

Joyful Prophecy

by Mary Windeatt
from *The Cure of Ars*, pp. 196-198

The Cure of Ars relates: As the weeks of 1855 passed by, one day a new friend came to see me. He was Brother Joseph Babey, a Marist. His superiors had sent him to Ars to ask my prayers for Joseph Vaucher, a sick pupil.

Splendid News!

It was easy to see that Brother Babey was much concerned over his young charge. However, in just a short time I was able to set his mind at ease. And why? Because as was so often the case, God had allowed me to have a glimpse into the future. Thus I suddenly knew for a certainty that young Joseph Vaucher (now at death's door from typhoid fever) would recover. In fact, in a few months he himself would come to Ars to thank Saint Philomena for the restoration of his health.

At my words Brother Babey was almost overcome. What splendid news to send back to his superiors! To the whole, grieving Vaucher family! But there was also something else. "Write or telegraph the boy's mother about his recovery, and then come back and we will talk about your own troubles." I said, encouragingly.

The young religious obeyed, and that night came to me a second time. But despite his relief over the case of Joseph Vaucher, he was still far from being happy. So many things were worrying him!

For instance, his superiors were urging that he study for the priesthood, although he himself felt a dreadful fear of the responsibilities involved, particularly those of the confessional.

Then again, he sometimes felt that perhaps he should leave the Marists and become a missionary or

a catechist in some foreign country. After all, the Society of Mary was a comparatively new religious organization and as yet had not been finally approved by the Church. My heart went out to the worried young man before me. "You are a Brother of Mary - a Marist!" I exclaimed. "Oh, my son! What a beautiful vocation! What a beautiful Society!"

Brother Babey's eyes widened. "You know it, then?"

Great Good in the Church

"Of course I know it. This Society, among others, is called to do a great deal of good in the Church. It will exist until the end of the world, and all the religious who die in it will go to Heaven."

"But Father, my superiors want me to be a priest, and somehow I feel that I haven't the necessary health." I put my hand on Brother Babey's shoulder. You have heard about Saint Philomena?"

"Oh, yes, Father."

"You have a great devotion to her?"

"Well..."

"My son, you will recite the *Veni Creator*, the *Memorare*, and an *Our Father* for nine days in her honor, and leave the matter of your health in God's hands. You are going to be a priest in the Society of Mary. Take care never to leave it."

For a moment, Brother Babey stared at me in amazement. Then slowly, joyful tears welled up in his eyes. The new little religious family to which he belonged - the Marists - was destined for great things! *It would exist until the end of the world and all the religious who would die in it would go to Heaven!*

Even more. Despite all the recent doubts and temptations, he himself had been given the great gift of a priestly vocation. All that was necessary was to remain obedient to his superiors and to cooperate with the many new graces which presently would come his way.

"Father, how can I thank you for what you've told me?" he burst out suddenly. "Why... why, I feel like a new person!"

I smiled. "Just ask the Blessed Mother, the Patroness of your beautiful Society, to help me to do my work well," I said.

Brother Babey agreed, then looked at me strangely.

"But surely there is something else that I can do for you, Father! A small gift, perhaps? A service of some kind?"

The Power of the Hail Mary

I shook my head firmly. "No, my son, just say a Hail Mary for me once in a while. Oh, if you only knew the power for good that lies in that little prayer... especially when it is said with real love!"

Of course Brother Babey was not the only one in whom I urged a devotion to the Blessed Mother. All my life I had done my best to foster a great love for Her in the hearts of those who came to me.

She is the safest, easiest, and surest Portal to Heaven. Blessed is the person who has learned, or will learn, to love Her. To have a devotion to the Blessed Mother is a great gift from God, a sign of predestination. If you love Her, do all - that is in your power to make others love Her. +++

The Best Things to Give

by Ben Franklin

To your enemy, forgiveness;
To an opponent, tolerance;
To a friend, your ear;
To a child, good example;
To your father, reverence;
To your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you;
To yourself, respect;
To all men, charity;
To God, your will and prayer. +++

A Horrible Accident

by Jerry Measimer, Richfield, NC

Even after I moved my wife, Tammy, and our toddler son, Tiger, into a run-down farmhouse in Richfield, I think people thought the old place was still empty. That suited me just fine.

We did not even have a phone. We really could not afford one, and besides, we did not expect to be chit-chatting. We wanted to be left alone so we could get on with our lives.

