

# Testimony of Dr. Gloria Polo Ortiz

Very well, brothers and sisters, blessed be the Lord. It's a miracle that I am here with you sharing this beautiful gift that I received from the Lord, 10 years ago. This occurred on May 5, 1995, at the National University in Bogota. On that day, it was around 4:30. My husband was with me in the car, my 23-year-old nephew, an orthodontist, and myself, also an orthodontist. We were on our way to the Orthodontist Facility of the University to pick up some books.

It started pouring rain. We only had a very small umbrella with us. My nephew and I went under the umbrella. We started jumping over puddles. When we jumped to avoid stepping into a very large puddle, we were struck by lightening. My nephew and I were killed by the lightening. My nephew's interior organs were completely burned, charred, but his exterior was left intact. He suffered cardiac arrest and he did not respond to the paramedics' attempts to resuscitate him. The lightening burned me horribly. The lightening entered through my arm. It burned my breasts. My breasts were completely gone. It removed all of the flesh from my stomach and my reproductive organs. My legs were totally and completely charred, I mean completely. The lightening exited through my right foot.

As far as the interior of my body, my liver was completely charred, as well as my lungs and my kidneys. My kidneys were gravely burned. I used to use the IUD as a form of birth control. You want to know the words that the doctors used to describe my ovaries? "Your ovaries look like raisins." The doctors told me, "You'll never have children again." My ovaries were burned and I was in cardiac arrest.

The difference is that when the doctors attempted to do artificial resuscitation on me, the Lord allowed me to return to my body. The doctors told my family, "Look, there is nothing that we can do for Gloria. The best thing to do is to allow her to continue her process of agony and allow her to die peacefully."

At that very moment, I was taken out of surgery and I entered into a period of agonizing. The doctors told my family, "It's best if you do not hook her up to life support." You want to know the irony about that, brothers and sisters? I used to defend euthanasia, the right to die with "dignity." But thank God, God inspired my sister, who is an M.D., and when the doctors told her not to hook me up, she responded by saying, "You are not God." For three days I was in a deep coma. I was alive because they had me hooked to an oxygen tank and they were giving me artificial life, otherwise I would have died right there.

At that point, the Lord tells me to go back. When he tells me to go back, immediately - my kidneys did not work and I was pale. And they wouldn't put me on dialysis because it was not worth it. I was dying - immediately my kidneys begin to work again and my lungs and my heart begin to beat again with normal strength. They transferred me to Social Security (that's a hospital). There they scraped the flesh that was burned. They

were very surprised. They never imagined that I would come back there alive. The pain was so excruciating that I couldn't be comfortable, not even for a second. It hurt me even to breathe. I was in pain interiorly and exteriorly. One feels horrific pain when they are scraping those burned areas. Everything is raw flesh. My legs were black like dead tissue. When the doctors would clean my legs, I'd feel no pain. From my legs down, I felt no pain.

About a month later, they tell me, "Look, Gloria, the Lord is doing a miracle in you. The wounds are almost completely healed, you have dents and scars, but new skin has already formed. But unfortunately there is nothing we can do for your legs. We must amputate them." When they told me that they were going to amputate my legs -- I was very athletic. I was into aerobics. When they told me that they were going to amputate my legs, I thought, "I must escape." As soon as the doctor walked out of the room, I tried to get out of bed to escape but my legs did not support me and I slipped like a frog. I ended up on the floor. I had to be picked up. They moved me from the fifth floor to the seventh floor. You want to know who I ran into, brothers and sisters? I ran into a lady whose leg had been amputated up to here and they were going to amputate a little higher. When I saw that they had amputated her legs, I asked myself, "How much money in the world can buy us a pair of legs?" Not the entire money from the world can buy us a pair of legs. Our legs are a marvel. When they were going to amputate my legs, I became very sad. I never thanked God for my legs. On the contrary, I used to torture myself because of my tendency to be a little heavy. I used to starve myself. I used to spend a lot of money, a fortune, a small fortune, on diets to make myself look thin. And now I see my legs all skinny, black and burned with holes in them. And for the first time in my life I thanked God for my legs.

And I said, "Lord, I thank you for this second opportunity that you've given me. Thank you, Lord. I do not deserve it. But I want to ask you for a favor, Lord, a tiny favor. Please do not take away my legs, just so that I can be a little mobile and so that I'll be able to stand a little bit. Please, Lord, do not take away my legs. Please." And I began to feel a sensation in my legs, brothers and sisters. And those legs that were black and without circulation and full of blisters began to turn red. And when the doctors returned on Monday, my legs were red. The circulation had been restored. When the doctors came down to see me, I got out of bed and my legs were able to sustain me. The doctors were totally surprised. They would look at each other; they would touch me. I had recuperated a lot of other movements and my legs had lost that black color and now they were red. And I told the doctor, "My legs hurt so much. There has never been anyone on this earth to be so happy to feel such excruciating pain on their legs like me."

You want to know what the director of the seventh floor told me? He said, "You know what, in my 38 years of service, I have never seen such a miracle like that of your legs." And here are my legs, brothers and sisters. My gait has changed but for the glory of God here they are to show you the greatness and the power of a living God, a God that is alive. Another one of the great miracles that the Lord did with me is, I had no breasts. My breasts had been completely burned. And imagine this, I was very prideful. I used to say, "A woman has to show off her best assets." And I used to say, "Since my breasts, and my

legs, and my abdominals are my best assets, why not show them off." I was always showing off that I had great abdominals. I used to wear very low-cut blouses to show off my breasts. I was very proud of my legs. Well, brothers and sisters, those were the parts that were completely burned and charred.

And here goes the next miracle. The doctor that used to be my trainer, as far as sports and diets were concerned -- just imagine I used to be very prideful and vain. I used to starve myself to look thin and I used to consume hormones to lose weight and drugs to lose weight -- now here I was before the very doctor, who always took care of my body so-to-speak, now here I was before him totally charred. The doctor could not believe it. He was more shocked about the fact the he knew how prideful and vain I was and now here I was just grateful to God to be alive and to have whatever was left of my body.

The doctor tells me, "You know what, Gloria, I think that with that little piece of liver that's left, you should be able to live." He had performed on me nuclear exams and all kinds of exams. "But your ovaries are complete burned up. You will never be able to have children again."

Within me I thought, "Thank you, Lord. Now I don't have to worry about birth control. I can use the natural family planning method. Glory to God. You have solved this problem for me, Lord. Thank you. I was very happy to hear that."

About a year and a half later, I began to notice that my breasts began to form again and I begin to feel pain in my breasts. I used to think, how weird that I have breasts. Well, you want to know why? Well, I was pregnant, with charred ovaries and all. God gave me my breasts back and I was able to breastfeed my daughter. Her name is Maria Jose. And I know I'm pressing on quickly, but those are the great miracles. And immediately my menstruation was restored, and my hormones were restored, and my ovaries began to function. Those are the physical miracles that the Lord has done with me.

But the best part, brothers and sisters, is when I was jumping to avoid the puddles and lightning struck me, my God, I wish I had words to express to you and to help you understand the beauty of it. I jumped and I was struck by lightning and immediately I entered into a beautiful light, so, so, so, white and beautiful that nothing exists in this world for me to compare it to. There is nothing humanly possible to describe it. I saw a beautiful sun, such peace, such joy, such happiness that is felt there. How beautiful death is, brothers and sisters. I don't know why we've been taught to think of death as a form of punishment. I can describe that light as a hug from our Heavenly Father. There I am engulfed in that beautiful light, filled with endless love.

When I'm up there, I immediately see my charred body bouncing like a piece of rubber. I saw the body of my nephew laying there also charred. At that instant, I saw all the persons in the world, all of humanity, at eye-level. I didn't even have to move. I was free from time and space. I could see the sins that each person carried within them. The love that I felt there in that light was so great that it overflowed through me. And I started hugging all the people because I wanted all of humanity to feel this great love that was

inundating me. But only my older daughter, my 9-year-old, was able to feel the hug that I gave her. Outside of her, no one else felt the hug.

When I saw my body laying there charred, I said, "Crap, I am dead." And I immediately thought, "My children. What are they going to say about a mother who never had time for them." I used to leave my house at 5:00 in the morning and return home at 10:00 at night. I used to see my children once in a while on Sundays. But then when I saw my body there all burned up, I said, "What good will I be to them with that charred body. Plus, I've already purchased life insurance for them. So everything is taken care of." I used to manage and take care of everything economically. I thought, "Their education is taken care of, problem solved."

When I am going up, higher, and higher, enveloped in that love, in that joy, I saw my dad; I saw my mom, my grandparents, my great-grandparents. I saw many of my relatives. I saw my great-grandmother, whom I got to know when she was 100-plus years old, because back then people lived longer. When I was up there, I discovered that I had wasted a lot of money, doing regressions. Such was the shrewdness of the devil, that for a period of time I believed in reincarnation. I didn't find out where my great-grandmother had reincarnated to because it was very expensive to do so. All of that is false. My great-grandmother was up there in heaven.

When I'm up there in that beautiful light, in what I described to you already as a hug from our Heavenly Father -- to me it was beautiful because over there, there was no time or space for me. I saw my nephew that had died, the 23-year-old orthodontist. I saw when he hugged his mom. His mom was mopping and when he hugs her, she grabs her heart and she feels unbearable pain. She throws herself on the floor from that heartache. And when she hits the ground, she begins to roll over due to the emotional pain. And she yells out, "No, God, no. Do not do this to me because I will not be able to bear it." She had never shared that experience with anyone. When I was out of the hospital, I told her, "Remember when you threw yourself on the floor and you would say that you could not bear the pain, that's when your son was hugging you, at that very instant."

When I was up there, I saw a beautiful, beautiful, indescribably beautiful lake, two extremely beautiful trees. The beauty that exists up there is so indescribable. There is so much light and so much love. It's a love that is alive. And the peace that exists up there is indescribable peace. It's so joyful being up there, brothers and sisters. As I am getting closer and closer to the very top, I hear my husband's voice say, "Gloria, please, do not be a coward. Come back. Come back, the children, Gloria, the children."

At that moment, I came to a standstill. I looked down and I saw him crying and bleeding. He was not burned directly by lightning. He was shocked with the electricity that was left in the water. He was also being tossed like a rubber band, like my nephew and I were. My husband says that we were being tossed into the air with such force that we were seven meters up in the air. When I looked at him and I saw him crying and bleeding, I was sent back. What sadness! When I am being told to go back, I saw that my nephew entered into the garden and he went like this to me. He enters filled with joy. But I was

sent back. It was very clear, brothers and sisters, that I was not going to enter into that garden.

All persons, except those who commit suicide, experience the hug, that light, from our Heavenly Father, that's why everyone who dies sees a light, and the love, and the peace that is felt there. Our Heavenly Father hugs every single person that dies because he loves us all. He shows us how great his love for us is. But since our Heavenly Father does not force anyone --and if we chose, here on earth, to live without God, if God is love and I am hatred, then who is my father? After our Heavenly Father allows us to experience His hug, he must turn us over to the father that we have chosen to be with, for eternity. He will not force us to anything. If we have lived a life without Him here on earth, he will not force us to spend eternity with him. He turns us over to where we freely chose to be for all eternity.

I was sent back. I found my body without life. I was in a gurney at the National Hospital. I could see how the doctors were trying to resuscitate me. I put my feet here on this part of my head. When I put my feet there, I felt as though something sucked me back into my body. My body jerked. When I entered into my body, I felt, once again, that horrible pain of entering my charred body, but the worst feeling was my vanity because I was well aware that I no longer had that body to which I had sacrificed so much money and effort to. They took me from there to surgery. When I was in surgery and they were taking care of my wounds, I once again went into cardiac arrest. When I suffered the cardiac arrest, I immediately left my body again. I could see the doctors working hard to bring me back. All I was worried about at that moment were my legs. The thoughts that were crossing my mind at that moment were, "They better not mess with my legs. I have a marathon to run." At that moment, I still had so much pride that I thought that I owned my legs.

