

VII - Historical & Biographical Essay

As far as my memory can go back, there have always been certain unusual occurrences that came about to syntonize me, so to speak, to the supernatural and give me a very early taste of the things of the beyond. Already at the age of ten, for example, as I had to be absent from school for a fairly long period on account of illness, I seized the time to immerse myself in Holy History to the extent of understanding, when there was question of the Latter Times, that I would be part of that generation to witness the events that would then come about. It was as if a voice whispered in my ears afterwards, whenever I heard from the pulpit these gospels of the time of Advent when there was question of the end times, "You are of that generation." I also had absorbed all "the beautiful stories", to the point I had no difficulty in answering one day, soon after my return to school, all the questions put to me by the Mother General of the Sisters who taught us, during a visit she made to the class. She kept me standing for a long time reciting long episodes of what I had read, and no doubt astonished and quite satisfied by the knowledge of the ten-year old youngster, she saw to it that I received, at the end of the year, a prize in religion. With the years, I shall keep this love for the Holy Scriptures I shall read in their entirety nearly, as well as for the Lives of the Saints and the Messages from Heaven.

It must be said, at once, that if Heaven seemed to favor me, the Enemy was on the lookout, and one night came to make his round and show himself in the form of a head of a goat on the wall of my bedroom as I had just gone to bed on this winter evening. My father and my mother, sitting at the kitchen table at the foot of the stairs climbing to the second floor where we slept, were working at the business papers my father had to fill each month as a section foreman on the railway.

For a reason or another I had not fallen asleep right away that night, and suddenly I saw this hideous ash-grey head appear on the wall near the window facing the bed. Frightened, I slowly slid from bed in order not to alert my brother sleeping at my side and rushed downstairs to huddle trembling into my mother's arms as she worked on my father's papers by the light of the oil-lamp on the table.

Seeing me trembling and scared, my parents concluded I had just awakened from a nightmare. I said nothing but stricken with fear I continued to hold on to my mother who with my father attempted to console me. Finally my parents, seeing my fear had subsided, decided to return me to bed before it would be too late to finish their work. But I insisted that my mother come up with me to the bedroom. Arrived at the door, I leaned forward to see if the hideous apparition was still present on the wall. It was! But as soon as my mother had crossed the threshold, it disappeared. My mother tucked me in and I was able to fall asleep.

Although life regained its course, the vision of the frightful head of a goat will never vanish from memory and oftentimes I caught myself looking at the spot where it had appeared. Sometimes afterwards, I thought I heard the Evil One prowl about by certain growls like those of a mad dog. He will not return to manifest himself audibly to pour out his rage but much later, when Heaven intervened, in 1989, to talk to me about the Community of Saint Joseph and to establish The Asylum City.

As though to compensate for this ghastly visit at an early age, Heaven will allow me to see two manifestations that will also imprint themselves on my mind never to be erased. A first one occurred at a Christmas midnight Mass which I attended with my parents. The church was packed, and as the most beautiful Christmas hymns followed one another while the people pressed at the communion rail and I could not see above the heads but the top of the manger, I suddenly saw the small angels, who held the streamer of the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" beat their wings while literally flying. As I was fascinated, there came around me like a zone of total serenity where the hymns only penetrated as coming from afar mixed with celestial voices it seemed.

A second manifestation took place during a dream-vision where I saw myself very small sitting outside on a blanket placed on the grass just in front of the kitchen door where I could see my mother busying herself, thus

sitting at a spot where she could keep an eye on me. I felt content to be outside on this beautiful morning, when suddenly I saw two individuals, dressed as in the time of Our Lord, come to the gate of the small white picket fence. The taller one with dark hair, having a long walking staff, stood behind the other and his mantle was of a darker red. The shorter one who had a nice head of light brown hair stood closer to the gate and seemed to want to open it. His mantle was of a lighter red. I understood they were asking whether they could enter and come to see me, but I heard myself say, "No, you cannot as my mother does not want me to talk with strangers." This in fact was what our parents told us constantly, for still young my mother had come close to be abducted by some kind of gypsies. To open here a parenthesis, the same thing had nearly happened to me later also, on a Sunday in summer while most everybody was at church. It will be my grandmother, who lived on the other side of the highway, who came running to help me, as already the tot I was advanced towards the tall stranger dressed in black luring me with delicacies. At my grandmother's yells she quickly fled to a black car that sped off.

To come back to the two individuals at the white picket fence, I understood, despite my young age, they were John and his brother James. With the years, I shall always ask myself why they had thus come to visit me. When I had told them they could not enter, they had disappeared at once.

Whether the recall here of the visit of the two holy Apostles, while I was still a child not yet able to walk, is a souvenir of a real fact persisting in my mind, or a recall of a dream-vision during which I saw myself the object of such a visit, this detail eludes me. What always remains vivid is the quite clear souvenir of their visit.

Afterwards there will be, on many occasions, very definite interventions of my guardian angel to literally save my life.

I liked walking on the railroad, and once, coming back from milking our cow in the morning before school and was walking between the rails, I just had time to jump at "someone's" yells crying out, "Jump!". Barely had I jumped and nearly stumbled with my pail of milk, that a locomotive went by so close that I felt the wind! I had not heard it coming for it was not pulling any cars and was traveling at high speed without noise on this calm morning in June, in the 40's. At another time, as I was on my way to visit my godmother-aunt who lived in Ville St-Laurent, a suburb of Montreal, the same thing happened. To take a shortcut I had taken the tramway route which spanned a railway. I was nearly at the end of the arched bridge when I heard, "Jump!", and the tramway rushed by going down the slope of the bridge.

Further on, as I shall have entered into a more chronological order of events, I shall allude to another incident of the kind where I would have lost my life without the intervention of my angel, and no doubt a number of similar occasions will have happened unknowingly when the guardian angel will have had to intervene. I preserve the feeling that is all. Also with the years and the course of life, the intervention of my guardian angel will oftentimes come to spare me from "blunders." I "would be warned" quite clearly how to act to get out of a difficulty, an ambush, especially when I lived in the big city, either in New York, Toronto or Montreal. An imprudence was quickly made and the angel would intervene either directly or by "a good soul" put in my way to warn me. Example: at night fall I wanted to take an alley in New York as a shortcut as I returned to my boarding room. At the end of the alley a tall policeman awaited and told me, "You, you are not from New York, for you would not have taken this alley at this hour!" and proceeded to tell me about the dangers of the big city.

Still in New York, when I asked a bus driver to tell me where to get off for a certain district, the latter to tell me right away, "You do not want to go there! You are not from here, and you should not go to that district." This was in the middle of the day, and the driver went on to tell me I would be in danger in that ill-famed district. These words sufficed to convince me, and once arrived in the district, I took a return bus right away. The aspect of the district had in fact a "shady" look, for even though it was daylight, I could "sense" bad "emanations" come out from all kinds of small basement shops into which one could have access down narrow and dark flights of stairs.