Something terrible had happened to me back at Camp Lejeune a year and a half earlier, when I was a 19 year-old Marine lance corporal. It had been a wrenching experience to live through, and we decided the less said, the better. And so, no one in our new neighborhood knew anything about it.

Tammy set up house in the front dining room. We piled in all our furniture... beds, toys, pots, and pans. The roosters and the dogs woke us in the morning, and I went off to work in the mill. Every evening we stayed up late, slowly scraping, patching, and painting our way into living in the rest of the drafty two-story house. Sometimes, when we finally finished another room, we almost felt like the newly-wed kids we had been before the accident.

Invited To Come To Church

Soon our daughter, Samantha, came along. At about the same time, the preacher from the church across the highway appeared on our sagging front porch. He invited us to come to church, so we did. A while after that, I got fed up with mill work and started my own drywall business. From the looks of it, we were settling down into a nice routine life.

The Thing In The Past

But the thing in the past that we did not talk about had its own way of staying with us... especially me. I did not have nightmares, but sometimes in the long dark hours of the night, I was wrenched out of a deep

sleep... my body caught up in spasms. During the day any sudden loud noise, even from the TV, made me jump out of my skin. And, I went berserk if anybody brought so much as a squirt gun into the house.

The memory that I carried made me feel I was not quite as good as everybody else. Because of what I had done, I was convinced I would never count for much, even if I tried.

He Needed Help

Then one Sunday morning in May, 1986, five years after we moved to Richfield, our preacher looked out over the congregation and made a somber prayer request: "Let us remember the family in our community whose ten-year-old boy was accidentally shot and killed by a friend playing with a gun."

As looks of shock and sorrow swept across the congregation, I felt something burning inside me. *I have got to talk to the kid who was fooling around with the gun.* When we got home from church, I told Tammy, "I am going to see the preacher." She nodded, not needing to ask why.

Quietly, at the preacher's house, I stammered out my story. The words sounded strange, as though I were telling about somebody else's life. "When I was in the Marine Corps, I worked in small-arms repair," I said. "I picked up a forty-five-caliber pistol from my desk, put my left hand over the top to clear it of ammunition and the next thing I knew, the gun went off. The bullet grazed my left finger and hit my buddy in the stomach.

"My buddy died that night. I was sitting right there in the hospital with his wife. She was pregnant and they had another little kid. I told her over and over how sorry I was. But, I knew being sorry was not enough. ...I was court-martialed for negligent homicide.

"I had a good record, so I stayed in the Marines, but I did bring time where guys called me a murderer and a lot of other names. Then I was sent back to my unit and ended up in my buddy's old job. But, I could not stop hating myself and feeling

guilty. I had so much to make up for."

The preacher looked at me in astonishment. "I sure did not know," he said, weakly.

I Want To See The Boy

I stared at my feet. "I want to go see the boy you talked about in church this morning, the one who discharged the gun. I know how he is feeling. Nobody knew what to say to me, so I never had anybody to talk to... and I needed someone then."

The preacher made a phone call. That afternoon I found myself stiffly getting out of my car in front of a mobile home just three miles from our house. I was shown down a dim hallway to a cramped room that was mostly bed. A shiny red-haired boy slumped on rumpled sheets.

I sank down onto the lopsided bed, beginning slowly. "I know how you feel," I said. "I accidentally shot one of my buddies when I was nineteen."

With a gasp, the boy turned to me. "I just want to talk," he said, "to someone... that done the same thing I done."

After I told him my story, he sat quietly for a while, biting his lip. Then he began to speak. "Found Granddaddy's shotgun. Didn't think it was loaded. Boom. Blood everywhere. I went screaming, 'Mama, Mama.'"

He finally finished. Then, as simply as I could, I told the boy about what he would probably experience during the weeks and months ahead, what other kids might say when he got back to school.

"It will be rough," I said. "But, remember, I know what you are going through. It is hard, but you will be able to handle it."

Back home, I told Tammy all about him. She smiled. "Jerry, it sounds like you really helped that boy."

"I hope so," I said, "but he helped me, too. That was the first time I had ever talked to anybody who had an accident like mine."

From that day forward, I started living a little more hopefully. Then a year later, I heard that another shooting accident had happened to two boys in Graniteville. I picked

up my red-haired friend, figuring another kid could help the boy who had fired the gun, and together we went out searching.

Old Feelings Surged Up

We stopped in convenience stores and gas stations, asking around about the people involved in the shooting. But somehow, we ended up at the wrong house and found ourselves facing the mother of the dead boy!