At that moment, brothers and sisters, what an impressive moment, I saw many, many persons coming out of the walls of the surgery room. They appeared to be normal human beings, but they had such hatred coming out of their eyes and evil looks. When I saw those human beings, I came to know that those were all my sins that I had committed since my last sacramental confession; that is, confession with a priest. I see all of my sins come out. I went out of there running, trying to escape. I don't recall at what moment this happened, but I went right through the wall of the surgery room. When I went through that wall, I automatically jumped into a void. I began to descend from the light into the darkness. I began to go through a whole bunch of like cells, like jails. There are millions and millions of persons there. It was as though it were many jails, mazes and honeycombs.

Up there, where the light was, brothers and sisters, you should see how beautiful the people look. Their vestments were as though they were wearing the sun. The persons that were way at the top were so beautiful that you couldn't even see their faces clearly. They looked so beautiful. You can imagine the happiness I felt when I saw my mother up there, where there was light. My mother had passed away years ago. Those beautiful white vestments that my mother was wearing looked like the sun. I was given the understanding

that those are the Eucharists that my mother had consumed throughout her entire life; therefore, she was dressed in the Lamb.

I wasn't able to stay with my mother. I continued descending. It continued to get darker. The people down there are deformed. Sin, brothers and sisters, scars you. It leaves a scar. Your soul gets scarred, like with burns and dents. When I continued descending through those tunnels and jails, the smell that comes out of there is horrifying. It's an impressionable odor. It was horrific for me, brothers and sisters, to see that the worst stench of all was coming out of me. How much money did I spend throughout my life on expensive perfumes? I used to loathe bad odor. When I discovered that those sins from which I was running away, those sins were not in my exterior. You want to know what the most horrifying thing was? It was seeing that those sins dwelt within me. I looked like a demon, like the Beast. It was horrible. Just like my mother was dressed of the Lord, I was dressed of the Beast, like a black bag of trash, that's how I was enveloped in those things. All of those things cried out within me and lived within me. In desperation, I tried to escape. I screamed horrified by those things. They would laugh within me.

When I was coming to the end of my descending, I ended up in a place where there were swamps. There were millions and millions of people buried in those swamps. The people in those swamps were buried up to here. I was given the knowledge that the people in there were the people who had given their bodies over to concupiscence, to pleasure. There were thousands and thousands of miles of that mud. You want to know what that mud is? It's all of the non-holy ejaculations. How many millions and millions of sperms get released every time there is an ejaculation? All of that creates a horrible swamp and darkness. And these people are in there being tortured by thinking of every person whom they had relations with outside of the Sacrament of Marriage, because that is the only holy relationship, the one in which Jesus is in their midst, which is only through the Sacrament of Marriage. Outside of that, even if you are the only couple in existence, those are ejaculations outside of the grace of God and every person with whom they had intimate relations with are in there stuck with them in that swamp. The shame and pain that they feel there is of a horrifying magnitude.

I saw my father there, buried in that mud. He was screaming in pain. I felt excruciating pain to see my father there. And I said, "Daddy, what are you doing here?" My dad crying answers me, "Daughter, adultery, adultery."

When it's your turn to go there, you will remember me. Pay attention to what I am about to tell you. You want to know what hurts you the most when you are there, brothers and sisters? What hurts the most when you are there is to see God so in love with us. He's after us our whole life. When I was there, our Lord showed me how many priests came to my rescue; he showed me every single person who had a prayer life that approached me to invite me to pray, including the nuns who used to extend to me an invitation to conversion. You know what I used to say, "These witches," forgive me I used to speak a lot of profanity, "those old witches, those blood suckers, leeches, those menopausal-bitter witches want to ruin my life by telling me how to live my life. Who do they think they are?"

When you are over there being judged, it's your thoughts that speak the loudest. You re-live your life because our Lord opens the Book of Life and he goes over your entire life with you and so you re-live every second of it. You see your life go before you, including what your thoughts were at that moment in your life. And when you act in certain manners you see all the people that were damaged or hurt due to your actions at that instant of your life that is being shown to you in the Book of Life. It's very painful. Our Lord shows us how our sins do not simply stay within us. Like a rotten fruit, if it's not removed, it will rot all the fruit around it. If I allow sin in my life, what is the closest thing to me that is going to get damaged? My children.

You know what, brothers and sisters, remove those earplugs from your ears because I want you to hear this, when you fall into mortal sin, the devil compromises you and you sign your soul over to the devil. And your soul immediately becomes the devil's possession. Once we do that, the saddest part is that the devil tells us, "Now, bring me all those around you."

A mother who is always gossiping, a father who is filled with hatred, or unfaithfulness, or a drunkard, what is the closest thing that he or she has? His or her children. The Lord calls that the bad administration of the talents that the Lord gives a father and mother to inculcate to their children graces of salvation. Every time that my biological brothers would get drunk and would be sleeping around with women other than their wives, my dad, over there in those swamps, would scream and wail. My dad felt a lot of pain when he was down there because he was given the understanding that due to his lifestyle, he had handed his sons over to Satan in a silver platter.

Unfortunately, my brothers did not live a sacramental life. If we would have allowed ourselves to be guided by my mother, it would have been different. My mom was taking us directly into the hands of God. When one lives a sacramental life, God does not allow generational bondages to be passed on. God breaks those chains. That's why God gave us the Sacraments. But my family was not a sacramental one. We liked to party and drink.

I'll never forget this. When I was three years old, I was afraid of seeing my mom pregnant and the drunk father would arrive. There was mother hiding her children, one here, one over there. I was put under a table that had a tablecloth over it. My mom would tell me, "Sweetheart, don't come out of there. Don't come out of there." I'll never forget when one of my little brothers, out of fear, came out running from his hiding place. My dad grabbed him and beat him. My pregnant mother came out running to stop him and he beat both of them up. I was under the table watching all of that take place. That is inculcating sin. People nowadays call it traumatizing or whatever. That is called to instill. A child will never forget something like that. And sadly, the children of these parents end up repeating the same sins as the parents.

That is why I would like to talk for just a minute about the great blessing that the Sacrament of Marriage is. At this instant, I am going to talk about adultery. One sometimes says, "Oh, if I only do it once, it's not a big deal." In my country we call it "to have a gay time, (canita a el aire.) I don't know what you call it in this country. Oh,

infidelity. But you know what, brothers and sisters? When somebody is going to get married and you enter the church, and at the altar you declare that you are going to be faithful in good times and in bad times, through sickness and health, you want to know whom you are promising that to? You are making that promise to the Blessed Trinity. When it's your turn to go up there and our Lord goes over the Book of Life with you, you are going to find out, just like I did, that God loves marriages. Our Lord gets very happy. He goes head over heels over marriages. He loves it when a couple gets married. The only witness is God the Father. And when our Lord shows you that in the Book of Life, you see a gold tone, something of indescribable brightness. God the Father writes down those words that you say at the altar in the Book of Life in that golden tone. He is the witness. You drink the blood of the Lamb testifying to the pact that one is making with God. Those words are being told to none other than the Holy Trinity, just them.

When one breaks that pact, you cannot imagine, how blessings are removed from your married life. When my husband and I received the Eucharist, the body and blood of our Lord, you want to know what happened? It's no longer a couple. It becomes three because immediately our Lord Jesus incorporates the souls of the couple and he takes them into His heart. And it's no longer three, but one because we become a trinity, the groom, the bride and Jesus, in His heart. Who can separate that? No body. No body. Once the marriage is consummated, if the young lady is pure, many, many graces and blessing get poured upon them, more so upon the couple in which both of them are virgins when they get married, because you are married to God.

When my father, slipped the ring into my mom's finger, and they were declared husband and wife, our Lord Jesus handed over to my father a staff of light, like this. Do you know what that is? It's a grace, the gift of authority, which God bestows upon the father/husband, the authority of God the father. That authority is to be used by the father/husband to guide his little flock through this world, in which so many wolves exist that try to devour marriages. My husband also received that staff, all men who are sacramentally married do.

When my mother got married, she received a fire upon her heart, like a humongous ball of fire. Do you know what that is? The love of God. The beauty of it is that my mother was a very pure woman and God was very pleased with her.

When my father was 12 years old, my grandfather took him to the brothels. Can you imagine how many evil-worldly spirits entered my father's soul? Those evil-worldly spirits look like larva to me. They're like larva. When someone has relations outside of marriage, those evil-worldly spirits immediately attach themselves to those persons all over their bodies. They begin by attaching themselves to their genitals but they end up taking over that person. They take over their hormones. They get into their brain. They take over the hypophysis (pituitary gland). They take over the pituitary gland. They take over the neurological part of their organism. And they begin to generate a great number of hormones that leads them to very low instincts. They turn a son or daughter of God into slaves of their genitals. And they become genital human beings. They're enjoying life, excuse my language, if they are wallowing in bed, in sin. When the couple is pure, many

blessings get poured upon them. God glorifies himself in that because the blood is there as a pact of unity and sanctity between the couple.

Sexuality is not a sin, brothers and sisters. God gave it to us as a blessing. He gave it to us for a couple to love each other. True sexuality is the couple and God. When you get up there, you are going to be shown too how the Holy Spirit is always in the sacramental bed because the bed ends up being a sacrament of love, that is, in that bed exists the blessing of the Sacrament of Marriage. And in that sacramental bed dwells the Holy Spirit. God also leaves a cloud, that is, his presence in a home at the kitchen table. If there isn't a table, he leaves a cloud over wherever the family gets together to share a meal. God blesses. God loves going home with the couple. When I got married, did I take God with me? No. I left him at the altar. I went straight to the party, and then the honeymoon, and then we arrived home and our Lord was left outside. But nonetheless he remained in the sacrament. That is something that cannot be denied.

Back to my parents. The beauty of that matrimonial blessing that my parents received is that the Lord was restoring within my father many spiritual gifts because he was married to a pure woman and that was healing my dad's inherited sexual bondages. But since he was a macho man and his friends began instigating him; that he better not allow himself to fall for a woman; that he had to continue living his party life. So what does my father do? 15 days after his marriage, he ends up in a brothel to show off to his friends that he continued being the macho man that he was before he got married. Remember that staff that he had received at the altar, well, the Beast stole it from him. That larva became attached to my father. He went from being the shepherd of his home to a wolf.

While in those swamps, my father, crying would say, "Thanks to those 38 years of prayer of that holy woman that God gave me as a wife, my soul has been saved from eternal damnation." My mother spent 38 years of her life praying for the salvation of my father's soul. Her prayer went something like this - she would go before the Blessed Sacrament and would say, "Lord, I know that you will not allow your servant to die because I trust in you Lord, you will not allow this servant of yours to die without seeing the conversion of her husband. I don't only pray for my husband, but for all the poor women who are going through what I am going through. I especially pray for the wives, who instead of kneeling before you in prayer, are going to witch doctors, fortunetellers, or are doing the same thing as their husbands, handing over their souls and the souls of their children to Satan. I pray for them too, Lord."

You want to know why I loved my father, rather than feeling hatred towards him? Because my mom was a good woman. She never, never, never taught us to hate my father nor anyone, for that matter. I used to say, there goes my mom again with her crazy stuff. She used to say, "The Lord has revealed to me how the earth opened up and swallowed up your father." That's how my mother would describe mortal sin, by saying that the earth would open up and would swallow people up. But when I was up there, I discovered that my mother did have a mystical vision. My mother used to tell me, "I saw it. Satan has chained him. But you know what I do, daughter, I hold on to him with the rosary. And I take him to church with me every day, tied up with the rosary. And the devil pulls him

downward and I pull him upward. And I take him up to the Blessed Sacrament and I tell him, 'Here he is, Lord. And I trust that you are going to save him.'"

My father converted eight years before he died. He asked for forgiveness and God forgave him. That is why my father was in purgatory, in the lower parts of purgatory, in the swamps. But my father did not atone for his sins. To atone for our sins is something that we don't really delve into very much and we cannot atone for anything, but Jesus in the Eucharist can. When a soul goes to adore our Lord before the Blessed Sacrament, he invites us and gives us the grace to repair the wrong that one has done. It's a terrible thing because when you're over there, our Lord shows us the consequences of our sins. Sin is not simply, oops, I stole something. When you're up there, He will show you the damage that it causes others. What hurts God the most is not the act of stealing, yes, that is bad, but what hurts him the most is the pain that one causes one's brethren.