At that time, in the '50's, I was attracted to the stage and had in fact come to New York to "try" my chance following my classical studies and two years of teaching with the Eudist Fathers in Bathurst, New Brunswick, and three solid years of training in Toronto at a classical dance studio, where I succeeded in a short time in

attaining a promising level of competency. I had obtained a diploma from the Royal Academy of London and was on the verge of undergoing a second test to attain an almost professional level when an acute appendicitis entailed a prolonged stay in a hospital which left me weakened. Despite, I would try my chance in New York, even in plays if need be. However, with my strength in decline, I suddenly lost the taste to pursue, and during a visit at St. Paul's church of the Paulist Fathers, on 49th Street where I went for Mass, I went to see the pastor to ask for my entrance to their novitiate. I was accepted! This was at the end of August, 1957, and entrance to the novitiate was for September! "Normally you should have made your request in May", said the priest, Fr. Ryan, c.s.p., I met.

Everything went so fast I was left dumbfounded, and I understood that Heaven did not want anymore my making these "experiences" I had been left free to pursue during some years, and that from now on I had to settle down. I was twenty-seven years of age.

So I entered the novitiate of the Paulist Fathers, c.s.p., in Oak Ridge, New Jersey, US, and after a year of novitiate I went to the seminary of the community, St. Paul's College, in Washington, D.C. At last I felt settled down and everything was going well, except for a brief pause in the normal course of things by a stay at the hospital on account of an acute tonsillitis and an operation. Now this was the portent of what was to come, for shortly afterwards I began to feel the effects of an acute sinusitis which cut short all studies on account of headaches which required visits upon visits at the optometrist who kept increasing the strength of the prescription, so much that the lenses of my glasses looked more like thick bottom of bottles than ocular glasses. I was thus forced to quit my studies and return home, as the headaches were so strong and had affected my sight. A doctor advised me then to go and live in a drier climate. This is why I shall find myself in southern Saskatchewan in the Canadian West at the end of the year 1959, in Gravelbourg, and shall work as an announcer and as a writer of commercials at the radio station CFRG, today a station of the Canadian Broadcasting network.

In order to come back home in Petit Rocher, New Brunswick, from Washington, I had to take an Amtrak train which went directly to Montreal. This I did, but once in Montreal, the urge to remain there caught up with me. So I found a job as a ticket agent with Air Canada and started the necessary training. But after two weeks only I had to quit it all, for even if the climate of Montreal was drier than that of Washington, my sinusitis persisted. So there was nothing to do but to continue on my way home and rest and see an oculist of renown who succeeded in stabilizing my sight and give me again normal lenses. In mid-November, 1959, I shall head west to assure a complete cure from the sinusitis.

It must be said here that after my classical studies at the Eudist Fathers' where I was a boarder for seven years, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one, I shall never cease at any time to practice my religion with the years and the course of life. There will certainly be moments of lessened fervor interspersed with life indiscretions, however after my leaving the seminary I shall always keep in my heart an attraction towards religious life. But when will it take form? So we await.

Now was this a clue? Twenty-five years later, that is on June 8, 1984, at the church of Our Lady of Peace in Rome, while I lingered to look at a beautiful tapestry of Our Lord hanging above a small lateral altar, after the ceremony of the group of the Army of Mary from Quebec with which I was on a pilgrimage, with everyone having left and I stayed standing to admire the beautiful tapestry, when suddenly the image of Our Lord detached itself from the tableau and came right in front of me. I could but stammer falling on my knees, "But it is You, Lord! It is You!", and I clearly heard in my heart, "Follow me." Now must I still say, "Wait and see", having no further precision?

To pick up the thread, a year in the beautiful dry climate in southern Saskatchewan definitely overcame my sinusitis and my health was restored, so much so I again find myself en route to Montreal, where after a short while I found a job as a copywriter with a large pharmaceutical company. We are now in the 60's and I shall remain in Montreal for five years, during which time the possibility of the stage again presented itself. Having begun to take courses in diction in the evening, "to pass the time", at a school well-known in Montreal for having trained so many actors and singers, I see doors open for me towards Paris by a stage director who said to me straight off, "Ah, there is a nice addition for us!" I had accompanied the directress to a reception

held at the Ritz Carleton Hotel and she had praised me.

I got afraid, and it was then I clearly heard deep inside, that I had, once and for all, to quit the big city if I did not wish to lose my soul, a sentiment so strong brought to the surface each time I would enter the little chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, on St. Catherine East, where I “had” to enter each time I would pass in front in my comings and goings, even though it was just to salute the “Mother” towards Whom I always kept a profound affection in my heart. But as I did not leave right away, Heaven saw to it - what I now know - to cut me off my job in Montreal and send me as a translator to Ottawa, with the Department of Indian Affairs for a few months, and then busy myself to seek employment at home, in New Brunswick.

Now what could I do in New Brunswick other than to become a teacher at the time? So it was that my career as a teacher began in 1966 to continue right up to April 27, 1988, when I had to stop from deep fatigue which forced me to take a premature retirement and will bring about an angina attack in 1989. Upon my return home, I stayed at my mother’s who then lived alone since my father’s death in 1963.

And in 1971, an event quite out of the ordinary, I should say, happened. One day, while browsing in a small corner shop in a shopping center, where to find a religious magazine or book would have been rather surprising, for lay side by side secular books and magazines only, here I see in the midst of that hotchpotch of the world a book by St. Louis Marie de Montfort, “The Secret of the Rosary.” I felt my heart rent to see there the picture of the Mother, and I said, “Ah no! I shall certainly not leave You here in such a place.” And I went to the clerk to ask her what the price was. She remained completely stunned and said, “You found that book here?!” No, I do not know how much it costs.” I nevertheless offered the price marked under the picture of the Madonna, \$1.00. And I asked myself the question, “Who could have placed that book there?”

The reading of the book, I started as soon as I returned home, will change my whole life and will take me towards the full consecration to Our Lady: a decisive turning point, for it was in that year of 1971 I heard for the first time about a large Marian work, The Army of Mary, founded that year. Some cousins who belonged to a Marian team told me about a trip they had to take in the month of August to a sanctuary in Quebec. They had invited me to go, but changed their mind without telling me why. I shall learn later that the rendezvous was only for the members of the team, a grouping out of which would come the Marian work, the Army of Mary. Later I shall subscribe to the small journal of the movement which had just come out, and so I started to follow the new work without joining. It will only be in 1976 that will come about an event that will lead me towards the movement which was developing.

In the summer of that year, I had again accepted an invitation from a teacher colleague, at Bathurst High, John MacMaster, to take a trip to the United States towards the sunny beaches as we had done in 1973. But right in the middle of the trip, the driver, without a word, abruptly made an about turn. He said but this, “I have had enough of all that rain!” Rightly so, as it had never ceased raining from the first days on the road and the weather forecast he had just heard was not foreseeing any let up. Flabbergasted in a sense, I did not say a word though.

Upon my return home at this end of July, I sat down and asked myself, “What now?” Suddenly the thought came to mind that the time had come to fulfill a promise I had made to Padre Pio, to go and visit him in Italy. I had made this promise during his lifetime and I am now pressed to keep it even though he had been deceased since September of 1968. Moreover, as I had just finished a book on the apparitions of San Damiano, I told myself there was here quite an occasion to make a pilgrimage which would do more than compensate for the aborted trip to the United States.

