my faith to give me the strength needed. Without question, the Lord sent angels and more than a few Simons (as in Simon of Cyrene who helped Jesus carry his cross to Calvary) to help me carry mine. God does have a plan for everyone in this life. That plan is the one to best assure our bliss with Him in heaven.

How I came to the Disciples

I attended one of Mary Ann Wheeler's Mother Mary Continuum and heard Dr. John Sause's talk on the Disciples of Mercy and Heart of God locutions by Lori G. Mary Ann bought a copy of Volume I for everyone in the group. After reading Volume I, I contacted Gilda Youngblood to obtain Volume 2 and 3. As I read each volume, I was drawn closer and closer to the Heart of God.

The messages were so powerful because it was Jesus and Mary speaking to each one of us. What could be more interesting to hear, I thought? When I would open the book, sometimes I read only a paragraph because I wanted to digest, to savor the message being given. Other times I might read a few paragraphs. I carried it into the bathroom, I kept it by the nightstand, and I took it when I traveled.

When I was away on Mother's Day 2017, there was an incredible sadness in my heart due to alienation with my children. The emotional pain was excruciating. I picked up Volume I and continued to read where I had left off the day before, and this is what I read:

Message of May 21, 1994

Child, offer me your sadness to join with my own. I will sustain you. I will carry you across the bridge of pain. Do not lose hope. Do not lose sight of me. When you remain focused on me your strength shall not waver. Offer your suffering as a sacrifice. Do not run from heartbreak. Look to me, your Savior, I will help you bear your pain. Bear it willingly for my sake as I did for you. Look at me, child. My eyes are heavy from tears. Oh, such sorrow reigns in Heaven. Take time to console me, little one. I need your love. My children have

abandoned me. They have deserted me and cast me aside. Oh, look at me, child, see my sadness. Can you not spend a little more time with me. Allow me to share your life. Walk with me and call me to walk with you. Am I asking so very much?

The hairs stood up on my arm as I knew Christ had invited me to share in a most poignant aspect of His Paschal suffering and redemption. There was meaning and solace in suffering united with His. There was also hope and promise. There was love.

I regret I didn't immediately pick up Volume 1 to reread after completion of Volume 3, but I have now restarted. My books are filled with yellow highlighting and ballpoint pen underlining and notes. These are words and messages we need to hear and rehear because the world is bombarding us with distracting and contradictory messages. Satan is tireless in his pursuit of souls. The Heart of God is the simple, clear, heartfelt message of love leading us back.

Once having contacted the Disciples of Mercy regarding ordering more books, I learned about their bi-monthly meetings at Saint Jude's Parish in Boca Raton and began attending them in June of 2015. The format was spiritually enriching by saying prayers from the Heart of God and praying petition prayers. After prayers, it moved to business to promote the Heart of God, asking for God's help in the process.

The most remarkable part of the power of these messages is the fact that these members I met had begun this work over 20 years ago, living lives with careers, families. These devoted individuals carried this mission on their shoulders week in, week out, for over twenty years!! Only the grace of God can sustain such unselfish dedication and unswerving faith. The other factor that appealed to me when I met them, and even more so now, is their purity of heart and soul. The love they show one another and others, of which I have been fortunate to be an unworthy recipient, is a measure of how they are taking the Heart of God to heart, to their own hearts.

As a result of the years of stress, my body succumbed to fibromyalgia, causing pain, fatigue, and brain fog. I had to close down my law firm and accept living with a chronic illness. Because I am limited in what I can do, my greatest gift of return love to the Disciples of Mercy is to offer my suffering, in Union with the suffering of Christ, for them and their mission. God speaks directly to us about suffering in the Heart of God, which affords each of us invaluable direction and consolation. There is no better place. We are so blessed to receive insight into the Heart of God. We are so loved to be in an intimate relationship with the Heart of God.