The Lord held me accountable even for a dirty look that I gave someone. He held me accountable for a bad word that I said to a brother. Those errors hurt so much when you are over there being judged. My mom used to tell my dad to advise my brothers not to live a sinful life. My dad would answer her by saying, "Sweetheart, let them enjoy life. The boys are young. When they get older, the boys shall change their ways." How painful it is for a father to turn his children over to eternal death.

When my mother conceived me, my soul brightened her womb. It's a breath that God sends forth when the egg and the sperm unite. An explosion occurs, a beautiful spark and my soul brightened up and it also brightened my mother's womb. You want to know what else I saw, brothers and sisters? Remember the huge sun, those are the open doors of heaven and that sun is the Eucharist. There is **NO OTHER WAY TO HEAVEN THAN THE EUCHARIST**, brothers and sisters. Memorize that. There is no other way to enter heaven than the body and blood of our Lord. There is no other way.

That's why Satan hates Catholics so much and confuses them so much. He loathes them. Because in the sanctuary are the open gates to heaven. He comes out of the heart of Christ, which lives in the sanctuaries. Now, tell me how many abandoned sanctuaries are there throughout the world? Well, if you are from another religion/faith and you live righteously according to what God has written in your heart - because God has written in the hearts of everyone - if you've never known Christ, when that person is dying Jesus cuddles up to that person. He cuddles up with every human being when he or she is dying. He stands at their side and he shows them, "I am your Lord." If the dying person accepts him as Lord, immediately - I can't explain this very well - but immediately that soul is taken to some place in the world where the Eucharist is being celebrated and that person receives the Eucharist. Because only those who eat His flesh and drink His blood can enter there. Outside of those who eat His flesh and drink His blood, no one else can enter there. Something mystical occurs, through the grace of the Catholic Church. We don't even know all of the treasures that we have within our own church, brothers and sisters. There is a bank in heaven that administers the graces that God has placed on the Catholic Church. Because of that bank, many people who talk bad about the Catholic Church have

received salvation and they end up in purgatory. There they continue to receive Eucharistic graces. I saw that with my soul.

I have to talk quickly. First Commandment, love God above all else. I am focusing on adultery only. What can a person say when he or she is before the Lord? "Lord, I love you above all things, above my wife, above my husband, above my kids, but that secretary of mine is so fine, Lord." And Second Commandment, not to swear or use the name of the Lord in vain. When we get married, who do we make our promise to be faithful to? To God. Right there I am breaking my promise. I am putting my Lord lower than my sin, all the way in the corner. But when I'm in financial need, Lord, then I'll go and say a rosary and you give me all the money that I need -- Observance of holy days of obligation. The greatness and mercy of God who remains eternally on the cross. Honor your father and mother, and I am only focusing on adultery and I am doing it very quickly. What am I saying about my parents? That my parents did not teach me to respect marriage. But how can a father tell his son, "Son, if you are unfaithful, you will go to hell. Son, if you are not going to be faithful to your wife, don't get married. Son, ask God for the grace to be faithful." But how can a father advise his children in that manner if he, himself, is unfaithful.

When a son calls his mother up and tells her, "Mom, tell my wife that I was with you." And in reality where was he? And the mother responds, "Very well, my son," and she doesn't bother to give him advice or anything, that's when Satan makes us become accessories to the crime/sin. It's a very grave matter when we become accessories to the crime/sin. Now, the mothers-in-law, who butt into their children's marriages to try to run it, you know what, if your son or daughter is already married, there is nothing you can do. The only thing for you to do is to pray but keep your nose out of their business. Many women have lost their salvation for getting involved in their children's marriage. It's a very grave matter. If I see one of them committing a sin, pray. Go before the Lord. But if my son is living in sin, I can get together with the couple and say, "Look, please, save your marriage, look at your children. Marriage is to give totally one to the other, to fight together." What am I talking about? Fifth Commandment: Do not kill. How many dead children are we carrying, dead to sin. We worry when our children are sick or because they do not have money for college. And how many of us have killed our own children through our sin and dare to say that we've never killed, and our children walk around sad and depressed or filled with anger because they don't have their mom or their dad with them. And when a woman herself kills her own children, when she goes before the Lord and says, "Thank you, Lord, for those wonderful children that you gave me. They were such good children that ever since their father left me, they hate their father and they only love me." Bang, you've killed them because to hate is to kill. How many times have we poisoned our children's mind. You know what hurts our Lord? When parents try to turn their children against their father or mother. God does not allow that. When the husband goes before the Lord and He opens up the Book of Life, our Lord is going to say, "Remember when you had relations with this woman or with that secretary?" "Yes." "When you had relations with that woman, even though you wore a condom, well, a virus attached to it. You showered but the virus did not die. Later, when you had relations with your wife, that virus attached to your wife and she ended up with cancer." Who can say

that adultery does not kill, physically? And then we turn around and complain to God, "Why do you punish me." Sixth Commandment, do not fornicate. I am only referring to adultery. How many abortions occur due to adultery? "Oh, no. my husband is going to find out. I have to kill the innocent baby that cannot speak."

Many people have told me, "God forgives everything. Even murders can receive the Eucharist and just because I am having fun, enjoying life, they do not let me receive the Eucharist." You know what, Jesus is the rock that protects marriages. And when someone comes against that rock, he or she is going to get smashed. That's what you are doing if you destroy a marriage.

Do not steal. If I have so much money - people have told me that they have so much money that their wives and children are well off that they even have enough money to support another two women. That money belongs to your family. If I have the blessing of the money that the Lord provides for my family and I go out and spend it on prostitution, I am stealing from God. And He will hold me accountable for it. You know what else the Lord showed me, that we as females have run our husbands out of our beds. You know what the Lord showed me, how when I was dating my husband I used to spend hours on the phone with him and everything was "Love, this," "Honey, that," "My life." And as soon as we got married it changed to "That loser this," "That bum that," "That good for nothing." The Lord showed me how I stopped being attentive towards my husband. I used to say, "Forget it. Why should I? I have to work too." The Lord showed me how many wives have run their husbands out of their beds. Now, do not lie and do not give false witness. Now, tell me in an adulterous relationship how many lies must be fabricated to cover it up?

Ninth Commandment, do not entertain impure thoughts and do not covet the husband or wife of your neighbor. You know who is very jealous? God is. If you think your wife is jealous, it's because you do not know God. And do not covet your neighbor's goods. A married man is your neighbor's belonging. He or she has an owner. He or she has children. He or she has a home. What gives me the right to snatch that blessing away from them.

I wasn't even able to stay in the lower parts of purgatory with my father. I continued descending. And when my descent came to an end, I came to a flat surface. You can imagine the horror I felt when I realized that I couldn't stop. I couldn't even stay in the last corner of purgatory. I continued descending. When I came to that flat surface, a mouth opened up. And that mouth swallowed me in. It was real. It was alive. Everything is very real over there. That is reality. Over there, there is nothing unreal. Everything is very real. And I go in there head first. When I am on my way into another mouth, I was yelling and screaming like a crazy person. I knew that once I entered in there completely that I wasn't going to be able to stay in the cavity. I knew that I had to continue descending. That hole had another mouth. And I knew that once I entered through that mouth, that I would never come out. It was my spiritual death, the death of my soul. But when I am headed towards that mouth, thanks be to God, St. Michael the Archangel grabbed me by the feet and I entered in a light manner, like a feather, into that hole. The

light of my spirit bothered all of the demons that were there and immediately demons that looked like larva jumped at me and covered up my entire body as to cover up any little bit of light that might have been left within in me. I was horrified at that sight. I would yell and scream like a mad woman. When those things attached themselves to me, they were burning me alive. They are darkness that is real and alive. The hatred that exists there is real and alive. It's a form of hatred that burns you up alive, hatred that makes you explode, hatred that devours you. And I am there covered up with that larva. When I am there, I began calling out, "Souls of purgatory, please get me out of here." When I called out to the souls in purgatory, I felt an indescribable pain because I began to hear gnashing of teeth and the sighing of millions, and millions, and millions of people that were there in like swamps of hatred. When I saw them, I was given the knowledge that the people that were there were the people that had committed suicide.

They were there waiting for their natural life span to expire, the time they would have lived had they not committed suicide, before descending to the place in hell where they will be spending eternity. There is no time or space over there, but the people who commit suicide fall out of Divine order. There were so many young people in there, so, so, so, so many young people crying and gnashing their teeth over there. Their torment there is seeing how their loved ones go about life feeling guilty, thinking, "perhaps if I would have done this or if I wouldn't have done that, or if I would have dealt with it differently maybe this wouldn't have happened." That's how demons torment them.

What those poor people need is that those, who are still here on earth, that they begin converting. That's what the people need over there, conversion, acts of charity, such as visiting the sick, that they offer up the Eucharist for them, because everything gets transformed over there. The blessings are given through the Eucharist. How can a poor soul in purgatory come out of there? It can't. What can someone who is stuck in that hole, like I was, do for themselves? Absolutely nothing. But God can through the Eucharist. Those poor souls need masses offered up for them.

But the demons over there enjoy torturing those souls by showing them how their loved ones are hurting for them. And those poor souls, as it is, are going through so much anguish already even without the torture from the demons. When I saw them in such anguish, I began to yell out, "Please, you made a mistake. I have never stolen. I have never killed. I have never hurt anyone. I used to buy groceries for the poor. I used to pull teeth out for free for the poor." I was demanding my rights. Everywhere I went I always demanded my rights. I would yell out, "This is too much. I was on my way to heaven. What am I doing here?" And I began saying, "Before our bankruptcy, for five years, I used to pull teeth out for free for the poor and I used to use the best Swiss products on them. What am I doing here? Get me out of here." I would yell out as I was surrounded by those horrible creatures. I began yelling out, "I'm a Catholic. Please get me out of here."

When I yelled out that was a Catholic, I saw two lights. I saw these lights like on a ladder. One of those lights was my father. He barely had any light about him. His light was very dim. And the other light was my mother. She had so much light about her. Her light was

bright and beautiful. I felt so much joy. I thought to myself, they're here to get me out of here. At that moment, my body in the hospital, was in a comma. I was in an agonizing state. There wasn't even enough oxygen entering my lungs anymore. They would only allow my sister, who is a doctor, to be in there with me. She was next to me in the hospital. But when I saw my parents over there - because my spirit was with my flesh but my soul was in that hole. And I was in a deep comma. And she clearly heard me speak. I had a tube going down my throat. Have you ever heard a person, who is in a deep comma and with a tube down their throat speak clearly? Well, I scared the daylights out of my sister. I began saying, "Mom and dad are here. There here to take me with them." And my sister got scared. She thought that I had died. She started saying, "Mom and dad are here. They're here to take her. Go away mom and dad. Do not take her. She has children. Do not take her." The doctors pulled her out of the room because they thought that my sister was going into a state of shock, you know, with the death of my nephew and my being in a comma. She spent three days in the hospital without any sleep, the three days that I was in a comma.

But when I was in that hole and I saw my parents there, you cannot imagine the joy that I felt. I felt hope just by seeing a little bit of light in the midst of that darkness. I began yelling out, "Mom, dad, please get me out of here." They turn their eyes down towards me and you should have seen the pain that their eyes reflected, what pain. My father began to cry and he cried out, "No, oh, Lord, no, not my daughter." My father cried with a lot of pain. My mother looked at me and I could see the pain in her eyes, but nothing could remove the peace that she had upon her. She didn't shed a tear. But she turned her eyes up and then she looked down towards me.

At that moment, in horror, I understood that they could not get me out of there. And I knew that they were there because they were answering to our Lord how they had educated me, how they were the guardians of the talents that God had given me, how they, through their lives and through their testimony had preserved me from the attack of the enemy, how they had taught me to love God, how they had fed the graces that God had placed upon me through the Sacrament of Baptism. When I saw the pain that their eyes reflected, especially my father, I began yelling and screaming, "Please get me out of here. Please get me out of here. Please, please get me out of here. I shouldn't be here. I am Catholic. I have no reason to be here." When I yelled out that I was Catholic, I could hear a sweet voice, but so, so sweet, so sweet, that everything was filled with peace and love at the sound of that voice. Those horrible creatures had to prostrate themselves in adoration at the sound of that voice. And they asked for permission to leave because they could not stand the sweetness of that voice. And a mouth opened up underneath them and they all went in there. And I felt peace as well as the other souls that were in there. When I saw those creatures prostrate themselves there at the sound of that voice, even Satan with his pride and all, they must prostrate themselves before the King of kings and Lord of lords. I saw the Blessed Virgin Mary prostrated at mass, when the priest was holding up the Eucharist at my nephew's funeral, praying for me, bringing all of the prayers of my hometown and placing them at the feet of my Lord. When the priest holds up the Eucharist, everything has to prostrate themselves in heaven, on earth and under the earth. All the demons at that very moment have to prostrate themselves. And at mass during

that special moment, I used to be dosing off or chewing away at my gum. You want to know what my relationship with God was. "He's deaf. He doesn't hear me. What's wrong with him?" Imagine that, trying to manipulate God.