Although used to traveling, the idea of going overseas alone made me apprehensive. I succeeded in getting a last minute ticket on an Alitalia flight going to Milan, where I thought staying for some time to get familiarized. And on this particular day of July 29, 1976, while in a small church, I saw hanging behind the main altar a large picture of a Madonna in tears. I got closer to get a better view while saying to myself, “These Italians are funny to paint a Madonna in tears.” I told myself there was perhaps some kind of cluster in the corner of the eye - I was perplexed. Now that day was July 29, 1976, a year to the day when the statue of Our Lady of Fatima would start weeping in Saint John, New Brunswick, in 1977.*

* Cf. Le Royaume, May 1984, C.P. 126, Lac-Etchemin, QC, G0R 1S0, Canada; Stella Maris, Sept. 1985, Ed. du Parvis, CH-1631 Hauteville, Switzerland.

In the afternoon I took the train for Piacenza south of Milan to find a place to stay and go to San Damiano, where the apparitions of the Virgin to Mama Rosa took place. I shall stay for fifteen days as I was much taken by the atmosphere of prayer which permeated me completely. I must say here the Evil One was following. So I shall be en route, the first day with a young lady who offered to take me to San Damiano after having heard me enquiring in a shop as to how to get there. Because of her amiability and thinking she was a devotee I had accepted the invitation, but I did not know the designs she had in mind, those of proposing a weekend instead of going to see, as she put it, that “crackpot” she knew for having taken care of her at the hospital some time before as a nurse.

I succeeded in convincing the young lady to take me nevertheless to the site. Upon arrival I got out of the car quickly, ditching there the stunned woman who let out at me, “And me! I am not a taxi after all!” Some ladies who were saying the rosary caught on what was happening and right away surrounded the young woman, gave her to drink some water from the well blessed by St. Michael in order to calm her and she cleared off. In the meantime I had joined the procession of the way of the cross and the rosary. For fifteen days I shall visit the enclosure from which I could not tear myself away except to go and eat and come back to the hotel in Piacenza by taxi in the evening.

One day, looking through the window of Mama Rosa’s small chapel we passed by to go behind the house towards the enclosure, I suddenly saw Our Lord’s figure in a large picture as He had appeared to Sister Faustina, in Poland, receive two slashes on the right cheek the while hearing like two heavy blows from a whip. I got scared, for I thought I was the cause of these slashes. All day long and during the following night I spent hours asking forgiveness. Timidly the next morning, on August 15th, I shall risk to look with one eye and then felt reassured to see the slashes gone. What a relief!

The next morning I would take the train towards San Giovanni Rotondo to visit the tomb of Padre Pio, stopping at Loreto to see the House of Nazareth transported there by angels. I shall linger inside for quite a while as I was alone. I wanted to touch each red brick and to kneel a while where St Therese of the Infant Jesus had knelt - a plaque indicated the spot. Then came to get me Fr. Modestus who had so kindly permitted me to enter even though it was outside the visiting hours.

Then at San Giovanni Rotondo, the next morning, I interiorly made the request upon entering the church to see a priest and go to confession as I would to Padre Pio. A priest told me to go and see a priest, over by the altar of the sanctuary, who seemed sitting down waiting. That priest heard my confession just as Padre Pio would have! Of that I was certain. For penance, he told me to introduce myself after confession. I found this strange. He introduced himself and asked my name and then said, “Come with me.” He led me to a shop at the bottom of the stairs going up to the sanctuary where he bought a full box of pictures of Padre Pio he told me to take to Canada and to spread. He wished I could have stayed longer, but I had to go to Rome to take a flight to Montreal; I did not have any time to return to Milan. In Rome everything went well and could return to the country first class, a way for the company to excuse itself for having sent me from one office to the other, from Alitalia to Canadian Pacific, and back and forth. Moreover in Rome I had the time to visit the main basilicas and go to the address an American lady had given me in San Damiano where I could find some relics. I felt I had more than I had bargained for.

On the following October 10th, I shall enter the Marian work mentioned above. I had gone to Quebec to attend a ceremony of the movement. I met first the director, Fr. Philippe Roy, and then the foundress, Marie-Paule Giguère, who sent for me. The meetings were most cordial and I gave the director the postcards of Padre Pio about which he said he was delighted, for he would give them with the books of a Marian movement, the MMP (Cf. note 1 of Section V), he distributed. My penance was then done! At the director’s I shall also meet two priests of the work, Frs. Denis Laprise and Victor Rizzi, and the director, to tease me, asked me, before introducing them, who was the Italian one. I still hear his laughter - he is now deceased - at the surprise of one of them when I pointed towards the other who looked the least Italian.

This initial visit at the director's will only be the first of all those I shall make afterwards, each time I shall go to Quebec on the occasion of the great celebrations of the movement which, from October 10, 1976 upon meeting the direction, took precedence in my life, so to speak, up to the middle of the '80's. And this ever present lively character trait of the director, as well as the kindness of the foundress and the other priests, attached me more profoundly to the movement. Also I had the surprise, on that very first visit, to hear the director, as well as one of the two other priests present, to invite me to take the reins of the movement in New Brunswick, and I was given the Blue Guide. This took my breath away and I thought of the effect this would have on those already at the head of the movement at home. Consequently I kept this offer quiet that had been made to me until it would be made official. When this came about, then the history of events in my rapport with the Marian work will start.

A history full of incidents! which began indeed with my nomination as animator of the movement for all of New Brunswick, that is at the beginning, upon my entrance into the movement. Then the first echoes of the conflict, which would be engaged without respite, reached me when, one day, the director asked me, during a visit I was making at the Center, what could mean all the cassettes sent to Quebec in which there was question of me. My surprise! And it suddenly dawned on me what could be happening: the former animators, Jeanne and Daniel White, cousins, were recording our telephone conversations, thus the why of so many questions on my thoughts regarding the foundress, on points pertaining to mystical theology requiring quite a depth. Unwonted questions I thought, and I would tell them so. I was far though from believing they were recording me! No doubt they wanted to know whether I was up to the task that I had been entrusted with and if a mistake had not been made; thus examination!

I will hear afterwards that a trend of thought was running in the movement, a trend that carried far, in my opinion, about what meant or could have meant, mystical incarnation or "inhabitation", a question, which to me pertained to a theology that only an expert exegete could fully explain. And the former animators continued without relent an underhanded feud against me, for, moreover, they felt they had been supplanted by an intruder. I nevertheless visited them although they would forbid me to sit in a certain armchair, where the "Blessed Virgin" would have sat during her visit of foundation in Petit Rocher at the beginning of the '70's. That is why they would tell other members of the group they had a "secret."

A nice beginning in a movement! So confronted by this feud, I shall soon come within a hair's breath of pitching everything aside, so much so that the following summer, in 1977 then, I was about to take a definite decision. In order to do so, I shall again accept to take a trip south to help me make up my mind and upon my return give back the reins. But what did happen upon my return from Louisiana? No sooner had I been brought home and had sat down with my head between my hands that I clearly heard, "You have no right to quit. You would lack charity towards God and the Church!" I did not understand these words right away, for I was surprised to hear that we could lack charity towards God. But suddenly I understood that this was true as I would take back what I had given Him, my consecration. So I regained courage feeling somewhat confused for having unharnessed at the first skirmishes. I hence asked the Eternal Father forgiveness, the One who had just spoken to me - of that I was sure! He had spoken audibly to my ears. So I decided to stay at my post.

