

Miraculous Events

By

Father Aquinas

“Lord, help my unbelief.”

Mk 9:23

Copyright 2019 Father Aquinas

Thank you for downloading this eBook. You are welcome to share it with your friends.

This book may be reproduced, copied and distributed for non commercial purposes, provided the book remains in its complete original form.

If you enjoyed this book, please discover other works by this author.

Thank you for your support.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Dedication](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Apparition at age 3](#)

[Drowning in 1950 at age 14](#)

[Man on donkey at the River Tigris, near Ahwaz, Iran, 1976](#)

[White-out in Alaska, 1983](#)

[Jesus in my office. Tennessee, 1987](#)

[The ‘word’ in the Desert 10 October, 1988](#)

[Angel in Bookstore in Florida, 1991](#)

[Dallas and JFK, 1995](#)

[Motel reservation by an unknown, 1995](#)

[Wake-up call on the road to Cape Cod, 1996](#)

[On the road in Wyoming, 1997](#)

[Karak, Jordan, 1997](#)

[Mysterious driver at Jordanian Border, 1997](#)

[On the streets of New York, 1997](#)

[Flying Confessions, 1998](#)

[Mass at Mount Nebo Monastery, 2000](#)

[At the Jordan/Israel Border, 2000](#)

[At the Egyptian/Israel Border, 2000](#)

[On the road to Fatima, 2003](#)

[On the road in Spain, 2004](#)

[On the road in Poland, 2004](#)

[The Bible in Bethlehem, 2005](#)

[I was expected - Leonardo’s vision of ‘Thomas’, 2004](#)

[Newport Beach, 2007](#)

[On the road to Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, 2017](#)

[Conclusion](#)

[Publications by the same author](#)

TO THE READER

Sometimes in our search for clarity in our lives, we may become discouraged or even despondent.

This little volume is a look at the ‘small miracles’ which occur in our everyday lives, if only we would take time out to count our blessings from Our Lord Jesus Christ.

These events which I have recounted here were initially set down for my own comfort and clarification in my life. They may be helpful to you, and for you.

At times, most of us put God ‘in a box,’ never really considering that He is the Creator of ‘creation’, and we are His ‘created’.

He desires not one of us to be lost or to go astray. Unfortunately in the modern world of high speed technology and an overabundance of easily accessible materialistic distractions, it is easy for us to become distracted and lose focus of our true values, our true life, and our true purpose here on this earth.

The Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is much closer to us than we could possibly imagine.

The events recorded here are perhaps a ‘wake-up call’ to the fact that we are loved, nourished, and are called to safety in the protection of Jesus the Christ.

It is a very great possibility that you are being shown many signs and miracles in your life, if only you would take time out of your busyness to see and know Truth.

It is my desire that you see yourself in some of these pages!

Dedication

To those people who at times wonder where God is in their lives, and does He really pay attention to them.

Sometimes when we spiritually fall down, it is necessary to raise ourselves up as far as our knees, we will find that we are in 'miraculous company.'

We must leave those doubts behind, and as Jesus said: "*Fear not, only believe*" (Mk 5:36).

Enjoy, and be in God's blessings!

Introduction

Recently I was ‘under a spiritual attack’ about my life, how I was living it, and how I seemed to be ‘going nowhere’ wandering about aimlessly, and with no set objectives within reach.

Having such a ‘pity party’ for and by myself, I turned inward and asked Jesus if all I was doing was in His Divine Will.

He very gently asked me if remembered such and such an event, and upon reflecting on them, I started to write them down. I must say I was shocked at the pages which followed, and decided to share them with others.

The events herein are true, and are what I consider to be extraordinary events in my life which I have been privileged to experience. They are written for my as well as for your benefit, to let you know that every aspect of your life is in the merciful hands of Almighty God. He cares for you, and if you just take a moment out of the busyness of your busy life, you would find that your life too, is full of ‘little miracles.’

“Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was to me a joy and gladness of my heart: for Thy Name is called upon me, O Lord God of Hosts” (Jr 15:16).

Apparition at age 3

My mother died in 1939 when I was yet 3 years old. In 1940 the British Government evicted us from our home, Roughan Castle, as they wanted it and the surrounding land for a camp for prisoners of war. We moved to a house which Daddy bought called Roan Lodge, which was only about a mile away.

Sometime in the summer of '40 I was in my bed alone, which I shared with a number of my brothers, when I was awakened, for there at the foot of my bed sat a strange lady. I had never seen her before, and it was at that age when the stories of ghosts scared the living lights out of me. I saw this lady, and the first reaction of a child would be to scream and run out of the room like a scalded cat seeking help and safety. But no, I had a great sense of security and peace with this lady, and, pulling the sheets over my shoulders, I went back to sleep.

I never told anyone of that event. I was a quiet child, and being the fourteenth of fifteen children, it was most prudent to not be heard, and even more prudent to be seen as little as possible!

In the 1990's our Blessed Mother, Mary Ever Virgin, told me that it was She who sat and my bedside, and was always at my side to comfort me and dry my tears. This is the first time I have told this event, as it is one I have always treasured in my heart.

“Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart”

(Lk 2:19).

Drowning in 1950 at age 14

As a member of a large family, it was more expedient to send the children away to boarding school, especially if one of the parents was dead. I was sent to a secondary school called Rockwell College in County Tipperary, about 300 miles away from my home. I enjoyed that school, I enjoyed the companionship of boys in my age group, and the community life. It was easy for me to adapt, as my home life was truly 'community life' in the real sense.

In early June 1950, a group of us 14 year olds decided to go for a swim in the College lake after a game of football. The details of the lake were odd, deep at the edges, and shallow in the centre. Being physically fit and not knowing danger, I decided to swim out to the centre, stand up and rest there, and then swim back to shore.