And that voice tells me, "Very well, if you are Catholic, tell me the 10 commandments of God's Law." And the only thing I knew is that there were 10 of them. I was scared. I said, "Crap, what do I do now. How do I get out of this one." I thought, I know what I'm going to do, I am going to repeat what my mom taught me. She used to say, "Whoever loves God, need only count to one. Whoever loves their brethren, loves God." I began planning a great speech to get myself out of that mess. And I'm trying to kill time to organize that in my head. That is how daring sin is. And I said, "The first commandment: to Love God above all else and to love your neighbor as yourself."

And that beautiful voice tells me, "Very well, and have you loved him?"

I responded, "I have. I have."

When He said, "No," brothers and sisters, all of my saintly masks went down the toilet, all of them. I was 'naked' before the Lord.

That sweet voice said to me, "No. You have not loved your Lord above all else, nor have you loved your neighbor as yourself. You created a God that you conformed to your ways, instead of you conforming to the ways of the Lord. You only remembered the Lord in times of need, in times of suffering. The only time that you would prostrate yourself before Me was during those hardships, and only then. You would promise to pray novenas, to go to mass, to go to bible studies and prayer meetings.

That sweet voice would say to me, "Nothing was given to you because you asked for it. It was given to you as a blessing from me. But you never kept any of the promises you made. You would promise to have masses said, you promised so many things but never followed through."

From there on, everything I ever said was brought to light, "You gave your word to your Lord and you never kept it. You made a vow with your Lord and you never kept it. You only looked for the Lord when -- I would say, "Lord, please, grant me a car, even if it's an old car, just so that I can move around." This is one of the many things that I prayed for that the Lord showed me when I was up there. The Lord would also show me how as soon as he blessed me with the car, within eight days, I began to complain. I never thanked God for blessing me with the car. The Lord kept on showing me how he would pour blessings upon me and I never thanked him for anything.

The Lord told me, "That is because you had a God. That idolatry that has you here and that God was money."

When I was told that money was my God, I responded by saying, "What money? I left nothing but debts on earth." That's as far as I was permitted to speak. After that the Book

of my Life was opened up. Brothers and sisters, what beauty. When it's your turn to go before the Lord and he opens up the book of your life, you are going to see everything in there from the very instant of your conception until your last breath. From there on you begin to see your life moment by moment. You see how white, radiant, and completely filled with God's love your soul is. Have you ever seen babies laughing by themselves and it seems as though they are talking and some adults say that they are talking with God? Well, yes, they are. Babies are submerged in the Holy Spirit like all of us, but they do know how to enjoy the presence of God.

You cannot imagine how beautiful it was to see myself in my mother's womb. My mom hadn't been able to have children for seven years and she could not believe that she was pregnant. My mother was getting closer to the heart of Jesus, but she had to go through a process, like we all do. She was very disturbed due to my father's lifestyle. Then when she finds out that she's pregnant all she would say was, "No, my God, please, do not let me be pregnant." She would cry. That generated interior anguish within me. I grew up thinking that my mother did not love me and it always created a rejection in me towards my mother. Mother was a woman who was God-filled. Everybody loved her. She was so kind to me and I used to think she didn't love me. "She doesn't love me. She doesn't love me." It was weird. But that's why we have the sacraments, the grace of the sacraments.

In the Book of Life, I saw when I was baptized. When I was baptized, you should have seen the big party that took place in heaven. I was a baby and a mark was placed on me right here. When your turn comes to go up there, you are going to see the mark that the children of God have on them. It's a fire. It's the fire that shows that we belong to Jesus Christ.

But in the Book of Life, the Lord began to show me how I began to get filled with the sins that were around me since I was a little girl, mainly due to my father's lifestyle. The lies, the drunkenness and that whole lifestyle that I was starting to adopt, how it generated many bad things in me, many behaviors that were expressed in me throughout my life.

When I was being shown the book of my life, I saw all the beautiful talents that were placed in my interior. Brothers and sisters, we are all worth so much. You have no idea how much we are worth to God. He loves each and every one of us. One of the things that worries the devil the most is when we begin to put those talents that God has placed in us to good use; that is, (to the service of the Lord). If we would put those talents to work, this world wouldn't be in the shape that it's in. At that instant, the Lord asks me, "What spiritual treasures have you brought me?" My hands were empty!

At that moment the Lord asked me, "What good was it for you to say that you owned apartment complexes? What good was it for you to own your own practice? What good was it for you to say that you were a successful professional woman? Tell me, what good was all of that? What good was it for you to workout so much worship of your body, so much torture that you put your body through? What good was it for you to become bulimic and anorexic. What good was it for you to put your body through so much? Were

you able to bring the dust of a brick over here? What good was it for you to have so many people adore you? Because you made a god out of yourself by being generous and giving so much, because you did many generous things and many acts of charity for people to think that you were such a good person, such a holy person, thus you made a god out of yourself. And you used to manipulate people with your money and you would make them do whatever you wanted them to do. Tell me, what have you been able to bring with you over here?"

Our Lord continued saying to me, "When I blessed you with bankruptcy, I did that to draw your attention away from that god (god of money) that has you here now, that god whom you served. I did that for you to turn to me, but instead you rebelled against me. You refused to step down from your social status and you used to curse me. You were enslaved to your god, that money god.

He said to me, "You had everything and everything was given to you as a blessing. It's not the way you used to think, 'It's because I am so intelligent. I'm a hard worker. I am very studious.'"

I used to say, "I became successful through my hard work, my ability to study, and my efforts."

The Lord said to me, "No. Look, how many professionals exist in better economic conditions than you? How many professionals exist that labor so hard and look at their poor condition? But you were given much and because you were given much, much will be asked of you."

I had to answer to the Lord even for every grain of rice that I threw away in my life. Every time that I threw food away, I had to answer to the Lord. He begins to point out to me out of the book of my life how my mother used to always make beans, because as a child, I was very poor. And I was so sick of eating beans all the time that I hated them. I used to say, "Not, damned beans again. Some day I am going to be so rich that I will never eat beans again." One day when I was just a small child, I threw away my beans. And my mother came to sit with me to have breakfast together, but I had already thrown away the beans. My mother thought that I was so hungry that I had already finished them.

You want to know what the Lord showed me over there? He showed me the hunger that was the closest to me, that was my mother. Imagine how hard it was. My mother had seven children. Many times she went without eating anything so long as we had something to eat. We were very, very poor. If not, my mother would give her food away to the needy. She went hungry many times. But my mother always had a smile on her face. She never put on a bitter face. The Lord showed me how that was the closest hunger that I had to my life. From there on, the Lord began to show how I used to throw big parties and social reunions with a variety of food. And people serve themselves more than what they can eat and half of that food goes in the trash because they can't eat all of it. The Lord would show me all of the food that would end up in the trashcan. The Lord would say to me, "Look, at your brethren's blessing. Look." The Lord raised his voice

and said to me, "And I was hungry." At that moment he showed me all the hunger that exists. It hurts God very much to see people go hungry, to see people suffer, to see people in need. He began to show me my own house (not her mother's house). He showed me a vase that I had that had cost me a fortune. My housekeeper accidentally broke that vase and I practically died. The Lord began to show me how many fashionable and trendy clothes I had in my closet, how many costly and elegant things I had in my house. And He says to me, "And I was naked." He also showed me that it was pure vanity because I didn't use most of those clothes. He showed me how my high-society friends -- this is during the time when I used to have a lot of money and I used to live in high social status, before the bankruptcy -- if my friends purchased clothes, I had to buy better clothes than them. I was very envious. If somebody would purchase a car, I would begin complaining about my car because I wanted something better than theirs. I was always competing.

The Lord said to me, "You always looked up, comparing yourself to people who were in a better financial position than you. You never looked down again towards your poor brothers and sisters. When you were poor, you were on your way to sanctity because you would give of what you yourself needed." The Lord showed me how one time, even though we were very poor, my mother bought me a pair of tennis shoes. I was really happy. Then, I saw a boy barefooted and I felt very sad. I took off my shoes and I gave them to the boy. When I arrived home, I arrived without shoes. My dad just about killed me because it was such a sacrifice for my parents to buy me a pair of shoes because we were so poor. He almost killed me. The Lord rejoiced himself when I was walking that path. Even though I lived in a very complicated home, graces were being poured upon us because of my mother's prayers and I was on the path of sanctity.

The Lord said to me, "If you would have opened up to the Holy Spirit, that little boy that you see there would not have been molested by his father."

The Lord began to show me how all of humanity is going to answer to God for a lot of the things that happen to others due to us closing ourselves up to the Holy Spirit. The Lord said to me, "I would have inspired you and you would have prayed. And that beast/demon that entered into that person would not have molested that little girl or that little boy."

The Lord also said to me and showed me, "If you would have prayed, this young man would not have committed suicide. If you would have prayed, this girl would not have aborted her baby. If you would have prayed, this person would not have died feeling abandoned by me in a hospital. I would have inspired you so that you would have started walking in that direction, and I would have taken you, and you would have gone in MY NAME to assist them."

He showed me the suffering of all the people in the world. He said to me, "What pain, what pain." The Lord showed me and he is going to show you too, when you go before him, how all of the talents that he had given me were dormant. They never came out to service. And I never allowed myself to be touched by the Holy Spirit so that I would have felt the pain and suffering of others.

The Lord said to me, "Look at my people. Why would you have to wait for your family to become ill with cancer in order for you to pray for those who suffer from cancer? Why did you have to wait for your husband to be kidnapped in order for you to pray for all those who get kidnapped?" And he began to show me the pain that God feels when we do not correctly administer the talents that He has given us. He said to me, "And you, you had a heart of stone incapable of feeling pain."

At this point I would like to describe to you the way in which the Lord showed me the talents. I used to never watch TV. I used to say, "What for? All they show are a bunch of dead people." I used to only watch the entertainment portion of the news, or when they talked about "positive energy," and astrology, all of those tricks of the devil that he throws out there, that is what I liked to watch. When I was over there before him (being judged,) the Lord showed me how he had tried a strategy with me. One time I turned on the TV just in time to watch my entertainment news and all of that, and for some reason they were running behind, so instead of entertainment news, I caught the tale end of the regular news. At that moment, they were showing a lady farmer crying on top of her dead husband's body. When I saw that -- you want to know what the devil sadly does to us? He makes us indifferent to the pain of others. We become used to seeing dead people all the time. We become used to seeing so much suffering. It no longer becomes our problem instead we think it's too bad, but at the same time it's not our problem. Well, let me tell you what the Lord showed me over there. The Lord showed me all the pain that He felt because all of the reporters, who were covering the story of the farmer that had been killed before his wife, were only preoccupied with getting the best storyline, without even feeling any sorrow for that poor farmer. They were only trying to sell the best story without caring for the suffering of the poor wife.

When I was watching that on TV, I felt so much pain and that caused me to pay attention. It happened in Benadillo, Tolima, over there in my country. Immediately after they showed a spectacular diet that was very popular at that time. The news of the diet took precedence over the news of the lady farmer and her husband and never again did I remember her. Who do you think asked me about that lady farmer? Who do you think didn't forget about her? The Lord. When I was up there being judged, the Lord said to me, "When you felt so much pain for that lady farmer, it was I inspiring you to go to her aid. But you never kneeled before me, not even for a second to say a prayer for her. You were so overtaken by the news of the diet that you forgot all about the farmer." The Lord first showed me a farmer who was being asked to leave the house in which he lived in. The farmer chose not to leave. The Guerilla came armed with weapons. The Lord began to show me that farmer's life in its entirety. The Lord showed me the fear that that farmer felt when he saw the Guerilla approaching his house. The Lords showed me how that farmer hid his wife and house children under some humongous pot-looking things. He wasn't able to hide and the Guerilla chased after him. You want to know what his last words were? "Lord, please, have mercy upon my children and my wife." At that moment they killed him. The Lord showed me all that when I was before Him being judged.