I must say here that this struggle had in fact begun as soon as I had made my consecration to the Immaculate Heart according to the formula by St. Louis Marie de Montfort, in 1971, even amplifying with the years, to the extent that it will be my mother who will first feel the repercussions which lasted up to her death in 1987, the Evil One being so furious at what he perceived coming for our region, the establishment of The Asylum City. As soon as my mother laid her head on the pillow, she would hear, each night without fail, muffled blows as if coming from the depths. One night, being so exhausted she came to plead with me to stop. She had come to the point of believing what was whispered to her that I was the cause! A thought well in line with the pressure exerted by some close ones that I should leave the house because of my association with the Marian work I had joined, and the maneuvers of the former diocesan animators whose relations with the family were strained, even hostile.

These muffled sounds, as if coming from the very bowels of the earth, I shall in turn hear them after my mother's death. It will be then I understood the confusion she could have suffered. One night, these blows

became so violent that the whole house vibrated. So in the middle of the night, I went out to press my ear against a hydro-electric post to find out if these blows and vibrations could be transmitted through the electric wires. Some policemen, who saw me, followed me to the house to come and ask what was wrong. They had indeed found strange to see someone listening to an hydro-electric post in the middle of the night! I asked them to say nothing and listen in silence. So, when they heard the muffled sounds and the vibrations which shook the house, they said, "But you cannot stay here!" I shall follow their advice to try to clarify the mystery by asking the company to investigate. Nothing was found. Everything then ceased when I begged my deceased mother to intervene as she now knew the cause of these raging blows. I shall see my mother in a dream-vision afterwards, when she came to me surrounded by light to thank me for working for the Church. I went forward to embrace her, but she pulled back smiling, saying that I could not touch her.

The blows ceased, but there will be other incidents with full aim to discourage me from staying in the house and in the region. Hence, the Evil One sensing, as I said above, what Heaven was planning, wanted to make me leave the area at all cost, even going to the extent, one day, to arouse a gathering of people to level a mound of earth I had had dumped to close the entrance to an old schoolyard at the corner of the lot where stands our house, a piece of land we had just bought. People wanted to keep the rather narrow yard to use as a public alley to go to the beach. I had to send for a squad of twelve RCMP policemen to disperse the mob of people holding placards on this Sunday afternoon and who, under the effects of alcohol, chanted at us, "Kill them, kill them!" Words said by immediate neighbors even whose minds had been overheated by a petition initiated by someone close. Also, one night, some road workers of the village, under the excuse of wanting to clean the watermain, opened wide a hydrant which poured on our land for a whole night enough water to dig by erosion a deep trench as the water came out with such force. However, I had placed a medal of St. Michael at the corner of the lot, after sensing the actions planned by the Evil One through the workers who had shown hostility towards us, and not a drop of water will remain visible and not even a blade of grass will be disturbed. The workers sent to the site early next morning cleared off in a hurry on noting what should not have taken place in their eyes. The water had although flowed in torrents all night from the wide open hydrant! I had not been able to go to sleep for a single moment with the noise made by the running water, as my bedroom window gave on the side of the hydrant.

Thus the diabolical assaults came from all directions to force me to leave. Here to anticipate in the narrative of these assaults ... there will even be a court held on June 15, 1989, on my birthday, to try to dispossess me of the properties my mother will leave me in heritage, house and land, a court action initiated by a relative who will go to the extent of letting me know I was a hindrance to their business with my reputation. My poor mother, caught in all that and realizing what I could have suffered, asked me forgiveness on her deathbed for having listened rather to what was said by those leagued against me.

Coming back to the thread of the combat ... despite all the assaults, I shall continue my task in the Marian work notwithstanding the hostility of the former animators who never relented at any moment in their rivalry, even drawing others in their wake.* They certainly did not come to the meetings! There occurred only one apparent sign of thaw at the arrival on the scene of The Militia of Christ, a Dominican third-order which had come to join the Marian work, and for which I was named prior. Even then, contempt towards me was not spared. It will even be said that the directors of the Marian work had had no other choice but to place me at the head since I was always at the Center of the movement, in Quebec.

*To this very day - thus close to 25 years of antagonism - with a network of gossip kept operative by those the former animators - now ironically dissociated from the movement they blame for their two children's cessation of religious practice! - had well cuisined against me, all former close friends including a priest, Fr. Etienne Dubé, and his housekeeper, Marie Doucet, for whom I had paid two pilgrimages to Europe with the Marian work, and a teaching colleague, Adrien Daigle, responsible for coining the word "enchanter" with the warning to never look at me too directly less one would be influenced, still a firm belief with some who do keep their heads down to avoid looking at me: no fairy tale, alas, as I still am the butt of caution by some clerics of the Marian work at certain monthly gatherings which I am forbidden to attend even to hear Marc Bosquart's conferences.

The foundress had once warned me that many would not find it in their heart to forgive and forget, as they had

been fed with ineptitudes, sophisms, rumors and conjectures the Evil One infiltrated in many publications of the Marian work at the instigation of a minion, Richard Dionne, a lawyer turned detective-theologian, who later betrayed Marie-Paule and the Marian work, which were the Evil One's real targets along with what he sensed coming later through the poor instrument God The Father would choose to bring about The Asylum City and the Community of St. Joseph. Had Lucifer himself not come to the instrument to make a threat audibly, following his maneuvers in the Marian work, that he would see to it that he lost all his friends?

The Evil One was not also about to forget that I had defended The One Who Weeps, as I reiterated to Marie-Paule, on February 13, 2000, in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. She had answered, "Yes, John/Albert, you were defending The One Who Weeps", then had asked me to hurry, with Sr. Jeanne d'Arc Demers present, and tell Fr. Jean-Claude Guillemette we had had a very amicable talk as the priest was still struggling against the gossips still about. I now pray that a full reconciliation comes, not only with this good priest, Fr. Guillemette, but also with two other excellent collaborators of Marie-Paule's, Frs. Denis Laprise and Victor Rizzi I came to know at the very beginning. I also pray that a coming betrayal by a foremost member of the Community of the Sons of Mary of the Marian work does not occur as it was shown me in a dream-vision, with his mother profiled in the background to enhance his identity and not to confuse him with one on mission abroad.

Accounts of the exploits of the lawyer-theologian, turned detective, mentioned above, are related in the series of the 15 booklets published in the Marian work between '84 and '87, exploits exposing his folly are mainly found from booklet #5 onwards, as the first ones of the booklets are dedicated to The One Who Weeps in an edifying way. In one account, this man, I saw with glazed-over eyes at the very first meeting, when there was swooning about his eyes, boasts of having clocked the length of our thanksgiving prayers, *Joseph Francis'* and mine, after Mass. This action, of course, speaks for itself and the state of mind of this poor man who later lost his elementary sense and wanted to oust Marie-Paule. I firmly believe this man fell victim to the "little Michael" who plagued the foundress.

