

Dad Spared From Hell

Carl, my father, was a fallen away Catholic for most of his adult years. He had six children with my mother, but he left her to pursue his own adventures with other women and drugs. Since child support laws were not well established in our state, my father did not feel the obligation to help meet our financial needs. Times were hard, food and clothing was scarce. Yet, my mother would always remind us to pray for our father and forgive him. It wasn't very hard for me to hate my dad, since he had little to do with us and left my mother in sorrows as she struggled to care for us.

Mother always remembered Carl in her daily Rosaries, and she taught us how to pray the mysteries too. As teens, we continued to practice our faith, attending weekly Mass, receiving the Sacraments and praying our daily Rosary. Years went by and we grew up, yet my anger and hatred for Carl remained unchanged. Mother insisted that we should pray for his soul because he was indeed on a path to hell.

In January 1997, I joined a small prayer group and we began praying for the conversion of sinners. I had the chance to attend a healing retreat in March and listened carefully to this holy Catholic priest speaking about giving up our anger and living the "Our Father" prayer by fulfilling one statement in the prayer: "As we forgive those who trespassed against us." This Priest stated that we had to forgive everyone who hurt us in order for us to be fully forgiven by the Lord too. It all made sense, I had been reciting the Our Father prayer my whole life, but had not realized that I had so much ANGER AND UNFORGIVENESS in my heart against my father, which needed to be dealt with so that I could find peace in my life. I realized that **I had sinned against God, the anger I felt was my sin even if my father was the cause of my anger, my sin!** I had to forgive my father, no matter what and I realized this.

Shortly after that, I found an old Green Scapular that my mother had given it to me years prior. Realizing that I had to "try hard to forgive my dad", I decided to write his name on top of my blessed Green Scapular. **I knew that the normal use of a Green Scapular was to place it in the room of the person it was intended for, but if I sent it to Carl, he would probably just throw it away since he was living in mortal sin. So I wrote his name directly on my blessed Green Scapular and I entrusted Carl to Mother Mary's intercession and Jesus' mercy for his soul.**

In April 1997, I was asked to pray for a friend's sister who had been away from the church for many years and was an alcoholic. It crossed my mind to write her name and everyone else that I was being asked to pray for by **writing their names on Mother Mary's blessed Green Scapular**, so that during Mass I could offer up my Holy Eucharist, my Rosaries, Chaplets of Divine Mercy and other forms of prayer that I normally said throughout the day for them. I would offer all these souls whose names were written on Mother's Green Scapular to Jesus Christ, for healing and conversion, for God's mercy. My faith in Mother Mary's intercession was sealed, **the Mother of God could bring all those souls I had written on her Green Scapular to her son Jesus perfectly** since that is Mother Mary's mission. She wants all of us, to know and love her son Jesus!

So I wrote my name on a blessed Green Scapular, then began writing my family members names on Green Scapulars, my friends, then my enemies and everyone else who requested me to pray for them. On Sunday, March 29, 1998, I received a call from my sister. She explained that Carl had died the night before. He had been out drinking, doing drugs and dancing with his girl friend (later we found out the autopsy report indicated he had a heart attack caused from a drug overdose). I began crying, I was certain from the way he died that he must have gone straight to Hell because he didn't have enough time to repent for his sins (he died very quickly). I began praying to Mother Mary, praying that she had interceded before the Throne of God for my father's soul because I needed to know, if Carl was in Hell? I remembered Blessed Mother's promise to St. Simon Stock regarding the Brown Scapular and the promise she made: **"Whosoever shall die clothed in my scapular, shall not suffer eternal fire."** I hoped this promise would also apply to her Green Scapular, I prayed that it did.

On the following Tuesday, still hurt that my dad had died and I never reconciled with him, I knew I had to visit the confessional to confess my anger and hatred for father. During my confession, I told the Priest that I had not loved my Father from birth, I hated him my entire life for leaving my mother, brothers and sisters in poverty, for never being there while we were growing up and never paying any child support when we were in need. I confessed that I never wanted to know him, I was ashamed of him, and that I never gave him a chance to know me or be a part of my life. The Priest gave me absolution and I felt peace.