When they shot him, the Lord allowed me to feel the pain that that woman felt. What did that woman feel and those children feel who could not scream when they killed her

husband and her husband falls dead before their very eyes? That is how God shows to us the pain that He feels due to the suffering of his children; and we walk around concerned only with our own problems and our own needs.

You know what God wanted of me at that moment? He only wanted me to kneel and to pray to him. And He had inspired me to do so. You want to know what I had to do? All I had to do is walk a few steps and go to the priest that was in front of me and tell him, "Father, I saw this happen," and that priest was a friend of the priest in that town; that is, the town where the man was shot to death in front of his wife and children, and that priest ran a shelter for immigrants who had no place to live.

And that's the first thing that God is going to ask us about. Before he even begins to ask us about our sins, he will first ask us about the sins of omission. The sins of omission are so grave, so grave. You have no idea, brothers and sisters, of the gravity of the sins of omission. Sins of omission make God cry. And when you go before God, he's going to show you how your communities and those around you suffer as a consequence of your sins of omission.

And back to the lady farmer whose husband was killed. The Lord showed me how they were now after her trying to kill her. And she goes running out of there with her two children. And a priest tells her, "Daughter, if you don't leave, they are going to kill you." And he sent her to the most merciful city of Colombia; that is to the city of Bogota. He gave her some money and a few letters of recommendation. She takes off running. But even though she had those letters, she was not welcomed anywhere. Therefore, that lady farmer was forced into prostitution. And the Lord shows me how a few years later He had given me an opportunity to see that lady farmer again. I was going to Downtown. And I hated going to Downtown.

We were in our car and my son asks me, "Mommy, how come that lady is wearing such a short skirt?"

I responded by saying, "Son, do not look at those prostitutes. They're harlots. They're simply nobodies who sell their body for pleasure." Without even knowing the reason why some women become prostitutes, I responded to my son in such a manner. I poisoned his mind by characterizing a fallen sister in such a miserable way. And she had fallen into that lifestyle due to the indifference of others who did not lend her a helping hand. The Lord showed all this to me when I was up there being judged. That's why the Lord says that the indifferent human beings are the lukewarm that he will spit out. An indifferent individual will NEVER enter heaven. An indifferent individual is one who goes about life without caring for anything or anyone outside of his or her home. The Lord told me that my spiritual death began when my brothers' and sisters' (in Christ) pain stopped hurting me. At that point, darkness began to fill me.

When I went to confession, I cried my sins. You want to know what a confessional is? It's a washing machine for the soul. What is the soul washed with? Not with water and soap but with the blood of the Lord. I remember my soul being dirty as I walked into the

confessional. You want to know what I remember of the spiritual aspect of it? Okay. Well, the Lord showed me that the gravest stains that I had in my soul, that rotted my soul -- because it was terrible -- and that brought curses into my life, was to talk bad about the priests.

The Lord showed me, when I was up there, how in the wound of the hearts of the priest -- because every priest is anointed with a wound in his heart, and in that wound lives the Lord on the cross, and it bleeds continuously and that's the blood that cleanses our sins. When a soul goes to confession, there are things going on outside of human knowledge, but they are very real in the spirit. At that moment, the soul gets lifted up to the mercy of God, that is, to the door of mercy. And the soul gets lifted up there and in the wound that exists in the hearts of priests, Jesus puts his cross there bleeding in his eternal present and the soul gets lifted up there. Even though these things are beyond human understanding, they are very real, vividly real. My soul and everybody's soul gets washed clean. And every sin that I confessed, our Lord tore up the payment that belonged to Satan.

Brothers and sisters, I do not recall if I already told you that when those demons finally left me, there was only one demon that did not leave. He was allowed to stay, with our Lord's permission. He is the one that would cry out, "She's mine. She's mine." It cried out horribly, "She's mine. She's mine." It was a big demon. That demon is the one that planned out and strategized the destruction of my soul. With a well-planned strategy, it manipulated the destruction of my soul. It took advantage of my weaknesses and sent sin into my soul, that is why it had permission to stay. That demon had permission to stay because I died in mortal sin, and that goes for everyone who dies in mortal sin. I had not been to sacramental confession since the age of 13, that is, confession with a priest. And that demon would do nothing else but cry out for my soul and accuse me before the Lord. It cried out, "She's mine." And you can imagine, the Lord is going over my whole life with me, and I'm shame-filled, and at the same time that thing (demon) is crying out, "She's mine. She's mine." It's a horrible feeling. I was badly defeated by Satan because he got me out of sacramental confession at the age of 13. What shrewdness of the devil. I used to say, "I am not going to confession with a priest. Those priests are worse sinners than I am, those homosexuals. No way am I going to confession to them."

When going over that part of my life, the Lord would say to me, "Who did you think you were and how dare did you take on God's role and characterize MY anointed ones in such a manner." The Lord would tell me, "They are flesh and bone, but the holiness of a priest is my concern. \*\*\*The community where I have placed him as a gift."

The Lord showed me, how a community can be capable of killing its own children by sacrificing them to the devil through abortion. That's the worst of all sins, to kill your own children, to kill a baby. But each time that there is an abortion, Satan releases from the pit of hell -- what is an abortion? Abortion is the same as killing an innocent baby, precious innocent blood is shed because that baby is sinless. That baby is like a lamb without blemish. Who is the only lamb without blemish? Jesus is. At that moment, the baby is an image of Jesus Christ. The act of aborting a baby brings such power to

darkness, the fact that the mother herself kills her child. I am only talking about provoked abortions, not spontaneous abortions. All those demons come here to destroy humanity.

Who do you think those demons hate? They hate our Church. Why do they hate our Church? Because our Lord lives there in the tabernacle and our Church has the hands of a priest --- just imagine the hands of a human being, of man, but a man anointed by God, a man who is recognized by our Heavenly Father through the mark that he's placed in that (spiritual) wound that all priests get in their heart. Through them a piece of bread becomes the body, blood, soul and divinity of our Lord; in other words, the miracle of transubstantiation occurs. Satan hates the hands of a priest, horribly. I was very impressed when I watched the movie "The Passion of Christ." Remember when they were scourging our Lord? Remember that Satan pulls out a baby from over here and that baby looks at our Lord and laughs at him? That thing is what I want to tell you about. Nowadays that thing is no longer a baby it's a gigantic and perverse child. It has many, many people in slavery through human pleasures, witchcraft, and mixed theology; for example, the belief that Satan does not exist. Imagine the shrewdness of Satan to be able to convince humanity that he is not real. He manipulates the destruction of men. He walks men through the path of destruction.

And those of us who believe in God, we begin to get confused. Satan begins to confuse the world. For example, some people go to mass and after mass they go consult soothsayers and witch doctors and don't you worry about it because you just went to mass and therefore you are on your way to heaven. If God doesn't take care of your problems, Satan will. But don't you worry about it because you're on your way to heaven. That's the confusion that Satan bestows upon people. That thing manipulates all of that confusion.

When one goes to confession, one must ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten, with His Holy light, the darkness of our minds. One of the things that the devil does is to put darkness in our minds so that nothing is a sin any longer. Anything goes. You do as you please and don't you worry everything is fine, nothing is sin. When a soul goes to adoration holding hands with the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Holy Spirit, our Lord imprints where our parents and our teachers have imprinted and we must be docile so that He can start to repair our sin, because He is the one who helps us repair all the evil that we have done.

When I was before the Lord, the Lord showed me how the deterioration of my soul was so terrible that I ended up becoming an atheist. I didn't believe in God. I didn't believe in Satan. I didn't believe in anything. How can it be possible that as a little girl I walked hand in hand with God and now ended up eternally damned (eternal death), the death of my soul. Our Lord said to me, "Whosoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood unworthily, eats and drinks his/her own condemnation." And I ate and I drank my condemnation.

The Lord showed me Satan in the Book of Life. He showed me how Satan was so desperate to get me because I was 12 years old (at that scene of my life that the Lord was going over with me) and I still believed in God and I used to go to adoration with my mother. Satan was so desperate to get me because our Lord would come up to me and He would cuddle up with me right here. When I started living my sinful life, our Lord didn't

allow me to feel His peace any longer. I felt as though I was losing His peace in my heart. And a mental battle began to happen in my mind. I would dwell over whether I should follow what my friends were pressuring me to do or follow what God was calling me to do. I would go to confession and my friends would say to me, "Why do you go to confession? You are so outdated. Why do you go to confession to those priests?"

At that moment, a mental battle began for me between what my friends would tell me to do or not to do and what God and my mother would tell me to do or not to do. Little by little, the scale began to weigh down in the direction of what my friends were pressuring me to do. One of the worst things that happened to me is going with my friend Stella and having the \*tarot cards read, in other words, having gone to a witch doctor. There I was marked by the Beast. A plug was placed on me, right here (spiritually). When you go to a witch doctor, to a soothsayer, to an astrologer, or when you practice Santeria, or when you consult a medium, the Beast puts a plug on you and your will is taken. When that plug or seal was put on me, the saddest thing that happened to me was that I began having mental anguish; I began having nightmares, anxieties, and a tremendous desire to commit suicide. I didn't understand why. Well, now I know, I was marked or sealed with that thing. I began to fall farther and farther away from a life of prayer. Whenever I would pray, I wouldn't feel the presence of the Lord any longer, like I used to when I was a child. I used pray in the following way, "Our Father who art in heaven," but each day that went by, I found it more and more difficult to pray. It's obvious why I was feeling that way. By getting involved in one form of witchcraft or another, I opened up doors to the Beast.

When my friend Stella said to me, "You are already 13 years old and you haven't been inaugurated." And I didn't know what she was talking about. My mother used to always say to me -- she would talk to me about the importance of virginity and how our virginity is our wedding ring with our Lord. My friend Stella said to me, "As soon as my body began to develop, my mother took me to see a gynecologist and I'm on the pill." At that time, I didn't even know what "the pill" was. She explained to me that they were contraceptive pills to prevent pregnancy. And she said to me, "I already slept with my cousin, and with my friend, and a whole bunch of other guys." She had a list of guys.

At that instant, a whole new world was revealed to me, a world that was completely unknown to me.

My friends asked me, "You really do not know anything about the birds and the bees?" I answered, "No."

My friends said to me, "We are taking you to a place where we have all learned."

And I thought to myself, "Where are they taking me?" I got scared. They took me to Downtown to this run down theater. The first time I went to that, imagine how scared I was. We didn't even own a TV in my house and now I found myself before this huge screen watching such a movie. I almost died of fear. I was so scared. I felt as though I

was in hell and I wanted to run out of there but I wouldn't do it because I was embarrassed to do so because all my friends were there.

A few days later, I went to church. I was terrified of going to church. My heart was pounding. I went to confession. Before, my confessions used to consist of sins such as: I didn't do my homework, I was lazy, etc., that used to be the extent of my sins. This time I said, "Father, excuse me, because I went to the movies." My mother was next door before the Blessed Sacrament adoring our Lord. The priest goes, "What did you do? You did what?" Once I finished I felt relief. I thought, thank God my mom wasn't nearby because if she would have heard my confession, I would have been dead meat. I was a little upset with the priest because he was shocked at the fact that I went to the movies. I thought to myself, what if I would have told him what kind of movie I went to go see. He would have hit me. That's how the tricks of Satan began working in me. I began to withhold sins every time I went to confession. I used to say, "This sin I will confess to the priest, this sin I will withhold, this one I will confess, this one I won't." Due to my consciously incomplete confessions, I began to commit sacrilege every time I would receive the Eucharist. (In other words, I began to receive the body and blood of our Lord unworthily because with premeditation, knowingly, I would go receive our Lord.)