When I got to the centre, I stood up - but the 'bottom' was all weeds, and there was nothing to stand on. I panicked, and started for the shore. The graceful breast-stroke gave way to frantic flailing of the arms and wild kicking of the legs. I did not know real panic until that moment, and was totally unable to create a sense of composed thinking, just the uncontrolled action of a boy in desperation.

I started to go down under the water, and at that moment I tried to shout out to my classmates for help, but my voice was drowned out by a mouth full of water. There was a branch of a weed floating beside me and I grabbed for it, hoping that it would bear me up and allow me to float to safety. But it was the proverbial grabbing for a straw - down I went again.

Darkness overcame me. I found myself in a black tunnel, floating painlessly toward 'something.' Then I saw this brilliant golden-

white light, and a sense of security set in. Not long lived was that security, for all of a sudden I saw every sin I had committed in my 14 years of living. I also saw that every one of those sins were forgiven in Confessions, and so I drifted as though magnetically drawn, to that light.

The next thing I knew was that I was lying on the bank of the lake, with some boys pumping my legs against my stomach, while others were on their knees praying. It was a strange feeling waking up with a bunch of people praying over me. I felt unhappy, as I had to leave that 'light,' yet I was happy that my classmates did not have to go to my funeral.

The next thing I heard was the whistle blowing far away. It was the prefect in charge of discipline blowing his warning at us who were off limits, violating school rules about swimming, and not being in study on time.

In years to come I would understand the significance of the drowning event. God showed me that in a moment He could take my life, and in a moment He could restore it. He also showed me the necessity of being in a state of grace, and to always think of Him.

“He sent from on high, and took me, and received me out of many waters” (Ps 17:17).

Man on donkey at the River Tigris, near Ahwaz, Iran, 1976

During the initial excessive and greedy increase of the price of a barrel of oil in the 1970's by the Arab nations, I was in need of money to feed my family. I went to the Mid East to rescue back to my home the money that was being extorted from us by the covetous and powerful.

I sold some of our Irish produced products to Iran, and one such item was sand screening and washing equipment. The firm that bought from me had large building contracts and sand and gravel pits near the city of Ahwaz (also spelled Ahvaz) which is situated about 30 miles from the River Tigris, the river into which the Euphrates flows, and about 60 miles north of Kuwait. The site on which I was providing equipment was next to the Tigris.

The project manager for the Iranians went into town to get some supplies, and I was alone at the site. I went over to the Tigris to see that fast flowing current, and was astonished at the amount of sand and silt flowing in the murky waters. I started back toward my jeep when out of the side of my eye I saw a 'native' coming from the south toward me, riding on a donkey.

He was sitting sideways almost on the hindquarters of the beast. His right side was toward me, and over His head was a shawl. I immediately thought within myself, 'that is how Jesus must have looked as He rode into Jerusalem.' He was about 20 yards or so from me, and I decided to get my camera and take a photo of Him.

I went to the jeep which was maybe another 20 yards from where I was and got my camera. I always kept it at the ready for instant snapshots, and when I turned to take the picture, He was gone!

The area all around for hundreds of yards north, east and south of that location was flat. I looked for the possibility of holes or valleys, or indentations in the land, but there were none. The rider had not time to get to the river, so where did He go?

I was given to understand that Jesus was there. He showed me the past, and in a strange way, He showed me the time to come.

Without me knowing it then, He was calling me to follow Him in a

different way than the way I was walking at that time.

“Tell ye the daughter of Sion: Behold your King comes to you, meek and sitting upon an ass and a colt, the foal of her that is used to the yoke.” (Mt 21:5).

White-out in Alaska, 1983

I was working a project in Alaska, and hitched a helicopter ride from Anchorage to Nome with a friend called Ron. It was a small chopper with the bubble-like dome front which curved all the way to the area under where you would put your feet.

He carried a 50 gallon drum of fuel in the rear passenger seat, as well as other gear which might be needed in case of emergencies.

As we were nearing the west coast on this beautiful scenic flight, suddenly we hit a snow storm - not unusual in Alaska! There was a big mountain on our right hand side, and flat land to our right. All of a sudden we were surrounded with driving snow, so much so that we could not see further than the windshield. Ron then exclaimed (quite matter-of-fact) that all the navigation instruments were frozen, and we were in some emergency - like difficulty. Not being able to see where that mountain on our right was, and not being able to see the ground, and not being able to use the instruments, made for a rather scary situation.

I put my hand over my eyes to concentrate on a ‘HELP’ prayer to Jesus. Suddenly in the visible space below my feet I saw snow-mobiles travelling from my right to left - and then immediately the window closed to leave us in that eerie white-out. I shouted at Ron that there were snow-mobiles going to the left, and he said, that they must be from a fishing village somewhere south of Golovin. He turned the chopper and went ‘south’ hoping for the ‘best’, whatever that was!

There came into view the tops of houses, and Ron identified the village, and said there was a square in the centre, where he would attempt to set down. We did, and it seemed like the entire population came out to see this chopper and the crazies who would attempt to fly in this weather.

They cooked a beautiful meal for us, and then one of the natives said that there was a wee boy of five years old who was in an emergency respiratory distress and had to get to Nome immediately. As soon as there was a break in the weather, Ron offloaded his 50 gallon drum and gear, and took the child and his mother with us to Nome. As we lifted off from the square, Ron's face turned ashen, he had landed the helicopter in a small square with electric wires so close to us that he did not know if we could make it out of there. We did!

We made it to Nome where emergency vehicles were waiting and the little boy was delivered into the very capable hands of God's people, who flew him to Anchorage for the assistance he needed.

As a side note, when I returned to Anchorage, I went to see my little friend in hospital - he remembered me, and he was completely healed and returned to his family in the fishing village. God has His program!

“As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to him that sent him, for he refreshes his soul(Pr 25:13).