My old feelings of messing up surged through me; but using courage I did not know I had, I told her my story. Then I asked if she could tell us where to find the other boy.

“Yes,” she said, choking back tears. “I think he needs you.” She directed us to the right house, and the red-haired boy and I sat down with the grief-stricken young guy who had accidentally fired the gun. By the time we left, I really felt he was going to make it and that it had made a real difference that we had come.

I began introducing myself to sheriffs and social workers at mental health departments, offering to help in accidental-death situations. Mostly I kept my ears open and chased down leads to find people — usually teenage boys — who needed help.

I felt good about what I was doing. But it is one thing to talk to people in your same situation, and another to open up to people who have not lived through this kind of ordeal. And then, at a business meeting, Tammy and I met a couple named John and Cathy, and the four of us hit it off right away.

Still Down On Myself

After a while John and Cathy encouraged us to get involved in a part-time home-marketing business. It sounded promising, but I did not have the confidence to proceed. I was still down on myself and kept making excuses.

My feelings of inferiority resurfaced, and I found myself being drawn to our back storage room,

where I pulled out a cardboard box. Inside on top was the meritorious service award I had earned from the Marine Corps “for my work in the months after the accident.

But right underneath lay a three-inch-thick court-martial transcript. I opened it and read it. Next I stared at the pictures... the gun... the accident scene. I did it again and again, and afterward, I always felt like scum.

As time passed, we got closer to John and Cathy, and I began to trust their common-sense faith. One night I finally told Tammy, “I can not keep making excuses about why I am afraid to take a chance on some new projects. We are friends, and I am going to tell them the truth.”

You Cannot Live In The Past

John and Cathy listened quietly. Finally John spoke. He told me about how they had lost their business once... but were able go on. He said, “We disappointed a lot of people, most of all ourselves, but decided we could not keep letting that hold us back.”

Then Cathy said, “Jerry, you can not live in the past.” The next thing I knew our heads were bowed and Cathy was praying, “God, help Jerry put the past behind, and give him the confidence to move forward.”

With God’s Help

It was 1:00 a.m. before I got home. Without telling Tammy anything, I went straight for the court-martial papers and photos, got a jug of kerosene and went outside. I doused the papers, lit them, and watched them burn.

“God,” I prayed, “this is my act of faith. I am not going to punish myself anymore. With Your help, I am starting over.”

Yes, I had made a mistake. I did not have to pretend it never happened, but I did not have to let it drown me, either. It was part of my life, period.

But God could use that part. He had enabled me to confront those painful memories in my past so I could help fellow sufferers in

the present.

The fire -died into a pile of ashes that would blow away before morning, and then would come a shining new day. I went inside and put my arms around Tammy. “It is finally over,” I said. “I am ready to move on.”

(Editor’s note: If you are feeling guilty about some mistake you made in the ‘past... *and almost all of us did...* just know that you would not do it now. It is over. You are wonderfully made, and in your own way, you have a lot to offer the world.

Forget the past. Let go and move on. We ask Our Lady to pray for us NOW and at the HOUR OF OUR DEATH. With that, all the bases are covered! Get on now with the good things God wants us -to “accomplish. Find and enjoy the sweetness that He gives to us every day.) +++

The Eucharist

by Fr. Edwin J Duffy
from Fr. Duffy’s Reflections. p. 122

I read recently that only 35% of all Catholics believe that they are receiving the true Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist. The doubting Thomases should take a trip to St. Francis Church in Lanciano, Italy.

Some 1200 years ago, a Basilian monk was having doubts about the True Presence when at the Consecration of the Mass, he was shocked to see the Host dripping Blood, while It turned into the Heart of Jesus.

Twenty-five years ago, scientists saw that the Flesh had come from a living Heart, complete in its essential structure. Both Flesh and Blood are type AB. The Heart consists in the muscular tissues, the myocardium, the endo-cardium, the vagus nerve, and the left ventricle. They found proteins and minerals in the same proportion as normal blood. There were no preservatives. No rigor mortis had set in.

It was a living Heart - alive after 1,200 years! They were astounded. Jesus Christ cannot lie and be God. So, when He said, “This is My Body, this is My Blood” - we had better believe. +++

How the Miraculous Medal Changed My Life

by Fr. John A. Hardon, S.J.
from: Our Lady's Monthly Messenger
The Mir Center of Western CO,
Vol. 8, #5, May 2004, p. 4

(Editor's note: After reading the article below by Fr. Hardon about the Miraculous Medal, I remembered that in the 1980's" just after having gone to China, a group of us from Buffalo" NY, decided to have two spectacular nights of prayer for China. And, we did... and they were spectacular... including the County Executive doing a reading_ Papal blessings for everyone, programs, receptions, 3 choirs... the works.