How astute was the Evil One for having implanted himself in the very heart of the Marian work (cf. Section VIII for the account of the serpent in the tree) through false obedience imposed on the foundress by a prelate, Msgr. Jean-Pierre Van Lierde, under the spell of a woman called "Maria", in Italy. (Cf. "Life of Love" by the foundress.)

This evil angel is yet to be exposed and repulsed, as I am begging Marc Bosquart, now the Marian work's foremost mystical theologian, to look at that aspect of the mystery of iniquity surrounding Marie-Paule and still infesting the heart of the movement, and not to tarry as time is running out.



Marie-Paule listening to Fr. Etienne Dubé of Grandfalls, NB, a former friend turned away by gossips toward me, on this day of meetings in March 1982 of the different diocesan groups of The Army of Mary, at the Center of the Immaculate, in Quebec City.

It is during the meetings, at a moment of lull, that Marie-Paule took me aside to tell me, "I have been told so much about you that I do not know what to believe", the while grabbing her head.

As I am trying my utmost to recount, without being listened to for all that, the struggle against me started as soon

as I entered The Army of Mary. And preposterous stories ran without my knowing, but they later came to my ears. The feathers were in the wind and the authors could certainly not catch them, the wrong having been done ... even in the eyes of my family!

Fr. Dubé and his group could not make it at the same time as our group of the diocese of Bathurst; a front wheel of their bus having started to go wrong to the point of falling off.

Interiorly I knew that Heaven had intervened to avoid a distressing confrontation. I thanked Heaven.

I had made known The Army of Mary to Fr. Dubé, and had even paid him two pilgrimages, for him as well as for his maidservant that could not ever leave him alone, being always at his heels, to the point that I shall one day tell Marie-Paule, that I had made a big mistake in introducing this priest to The Army of Mary, because of this attachment which had even placed him in a state of confrontation with his bishop who had taken away from him any office as a parish priest - something I learned later.

I shall say all this to Marie-Paule in order to free myself of all blame and the latter to tell me to leave everything in her hands. Fr. Dubé will move with his maidservant to Lac-Etchemin not too long afterwards.

Fr. Dubé's maidservant had set her designs on me from the very first visits I paid him: there is nothing worst than the fury of a woman whose open and shameless advances have been rejected. Now Fr. Dubé had told me in our first telephone conversation, to at last see, through his entrance in The Army of Mary, a chance of getting away from his maidservant to whom he would leave house, etc, before going to Quebec City. Alas, he could not do anything ... and the story of The Army of Mary in New Brunswick could have been altogether different!!

With my entrance in the Marian work befell upon me the task of sorting and putting in order the records. No register was up to date, not even for the diocesan center. I thus went about in research having to travel at the time by taxi, bus and train in order to cover the quite large territory the first animators had covered having been able to go about by car. I had not yet conquered my blue fear of having to learn to drive, and when came the moment, at the beginning of the 80's to have to take my courage in both hands and go take driving lessons at an accredited school some 250 km. away, I came to wish that the train I had to take each Saturday, to bring me to destination, would derail so I would not be able to go to the courses. In the end I shall finish the course and pass successfully the exam to obtain the permit.

I thus did the task of tracking the foundations presumably made here and there in three dioceses. I shall find only a pile of sheets carrying but the names of persons desirous to make a foundation, and nothing more in most cases. I succeeded in assembling a whole binder giving the history of the work accomplished, with notes whether such and such a center had functioned and for how long. This work will prove to be useless upon the arrival on the scene later, in the midst of the 80's, of an animator, Adrien Daigle, that the former animators had well cuisined towards me. The latter will apparently destroy a great part of the files which explained why a great number of foundations had fallen. Without these dossiers the fault will fall on me. It will be said I had caused whole sections of the movement to fall!

All the while, thus will have been Fr. Philippe Roy, the national director of the Marian work which I had joined in 1976, sprightly and cordial. It was he who encouraged me in the difficulties and at whose place I shall always end up each time I would go to Quebec to attend the great celebrations of the movement, this up to 1984, when the struggle will begin, at the national and international level, against the Weeping Madonna of Canada and her guardian, although sent by Heaven to support the foundress in the great work which was about to begin, The City of the Immaculate, whose scale model was on display for quite a while in the foyer of the Center of the movement, but which will be shelved later in basements after the squall, and will be passed as an "hypothesis"!! The work of demolition engineered internally by "the little Michael" to destroy Marie-Paule's mission and the Marian work, the Army of Mary, was well in motion. (Cf. April 1980, Section VIII).

*In the fall of 1983, I had shown the foundress photos of the Weeping Madonna, in the lower part of the basilica of Our Lady of the Cape, just before the ceremonies of the day would begin, photos shown me by the animator at the time, Marie DeGrechie, whose brother had visited the guardian, Bernard Parks, *Joseph Francis*, of Saint John, N.B., and had brought back the news, and the foundress quickly called to her Fr. Philippe Roy and said, "Father Philippe, Father Philippe, come and see!" She then turned towards me to ask that I go on site to inquire and take note of everything. Which I did.**

* Cf. Section **VIII**, With the Days, the Years ... 1971-2000, the copy of the letter Marie-Paule sent me to thank me for a job well done (contrasting surprisingly with what was printed in Appendix IV of "Life of Love", first class ineptitude coming from the same hostile entourage which had rebuffed The One Who Weeps).

At this point, I must say that had I not been asked to go and see I would not have done so. I underline this here, I would not have gone, and this is said, for later when the discredit against the Weeping Madonna will be engaged, and the statue as well as its guardian will be pushed aside, I shall be accused of having imposed them on the movement. The war I had to suffer at home will all of a sudden spread to the movement in general, and I shall have to take my distance; my attempts to straighten the facts, even abroad, will remain thwarted and misunderstood. I had, however, seen the Madonna weep!

Before going further in the history of the Weeping Madonna, I must say, that towards the end of the '70's, will start what I call formidable privileges which still permit me, to this day, to have an inkling of something even at a distance; to sense by touch, mainly through the left hand, if such and such a writing is good or bad; to see people's face and eyes change to indicate their bad disposition; even see the diabolical effects in certain ones I shall see deformed; I shall also hear interior and audible warnings by the Archangel Ariel who came to tell me, in a dream-vision, he had now been assigned to me to increase my protection. Also, dreams and visions will multiply ... The visions will cease in 1997, but the dreams and locutions will continue to this day. It must also be said that certain scents surround me at certain moments to make me aware of the presence of certain celestial personages - as I am also made aware of the presence of the Evil One by stench, also varied!! These manifestations still continue according to circumstances.