[Jesus in my office. Tennessee, 1987](#)

In the mid 1980's I started a business in Nashville, Tennessee. One day I was sitting at my desk, leaning back in the chair with my feet on the desk. All of a sudden I smelled a familiar aroma, it was the odor of spices which the Arab world use in giving a sweet fragrance to their homes and person. Then I saw Jesus standing at

the right hand corner of the desk with His back half toward me, and He seemed to be beckoning me to follow Him.

In front of Him, that is, in the direction in which He was going, was a large desert mountain, on top of which looked something like a village. The mountain was very steep and more like a cliff. It was rock and sand, and had almost no vegetation, just what seemed like dead scrub.

Immediately upon seeing Him my feet hit the floor and I sat upright at attention. His head was turned toward me as He walked toward the desert mountain indicating that the journey must begin now. Then He disappeared out of sight.

Shortly after that the business failed and I ended up in the Mojave Desert in California where I lived for thirteen months. There I was instructed by Jesus on 'right living,' and about events and things to come. Everything He told me and showed me was confirmed in the Bible. He had told me that everything He asked me to do would be found in the Holy Scriptures.

Somehow I knew that this vision had a special significance which at that time I did not know. I kept it in my heart and wondered.

“Behold ye among the nations, and see: wonder, and be astonished: for a work is done in your days, which no man will believe when it shall be told” (Hk 1:5).

[The 'word' in the Desert 10 October, 1988](#)

Through a strange set of circumstances, the Lord led me out into the Mojave Desert in California where I lived for 13 months. It was a time of cleansing and emptying myself from all worldliness, and listening to the voice of the Lord and His instructions. During the final weeks there I kept asking Him: “What now Lord?”

Finally, at 10 o'clock on the morning of 10/10/88 as I was sitting under a tamarisk tree at the back of where I was living, and reading scriptures. Suddenly the verse I was reading became a loud amplified voice in my head, saying: "*Get you hence, and go towards the east, and hide thyself by the torrent of Carith, which is over against the Jordan; and there you shall drink of the torrent: and I have commanded the ravens to feed you there*" (1K 17:3,4).

Well 'east' from California is a mighty big territory covering a lot of options. I prepared my few belongings for travel and the next night, the phone rang, and my friend Mike from Fort Lauderdale, Florida called and asked me to come there and help him administer his business. I was on the bus the following day! When I arrived in Florida, there was a place arranged for me to stay, and work and a car provided. The 'ravens' certainly fed me there!

Angel in Bookstore in Florida, 1991

When I was writing my first book, *The Gift of Morning Star*, I was wondering where we got the Bible, how it came about, why do we have so many varied editions of "God's Word."

One Sunday I was in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, helping a priest friend who was conducting a mission in a local church. In between Masses, I was browsing in the Church Bookstore. There were no shoppers present only a clerk behind the counter. Suddenly this man appeared beside me from out of nowhere, and he reached to the bottom shelf (which was empty), and pulled out a book entitled "Where we got the Bible," by Father Henry G. Graham. The hands of the stranger were very clean, but under his nails it looked like oil that one would see in a mechanic's hands. He left the store as I pondered the book, and I went outside to thank him and also to ask him why he suggested this particular book. He was nowhere in sight. He simply disappeared. He was an angel of God, sent to help me in my study.

“And immediately the angel departed from him” (Ac 12:10).

Dallas and JFK, 1995

In August 1995 I was sent on a mission to Houston, Texas. I travelled south from New York along the Blue Mountain freeway. When my mission was complete, the Lord said that we would return by a different route to New York.

As we headed north on the freeway from Houston to Dallas, the Lord said that we would visit the place where the bullet was fired that changed the history of the world. Upon arriving in Dallas, a city which I had only visited twice, once in 1957 as I passed through it on a journey elsewhere, and again in for only very brief stay. I followed the prompts of the Lord and drove directly to Daley Plaza, the scene of the assassination of President Kennedy on 22 November 1963.

There were two parking lots near the square, one free and the other pay. Wouldn't you know it, the Lord had me go into the 'pay' one! As I was parking the car, this gentleman came up to me with a ticket in his hand, and after asking him who he was, he said that he was Tommy D... the owner of the lot! I said to him that I would like to shake his hand, as I had never in my life met the owner of a parking lot! He directed me to the Book Depository etc., and off I went.

I actually headed for the 'Grassy Knoll,' and when I got there, the Lord said that this was not the place from whence the bullet was fired that killed President Kennedy, but to go back down to the sidewalk, and stand over the cover to a man-hole. I did so, and He said that the bullet which killed him was fired from the opening to the storm drain directly under my feet. I looked over the edge of the kerb, and sure enough, there was the opening for the water runoff which would flow from the torrential rains which so

frequently drench Dallas.

Having said a prayer there, I returned to pick up my car and Tommy D... told me that he was on the Kennedy/Johnson re-election committee, and that his pastor was one of the Protestant ministers who questioned Kennedy about his position on Church and State. He was very impressed with the Presidential candidate, and won his support. Tommy mailed me some bumper stickers and other memorabilia to my home, I was living at that time in New York.

I left there and went on my journey north, and some of the encounters I have related in the next article, however, there are two footnotes to this which I would like to recall.

I am not a fan of television, and seldom watch it. On the night of 22 November 1995 I was watching the History channel, and there was a documentary on the Kennedy assassination, and the presenter of the program had interviewed a convict who claimed that his companion shot JFK from the storm drain on the spot which I was told by the Lord to pray. The documentary went on to show the approximately five foot diameter drain pipe which went from the opening to a river behind, and then the gunman made his way to a bridge which went over the river, and made his getaway!