However, what was perhaps most lasting and memorable for me was that, after all was done, a visionary received a message for us from Our Lady, saying, "I give you a kiss for these two nights, and I want you to wear the Miraculous Medal."

I can certainly tell you that I was surprised by this message, because I had been wearing the Scapular, which I felt was more than sufficient for the greatest graces. Nevertheless, I immediately began to wear the Miraculous Medal, and God willing; I will do so till I die. I will also tell everyone that I know that; OUR LADY WANTS YOU TO WEAR IT. She has Her reasons. Do it!) +++

Fr. Hardon relates:

One of the most memorable experiences that I ever had was with the Miraculous Medal! It changed my life. In the fall of 1948, the year after my ordination. I was in what we call the Tertianship. This is a third year of Novitiate before taking final vows.

In October of 'that year, a Vincentian priest came to speak to us young Jesuit priests. He encouraged us to obtain faculties, as they are called, to enroll people in the Confraternity of the Miraculous Medal. Among other things, he said, "Fathers, the Miraculous Medal works. Miracles

have been performed by Our Lady through the Miraculous Medal"

I Was Not Impressed

I was not impressed by what the Vincentian priest was telling. I was not the medal-wearing kind of person and I certainly did not have a Miraculous Medal. But, I thought to myself, "It does not cost anything." So, I put my name down to get a four-page leaflet from the Vincen-tians, with the then-Latin formula for blessing Miraculous Medals and enrolling people in the Confraternity of the Miraculous Medal. About two weeks later, I got the leaflet for blessing and enrollment, put it into my office book and forgot about it.

In the Hospital

In February of the next year, I was sent to assist the chaplain of St. Alexis Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio. I was to be there helping the regular chaplain for two weeks.

Each morning I received a list of all the patients admitted into the hospital that day. There were so many Catholics admitted, that I could not visit them all as soon as they came.

Among the patients admitted was a boy about nine years old. He had been slay-riding down hill, lost control of the sled, and ran into a tree head-on. He fractured his skull and X-rays showed he had suffered severe brain damage.

When I finally got to visit his room at the hospital, he had been in a coma for ten days, no speech, no voluntary movements of the body. His condition was such that the only question was whether he would live. There was no question of recovering from what was diagnosed as permanent and inoperable brain damage.

Test Its Miraculous Powers

After blessing the boy and con-soling his parents, I was about to leave his hospital room. But, then a thought came to me about that Vincentian priest. He said, "The Miraculous Medal works." Now this will be a test of its alleged mira-

culous powers! I didn't have a Mira-culous Medal of my own, and every-one I asked at the hospital also did not have one. But I persisted, and finally one of the nursing Sisters on night duty found a Miraculous Medal.

Around the Neck

What I found out was that you do not just bless the medal, you have to put it around a person's neck on a chain or ribbon. So the Sister-nurse found a blue ribbon for the medal, which made me feel silly. What was I doing with medals and blue ribbons.

However, I blessed the medal and had the father hold the leaflet for investing a person in the Confra-ternity of the Miraculous Medal. I proceeded to recite the words of investiture.

No sooner did I finish the prayer of enrolling the boy in the Confrater-nity than he opened his eyes for the first time in two weeks. He saw his mother and said, "Mom, I want some ice cream." He had been given only intravenous feeding.

This Experience Changed My Life

Then he proceeded to talk to his father and mother. After a few minutes of stunned silence, a doctor was called. The doctor examined the boy and told the parents they could give him something to eat.

The next day began a series of tests on the boy's condition. X-rays showed the brain damage was gone. Then still more tests. After three days, when all examinations showed there was complete restoration to health, the boy was released from the hospital.

The Wonders She Performs!

This experience so changed my life that I have not been the same since. My faith in God, faith in His power to work miracles, was strength-ened beyond description. Since then, of course, I have been promoting devotion to Our Lady and the use of the Miraculous Medal. The wonders she performs, provided we believe, are extraordinary. +++

Bishop Sheen's Holy Hour

from: Mary's Newsroom, Vol. 8, #3, '96

Bishop Fulton Sheen, the author of many books and the first tele-evangelist, touched the lives of millions of people all over the world.. What made this man of God so special was a keen intellect combined with a profound humility.