Yes, the entry on the scene of the Weeping Madonna of Canada and her guardian had been in Heaven's plans in view of the foundation of The City of the Immaculate. Heaven brought, one towards the other, two instruments in the gigantic task which saw the unleashing of the battle more intense than ever, with the goal of the Evil One to separate those who were to collaborate, on one side the guardian of the Weeping Madonna, and, on the other, the foundress of the Marian work, and I saw myself wedged between the two. Opting to back the Weeping Madonna, I had to take my distance from the Marian work in Quebec, with a torn heart which, for all that, will not renounce the work nor the foundress whose mission I still believe to be authentic. Later, I shall also find myself obliged to pull away from the guardian of the Weeping Madonna whose miraculous statue was alleged to have perished in a fire considered "strange" by the firemen, on February 6, 1988, on the eve of the departure by our group of pilgrims to Australia, to the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Ark. On the plane I shall see myself, in a dream-vision, back in the chapel in flames where were posted two great angels to signify that the fire had to consume everything in reparation!

The Evil One, in his infernal rage, thus wanted "two strikes with one stone", and he succeeded through men's malice. However, Heaven kept watch, and the Virgin's plan was relaunched yet more grandiose, in the tracing on map of an enclosure of fire by St Therese of the Infant Jesus, in September 1989, in order to surround the foundations previously laid by the Weeping Madonna, an enclosure of fire reflected in the sky on November 17, 1989, and an enclosure of fire for The Asylum City instead of one in triangular stones "indicated" for The City of the Immaculate to better resist the shocks during the great earthquakes of the End Times, a thing "revealed" to the foundress who will take us to see samples of these stones during on-site visits at the beginning of 1984, accompanied by the guardian of the Madonna, the new director of the Marian work (also now the spiritual director of the guardian), Fr. Jean-Paul Bélanger, and by a French author of great renown in the eschatological field and crowned by the French Academy of Letters of Paris, Raoul Auclair. This will be a relaunching directly by Heaven, given the fact that the first plan put in the hands of men did not come about and that the times were pressing.

One, the Evil One will attack through a false St. Michael, "small with a dirty dress", in order to have a more humble appearance, the other, through a magnificent "Blue Angel" whose name was jealously kept to better create an aura of mystery. Thus the trick was played!

Oh, the tragedy of having chosen the "small Michael", the false one, who will afterwards give orders and

counterorders, often on the same day. One moment everything will seem in place, and one moment later everything will be countermanded. Several times, the real St. Michael, the tall St. Michael, whose height caused him to be pushed aside by the Evil One's sophism that it indicated pride, will attempt to intervene. "The little Michael" will then impose himself, having been chosen, and he will press Marie-Paule in the back with his sword. Yet more tragic is the fact that nobody will notice, even to this day! and come to help the foundress. Thus there will be order and counterorders inside the work, the better to make it move in circles when confronted with the blows and counter-blows from the outside, without anyone awakening to the stratagem of the Evil One, and so they moved still further away from the great plan, The City of the Immaculate and the great action of the work to have the Weeping Madonna of Canada crowned by the Holy Father during the pilgrimage of May 1984. A box for the transport of the Madonna had been designed with care and all the preparations had therefore the green light up to the very eve of the departure! And then came the counterorder to cancel everything!! "It is not the time", it was said.

A very real clue of the infiltration of the Evil One in the work had been given to me in a dream-vision at the very beginning of the '80's. I was given to see the Marian work under the appearance of a magnificent tree towards which I saw people extend their hands. I was on the other side and so could see the enormous green serpent wrapped around the trunk of the beautiful tree but whose head was hiding in the thick foliage, therefore in the very heart of the tree, and nobody could perceive it nor hear my cries of alarm. I will be given to see this infernal animal again some time later, in broad daylight, during a conference of The Militia of Christ, a Dominican third order which had joined the Marian work. I suddenly saw the foundress' head covered down to the shoulders by a disguise of a steel blue dragon - the extent the Evil One wanted to control her. I shuddered to see what I thought to be an hallucination in broad daylight which lasted for quite a while. In vain would I turn my head away and risk a look again, the thing remained. I made a plea to Heaven and then all disappeared.

Heaven wanted to get through, but too many people around the foundress formed a screen about her ... they would go as far as to say that much of what she wrote had to be changed. Who was then in charge? I cannot go in details here, but suffice to say that the Weeping Madonna and her guardian was a recognized fact in the movement,* the guardian having even been invited to come and live at the Center. The harmony between the two instruments would have brought the great realization of The City of the Immaculate and the great action of the work - which despite everything will come about through another plan, The Asylum City!

*Cf. Le Royaume, May 1984, C.P. 126, Lac-Etchemin, QC, G0R 1S0, Canada, official organ of The Community of Our Lady of All Peoples, of which The Army of Mary is a part.

The guardian of the Weeping Madonna will not correspond to the invitation to go and live at the Center of the Marian work in order to better collaborate with the foundress towards Heaven's project - one could have supported the other in the combat - having been influenced by his "Blue Angel" and calls from two priests of the MMP who sought to dissuade him from this collaboration as soon as they heard that he could go and unite with the Marian work in Quebec. I shall attempt, nearly all night, to plead with him on the phone not to listen to these priests ... but to no avail, for the demons had him by the throat he said in a choked voice.

This invitation to the guardian to go and live at the Center had meant that full confidence was given him, to him and the Weeping Madonna, confidence that the Evil One will use, one day, by a call from the foundress to my place that I give her right away his telephone number so she could reach him for confirmation of what she had been told that if a certain book came out by the author formerly from Paris, Raoul Auclair, who had joined the movement this would mean the demise of the work. Thus, one and the other, the foundress of the movement and the guardian, agreed that the book should be burned - which was done!

Yet, the book by this author would prove to be a study of the most serious kind, and theologically authentic, but here is a concerted effort through the bad angels put on the path of the foundress and the guardian in order to destroy ... and this work of destruction by the Evil One will also aim one day two works that will be later written by another inspired author, Marc Bosquart, on the great mission of the foundress and the work Heaven had entrusted her. To my great surprise, during my last meeting with her, on February 13, 2000, in St.

Hyacinthe, QC, to contrast with the credit that was at last given to the author's books, the foundress tells me now, at the end of our conversation, "I want to put you on guard against the author's second book." Again, order and counterorder on this February 13, 2000! and a strange parallel* is here established between the warning against Raoul's book, "The Total Man in the Total Earth", and the one against Marc's second book, "The Redeemer and the Co-redemptrix" following the same kind of attack by "the little Michael" which brought Marie-Paule to speak directly or through interlopers, *a first time*, against Raoul Auclair's book, declaring on the telephone, in Sr. Lucille Carrière's presence, that the book would mean the death of the Army of Mary if it came out - Sr. Carrière acting as interpreter for Bernard Parks whom Marie-Paule was trying to reach, and *a second time*, when I saw her on February 13, 2000, in St. Hyacinthe, QC, against Marc Bosquart's second book, "The Redeemer and the Co-redemptrix", this time Marie-Paule warning me against the book in Sr. Jeanne d'Arc Demers' presence. So now Marie-Paule having no more the choice, in order to fulfill her role as "servant" of Our Lady of All Peoples, has to drive back into hell "the little Michael" who was imposed on her in the beginning by the prelate, Msgr. Jean-Pierre Van Lierde, of Rome, now deceased, himself having succumbed to the wiles of the Evil One through the woman from Italy called Maria.