A second note of interest, is that in 2007, I was travelling from the west coast to New Jersey and I stopped to see a relative who lives near Dallas. I decided to show Sisters Laura and Barbara the JFK site, as Sr. Laura had never seen it. The city had changed and grown since my visit twelve years previously, and I did not recognize any of it. I did head in the direction of Daley Plaza, and there were no recognizable parking lots, as new freeways, and round-a-bouts, and construction sites filled the area where I stopped. I finally asked a passer-by if he could direct me to the

Plaza. He gladly did so. I told him that a wonderful man helped me to the details of the site many years ago, his name was Tommy D..., and he said: "I am Tommy D and I remember you!"

In a city of over one million people, how could you top that, did not God show His mighty power and give confirmations!?

"Hearken to My voice, and I will be your God, and you shall be My people: and walk ye in all the way that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you" (Jr 7:23).

Motel reservation by an unknown, 1995

In August 1995 I left Houston, Texas after administering to someone most dear to me, and headed north on the instructions of the Lord. I told no one my itinerary as I myself just did not know where I was going when I departed from Houston.

I travelled north on various freeways. I was given a message for someone in Cincinnati, Ohio, arriving there some four days after I left Houston. I then continued my journey until I came to I-79, and on to I-76, when the Lord said turn to the east on it. I did so and immediately ran into a traffic jam and travelled at the speed of about one mile per hour. Questioning and doubt set in, did I hear His voice, etc.? After a few hours of intolerable heat (and lack of patience), He said to exit at Donegal on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Being Irish I loved the name and was delighted to stay in an Irish named place.

He said to check in to a motel called "Days Inn." As I entered the door, the clerk looked up from her desk and addressed me by name, saying: "Mr Devlin?" In a state of total surprise I answered: "Yes." She replied: "I just got off the phone and the person said that you were delayed, but you would be here shortly." She told the caller: "We have no Mr. Devlin listed on the reservations, nor

do we have any Mr. Devlin staying here, nor do we expect any Mr. Devlin.” The person on the other end of the line said: “Do not worry, he will be here shortly.”

The receptionist had just hung up the phone when I entered, and so she asked “Mr. Devlin?” I asked her the name of the person who called and she said that he never identified himself.

After I checked in and got to my room, (I was given the best in the house but only charged the regular price), I sat on the edge of the bed, laughed, and jokingly asked Jesus: “Did you at least pay a quarter for a local call!”

The next day I went in to the reception area to extend my stay and the room of the two religious sisters who were travelling with me. The manager of the motel asked me what room I was staying in. I told him. He did not know who the lady was who checked me in. He did not know of any such person. He transferred me to an ‘ordinary’ room, and although I stayed there another four days, I never saw that lady again, and so I wondered.

“Behold I will send My angel, who shall go before you, and keep you in your journey, and bring you into the place that I have prepared” (Ex 23:20).

[Wake-up call on the road to Cape Cod, 1996](#)

Sometime in 1998 when I was living in Yonkers, New York, the Lord asked me to leave immediately and go pick up two religious sisters in Cape Cod, and have them accompany me on a mission to Tampa, Florida. I left at about 10 pm and drove north through Connecticut, Rhode Island, to Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Somewhere along the road I got very drowsy and opened the van window to help fight the fatigue, but unknowingly I fell asleep

behind the wheel. Suddenly I heard the patter-patter of feet outside my van window. I woke up and there running along-side me was a beautiful big deer! I reacted immediately by touching my travelling companion on the back and she was gone in a flash. I thank Thee O Lord for the wake up call!

“As the deer pants after the fountains of water; so my soul pants after Thee, O God” (Ps 41:2).

On the road in Wyoming, 1997

In 1997 I was sent on a mission to bring a message to someone in the Idaho/Oregon border region. I left New York and picked up my friends in Cape Cod and headed west through Detroit, Chicago, and on through Wyoming. We had a nice dinner in Laramie, and left there in the late afternoon in beautiful weather.

As we travelled along, the temperature dropped and then some unwelcomed snowflakes appeared. Unaware of the severe weather which can suddenly come upon us in that ‘plains’ country, we were in a blizzard, and the road became a veritable sheet of ice, with cars side-swiping, rear-ending, and over-turning wildly. Suddenly the car in front of me skidded out of control, and I had no option but to head for the centre verge of the freeway. Now this centre was a ditch of about five feet or so deep, and I would obviously roll the van at least on it’s side.

We called on Saint Michael to assist us in this peril, both from the ditch and the Volvo in front of us which had an uncanny attraction for us! I cannot explain it, we drove with two wheels in suspension over the ditch, and the two right wheels on the icy freeway, and suddenly we were on the west side of the spinning Volvo, four wheels on the ground, and moving with great reverence westward!

“As the eagle enticing her young to fly, and hovering over them,

He spread his wings, and has taken him and carried him on His shoulders” (Dt 32:11).

Karak, Jordan, 1997

The Lord sent me on a mission to the Middle East to visit the site of the Ark of the Covenant as described in the Second Book of Maccabees. I flew into Amman, Jordan, and after a brief visit to the top of Mount Nebo, and the old monastery there, I looked down over the cliff and with absolute faith I said that I would step off and start my search for the Ark of the Covenant. He said that we must start our journey at Mount Sinai, Egypt, where the Ark was built, and follow it’s path to the current resting place.

I went to Mount Sinai, and on the return trip, I took a boat from the port of Mueiba to the port of Aqaba. My destination was Madaba, the city near Mount Nebo, and as I travelled by taxi north on the east side of the Dead Sea, we came to the town of Karak. It was in flames, as the citizens were rioting against the edict of King Abdullah for raising the price of bread by some 200%. We drove through the entire city with riots, stones, and hijacked burning cars, and not one bit of harm came to us nor to the taxi car!

“The angel of the Lord went down with Azariah and his companions into the furnace: and he drove the flame of the fire out of the furnace, and made the midst of the furnace like the blowing of a wind bringing dew, and the fire touched them not at all, nor troubled them, nor did them any harm” (Dn 3:49,50).