The sad thing is that I began to think, "Why should I go to confession to these men, who get upset because I go to the movies. I rather confess myself." And that's where my blasphemous confessions began. And I, knowing that what I was doing was wrong, would still receive the Eucharist. I was 13 years old and I, Gloria Polo, was a walking skeleton. But you want to know what happened next? Something happened that changed our little click. Let me tell you, for me it was an honor to hang out with the most popular girls. When I was up there before the Lord, he showed me how at age 13, our little click killed a classmate. How did we kill her? I used to be made fun of by them. But when I became their friend, they stopped making fun of me and they continued making fun of a young girl that they always made fun of. She was a heavyset girl, obese. Since I had to look good in front of my friends, I too began calling her names. I would say, "Here comes the pig. Here comes the elephant." My friends and I would start walking the way she walked and just making fun of her. The Lord showed me in the Book of Life how every time we made fun of that girl, how she would become more self-conscious and her self-esteem would diminish due to her being heavy. And each day that went by, she felt uglier and uglier. The Lord showed me how that girl would look at herself in the mirror and she would tighten plastic around her waist and her body to try to hide her fat and to try to make herself look thinner. She began to hate us. Hatred is death. God is love.

She began to hate herself because she looked heavy. The more she looked at herself, the more she hated herself. Out of desperation because of being so heavy, she drank a bottle of medication to lose weight. And because of that, she never returned to school. And my friends and I never knew why she didn't come back to school and we didn't care why either. That young girl almost lost her sight due to the intoxication that she suffered from that medication that she had drunk to try to lose weight. She received that from humanity. That's why the sins of community/corporate are very grave, brothers and sisters. Those are our sins that affect others, not just individual sin, but all of our sins as a whole affect

each other. And we do nothing to change all that. That reflects the power of our words (to damage or to bless others). When we destroyed that young girl by calling her names then -- this is how Satan repays those who serve him. It's a domino effect. This young girl destroys herself, then she destroys others, then others destroy others, and there goes the chain. 20 years later something happened. I had an older niece. To me that girl was everything. I used to say, what a beautiful body she has, what appearance, what a beautiful young girl. She had beautiful breasts, a beautiful firm behind, very sexy. You want to know what happened to her? She was going to die. My niece almost died. She was almost completely burned. More than 70% of her body suffered burns. The only thing that didn't catch fire was her neck and her face. She was very sick. I went to chapel angry at God. And I said to Him, "God, if you are real, show it to me. Show me that you are real." That shows you how full of pride I was. My niece lived. But she was completely burned. Her little hands were like this. During the time when I was well off financially, I used to take her with me and my family on vacation. I used to tell her, "Come get in the pool with us." People would say, "How disgusting. How can they bring that trash out here to ruin our vacation." That shows the perversion of a humanity, who does not care about the suffering of others. My niece began to fear people. She began to hate people because people would hurt her. That is what God is going to show you when you go before Him. When you make fun of someone, what authority do you have to do that? When you call someone names, what makes you be so cruel without knowing what that person is feeling? God will show you that when you go over there before Him. He is going to show you how many people you have killed simply with a word. He is going to show you the power that exists in the spoken word to kill souls, souls. But you know what? By going to adoration and asking God for the grace to repair my sins, God began healing my niece's soul because He is a Loving God in love with us. As we begin to close the doors of evil, he begins to open the doors of blessing. That is the way in which my friends and I, at the age of 13, killed a young girl in school. We destroyed her soul

Our miseries didn't end there. You know what? When one is 13 years old, we think that we own the world. When one is 13 years old, we think that we can step on anyone we want. When we are 13 years old, we believe that anyone who talks to us about God is a crazy person and that we have the right to be happy. At exactly age 13, my friend Stella became pregnant.

When she told me that she had missed her period, I said to her very frightened, "Didn't you take the pill?"

She responded, "Yes, but it didn't work."

I asked her, "What now? Who's the father?"

She responded, "I don't know if it's my boyfriend's or if I became pregnant when I went on vacation. I am going to have to tell everyone that it's my boyfriend's baby."

When summer vacation started, she was already showing a lot. She was almost five months pregnant. And supposedly her mother was taking her on vacation. When she

returned from her "vacation," she returned without a stomach. When I saw that her stomach was gone, was back to normal, I asked her, "What happened to you?" When she came back from her so-called vacation, she returned without her pregnant stomach, but she was a living cadaver. She wasn't the life of the party anymore. She didn't pull the crazy things that she used to pull on us. Like for example, we didn't like going to mass. When the priest was an elderly priest, we used to complain that mass was too long. We used to just play around during mass. But when we got a young priest, there we were at mass. He was a gorgeous, young priest. We were in love with that priest, "What a fine priest," we used to say. We used to also say, "What a waste. Why did he have to become a priest. Let's see how we can conquer him." That was our plan. The nuns used to be the first ones to go up for communion. Then, it was our turn to go up for communion. We would go up for communion without having been to confession. We had a bet going. It was such a satanic thing and to us it was just a game. When we would go up for communion, we would unbutton our blouses and we used to say, "Whichever one of us makes the hand of the priest shake the most, while receiving communion, that is the one who has the best breasts."

But when my friend Stella returned from her vacation, all of those games ended. She was no longer the life of the party. She looked as though she were dead. Her eyes reflected such sadness in her. She didn't want to tell me what had happened to her. She took me to her house and she pulled down her skirt and she showed me a scar that she had in the shape of a U. Back then, that's how abortions were performed.

She said to me, "My mother became very, very, very angry when I told her I was pregnant. She grabbed me by the hand; she threw me in the car; and she took me to go see the gynecologist. My mother said to the doctor, 'Charge me whatever, but take care of this problem immediately.'" My friend Stella opened up her closet and on the shelf was a bottle this big with a red cap on it, I'll never forget it! In it was a liquid and a well-formed baby. On top of the red cap was a bottle of contraceptive pills. Sin destroys mentally and emotionally. And in this case leads a mother to take her daughter to get an abortion. And on top of that, she brings her dead baby home and puts the contraceptives on top of it lest she forget to take the pill ever again.

I asked my friend, "Didn't it hurt you?"

She said to me, "No. It doesn't hurt." She was very resentful. "Aren't you sad?" "Why should I be sad? On the contrary, what relief." But she was lying to me because she was never the same Stella from before again. She became extremely depressed. She began taking LSD. She began to become very resentful. She would laugh and crack jokes, but, no, she was not the same. When my friend Stella began taking LSD and other drugs, I was the first one that she offered it to, her best friend. When she tried to give me marijuana, I became very frightened. I wanted to try it because she used to tell me that it was a great feeling, that it felt as though you were walking on the clouds in heaven, and that you would see flowers. She would tell me about all the nice things that she used to see when she consumed drugs. And I wanted to experience all that. When I was going to try drugs for the first time, I wasn't able to. I said to her, "I can't. If I go home smelling

like you smell, my mom will kill me. My mother has a great sense of smell. If she finds out, she'll kill me with the egg beater."

Our Lord showed me, when I was over there before him, that it wasn't the egg beater that I was afraid of. It was His grace upon me that I received through my mother's prayers. And even though I was headed for hell, she, with her prayers, with her rosary, I was being sustained from going all the way deep into sin. When my friend gave me the LSD, I was only able to bring it up to here and I couldn't do it. I couldn't. I couldn't. My friends got very angry at me. They scolded me. But imagine if I would have gotten home all high, my mother would have killed me. But that was one of the many graces that I received from a mother full of God, a mother who was always before the Blessed Sacrament praying.

And I turned 14, and I turned 15. Sadly, at age 16, after having my first boyfriend, my friends began to pressure me psychologically by saying, "You're getting old. You're running out of time. How can you be the black stain of the click." Imagine that, how can a virtue (virginity) be a black stain. So the psychological pressure began. I had promised them that as soon as I had my first boyfriend that I would please them. When the time came, I was very scared. I used to tell my friend Stella, "What if I end up pregnant like you." Because remember she had her dead baby in that jar in her closet.

She said to me, "That will not happen to you because nowadays they have a new thing that works really well. It's called \*Norfos. It's a liquid to kill the sperms. There is also a new thing called condoms. When I became pregnant, I was only on the pill. Look, don't worry about it. You simply take five contraceptive pills that I am going to give you. You must take them all at once. Also use the \*Norfos and use two condoms and I guarantee you that you will not get pregnant."

You have no idea of how much pain I felt within me at having to go please my friends. When I lost my virginity, you cannot imagine the sadness I felt. My mother was totally right. A young girl, who loses her purity, also loses her brightness. I felt as though I'd lost something that I was never again going to get back. I felt a lot of pain and a lot of sadness like you have no idea. I don't know where people get the idea from that sex between young people is so delicious. I felt destroyed. I felt very sad. I was afraid to set foot in my house. I never looked my mother in the eye again because I was afraid that she would find out by looking into my eyes that I was no longer pure. After doing that, I was so angry at myself. I was so angry at my friends, because I had done this just to please them, that I began to hate my friends. But you know what? In spite of using two condoms and everything else, I still ended up pregnant in my first sexual relation.

Imagine the fear of a young-sixteen-year-old girl finding out that she was pregnant. I began to notice a lot of changes in my body. In the midst of all that fear, I began to feel love for the child that I was carrying in my womb. I approached my boyfriend and I told him I was pregnant. He said, "What? This is your first time and you got pregnant?" I said, "Yes. There is nothing else that we can do now. I am pregnant." I wanted my boyfriend to ask me to get married. He said to me, "I am only 17 ♦ years old; you are 16. We are not

going to waste our lives. You must have an abortion." I went to where my friend Stella had gone. She tried to encourage me by saying, "It didn't work but nothing is going to happen. Remember, I've had a few abortions now. The first time I was a little sad. But the second time I didn't feel anything. And by the third abortion, you don't feel anything anymore."

I said to her, "If my mother ever sees that huge scar from the surgery, she'll kill me."

She responded by saying, "No. They don't do it like that anymore. Mine was a big scar because the baby was already big. Yours is still small."

How painful. How painful. The beast tells us that we have to be normal, that we must enjoy sex because Satan, the beast, feeds off of human sacrifice. The beast becomes more powerful after each human sacrifice. I was very scared when I arrived at the hospital where I had the abortion done. It was a hospital very, very far away from home. The doctor put me to sleep. After I came to, I was never the same person anymore. They killed my baby, but I died with him. You want to know what the Lord showed in the Book of Life? In the Book of Life, the Lord showed me, and He will show you too when you go before him, what you can't see in your human nature with human eyes, that is, the spiritual things that are really happening. The Lord showed me how the doctor grabbed my baby with tongs and began cutting him up in pieces. The Lord showed me how the baby would scream. Even if a baby has only been conceived a second ago or 15 seconds ago and you are trying to kill him with the Day After pill, the baby screams so hard, so hard, that the heavens tremble because that baby already has a soul, a mature soul, in the image of God. And that baby is submerged in the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit comes out of the heart of God. My baby screamed so loud that our Lord, on the cross, screamed so hard, so hard, so hard. Every time somebody commits an abortion, our Lord screams so hard with so much pain like you have no idea.

Now, let me ask you, how many crimes occur on a daily basis? God loves us so much that He remains on the cross begging us. The worst of all the sins I committed was the sin of abortion. And I used to say that I had never killed anyone. When I killed my baby through abortion, our Lord showed me how there was a huge, gigantic, stadium filled with demons. There were so many demons. It looked as though the demons were attending a World Cup game but with many, many, many more demons in attendance enjoying the human sacrifice, that happens every time there is an abortion. They enjoy that so much. Imagine, how can it be that a mother to whom God has given the gift of giving life chooses to kill her own baby, a mother who against wind and fire protects her own child and that same mother kills her baby through abortion. I feel a lot of pain when, in my country, I see commercials on TV that tell us to enjoy safe sex by using a condom. Well, with two condoms and everything else, I ended up pregnant. Through the waves of communication and all of his strategies, the devil has led humanity to kill their own children. Why do you think that is? That is because that is the worst sin of all. When we kill a baby, what are we doing in reality? Are we offering that baby up to God? God is love.

Every time, there is an abortion, the blood shed by that baby is like a key that Satan turns and the Lord showed me something that looked like seals on the ground and every time there is an abortion, those seals open up and millions of spirits get released on to earth from the pit of hell, spirits such as: the spirit of homosexuality, the spirit of lust, the spirit of satanic worship, the spirit of atheism, spirits of suicide, of abortion, spirits of everything that we are seeing nowadays. Haven't you noticed how human beings are becoming less and less Christian?