* Become a paradox when, of late, nothing but praise is expressed regarding the books of the two authors mentioned here. Could it be that the action of "the little Michael" and that of the interlopers is curtailed? There is reason to hope so, as, of late, Marie-Paule has reaffirmed her authority, by stating she is now the Superior of the Community of Our Lady of All Peoples. Heaven be praised! (Cf. The May-June issue of "Le Royaume", the official organ of the new community.)

I had not at all expected such a development, nor that this conversation wanted to deal with events sixteen years back, on the why they had rejected the Weeping Madonna as well as the guardian, a why I quickly noticed *did not come* from the foundress but from what an entourage was telling her, in the occurrence St. Jeanne d'Arc Demers who accompanied her, astonished that Bernard Parks, *Joseph Francis'* weeping Madonna had oozed oil rather than tears! A diabolical sign for that entourage, when it was the opposite! I could not get over it!

The foundress had believed her entourage, and there again was her febrile effort to convince me. I remained flabbergasted and I felt that the foundress, towards whom I always had a profound attachment, was tortured with sorrow. She held my hands in hers I felt as alabaster and I sensed that she wanted me to believe her so much. At the end she will tell me, as my tears ran facing her disarray, "Yes, John/Albert, it is true, you were defending The One Who Weeps." And on getting up she slipped, "I want to warn you against Marc Bosquart's second book, and now hurry and tell Fr. Guillemette that we had a talk. Hurry, and tell him that I shall see him after the ceremony."

I was bowled over and went to see Fr. Guillemette who received me rather coldly. I cannot blame him as he had been accused of having disfigured the statue of the weeping Virgin, and still believed those who, to this day, see me as a traitor towards the movement and as an "enchanter." Yes, the password is still to stay away from me, and never to look me in the eyes or to speak more than two words to me, for I "hypnotize"! Lucifer is still making good his threat to keep away from me all my friends outside or inside my small Community of St. Joseph (barely existing as a prayer group so far), a threat he made on a certain month of August after The Eternal Father had decreed the founding of the community in 1989, during a bilocation (cf. photo **A10**, Section **V**), after having expressed his grief over what the "very ones" He had prepared, 854 seers, mystics and privileged souls, were about to do, go off track. This is what **A11** conveyed but I did not then grasp. I thought "854" meant days!

So I shall ask myself why this feverish wish, as stated above, to again justify oneself for having rejected the Weeping Madonna - I fear that those who have rejected Her will feel the why during the Great Warning at our doors! During the conversation, all I could do was to repeat what I had often said, that I had not fought against the movement but had wanted to defend the Weeping Madonna rather, not even the guardian, in whom I had seen the combat which will make him also reject the Madonna in the end, not able to stand to see her weep

anymore. He will even push his folly “to allegedly make her prettier” by covering her with heavy make-up which had as effect to disfigure her and render her unacceptable - even after having been repainted by an artist - to an entourage in the movement seeking the least pretext to drive away the Weeping Madonna who had never wept in front of them but had oozed oil rather as a significant privilege! As it was expected that The One Who wept would shed tears and not oil, this was interpreted as diabolical by that entourage who rushed to Marie-Paule to report they had “discovered” the wiles of the Evil One. Alas, it was not understood that Our Blessed Mother could also have her oil just as St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Charbel and countless other saints and even living mystics! What a privilege given the Army of Mary!

Speaking of entourage, the guardian of the Weeping Madonna will also soon have persons to give him wrong advice. In vain shall I warn his spiritual director, Fr. Jean-Paul Bélanger, the new director of the Marian work, who will not follow-up on the warnings, even after having seen on his route, one day, while on his way to the guardian of the Madonna, in Saint John, New Brunswick, an enormous snake. He thought that the animal had dropped from a circus truck! His brother, Fr. Grégoire, who was a priest will try to warn him that this was the Evil One, but he did not listen. This will be the same infernal animal seen during a dream-vision at the beginning of the 80's wrapped around the magnificent tree described in Section **VIII**, as well as the one the founder of the MMP will see on entering the foyer of the Center of the Marian work of Quebec - at this sight he did not dare remain and this marked the end of his association with the work.

All this to confirm the double attack of the Enemy, first against the foundress of the Marian work of Quebec and then against the guardian of the Weeping Madonna, two instruments who were to collaborate to bring about The City of the Immaculate. Who will, though, grasp at the time, the stratagem of the Evil One? Alas no one, except the poor instrument chosen for The Asylum City. So the director will have to bite his fingers later at the rapid descent of the guardian who could not tolerate to see the Madonna weep anymore as She now wept on several occasions, not only in the statue of Fatima recognized as the Weeping Madonna of Canada, but as well as in many other statues or photos in the end, at his place and elsewhere, especially in the fall of 1992 in the small chapel at my home in The Asylum City.

After my conversation of February 13, 2000 mentioned above, and on reflecting on past events, all this can bring one to think of the possibility of an inhabitation with the foundress of the Marian work, co-existing with the close harassment of the Evil One, this to explain the scope of the combat and what can suffer a soul submitted to such an experience. To understand how the Evil One can be permitted to approach so close to the Virgin within a soul, suffice to read what Maria of Agreda says in “The Mystical City”, that during the redemption, the Evil One will stand close to Jesus, even on the Cross, in order to instill the futility of his act and push the impudence to play the same manoeuver near the Virgin, in the Cenacle, plunged into unmentionable sorrows. Today, in the days of the co-redemption, the Evil One will be permitted to dupe the soul under the disguise of “the little Michael” in order to repeat his audacity, and the battle ground will surround the one called to live the inhabitation simultaneously with this harassment. Is this the “secret” that must keep the foundress who perhaps is aware of having been duped but must now suffer the consequences?

What responsibility would then lie on those in the entourage who do not perceive the drama, being courtiers rather than helpers and thus too preoccupied to grasp what the foundress had however related in her writings concerning the choice of the “small Michael” and the consequences!

Can the foundress pull herself out of this harassment? Yes, as soon as she will have accepted the “tall” St. Michael always at her side and who continues his protection, despite. The Evil One does not have all the rights after all, and the permission for his presence is indeed a mystery, in the framework of the mystery of the co-redemption. I leave to others the task of understanding this, for I must here continue to relate the events which encompass my parallel life tied, at the same time, to all this drama without my being able to seize its full scope because of **the relaunching of The City of the Immaculate** through the formation of The Asylum City this time, solely in the hands from Above. My only part will consist of being witness of the events which will preside over its foundation.

Before going to the account of what happened with the days and the years, I have to say that the above narrative will suddenly become the target of the assaults from Hell, on this April 1, 2000, to try to instill in my

mind the uselessness of the present exercise. To compensate, the guardian angel had to intervene to tell me to my surprise, "It is this writing which will give to the soul harassed by the "small Michael with the dirty dress" the courage to pull through!" I strongly felt that the foundress of the work presently found herself in an impasse. Mysterious words whose scope I have yet to grasp. So we await.