Mysterious driver at Jordanian Border, 1997

In 1997 I was living in New York City, following the prompt of the Lord, and one day He said to me: “We go now to the Middle East.” During that time He had been instructing me on the Ark of the Covenant, it’s importance, it’s location, and it’s recovery. I flew into Amman, Jordan, went to Mount Nebo where the Ark is

buried. I said to the Lord that I would start off from that cliff and search for the cave in which the Ark is hidden. He said, not yet, but that we should go first to Mount Sinai where Moses received the instructions for building the Ark.

I did so, and after visiting Mount Sinai, I returned to Jordan, following the approximate route of the Ark during the Exodus. When I arrived at Madaba, He said to go into Israel, and follow in His footsteps the places which He tread upon, and learn their significance. This I did. Then He said: "Let us now go to Mount Nebo, and the place of the Ark of the Covenant."

On the exit from Israel, when I had checked through the Jordanian Customs at the Allenby Bridge crossing, (known as the King Abdullah Bridge in the Arab world), I came out the door of the building and stepped out to the pavement to look for a taxi. There in front of me was an old, very old, very, very old beat-up yellow Mercedes Benz 'taxi.' A huge man who was well over 6 foot 9 inches, (I am 6 foot 2), was standing there and said 'Taxi' to which I timidly replied 'Yes.' "Get in," said he, and when someone that size gives such a commanding order in a strange country, it is rather prudent to obey!

As I was getting in the front passenger door, I saw coming up from my right hand side a number of angry taxi-drivers (who had nice modern taxis), coming charging 'my driver.' He reached behind the driver's seat and produced a stick of about three feet in length, wrapped around with what looked like black electric tape. He marched toward the advancing angry men, who when they saw his size, and menacing weapon, retreated to the safety of their own cars. I thought within myself, that if a man that big came against me, he would not need a stick!

Back in the car, he said to me: "Where are you going?" I replied to

Madaba. “The best way to Madaba is right up Mount Nebo,” said he. He said that the best way there was to go straight up Mount Nebo, a journey of about fifteen miles as opposed to about 60 if we followed the tar macadam surfaced road via Amman to Madaba. I told him he was crazy as there was no road up the mountain cliff to our destination, and having been out to the lookout point before I went to Mount Sinai, I knew that there was no road there.

He said: “We make a road,” and drove across the desert, over rocks, wadis, around cactus and brush, and up the side of what then was a goat path on the cliff. I should say that there was no airconditioning in the car, and no ‘floor’ where the passenger is supposed to put his feet. Straddling this hole on the floor, I consumed enough dust to start a rose garden.

As we left the customs area and started across the desert, I looked up the face of the cliff and there in front of me was the exact sight I had seen when Jesus appeared to me in Nashville, Tennessee, 10 years earlier, in 1987. The ‘village’ atop the mountain was the monastery which I had visited when I first came to Jordan. The cliff was exact. The drive up the non-road way was harrowing.

At one point, there was only sky outside of my window, and as we maneuvered further up the cliff, he had the view of the sky and no land outside of his window.

Finally the Lord said: “Pay attention now.” I replied that I was paying attention, for if I did not, my feet would be behind on the cliff somewhere, while the rest of me was in the taxi, coming ‘closer to Thee, O Lord.’ He pointed out the cave to me where the Ark of the Covenant had laid hidden for the past 2,600 years, and to note well the spot. I took a mental picture of the area, before and behind and to the one side of me. (The other side was just

sky)!

We continued on, and after some distance we came to a semblance of what had been a road that was started but never completed. I guess that the workmen got either nose bleed, or suffered from vertigo! The ‘driver’ brought me to Lulu’s Pension where I was safe and comfortable.

I am convinced that the driver was none other than an angel of God, sent to bring me to the exact location for which I searched. But the vision was complete. Seven years later I would celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass outside the cave where the Ark of the Covenant is hidden.

Over the years I have been many times to Jordan, crossed that border point, and never again did I see that big brute of a man.

The next day, I took a taxi (normal man with a good car) out to Mount Nebo. On the way, there was a soldier walking, and the driver said that it was the custom to give the soldiers a lift out to the lookout post at the old monastery overlooking the Jordan River and Israel. (This is the place where Moses went up to see the Promised Land, as he was not permitted to cross into it - *Dt 34:1*). The soldier got in and spoke impeccable English, infinitely better than my Arabic. I said to him that I would like his permission to go down the side of Mount Nebo, and follow somewhat the path of Moses - the Muslims believe in Moses. He said by all means, and that if I were not back by nightfall, that he personally would come and rescue me.

I found the cave which the Lord had pointed out to me, and there did what He asked me to do at that time.

“And hospitality do not forget: for by this some, being not aware

of it, have entertained angels” (Hb 13:2).

On the streets of New York, 1997

I was doing a project in New York City and had an office at the corner of Park Avenue and 42nd Street. Weather permitting, I would walk the dozen blocks to my office and then home again to East 51st Street. One winter’s evening I was returning to my home at about 9 pm, and as I walked along Lexington Avenue, a man came up behind me and demanded money. He had a horrible evil voice, and at first I paid no attention to him. Finally I spoke the few words of Gaelic which I commanded (actually the Hail Mary), and he responded in French, Spanish, German, trying to make his point. He became angry and had a violent urgency in his approach. He kept abreast of me, and I usually walk with a purpose, and do not saunter. I felt his anger, and his desperation, and was very concerned. All of a sudden he turned around and fled in the direction from which we had come.

When I got home to my apartment the phone was ringing. It was Sister Theresa calling from Cape Cod where she and Sister Barbara were in a prayer meeting with a group from that area. She said that during the Rosary, Jesus interrupted and said that I was in danger in New York and to pray for my protection. They said the ‘Saint Michael’ prayer and continued with the Rosary. Jesus interrupted and said, that intense prayer was needed for my safety. They stopped the Rosary and interceded as requested. Jesus then said that He Himself would protect me.