When I killed my baby, I was completely torn apart. I became an alcoholic. I used to drink heavily because when I would drink, I would get happy. You have no idea of the scars that abortion leaves in a woman. But to top it off, the gynecologist who performed the abortion on me says to me, "Look, I have a great method of contraception. It's called IUD." He pretty much took me out of a conscious abortion to an unconscious one. You know what? I had an IUD in me from the age of 16 up until I was struck by lightning. I would only remove it, after I got married, when I wanted to get pregnant. Those of you who have used the IUD as a method of contraception will understand what I am about to say. I know that many times during your period, you bleed heavily, like a hemorrhage, and you begin to cramp, and you simply go to the gynecologist. The gynecologist tells you, "That's normal. That happens because it's an object foreign to your body and the IUD moved a little and that's why you are hemorrhaging. Let me just give you a shot and you'll be fine." Those are micro-abortions.

I had no excuse to say that the IUD was a form of abortion because in spite of all my sins, I used to go to mass on Sunday. Mass used to be the most boring thing in the world for me. I used to complain if the priest went on too long. The priest would be giving his homily and I would never pay attention. During mass, there are demons in there that begin to massage your head like this to make you sleepy. I was at Mass one time and my guardian angel removed some like plugs from my ears. At that moment, the priest was talking about the IUD. When I hear him say "IUD," that caught my attention. I said, "Let me listen to what this dummy is saying about the IUD." The priest was saying something like this, "The IUD and the internal contraceptives are a form of abortion. As a consequence, any women who use the IUD are committing abortion. The Church defends life; therefore, whoever uses those forms contraceptives is committing abortions and is excommunicated from the Church." I became furious. I said, "What? Excommunicated? Who does this priest think he is to say that. That is why this Church does not make any progress and it's in the hole because it doesn't go along with science. Who do they think they are. Is this priest willing to feed all of the children that we might otherwise end up with?" I was furious. I had no excuse. I couldn't say that I didn't know that what I was doing was wrong. But I continued using the IUD. How many babies did I kill? Who knows. That is why I was always very depressed and very sad because this womb, instead of being a fountain of life, had become a cemetery.

Going back to the Commandments. First Commandment. Love the Lord thy God above all else. My God was when I would go to church and would ask him, "God, please, I need money for my rent. I have no money. I am going to have liens placed against me." That was the extent of my relationship with God, a purely economical relationship. I wanted

God to love me and to give me everything I wanted, but I didn't want him to tell me that the lifestyle that I was living was a sinful one. The Devil anesthetized my conscious. The following would hurt our Lord very much. On Sundays after mass, I would go up to the statue of Baby Jesus and I would put my hand on His stretched out hand and say, "Send some money my way because I am in great financial need." Imagine that, my commercial relationship with God.

The more I would ask Him for money, the quicker I bankrupted. Then, a lady said to me, "Look, I was in a terrible financial situation, and I went to a pastor and he prayed over me and my situation changed."

I said to her, "Tell me who this pastor is because I want to go there."

I began to negotiate with my faith. Imagine the infidelity. Go here, go there, to whomever offers you a better offer. I went to the pastor. He imposed his hands on me. I supposedly received Christ. And I began liking it a lot because I used like high-impact aerobics, and over there everyone used to jump up and down. I began to criticize our priest. I would say, "The priests are boring. Mass is boring." They would say to me, "Over there, they are idolaters." I wouldn't kneel before the crucifix any longer. Then confusion began to enter my mind. There used to live a little old lady in front of my house. She had no money. She was very poor. I used to give her money for her light bill, water bill, and little things like that. I would buy groceries for her. She loved me very much. But the thing is that when we don't have God in our hearts even the good works get stained by our sins. When I started going to this protestant church, I began to sow confusion into the elderly lady's mind. She was Catholic. The grave thing is that sin doesn't just stay with the sinner. Sin gets spread to the person next to us. In a nutshell, the little old lady did not receive the Anointing of the Sick before dying. Imagine what I did. When the pastor asked me for 10%, I became furious. Here I was without any money and he was asking me for 10% of what little I had. My protestant high ended right there.

Later, someone told me that there was a person who read the cards according to astrology. And that I would be guided by the heavenly bodies. There I go running to this place. I went there one time. One day after Mass, I went running over there. It was very expensive. I borrowed money to go there. Imagine the irony, I had no money and yet I borrowed money to go to this place. Once one begins to attend any form of witchcraft, one begins to feel very lazy to pray, one begins to feel insecure, one begins to feel suicidal and depressed. You have no idea how terrible it is to open those doors. And those doors bring curses into your life.

Towards the end of my life, I ended up not being able to sleep. Between the anguish due to the bankruptcy, and all the debt staring me in the face, I couldn't have a good night's sleep. Then another lady tells me, "Look, doctor. I see very bad energy around you. Somebody has placed a curse on you. You need a cleansing session." She comes to my office and she does the cleansing session. After that cleansing session, demons would go in and out of my office, laughing. I ended up losing my faith. I was in a terrible spiritual crisis. I went to go talk to a priest.

I said to this priest, "Father, if I were to die right now, I'd go straight to hell."

The priest laughed and said to me, "What hell? Hell does not exist." When I heard him say that, my faith collapsed. And I thought to myself, "If hell does not exist, neither does God. If God does not exist, the only thing that exists is man and his reason, intelligence." At that point in my life, I was going for my Master's and I was always around atheists. At that point, I decided to become an atheist myself. When I was struck by lightning, I didn't believe in God and I didn't believe in hell.

Our Lord showed me the power of the spoken word. Why has God given us the power of the spoken word? He has given us the power of the spoken word to pray, to reprimand evil spirits, to heal, to perform deliverances in His name and to bless others in His name. The spoken word has so much power. When you say to someone, "God bless you," that blessing goes to a bank that the Catholic Church has in heaven. There may be a person in his/her deathbed and that person may very well be the worst sinner of all, and one may think that there is no salvation for that person, well, that "God bless you," that someone once said to that person at one time or another, gets withdrawn from the bank in heaven at that very moment when he needs it the most; that is, when he or she is in his or her deathbed. And our Lord allows that blessing to come down with all His love, and the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the love of all the Saints. He allows that blessing to come down when a person needs it the most. A person needs that blessing the most at their time of death. Due to that blessing, the person in his/her deathbed can repent at the last minute and go to the very bottom of purgatory.

We tend to say, I pray and I bless and nothing happens. No, that's not true. God knows how he's going to use and apply that prayer or that blessing. The thing is that every thing happens in Divine Order and Divine Time. God knows when.

But just like it, there is power in cursing others. When a Christian curses -- I used to always curse. I used to always say, "This damned life of mine. This damned this. This damned that." Everything was damned. When I was over there, our Lord showed me how all that cursing dries up lakes of water \*\*\*\*50 1:51. You may not see the spiritual effects of cursing, but the Lord showed me how a farmer's house ends up burning up due to cursing. And it's so delightful for us to gather around to talk and smoke cigarette (to gossip). And time goes by so fast when we're doing that. It's very delightful to do that. Of course it is. If sin wouldn't be delicious, nobody would sin. Satan makes sin delicious and it hypnotizes us. We don't even realize when Satan adds sugar to it. It becomes like honey. We end up getting stuck to that honey. And we are now ready to be devoured by him.

That brings us to the Second Commandment. We were talking about how God has given to us the power of the spoken word to extend the Kingdom of God; to bless, to console, to love. I used the power of the spoken word to destroy people, to give wrongful advice, to destroy many human beings.

Third Commandment; to observe holy days of obligation. What pain, brothers and sisters, it is to see a meek God, so in love with us, a God that remains there in the Eucharist for

us, waiting with an open heart for someone to go adore Him. It's so beautiful to be able to see, in the spirit, how our Church is inundated by the Blessed Virgin Mary, the angels, the saints. The Holy Spirit pours himself out. I was shown how at every church, the roof disappears and immediately an angel appears and pours out a chalice and many, many, many of what appeared to be purple lights. That's the anointing, the anointing to lead us to adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The sad part is that all of that anointing would end up on the floor because my heart was not there to thank Him, to praise Him, to adore Him. He knocks and knocks and knocks (at the door of the heart.) Brothers and sisters, let me say something to you, don't let this be a passing feeling or the emotion of attending a retreat. Take it with you for the rest of your life. I pray that some day God will show you what goes on in the Spirit. I hope he allows you to see how the Saints approach us regularly and they offer us like gold pebbles. Those gold coins are graces, graces that they pour into our hearts. For example, St. Augustine always approaches human beings whose weakness is concupiscence. If we would be able to see that blessing in the Spirit, every single day of our life wouldn't be enough to give God the glory. No Catholic would ever leave the Catholic Church. On the contrary, many other religions would be looking at ours.

We tend to think that the joy of the Lord means not having any problems, not having any difficulties, not to have any suffering. Whoever told you that that is true? In Christ, suffering loses importance; problems lose the importance that we give them. There is no greater treasure than to discover and enjoy the Eucharistic love that we receive into our hearts from God. Let's not miss out on the opportunity to be Catholic our whole lives. Trust Him. Trust Him. We cannot become saints on our own, but He can make us saints. Let's give up our freedom and free will to Him. He knows what we need. He loves it when we turn our burdens over to him. And we must trust in Him. And the more mishaps that happen to us, the more we need to trust in Him. That's the invitation that we have as Catholics, to be contemplative, to adore the Blessed Sacrament. Once you put it into practice, you'll see how many blessings will be poured upon your respective families.

Next commandment; to honor your father and mother. I've already told you the type of daughter I was. I was very disrespectful. I used to say that my mother was the mother of Fred Flintstone, that she was old fashioned. You have no idea of the amount of blessings that get poured down from heaven to a dark-looking earth simply because of mothers who go before the Blessed Sacrament to spend time with him in adoration, and to entrust their burdens to Him, and to Trust in Him. When I went before the Lord, the Lord would say to me, "No one has loved you, nor will anyone ever love you, on earth, the way your mother loves you, never."

Fifth Commandment: Thou shall not kill. I already shared with you about the worst of crimes. Before the eyes of God, there is no sadder crime that I committed -- don't get me wrong they were all bad -- than the sin of abortion. Many people have asked me how they can make reparation for the sin of abortion. Can I return my baby's life back? Of, course not. It's a deep wound. But one of the big blessings that Holy Mother the Church has given us is that what priests untie here on earth, also gets untied in heaven. Glory to God

for that. Imagine, how terrible the worst of all crimes, when we kill our own children. Blessed be the Lord that He forgives us. But what did he say to the adulterous woman who was about to be stoned to death? He said to her, "Go and sin no more." What the priest did here today was a great act of reparation. The Baptism of babies, intentional Baptism -- what wisdom the Catholic Church has -- intentional Baptism allows those babies to come out of limbo and become angels who in turn are praying for our salvation. That is the beauty of the divine economy of God.

When a man or woman evangelizes on the subject of abortion and a baby is saved, that's reparation. I'll finish by saying this, I used to get together with my girlfriends to shred to pieces and to talk bad about our husbands and men in general. I had a friend, who was also an orthodontist. She used to always be attentive to her husband. She used to say, "I can't stay because my love is going to be coming home soon and I want to be home for him." She was a very good wife and a very devout Catholic.

I used to tell her, "Why do you kiss up to him. He's going to cheat on you some day. And when he does, you'll see how you'll be crying on this shoulder. Because men are dogs and they are unfaithful." Later on as time went by, my friend was crying on this shoulder, right here. She had found her husband making out with his secretary in the office. My friend was completely distraught.

When she walks in crying, I said to her, "You see, I told you. And you wouldn't go out with us anywhere to be attentive to him." The Lord showed me how myself and my other friends surrounded her like animals. We accomplished what we set out to accomplish; first, see to it that she wouldn't forgive her husband. Her husband begged her for forgiveness. I would say to her, "No way. Do not forgive him. Let the poor wives who can't afford to leave their husbands put up with it. But you have money to support yourself. Don't take him back. You're young and beautiful. You shouldn't forgive him." When one speaks, it's very obvious who dwells within us. We accomplished our first victory. My friend did not forgive her husband.