He often said that the secret of his great success in touching hearts and winning souls for Christ was that every day of his life he would set aside an hour of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. This is known as a holy hour of prayer because it is spent in the Presence of Jesus, truly Present in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Bishop Sheen called this the hour of power, and the purpose of every talk he ever gave was to inspire everyone, priest and laity alike, to make a daily holy hour. He would quote Jesus in saying that whoever would remain in union with Our Lord in "the Blessed Sacrament" for an hour of prayer would "bear much fruit." When Bishop Sheen spoke, everyone listened, even those who were not of the Catholic faith. His message was both compelling and transcending.

A couple of months before his death, he was interviewed on national television. One of the questions was this; "Bishop Sheen, you have inspired millions of people all over the world. Who inspired you? Was it a pope?"

Bishop Sheen responded that it was not a pope, a cardinal, another bishop, or even a priest or a nun. It was a little Chinese girl of 11 years of age. He explained that when the communists took over China, they imprisoned a priest in his own rectory near the church.

After they locked him up in his own house, the priest was horrified to look out his window and see the communists proceeded into the church where they went into the tabernacle. In an act of hateful desecration, they took the ciborium and

threw it on the floor with all the Sacred Hosts spilling out. The priest know exactly how many Hosts were in the ciborium - 32.

When the communists left, they either did not notice, or did not pay any attention to a small girl praying in the back of the church 'who saw everything that had happened.

That night the little girl came back. Slipping past the guard at the priest's house, she went inside the church. There she made a holy hour of prayer, an act of love to make up for the act of hatred. After her holy hour she went into the sanctuary, knelt down, bent over with her tongue received Jesus in Holy Communion, since it was not permissible at that time- for a layman to touch the Sacred Host with their hands.

The little girl continued to come back each night to make her holy hour and receive Jesus in Holy Communion on her tongue. On the 32nd night, after she had consumed the last and 32nd host, she accidentally made a noise and the guard who was sleeping awoke. He ran after her, caught her, and beat her to death with the butt of his rifle.

This act of heroic martyrdom was witnessed by the priest as he watched grief-stricken from his bedroom window.

When Bishop Sheen heard the story he was so inspired that he promised God he would make a holy hour of prayer before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament every day of his life. If this little Chinese girl could risk her life every day to express her love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with a holy hour and Holy Communion, then, at the very least, the Bishop thought he should do the same.

The Value of the Holy Hour

Everywhere he went, Bishop Sheen preached on the value and benefits of the Holy Hour Of prayer. Invited all over the world to give retreats to bishops, this became his main theme and objective.

Our Holy Father has declared from October, 2004, to October 2005, the Year of the Eucharist. What will you do to act upon it? +++

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Tears In Japan

sermon by Fr. Thomas T. Yasuda, S.V.D.
to World Peace Flight pilgrims at the
convent in Akita, Japan on 10/7/97

When Mary observed Jesus crucified to redeem mankind, She consented to the Sacrifice of Her Son and offered Her Son to the Heavenly Father. Her intensive spiritual sufferings, however, caused Her to shed tears from Her physical eyes.

Nevertheless, Holy Mother Mary endured the sufferings. The weeping of the statue of Holy Mother Mary in the convent in Akita are Divinely-arranged repetitions of Her sufferings on Calvary some 2000 years ago.

The 101 occurrences of the weepings of this statue signifies the truth, that from all eternity, God integrated Mary as an inseparable part of His plan of Redemption. How many tears Holy Mother Mary shed when She witnessed Jesus continuing to suffer on the Cross!

She Became Our Mother

The intensity of Her sufferings is beyond any human being's ability to imagine. Her sufferings at the foot of the Cross were, in a mystical sense, the pains of childbearing, which She accepted to become the mother of all in accordance with the plan of God, Who willed to give believers the true Heavenly Mother, who continues to care for them until the end of the world.

Through Her humble acceptance of the mystical pangs of childbirth, She became the mother of the Mystical Body of Christ, to which we belong as its members. Be it a natural human mother or the Heavenly Mother of believers, the definition of a mother is always the same - she is the one who suffered the pangs of childbirth in giving birth to her child.