The next morning, in the wee hours, I shall see St. Joseph dressed as an artisan during a dream-vision. He sat on a stool having come to introduce the first members of the Community of St. Joseph whose foundation was decreed by the Eternal Father, in 1989, during a bilocation, a foundation decree which will precede the tracing of the fire enclosure of The Asylum City by St Therese of Lisieux, in September 1989, around the foundations of the City laid by the Weeping Madonna, in 1984, after the rejection of the plan, at another site, of The City of the Immaculate incited by the evil angels who harassed, on one side, the foundress of the Marian work, and on the other, the guardian of the Weeping Madonna, who was supposed to help in the implementation of Heaven's first plan.

The Asylum City has to become, one day that is not far anymore, the refuge of the great Marian work cited several times above ... but there will be an agonizing combat. Only the great events of the scale of the Great Warning will get the better of those who will become the Evil One's tools in order that the mission of the foundress of the great Marian work be not fulfilled. She will see herself betrayed by "close ones" even, whose full latent action in them she cannot yet suspect.

So the outside attacks will be nothing in comparison, from now on, to the attacks within the very bosom of the movement long prefigured by the enormous serpent wrapped around the magnificent tree symbolizing the movement that was shown to me during a dream-vision in the first years of the 80's. One day, the foundress will find herself with only a handful of all those still in the movement. Where will they go those who will leave when the attacks by the Evil One will increase? Entrance to the refuge sites such as The Asylum City will be permitted to him but with restriction; he will not be able to harm those marked with the sign of the Cross or the sign of the Immaculate.

In the chain of events that surround my life in the relaunching of The City of the Immaculate as The Asylum City, one of the worst assaults will come following the visit with the foundress of the Marian movement cited above. I had apprehended this visit after sixteen years of absence. Alas, these apprehensions will prove as real warnings of what Hell was preparing to prevent a rapprochement. Again came into play "the little Michael" with order and counterorder as usual. I had been warmly invited to the celebration on February 13, 2000, in St. Hyacinthe, QC, and then came an abrupt about-turn, even brutal, after malicious gossips by persons motivated by the Evil One had been listened to, the very day following my visit. I shall be able to respond to this new onslaught only by rising above the designs of the Evil One to repeat that on my side I was keeping doors open nevertheless, for the foundress will have to seek refuge one day with the handful that will remain with her. She is already on the way, as I had told her at the beginning of the 90's to prepare her retreat from the Center - what she has now done.

I was not prophesying, I was simply telling her of a means to get away from continuous harassment by the Evil One and the "inside" action by those who will leave the boat which to them will seem lost. This will then be the most brutal blow that will have to suffer the foundress whose mission remains, if it is for the sole goal to at least put a foot in The Asylum City, as to affix on it a seal - which is lacking to complete her great mission of founding The City of the Immaculate into the form, now, of The Asylum City - always in New France.

This act, she must do for the entrance of the small remnant of the Church into the New Era. So she must do this act, if not, The Asylum City risks remaining incomplete with all the consequences this would entail. She will come as it was shown to many privileged souls despite the fact that this act places her at the crossroads with all the suffering this can entail.

What is then The Asylum City? In order to gauge its full mystery and the magnitude of God's plan, it is necessary to consider, on one hand, all the signs from Heaven that accompany its foundation since the 80's and, on the other, the assaults by Hell to discredit this plan by God at the juncture of two epochs, this plan for the entrance of humanity into the New Era, the age of the Holy Ghost which is to last a thousand years according to the Holy Scriptures. In man's history there was the age of the Father of 4,000 years, from the fall of the first

man up to the coming of the Son, which opened the era of redemption on a period of 2,000 years that must now open on the era of the Holy Ghost, the last thousand years before the Great Coming of Christ and the final judgment of humanity. It needs to be said at once that the juncture of the times we are presently in will be marked by the Intermediate Coming of Christ for the re-establishment of the Church into its new form under the guidance of the Virgin Mary residing in the New Jerusalem with Shilo, the one representing Christ who will reign at the side of the Virgin in order to form the theocracy, the form of government for the New Era.

What is then The Asylum City? A mystery if one is to judge by the grandiose signs by Heaven, on one hand, and the terrible assaults by Hell, on the other, signs and assaults of which was a witness and a target the instrument chosen by Heaven to talk about it. It must be said the worst assaults will come from those who should be aware of the signs of the times. For example, I shall be told through a correspondent that the priest, Fr. René Laurentin, considered, mainly in Europe, to be the greatest authority of our days in mariology, thought the phenomena above The Asylum City Heaven, shown on November 17, 1989, (See Section V), as too fantastic to be true. So imagine the application of this theory to the grandiose signs which accompanied the exodus of the chosen people out of Egypt and en route to the Promised Land! Alas, this is what was however done!

It must again be said, in order to gauge the scale of the signs by Heaven and the assaults by Hell one must consider what is this plan of God for Humanity at the juncture of the times which open on the New Era, humanity's last epoch before the eighth day. There was the time of the Father of 4,000 years, the time of the Son of 2,000 years; now comes the time of the Holy Ghost of 1,000 years. So it will be He, in the form of a dove, that we shall visibly see in our skies above The Asylum City, on November 17, 1989. (See Section V, A2.)

When the foundress of the Marian work asked me to go on site to inquire about the Weeping Madonna of Canada, in Saint John, New Brunswick, I went as I said above. So this visit in the fall of 1983 will mark the beginning of my association with the guardian of the Weeping Madonna, association which will last in an active way up to February, 1988, when will burn down the mother house of the small community that the guardian had established with the participation of the spiritual director, the director of the Marian work of Quebec who will leave that work in order to give himself entirely to his new apostolate with the guardian.

My association with the guardian of the Weeping Madonna will be marked, on my first visit, by Heaven's intervention which came to surround me with a beautiful scent of roses even before I would enter his home, and this will be a sign of protection, as I understand it today. Outside, the weather was rainy, dismal and cold, certainly not favorable for the blooming of roses. These scents that will come to favor me afterwards on several occasions, will come to encourage me in the work with the guardian, a very heavy work most of the time, ranging from light in the beginning to become unbearable in the end. I shall be part of the small community established by the guardian, and the work will soon consist in translating what an author from Quebec had written concerning the history of the Weeping Madonna and the guardian, who was not in the beginning what he would become.

The project of establishing a new community will last until 1988, and it will recruit my efforts for I continued to support the Weeping Madonna for all that, but when the guardian took upon himself on several occasions to embellish anew the statue and thus disfigure it with an ugly make-up, with the result it will be necessary to have it repainted over again after each make-up in order to give it its original beauty, but in vain - what will push the guardian to relegate it to a corner of the mother house which will soon burn down - this will be then the end of my association with the guardian, which will become a definite reality by a last visit at my home in the fall of 1992. He came, but I had to tell him later that we were no more in association, when I noticed the black soot left in the blanket with which he wrapped himself in bed. I was bowled over! In a dream I shall see him later accompanied by people who spoke volumes on what he was now engaged in during his new residency in Quebec. He had just joined a group under the direction of a priest, Fr. Laurent Gagnon (now deceased), formerly known to the foundress of the Marian movement in Quebec, and dealing in a New Age esoteric philosophy, the Cosmogony of Urencia.

*John/Albert**

* "You are *John*, guardian of the Virgin Mary." (Cf. Section V, photo A17.)