BARBARA COLT



My name is Barbara E. Colt, a native New Yorker, born on November 1, 1936, in Beth Israel Jewish Maternity Hospital in New York City.

Both of my parents, Amelia and Joseph Michael Colt, were born and raised in Manhattan and were confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church.

At six weeks old, I was baptized at Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic Church. My mother was a housewife, and my dad worked for the NYC Transit Authority. My dad was divorced with two sons, Donald and Charles, from his first wife. My parents were married in civil court and had two daughters, Barbara and Dorothy, me being the oldest.

I attended Sunday school at the Chinese Methodist Church between the ages of 6 and 9. This is where I learned about the Lord Jesus from the Bible stories told by Mrs. Jerome, the lady who ran the mission. She was an excellent storyteller bringing the Lord Jesus to life to the children.

When I was nine years old, I attended religious instructions for nine months and then made my communion and confirmation at the same church where I was baptized. My mother brought us to church occasionally, but my family was never involved in the church.

As a young person growing up in New York City, I roller skated through the city streets, spent weekends in Central Park; and when I got older, I rode my bike down to Wall Street. We lived three blocks from the East River Park where my family and friends biked and picnicked and watched cargo ships, barges and yachts pass us by. When I was a teenager, I joined "The Grand Street Settlement House" run by prominent Jewish Philanthropists. We had art classes, dances, clubs, a gym, and many other social activities. It

was a happy time for a teenager. As I became older, I went to work on Wall Street. In my late thirties, I attended New York University for two years and majored in Accounting.

Before my father passed away on August 5, 1985, he showed me his brown scapular. Even though he rarely attended church, he told me during World War II he always wore his brown scapular, especially at the Allied invasion of Normandy. My father was 34 years old, the oldest in his platoon and the only survivor. He believed wearing the scapular protected him. He was buried with it.

I moved to different places over the years; St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands, Georgia, and later Houston, Texas. It was August 1980 in Houston, Texas, when both my friend, Evelyn and I were hit by a truck. Evelyn passed away that night, and I sustained several injuries. This is where I had my first encounter with the Blessed Mother. The doctors gave me four days to live as I was hemorrhaging in the brain. I woke up one morning and felt smoke going down my mouth. That morning I felt the life forces come back to me, and I was able to speak. I was later told that this was the Holy Spirit. After that morning, I felt the Blessed Mother was watching over me, so I started praying the rosary. Eventually, I recovered.

Before the accident, I had met Bruce Chadwick. He cared for me and brought me back to New York City. We were together for twenty years. He later passed away on April 20, 2000. At that time, we were separated but had stayed in touch. I was with him when he died of kidney failure at the Lahey Clinic in Massachusetts.

I was now in my early sixties. Like Lori G., I started seeking God. This was the beginning of my journey as a true Roman Catholic. I now know the Blessed Mother was always watching over me. As a young child, I was always aware of Father God, but being a Roman Catholic was something I rarely practiced until now. I joined Saint Mary's Church in Manhattan and participated in the Renewal Program. With the encouragement of my group, I later joined the Baptism Program as a facilitator until I moved to Florida in 2006.

It was 2006 that I registered with Our Lady of Mercy Church in Deerfield Beach, Florida, and facilitated in the Baptism Program for three years.

On January 2014, I joined the Sisterhood of “Women of Grace” in Saint Joan of Arc Catholic Church in Boca Raton, Florida. This was a very profound time in my life as I learned, in a program written by Johnnette Benkovic of EWTN, T.V., the role, and history of women in the Catholic Church.

It was July 30, 2015, with an invitation from disciple Roberta Stephens, I attended my first meeting with the Disciples of Mercy. Dr. John Sause related to me the story of Lori G. Also present was a holy woman, Mrs. Veronica Mueller, whom I previously knew. She was the deciding factor that convinced me to join the disciples.