This definition applies to our Heavenly Mother Mary perfectly, because She accepted the sufferings of giving full consent to the immolation of Her Son Jesus Christ on Calvary. From all eternity, God had

arranged for Mary to suffer the mystical pains of childbearing on Calvary, in order to give us the true mother. Genesis 3: 15 carries God's prophetic announcement to the Woman.

God told women, "I will multiply your pains in childbearing, you shall give birth to your children in pain." In Genesis 3: 15, the Divine word does not concern the pangs of childbirth of ordinary human women. In this verse, God was prophesying Mary's sufferings at the foot of the Cross. Through experiencing these mystical pains of childbirth, Mary became our caring mother.

Hidden Meaning

The remark Jesus made from the Cross confirms this profound and encouraging truth. Jesus told His Mother, "Woman, this is Your son." There is a hidden meaning in this statement. When Jesus called His Mother "Woman," He was speaking to Her from the standpoint of Her Creator God, not as Her Son.

This remark of Jesus implies, "Woman, now You have to give Me up as Your Child, and You have to adopt John and all generations as Your adopted children." It was a Divine demand.

Is there any mother in this world who can give up her still-living child and adopt other women's children as her adopted children, and agree to care for them? This adoption was what Holy Mother Mary exactly did for all generations. This Divine demand of a child-adoption was a mystical sword that pierced Her immaculate soul. The demand was a sword that pierced Her to an extent that Her soul and spirit were almost cut off from Her body.

When She heard Her Son demand this and She agreed to live up to the Divine demand, Mary died that mystical death prophesied by the old upright man Simeon, when he told Her in the Temple in Jerusalem, "You see this Child: He is destined for the fall and for the rising of many in Israel, destined to be a sign that is rejected - and a sword will pierce Your own soul, too."

When that remark of Jesus,

"Woman, this is Your son" was made from the Cross, what a profound communication occurred between Jesus and Mary! God gave Her John as Her child instead of Her beloved Son Jesus.

A mere servant of the Lord was given to Her instead of the Lord Himself. A disciple was given to Her instead of the Divine Teacher. A son of Zebedee was given to Her instead of the Son of God, A mere human being was given to Her as Her child instead of the real God. With this remark, Jesus gave Her us sinners as Her children.

How could we develop an illusory idea that Her heart, full of affection for Her Divine Son Jesus, was not pierced by the sword? When the Holy Mother Mary heard Her Divine Son urge Her to give Him up as Her Child and adopt all generations as Her children, hot tears must have streamed out of Her eyes, with Her heart almost unable to endure the pains in Her soul.

As you know, the statue of Holy Mother Mary in Akita takes the posture of shouldering the Cross. This statue wept for a total of 101 times. The statue shed tears for the first time on January 4, 1975. The last and 101st weeping of the statue took place on September 15, 1981, which fell upon the feast day of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Mother Mary.

The number "one hundred and one" of the 101 occurrences of weepings has a profound meaning, which I will clarify now.

The Deepest Meaning of The Tears Of The Statue

In this convent, on September 15, 1981, around two o'clock in the afternoon, the statue wept for the 101st time. A total of 65 persons, including myself, became eyewitnesses on that day. The weeping moved all of us present deeply, especially because the day fell upon the Feast Day of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Mother Mary.

On the thirteenth day from that date, on September 28, Sr. Agnes Katsuko Sasagawa felt the presence of an angel at her side during her

silent prayers in front of the exposed Holy Eucharist, which followed the sisters' joint recitation of the Rosary at the chapel.

Sr. Agnes did not see the angel in person then. But, the mysterious vision of a majestic, beautiful Bible surrounded by a celestial light appeared in front of her. The angel instructed her to read a passage in the Scripture. In an open page of the Bible, she recognized the reference, Verse 15 of Chapter 3 of Genesis.

Then, she heard the voice of the angel say, in the manner of a preamble, that "There is a profound relationship between this passage and the weepings of the statue of the Blessed Mother Mary, and there is a profound meaning to the figure 101 of the 101 occurrences of the holy weepings of the statue of the Holy Mother Mary.

"This signifies that sin came into the world through a woman, and it is also through a woman that the grace of salvation came to the world. The zero, which is between the two 'ones', signifies God, Who exists from all eternity until eternity. The first 'one' represents Eve, and the last 'one' signifies Holy Mother Mary."

Then the angel again instructed her to reread Genesis 3: 15, and told her, "You must convey this message to the Catholic priest who has given you spiritual guidance." The angel then left. At the same time the vision of the Bible disappeared. Since I was that priest, this angelic message helped me realize why God arranged for the wooden statue to weep for exactly a total of 101 times, no more or less.