Mass was about to begin, so I decided to stay and pray for Carl. At the moment when we offer our prayer intentions to the Lord, I said aloud, "I wish to pray for the repose of my father's soul, who died this week." At that moment, the Holy Spirit came over me and I was filled with the power of God. **Father God's love and grace began pouring into my**

soul. I was being healed from my anger and I thought I would die from the incredible infilling of God's grace. I began crying and was unable to stop crying for the next three days. The love I never received from my dad, came from my real Father, my Heavenly Father and I was healed of my unforgiveness and anger. In fact, I began loving my own father, Carl, as if he was the best father in the world, all my hurt, pain and sorrows had melted away!

I still had a question in my heart, did Mother Mary intercede on behalf of my father's soul? When I came home from Mass that Tuesday night, I humbled myself in front of my home altar. I asked the Blessed Virgin, "Did you save my father from eternal damnation? Did you ask Jesus, your Holy Son to spare him from Hell? I had his name on your blessed Green Scapular Mother, were you able to intercede for him at his judgment?" I begged Mother Mary for her help, I was emotionally hurt not knowing if Carl was in Hell or Purgatory and I needed to know.

Friday morning, April 3rd, it was my turn to host our prayer meeting. More people had decided to join us that day because we had a special guest, a lady was promoting **enthroning homes to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Immaculate Heart of Mary.** After our meeting, I began to tell our speaker and other guests about the Green Scapular. I wanted to show everyone in attendance the many Green Scapulars that we had and how many names had been written on them and handed over to me for safe keeping. There must have been around 300-400 scapulars collected and placed into a large craft container that opened in the middle. I wanted to show our guest speaker what we had collected so I placed the container on one of the chairs so I could open it and when I opened the container a miracle took place. ***I saw one Green Scapular rise about a foot up in the air, then gently move towards us and in front of the container then it gently glided down to the ground.***

I couldn't believe my eyes, nor could anyone else that was watching this great miracle. I bent down to pick it up, and looked at the name on the Scapular. Tears filled my eyes when I read the name, Carl. I had my answer from Blessed Mother Mary, her holy and miraculous Green Scapular was the source of my fathers' blessings. He had not been sent to Hell, he was in Purgatory and I knew it. In my great joy, I knew I had to go to church that night to thank and praise the mercy of God the Father, Jesus and Holy Spirit and I wanted to thank Blessed Mother Mary for her intercession. It was the first Friday of the month, and I had been observing all First Friday's that were dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

When I drove up to the church the parking lot was full of cars. I couldn't figure out why so many cars were at the church until after I went inside. I discovered it was Confirmation night and our Bishop was present. Because of the crowd, there was no place to sit. I finally found one chair that was sitting up against the wall in the back of the church, so I took it. I had brought my Bible with me but placed it on the floor against the wall, to keep it hidden from others so they wouldn't pick it up as I walked up to the Altar for holy Communion. Just before Mass began, I kneeled down and began praising God and giving Him thanks for the salvation of my father's soul. After Holy Communion, I again kneeled when I saw a paper lying on top of my Bible. I couldn't figure out how it got there. Surely no one put it there since my Bible was out of sight. The lights had been dimmed in the church during the Confirmation ceremony which made it difficult to see anything and no human could put their hand through a six-inch wall where my Bible was, so I wondered how did the paper get there.

I picked up the paper, read it and began to cry. It read: **"If the greatest sinner on earth should repent at the moment of death, and draw his last breath in an act of love, neither the many graces he has abused, nor the many sins he has committed would stand in his way. Our Lord would receive him in to His mercy."** The author's name was St. Therese of Lisieux, my Confirmation Patron Saint! I understood now, St. Therese must have delivered this miraculous message, written on a small yellow paper. A mystery of Father God's mercy and Jesus' salvation! Salvation for my father Carl, on this special First Friday dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

My faith changed, I began to understand God's holy mercy for all souls, especially those who are destined for hell. I praised God the Father, His Son Jesus and the Holy Spirit for teaching me about His holy mercy and I thank my Heavenly Mother above all for interceding on behalf of my father, Carl, to Jesus.

Story submitted by: Elizabeth and published with permission.