I told them of the episode and they were relieved on three fronts, first that I was safe, and secondly that they had confirmation of the Lord’s speaking to them, and thirdly they listened.

The next morning when I was going to 6 am Mass in Saint Patrick’s Cathedral (some four blocks from my home), I stopped

and glanced at the headlines on the New York Times. There on the front page was the man who had accosted me. He was shot dead by the NYPD in a shoot-out. He had shot three people in Lower Manhattan before he caught up with me, and then shot another three or four in Harlem, including his pastor.

Jesus protects His own, and I thank Him!

“But when they were in the heat of the engagement, there appeared to the enemies from Heaven, five men upon horses, comely, with golden bridles, conducting the Jews: two of them took Machabeus between them, and covered him on every side with their arms, and kept him safe; but cast darts and fireballs against the enemy, so that they fell down, being both confounded with blindness, and filled with trouble.” (2M 10:29,30).

Flying Confessions, 1998

When I went into the Mojave Desert in 1987, Jesus was ‘emptying me out’ of all my preconceived ideas, desiring to mould me into a new creature as it says so often in Holy Writ: *“For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avails any thing, nor uncircumcision: but a new creature” (Ga 6:15).*

I really did not know all that was taking place within me, but I knew that my arrogance, pride, stubbornness, carefree yet ‘know it all’ superior attitude had to go.

I deliberated extensively on the words “Thy Kingdom come - on earth as it is in Heaven.” Well, if we are always going to be what we have always been, then nothing will change, and how will the ‘Kingdom come?’

In late 1997, the Lord moved me to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and there began intense instructions and teachings in the True Catholic

Faith. I objected strenuously at any criticism of the Roman Catholic Church, although I was not a believer in all that came out of the Second Vatican Council. I did not like the 'New Mass' the Novus Ordo, and found it weak, vain, and full of scriptural errors. It was on this point that Jesus dwelt, and gradually I was able to drop my strenuous objections and listen to Jesus Truth speaking. He showed me that the Seven Sacraments given by Him during His life on earth were watered down and in a lot of cases abandoned.

During the long months in that small motel room on 'the other side of the tracks,' I began to see and know the purpose of my being called apart from the world, and to document the way for the arrival of His Kingdom to come on earth as it is in Heaven. It was through the Seven Sacraments that His Second Coming would be effected, and this was especially through and in Holy Eucharist. But He would not come to those who went to Communion in the state of sin. Confessions was of absolute necessity.

In the preparation for the 'Arrival' He taught me the Mass of the Eucharistic Reign of Christ, and the Mystical Union of man with God. I have recorded this Mass and have made it available on the Complimentary Downloads of my website as shown in the beginning of this little book. He gave me the format for the Holy Sacrament of Confessions, which is again in the Downloads.

All of this happened after my Ordination in Heaven, the details of which I have spelt out in my book, *The Arrival of Morning Star*. It was some time after this extraordinary ordination that He released me to celebrate the Sacrament of Confessions with those appointed by Him. That date was 28 August, 1998.

I wondered about this gift, faculty, and questioned Him over and over again about the legality and validity of this. He reminded me

that He had written in the Apocalypse 21:5: “Behold, I make all things new,” and that ‘all things’ meant ‘all things.’

A few days later Jesus said to me to fly out to Houston, Texas, on the next day. After my usual protestations about costs and the benefits of booking well in advance (as if He did not know these things!), I got a flight on Continental Airlines, and as it happened, the last seat, and as it further happened between two women, the one in the aisle seat was well fed, the other at the window seat, not so well. I was squashed in the middle!

I was dressed like a typical Floridian, light blue short sleeved sports shirt, lime green slacks, white ankle socks and white shoes. I looked like the casual traveller. I put my bag in the overhead compartment and sat down. The lady next to the window said: “You are a priest.” Unconsciously, I said “Yes.” She said: “Good, I have asked the Lord to send me help, and here you are.”

She proceeded with her life story, and all the mishaps and mistakes, and difficult circumstances she was in - all things which we, the average person on earth can relate to. In Confessions she told me all her transgressions, and when she had finished, I told her of one particular sin which she had omitted. At first she denied it, and then after a few minutes she remembered the situation and added it to her Confession. This lady was a highly educated professional person, and just like the rest of us, needs help in time of personal crises.

My crises about administering God’s Sacraments was answered and Jesus showed me, that time and place is never an obstacle, that we must answer the call, even if it is for a flying Confession!

“Confess therefore your sins one to another: and pray one for another, that you may be saved” (Jm 5:16).

Mass at Mount Nebo Monastery, 2000

One day I was travelling by bus from northern Jordan to Amman, and the Lord said to me: “I wish you to celebrate Mass at the monastery site at Mount Nebo. Ask the priest there if he can let you have a quiet place to celebrate Holy Mass.” Immediately I started with the ‘yea but Lord,’ and said: “But Lord, there are no priests there, it is only an archeological dig site, with no priests in attendance.” He said: “The priest will show you to a quiet place.”

Having been many times to the site, I entered into the historic chapel where the dig was going on, and there sure enough was a Franciscan priest sitting studying Arabic! I asked him: “Father, do you have a quiet place where I can celebrate Holy Mass.” He replied: “Sure, follow me.” He led me to a quiet oratory at the furthest end of the property, and there he set up the altar for me where I celebrated as the Lord taught me.

How is it that I always counter the Lord Jesus with ‘Yea, but’? Why do I always doubt? I can make excuses like I am really testing the spirit, or double checking, or some such thing, but truthfully, I find it difficult to accept that God would choose me for a specific work, but then again, God has chosen each and every one of us for a specific work, if only we would have the courage to listen and then do!