This most important message of Akita convinced me of the celestial origin of all the mysterious events and messages in Akita even more deeply. It was by the message of the angel, who quoted Genesis 3: 15, that the profound significance of the tears of Holy Mother Mary was elucidated.

This means that the statue's tears resulted from the Divine aim of calling everyone's attention to Mary's sufferings at the foot of the Cross as Coredemprix.

These miraculous tears were

created by God to teach the entire Church that Holy Mother Mary suffered and wept as the Mother of Jesus Christ, and to become our caring Heavenly mother amidst Her noble act of Coredemption, when She gave Her full consent to His immolation, wept and suffered profusely, and agreed to adopt and love us as Her children. +++

Pere Lamy, A Holy Priest of Christ

(adapted by Pam Taig from
The Medjugorje Sentinel #59, 9/03,
from an article in Ave Maria 1/02

*F*r. Lamy was born on June 23, 1853 at Pailly in the diocese of Langres, eastern France. From his earliest years he was favored with an exceptional piety and mystical graces. He was admitted to the priesthood on December 12, 1886. He died on December 1, 1931.

Pere Lamy would hear confessions till midnight and rise at 4:30 a.m. He was so humble that he seemed to be the poorest of priests. Before everything else, he was a priest of Christ and lived for his flock. "Let us keep one another," he said, "from adding anything to the cross that God sends to the souls. Each one is heavy enough, its weight is well measured. One should not add one ounce to it."

He Saw Angels

The Holy Angels, whom he could see and with whom he worked continuously, assisted him at all times, and the Blessed Virgin was his life. "With what simplicity and what affection the Angels surround Her! God gave Her thousands and thousands of Angels. She knows them all by name... The Blessed Virgin is dressed in deep blue with a white veil, but when She goes up to Heaven, Her gown seems to get white. She is beautiful in the highest degree, but not with a sensual beauty. The Blessed Virgin is quite little, very graceful."

He said, "One day a lady sculptor made me a statue of the Blessed Virgin with her head inclined. 'And why so, Madame?' I asked. 'It gives her a mystical air,' she answered. 'No, no, She has no mystical air. She is there; she looks you in the face... straight in the face... and that is as it should be.

"When She listens to you, She is listening to hundreds, thousands of voices entreating Her. She listens to us all, but She gives special preference to the trustful, humble prayer of the little ones.

"What prayers She often gets in the recital of the Holy Rosary without a notion of the mysteries! I said to Her once, 'Dear Mother, they should offer You fruit, and You only get leaves.' She accepts them all the same.

"I understand how the devil dreads Her, for She can bring down the Mercy of God on almost anything. What matters is to go on praying. The Blessed Virgin offers our prayers to God. She touches them up. She makes them into something pleasant.

"Prayer even made without great attention is none the less prayer, and our Holy Mother finishes off what is lacking. She is perpetually lessening our weakness before the face of God. What works in Her is Her kindness... Her charity.

"She loves us to pray with confidence and let Her do everything Her own way. When you ask a miracle from the Blessed Virgin and She refuses you, "'She says it is because your wish contradicts the designs of God. The Father established certain rules and everyone must conform. Now hardly anyone asks to do the will of God. Most prayers are orders. My God do this... do that. Speaking of favors not obtained, the Blessed Virgin used to say to me: 'You are on earth to do the will of God, and My will is in accord with His.'

"The Blessed Virgin told me that lots of souls escape Hell through Her intercession. She often promotes repentance when the soul is being reft from the body. At that moment of extreme distress, She puts within us a feeling of love of God and of repentance." +++

Where There is Love

by Helen Steiner Rice

*Where there is love, the heart is light,
Where there is love, the day is bright.
Where there is love, there is a song,
To help when things are going wrong.*

*Where there is love, there is a smile,
To make all things seem more
worthwhile.*

*Where there is love, there's quiet
peace,
A tranquil place where turmoils
cease.*

*Love changes darkness into light
And makes the heart take
"wingless flight" ...
Oh, blest are they who walk in love...
They also walk with God above.*

*And, when man walks with God
again,
There shall be peace on earth for
men. +++*



In Akita, Japan, on September 28, 1981, Sister Agnes suddenly felt the presence of the Angel at her side during the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. She did not see the Angel in person, but a Bible appeared open before her eyes and she was invited to read a passage (Genesis 3: 15)...the voice of the Angel was heard explaining in sort of a preamble that the passage had relationship with the tears of Mary, then continued:

"There is a meaning to the figure one hundred and one. This signifies that sin came into the world by a woman and it is also by a woman that salvation came to the world. The zero between the two signifies the Eternal God Who is from all eternity until eternity. The first one represents Eve, the last the Virgin Mary." +++

Pilgrimage Program:

SEND FOR COMPLETE ITINERARIES

Shrines of Italy - Wed., Sept 1, to Fri, Sept 17, 2004 (17 days) \$2699. Visit Milan, San Damiano, Montichiari, Fontanelle (Rosa Mystica), Padua, Venice, Florence, Siena, Assisi, Loreto, Osimo (St. Joseph Cupertino), San Giovanni Rotondo, St. Michael's Cave, Pietrelcina, Mugnano (St. Philomena), Pompeii, Rome, & Civitavecchia. +++

Medjugorje & Prague- Mon., Nov. 1 to Wed., Nov. 10, 2004 (10 days), \$1198. (One day in Prague.) +++

Holy Oil - Thur., Nov. 11, to Tues., Nov. 23, 2004 (13 days) \$2599. Visit Beirut in Lebanon, Damascus in Syria, and Cairo in Egypt. +++

Guadalupe, Mexico — for Feast Day celebrations. Dec. 6 thru 13, 2004 (8 days) \$1299 (Land only, \$899). Feasts of the Immac. Concep., Juan Diego, Our Lady of Guadalupe, and visits to Ocotlan, Puebla, St. Michael's Well, & Our Lady of Good Remedies. +++

Medjugorje & Prague - Mon., March. 7 to Wed., March 16, 2005 (10 days), \$1198. (One day in Prague.) +++

Betania, Venezuela - Tues., March 29, to Mon. April 4, 2005 (7 days) \$1689.

Fatima - Tues., April 19, to Tues., April 26, 2005 (8 days) \$1399. Visit Aljustal, Lisbon, Santarem, Coimbra, Fatima, Ourem, and the Simlle of Our Lady of Nazareth at Nazare. +++

France - Mon., May 2, 2005, to Wed., May 18 (17 days), \$2699. Visit Paris, Chartres, Paray-le-Monial; La Salette, Ars, Chateauf-neuf-de-Ga-laure (Marthe Robin), Pellevoisin, Nevers, Lourdes, Mont St. Michel, Pont-main, Lisieux?, St. Baume, Carcasson & more. +++

Poland Shrine Tour- Sun., May 22, to Sat., June 4, 2005 (14 days), \$2499. Includes Warsaw, Zoliborz, Krakow, Niapokalonow, Zakopane, Zelazowa Wola, Wagnivlliki (Divine Mercy Center), Wadowice (birthplace of John Paul II), Kalwari Zebrzydowska, and the beautiful Shrine at Lechen. +++

Fatima - Marian Conference and Retreat. (Topic: Our Lady and the Reality of Heaven, HeU, and Purgatory.) Internationally known guest speakers. Thurs., July 7, to Thurs., July 14, 2005 (8 days), \$1799 (Land only, \$1299.) July 13 anniversary celebration. +++

Fatima and Lourdes - Wed., July 20 to Sat., Aug. 6, 2005 (18 days) \$2599. Our most popular pilgrimage. Feast Day visit to Santiago Compostella (Shrine of St. James), Pontevedra, Zaragosa, Avil_Braga, Santarem, Covadonga, Fatima, Lourdes, Garab_da_etc. +++

Ireland - Sun., Aug. 14, to Fri., Aug. 26, 2005 (13 days) \$1998. Visits to Knock, Melleray Grotto, Ballinspittle, Inchigeela, Attymass (home of Fr. Patrick Peyton); Achill Sound House of Prayer, Dublin, & more. Meetings with visionaries Mary Casey, Tom Lennon, & others. +++

Germany, Austria, & Switzerland (including Tyrolian Passion Play) June 15 to June 16, (12 days), Ulm 2008, \$3399, Oberammergau, 2010, \$3699 (deposit now or by 2 years in advance). +++

All pilgrimages include: priest on each bus, daily Mass, three Rosaries, breakfast and dinner, and a blue 101 jacket. Non-refundable deposit is \$150 per person.

Spend a few quiet days near the Blue Army Shrine in Washington, NJ. Call 101 Foundation for details.

Write for information regarding the Garabandal Miracle Flight.

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