I bought the three books from “The Heart of God.” In them, I saw the human side of Jesus. When I pray to Him, I’m reminded of His sadness with our world today. He wants us to have joy in our lives. The messages confirmed to me of the love the Blessed Mother has for me as she had for Lori. I see now looking back over the years the subtle way she was leading me to her Son.

In “The Heart of God,” there are two prayers that are very special to me.

One is **Prayer of Discernment**

Message of June 28, 1996:

Father of the Four Corners of All the Heaven and Earth, teach us to discern between your most majestic and holy influence, and that of the malignant deceiver. Though the deceiver places luxurious carpeting under our bare feet, let us feel the sting of the nails. Eternal Father, let us not be fooled by the mirages in the desert of sin. For only you, Lord, give us the water from the chalice of your mercy. Let us always recall your attributes and be steadfast and without hesitation to pursue the Kingdom of God. For as we pursue the Kingdom of God, all things, therefore, shall be given. In the name of the God of Israel, be blessed forever and ever. Amen.

The other prayer is **Prayer for Spiritual Aridity**.

Message of February 13, 1996:

Father Eternal, the desert surrounds me. The mountains reject me. The valleys scorn me. The rivers laugh at me. I call your name, my God, for you are my refuge. Place sandals upon my feet that they shall not be scorched by the hot desert sand. Place a staff of perseverance in my hands. Send your Holy Spirit to guide me. Father, create in me a deeper hunger and thirst for you. When the hot sun of loneliness beats down upon my brow, let me find shelter within the sanctuary of your wounds. When the snake and scorpion come to lure me away from you, let me remember that my only comfort lies within the contemplation of your holy passion. Though my soul is experiencing labor pains, grant me the courage to grow as you desire it. Let me remember, Father, that you are the only water in the desert of aridity. Father, when it is time for my birth as a new spiritual being, I desire you to cut the umbilical cord of complacency. Walk with me, O Lord, through the desert and stay ever by my side, my Lord and my God. Amen.

Our president at that time, Gilda Youngblood, asked me to write a prayer for the disciple's meetings. I thought about what they needed. These people worked so hard, were dedicated and persevered for so many years. I saw their frustration as things were moving slowly. One of Jesus' messages was he did not like long prayers and ranting, so I had to think, what was their priorities? It had to be short and concise. I came up with the following prayer:

DISCIPLES PRAYER

Eternal Father, we, the Disciples of Mercy, implore you to open all channels re: marketing, advertisements and media to bring the *Heart of God* messages to your people. Please open the hearts of those who can help us financially. We trust in you to guide us in all our future decisions. AMEN

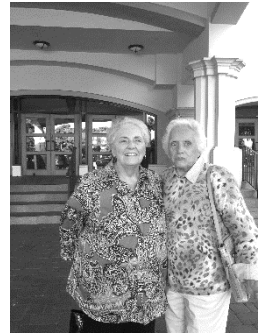
Months later I had a dream of Lori, and she said, “Hi, Barbara” and then smiled. I related the dream at a meeting describing Lori but did not receive any feedback. In 2018, Lori’s confirmation picture was passed around at a meeting, and I confirmed that this was the woman in the dream.



Lori would go through an opening in the fence between her apartment complex and St. Gregory the Great Catholic Church, in Plantation. This was the beginning of her journey to be a Roman Catholic. It piqued her interest as to what was going on in that church.

Shortly after, Lori was baptized and confirmed in Saint Gregory.

In 2016, Ingrid DiMolfetta invited a few of us to St. Gregory to see Sister Briege McKenna, who was speaking at her church. It was so exciting for me; I could picture Lori going through that opening and finding God in that church. This picture of Roberta Stephens and I was taken that day in front of Saint Gregory the Great Catholic Church where Lori also stood so many years ago!



At age 83 years old, I am still on this journey as a Roman Catholic. There is so much I have learned and so much still to be discovered. Thank you so much “my Blessed Mother Mary” for leading me, your daughter, on this journey.