“And He said to him: I will be with thee; and this thou shall have for a sign that I have sent thee: when thou shall have brought My people out of Egypt, thou shall offer sacrifice to God upon this mountain” (Ex 3:12).

At the Jordan/Israel Border, 2000

On the same Jordanian journey mentioned above, I was without money and needed to return to Israel. When I crossed the border and customs, I had no money to get from the Allenby Bridge

frontier to Jerusalem, and when I was outside the building having cleared immigration, the Lord pointed out a spot for me and said: “Stand there.” I stood exactly ‘there.’

In what seemed like an eternity, probably 15 minutes or so, this extremely well dressed gentleman in suit and tie approached me and said: “Father, where are you going?” I replied: “To Jerusalem.” He said: “ I am the driver for the Palestinian Authority, and we have two diplomats arriving now, and there should be three, would you care to ride with us as our guest and clear the security at the transportation barrier?” Well, you know my answer! The chief diplomat came out a few moments later and welcomed me, and took me all the way to Jerusalem.

So you see, the Lord Jesus Christ will help the diplomats, even Muslim ones, as we are all God’s creatures.

“He said to him: Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart? And Jonadab said: It is. If it be, said he, give me thy hand. He gave him his hand. And he lifted him up to him into the chariot” (4K 10:15).

[At the Egyptian/Israel Border, 2000](#)

There was another incident in which Jesus sent me to Mount Sinai for the purpose of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on top of that holy mount.

I was without money, yet I went wondering where the funds would come from, and how they would be provided. The means to get there were extraordinary, but it is the return which was amazing.

When I arrived at the Taba Border Crossing at the Egyptian/Israel Border, this gentleman approached me as I was still at the Israeli counter checking into Israel. He said: “Father, where are you

going?” “To Jerusalem,” replied I. “Well,” said he: “I am the driver of a tour bus, and the bus is half empty, would you care to be our guest to Jerusalem?” “Delighted,” said I.

We stopped at Elat where there was a beautiful luncheon of fresh sea food and those delicious Israeli fruits and vegetables. He said that he would like me to be their guest for the smorgasbord, and who was I, a very hungry man who had not eaten in some time to refuse! The same thing happened when we stopped at the Dead Sea for refreshments, and I did not disappoint my generous hosts.

The tourists disembarked at a church in Jerusalem, and my host/driver said that he would take me to my hotel: “Where was it?” I told him it was the Mount of Olives Hotel (East Jerusalem the Muslim area). He said that it was a bad area, and that I should stay at one of the better hotels like the Sheraton or such. I told him that the people at Mount of Olives were my friends.

So here I was, being chauffeured about Jerusalem in a swanky elegant bus, and when we arrived at the Mount of Olives, so many of the residents came running out of homes, hotels, and shops and welcomed me back. After all the customary hugs and kisses, I turned to my driver and said: “This is what it is all about!” One of the welcoming group called to the driver by name and welcomed him. I asked the man if he knew the driver, “Yes, he is my cousin!”

We should never be ashamed of our heritage, as we are all the sons of Adam, son of God.

“Even to your old age I am the same, and to your grey hairs I will carry you: I have made you, and I will bear: I will carry and will save” (Is 46:4).

On the road to Fatima, 2003

One day I was in London, England, and the Lord said to me: “Leave immediately and drive to Fatima, Portugal. Time is of the essence.” I protested that my car was not road worthy, and that I would need something reliable. He told me to call my friend “X” and that he would provide the funds for a new VW Caravelle. I called “X”, and sure enough he provided for the journey.

I had the two sisters, Theresa and Barbara fly into London and we set off for Fatima. I proposed to the Lord that we stay in Paris, but He said that ‘time was of the essence, keep going.’ We headed south west through France, and finally in the late evening He said that we should pull off the road and stay in Poitiers. He directed me through the streets, left here, straight there, and right here, until we came to a small family owned motel - very reasonably priced. The owners were lapsed Catholics, and so we had a mission with them.

In the morning (raining very heavily), after Mass which I celebrated in my room, the Lord insisted that ‘time was of the essence,’ so we hurried across the border into Spain on a very crooked and twisted freeway. I was travelling at 45 miles per hour, which in truth was much too fast for the road conditions, and suddenly this car passed me going at a great speed. I thought he had either great courage, or knew the road extremely well.

About ten minutes or so later, the car which had passed me was crashed on the middle barrier between the freeways. The man was lying on this side and the woman on the other side of the balustrade. I took out my sick kit, put on my Stole, and literally had to force my way through the crowd which was gathered around the injured man, who was obviously dying and in his last throes of life. I administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and then stood over him for a few moments praying for his soul.

He opened his eyes, looked around the sea of faces above him and then fixed his eyes on me. Then with a peaceful look on his face, he closed his eyes and that was it for him.

I jumped the fence to the young lady and gave her the Last Rites, known as Extreme Unction, and again, she did exactly as her boyfriend had done, and opening and the fixing her eyes on me, she closed them, and went to a peaceful sleep.

For those who do not know the Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church, Extreme Unction is the outpouring of the Graces of the Holy Ghost into the soul of those in danger of death. Extreme Unction remits all forgotten mortal sins, and when the sick person is unable to go to Confession, the effects of this Sacrament are the same as if the person made a full and contrite Confession.

The devil did not get those two young souls, and somewhere or sometime they or their parents had prayed the Hail Mary which concludes with the words: “Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.” Mother Mary heard their prayer, and delivered them at the hour of their death.

Further down the road, Jesus said that they were safe! I understood that ‘time was of the essence’ and in truth, that was my mission to Fatima!

“He said to them: Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believes and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believes not shall be condemned” (Mk 16:15,16).