The Lord showed me how deep down inside, my friend wanted to forgive her husband. Secondly, bad friendships, bad influences, can cause a lot of damage. I thought I was a good friend because I would hear her out and would speak words of "consolation" to her. But in reality I was destroying her. We accomplished our mission. She divorced her husband. And two years later when she remarried, civilly, she threw a big party. She married an Argentinean man. We killed her! We lead her to go from a Sacramental marriage to a pagan marriage, a man-made marriage. You know what? Our Lord gets very hurt when a woman, or a man, does not fight for his or her marriage, when they do not try to keep their home together, when they do not try to give love to their children, for children to have their original (biological) father and mother.

To wrap this up, a few years ago, I was at a retreat. The priest there allowed me to give my testimony. For some reason I forgot to talk about my friend leaving her husband and marrying the Argentinean man. A young 14-year-old girl came up to me crying and said to me, "You know what, Gloria? My mom married a man from Argentina." At that

moment, I felt a knot in my throat. She said to me, "My mom is blinded by that man. She thinks that he's perfect. He always buys her chocolate and flowers. My mom says that she can't be happy because I am an obstacle in her life. That man has been sexually molesting me since I was 9 years old. The saddest thing is that I can't tell my mom. It will destroy her. So I always get home late until I know that my mom has arrived home. If I arrive home before mom does, he will molest me. And I hate him. And I am starting to hate my mother too because it's her fault I am going through this."

We are going to answer to God for what we may think is the most insignificant piece of advice that we may give someone if it destroys a marriage. And we think we haven't killed!

Seventh Commandment: Thou shall not steal. And I used to say that I had never stolen. I robbed God. How? By not helping construct a better world, by not extending the kingdom of God here on earth. Instead, how many people did I destroy with my evil advice and by being a bad example. I did not know how to utilize the talents that God placed in my care. I did steal. How? Well, how many a person's good name did I steal from them by slandering their good name. And I used say that I had never stolen. You want to know how the sins that we commit with our tongue are repaired? After you stain a person's good name, how do you repair that? That type of sin is very difficult to repair. That is why when we are in purgatory, our tongue feels as though it's on fire. It burns! It burns! Almost every single one of us has used our tongue to destroy the good name of a person.

The Lord pointed out to me, how we make so many errors when judging others. For example, our Lord sees a prostitute with eyes of mercy. On the contrary, we tend to call them bad names. Our Lord sees their whole life and the circumstances that lead them up to become prostitutes. A lot of them are the result of our own sins; that is, sins of community (rather than individual sins). Instead of judging others, if you see someone's faults, pray for them. Do not give false testimony and do not lie. There is no such thing as white lies, or pink lies, or green lies. A lie is a lie and Satan is the father of lies.

I used to lie so much and what for? My life was brought out to the open. And you'll see, yours will too. All falsehood, all lies come to an end before Him. But no one is going to point the finger at you when you are before the Lord. If my mom would have found out everything I was doing while she was still alive, she would have killed me. But over there, she would just look at me with eyes of mercy. A lie is a lie. We become so good at lying, that we end up believing our own lies. The worst of lies that I used to say is, "I do not kill. I do not steal. God is not real. But if God happened to be real, I know I'll be headed to heaven because I am such a good person."

Ninth Commandment: Do not entertain impure thoughts. Do not covet thy neighbor's wife/husband. The only other person that is more jealous than your husband or your wife is God. I was unfaithful to my husband and I never even kissed another man. How was I unfaithful then? I was unfaithful by the way I used to dress. I used wear low-cut blouses all the time. The instincts and thoughts of a man would be stimulated by the way I used to

dress. I wasn't all that, but the devil gets in there and takes advantage of the situation. And the Lord pointed out to me, "It's better to tear out your eye."

Tenth Commandment: Do not covet your neighbor's goods. As I have previously told you, money was my god. I thought that being happy meant having a lot of money. Since I had practically nothing growing up, I wanted my children to have it all. I used to think that happiness was found in having material things. At that point in my life is when I let go of God's hands. You want to know how the Book of Life, of my life, concluded? It concluded in the following way: Before I was taken to the Social Security Hospital, they took me to a public hospital (like a county hospital). At the Social Security Hospital, there were so many sick people, so many wounded people that there wasn't a bed/gurney for me to be placed on. God permitted the total abandonment of men.

Upon arrival there, the paramedics would ask the doctors, "Where do we place her?"

The doctors would simply respond, "Anywhere."

"Anywhere, where?"

"Well, just put a sheet on the floor and place her on the sheet."

"No. We are not leaving her on the floor." The paramedics knew that I was badly burned and that if they would simply place me on the floor that I would be prone to catching an infection. The poor doctors would simply look at me and they would see that I was the least likely to live, so instead they would be taking care of the patients that had a better survival chance, such as patients who had suffered strokes or heart attacks. I was so frustrated. I would just be complaining and complaining while I was there. But there came a moment in which I wasn't complaining anymore. All of a sudden, our Lord appeared to me. He was holding my head and consoling me. In between the pain that I was feeling and everything else, I thought I was hallucinating, those were my thoughts at that moment. I would close my eyes and open them up again, and there He was.

He said to me, "Look, my little one, you are going to die. I want you to feel in need of my mercy." Imagine that! When He said that to me, I closed my eyes and I said, "Mercy? Why mercy? I haven't done anything wrong." I just kept thinking over and over again, "But I haven't done anything bad." My conscious had been anesthetized (by the devil). One thing was clear in my mind, though, that I was going to die. I said, "Oh, no, I am going to die, what about my diamond rings."

At that moment I looked at my hands and saw that the flesh from around my fingers looked as though it had exploded; my nails were gone. At that moment I said to myself, "I have to take them off because otherwise they'll have to cut them and they'll lose their value." I saw how my fingers were swelling up. So I started trying to remove them. There I was twisting them to try to take them off. As I was trying to take them off, the smell that came from my burned flesh was awful. The more I twisted the rings to try to remove them from my fingers, the more that the smell of burned flesh would penetrate. Pieces of

flesh would come off as I was trying to remove those rings. It was so painful that I thought I was going to faint. I would say to myself, "No. I have to take them off. In my life, I've always accomplished what I've set out to do." When I finally got the rings off my fingers, I said, "Oh, no. I am going to die and the nurses are going to steal them."

And right before the Lord closed the Book of Life on me, He showed me how my brother-in-law came to the hospital to where I was. And I said, "Good. Now my rings are safe." I handed my rings over to my brother-in-law. Good thing he's a doctor, if not, he probably would have thrown them away because imagine they had chunks of flesh in them.

I said to my brother-in-law, "Give them to my husband, Fernando. Tell my sisters to take care of my children because they are not going to have a mother anymore. I am not going to survive this one." It had been made very clear to me that I was going to die. When the Lord was telling me to feel in need of His mercy, I was more worried about how holy I was. Those who think that they are good and holy are the ones that end up in hell. When I handed the rings over to my brother-in-law, I thought to myself, "Now, I can die." My last thought before the Book of Life concluded, and before my life ended, was, "What money are they going to bury me with? I have nothing but debts." At that moment, my life ended and the Book of Life was closed. I began asking all the saints to please save me. I even surprised myself as to how many names of saints I could remember.

I began to call out, "St. Ambrose, St. Ysidro, save me." I was such a terrible Catholic that I didn't understand that salvation is a grace and it could only be accomplished through my Savior. Once I couldn't think of anymore saints to call out on, and once I realized that there was nothing anyone could do for me, I lifted my eyes up and my eyes encountered my mother's eyes. When I saw my mother, I felt a lot of pain due to the knowledge I had that she had always tried to guide me to God. I saw her and I said to her, "Mom, what shame, I have been sentenced to hell."

At that moment, my mother was given a special grace. She lifted up her two fingers and she pointed upward, as to tell me to look up. I don't know what I saw. But immediately, upon my looking up, some terrible scales were removed from my eyes, my spiritual blindness. At that moment, I was shown something that had happened to me while I was alive. A patient had come in to see me and she had said to me, "Look, Doctor, I feel very sorry for you. You are a very materialistic person. Whenever you find yourself in imminent danger, whatever it maybe, plead to Jesus to cover you with His precious blood. He will never, never abandon you because He paid the price for you with His blood."

In spite of all the pain that had taken over me at that moment, I yelled out, "Jesus Christ, have mercy on me. Forgive me. Give me a second chance."

That was the most beautiful moment. He came down from the light; he pulled me out of that hole; he placed me on the flat surface. And he said to me, "You are going to be allowed to go back. You are going to get a second chance but not because of the prayers of your loved ones because it's normal that your loved ones pray for you. Instead, you are

getting a second chance through the prayers of all those who do not know you and have prayed for you."

You want to know what was shown to me, brothers and sisters? I saw the great power of intercessory prayer! You want to know how to be in the presence of God daily? Don't pray for your children; instead, pray for the children of all the persons in the world. Don't pray for yourselves; pray for all those who are suffering the same trials that you are suffering. I saw how millions and millions of flames were going up to heaven. I was shown what those little flames represented. They represented the prayers said by all the persons who were touched and moved by the news of my being struck by lightning. The news came out on the newspaper and on TV. Many, many people offered many different forms of prayer for me. The biggest gift that you can offer a human being is the Eucharist because the Eucharist is not an endeavor of man but rather of God!

You want to know why I am here today before you? I am here today because there is a saint in my country. His flame was the biggest of all flames, the biggest, the biggest of all. When our Lord was showing all this to me, I was thinking to myself, "Who is this man who loves me so much?" The Lord showed me who he was. He was a very, very poor farmer. He lives at the foothill of St. Martha Mountain, in my country. The Lord showed me a little bit of his life. The Lord showed me everything that the farmer was going through. The Lord said to me, "Look. He doesn't even have a piece of bread on his table for himself or for his family." The Lord showed me how that farmer's crop had been completely destroyed by fire. He had a few chickens left but the guerilla came and ate them. And on top of that, they were trying to recruit his older boy to serve in the guerilla. This poor farmer would come down to mass -- the Lord made me pay attention to the farmer's prayer.

When he was in prayer, he would pray by saying, "Lord, thank you for my life. Lord, I love you. I praise you. Thank you for my children." The only thing that came out this man's mouth was praise and worship. The Lord showed me how at one point, this farmer had two bills in his pocket. He had a bill worth \$10,000 pesos and a bill worth \$5,000 pesos. That's all he had. During the collection at mass, he put the \$10,000 in the basket.

When did I ever put paper money (a bill) in the collection basket? I would only put bills in the collection basket when I'd get a counterfeit one at the office. He gave \$10,000 pesos in the offering. After mass, after receiving the Eucharist, he went to the store. And with the \$5,000 pesos, he purchased a piece of bread and salt. The clerk at the store wrapped the piece of bread with a piece of newspaper from the previous day. The newspaper is called the Expectator. There was a picture of me on that piece of newspaper. When he got home and he was about to put that piece of bread away, he looks at my picture that was on that piece of newspaper. He was very, very, very touched by it. He could barely read. He began reading it with great effort, "O-d-o-n-t-o-l-o-g-i-s-t." As he reads on, he cries, and cries, and cries, as though I were his daughter. At that moment, he tells out Lord, "Father, have mercy on my little sister. Lord, save her. Lord, if you save my little sister, I promise you that I'll go to the sanctuary in Buga and I will make a special promise there. But save my sister, Lord."

Can you imagine that! This poor man had no money to eat, yet he made a promise to our Lord to go cross-country to fulfill this promise for me. He was simply asking God. He was not complaining or demanding anything of God. That moved God in a great manner. Thanks to him I am here today, brothers and sisters. The Lord pointed him out to me and tells me, "That is love of neighbor."

Right then and there, the Lord gave me my mission. He gives me my mission and he says to me, "All this that has transpired, you are not only going to repeat it a thousand times, but a thousand times a thousand. And woe to those who hear your testimony and do not change because they will be judged with greater severity, in the same manner that you are going to be judged with greater severity. Be it (priests), my anointed ones, or whoever because there is no greater deaf person than he/she who does not want to hear, nor is there greater blind person than he/she who does not want to see."

Brothers and sisters, this is not a threat. On the contrary, this is a God who is so in love with us. He's letting you use this mirror, this very mirror, because he does not want you over there in that hole like I was. He wants you with him. But we must allow ourselves to be transformed by God. May the Lord keep you and let's pray one for the other. God bless you. This little girl is the miracle that God gave me, with burned ovaries and all. Her name is Maria Jose. Say hello, daughter. God bless you.