[On the road in Spain, 2004](#)

On another journey I was travelling on the road to Barcelona and I

stopped to fill the tank with diesel. I was ready to get back in the van and was urgently prompted to wash the windscreen. I looked and it really was ok, but followed the prompt.

Back on the road again and about ten minutes later, a huge 60 foot semi-trailer, coming in the opposite direction, crashed the barrier right in front of me and across my pathway and into the ditch on my right. If I had been two minutes earlier, I would have been that part of the front end of his truck which crashed into that ditch. I got out of the van and went to his cab, administered to him, and waited until the police, ambulance and wrecking crew came and cleared the freeway.

Was the clean window more for my benefit or the truck driver? God has His agenda, and we must follow His prompts, so that all benefit from His mercies.

“Go not on the way with a bold man, lest he burden thee with his evils: for he goes according to his own will, and thou shall perish together with his folly” (Si 8:18).

[On the road in Poland, 2004](#)

The two Sisters and I were driving on a mission to Czestochowa, Poland. The painting of the “Black Madonna” is enshrined in a Basilica there, and the painting is said to have been painted by Saint Luke the Evangelist, on a table made by Jesus, in the carpenter shop of His foster-father Saint Joseph.

On the road we suddenly hit a severe rain storm. The torrential downpour was such that it was impossible to see beyond the windscreen, or side or rear windows. The road at last glance of my visibility was straight, there were vehicles behind and in front of us. On either side was a drop in the ground, and then a forest.

The Sisters most emphatically commanded me to use my God given power and stop the storm. I did, and as suddenly as the storm came, it went away, with no trace anywhere of it's coming or going.

To each of us is given a measure of faith, and all it takes is that little faith to exercise the power of that faith.

“Jesus said to him: If you can believe, all things are possible to him that believes” (Mk 9:22).

[The Bible in Bethlehem, 2005](#)

When visiting the once Holy Land in 2005, I wanted to purchase a Douay Rheims Bible which I had previously seen in prior visits. At a shop inside the Jaffa Gate of the Old City, I found one such bible. The owner said that this was the last of these bibles in existence, and the price was \$50 (USA). I asked the Lord should I purchase it and He said: “No!”

I went on my mission to Nazareth, Cana, and the areas around the Sea of Galilee. On the return journey some seven days later, I was prompted to call Joseph of Bethlehem and ask him if he knew the factory owner which made the olive wood covers for the bibles. He said he did, and had the owner of the factory waiting for me when I arrived at Joseph's hotel.

The owner said that he did not have any more of those bibles, but had others which were more popular. I explained to him that the only true bible in the English language was the Douay Rheims, and that all others were from Satan's tower of Babel of bibles.

The Lord prompted me to ask to see his factory, and the owner was glad to take me, but warned me that his factory was being moved as the Israelis were building their monster wall through his

property (not Israeli land, but Palestinian land).

In the factory, the Lord prompted me to search through the saw-dust and under the lowest shelves of the factory. There I found my desired Douay Rheims Bibles, and left there with 40 bibles at a cost of less than \$18 each!

In a world on inconvenient truths, our Lord Jesus Christ is asking us to go into the archives of our deposit of faith, dust off the cobwebs, and proclaim His truth to the world.

“But all do not obey the gospel. For Isaiah says: Lord, who has believed our report?” (Rm 10:16).

I was expected - Leonardo's vision of 'Thomas', 2004

I have included this story as it is most significant. I asked Leonardo to write it for me and send it via email. Here is his exact account of what happened.

“My name is Leonardo Perez. In the year 2004 I was given a vision in the middle of the night. It was around 1 a.m., and in the morning when I awoke my wife Renee and relayed the vision to her. (At that time she was not really my wife).

I found myself in a Celtic type cemetery - a man standing afar off I walked up to him. He was standing next to a headstone. He told me he was sent to set me free in an English or Irish accent. I asked him how do I know he is from God and not the devil. He did not respond he just pulled out a great big hammer and smashed the headstone. The ground opened and up came a casket. The casket opened up and there was no one inside but a Holy Bible. The bible opened and instead of words, there were pictures of the entire life and passion of Christ as if a movie in the pages. The man told me he was sent to set me free from something on my father's lineage

all the way back to Adam.

I asked him who he was and he told me his name was Thomas. I thought at the time maybe Sir Thomas Moore but he only said Thomas. At that point he taught me so much. He showed me so much in a small amount of time. He made me truly happy and showed me all truth. I truly felt free and was full of hope.

I said to myself surely this was my Angel from God. After teaching me what seemed like a lifetime he said he was going away for a little while. He got into a car and started to drive off. I ran beside the vehicle like a child asking when he would come back. He told me he would not leave me and would be back soon.

I woke up with such a joy and clear vision of all that happened. I told my wife Renee the whole story. Who was this Thomas? I carried this vision in my heart for 2 more years when my life was falling apart. A close brother of mine I found dead at age 35. My anxiety and despair was very difficult to live with. I was in and out to the hospital with attacks. I thought I would soon die so I wanted to marry my wife in the Church. We prayed novenas for this and asked Saint Joseph for help. The rosary was prayed in the desert for help. A specific prayer for God to send a priest to marry me and my wife.

On December 13th 2006 my friend Derek called me and told me an Irish Priest was at his home and was there to marry me and my wife. He would give me the Sacraments of Confession, Marriage and Holy Eucharist that day. This Priest of God had a name of Father Thomas Aquinas. The vision was fulfilled and is being fulfilled to this day. I will never leave his side and he will never leave me.”

I, Father Thomas Aquinas add this appropriate verse: “Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he that reads it may run

over it. For as yet the vision is far off, and it shall appear at the end, and shall not lie: if it make any delay, wait for it: for it shall surely come, and it shall not be slack” (Hk 2:2,3).

A personal note is in order here. Through the introduction of Derek and the keen work of Leonardo, I estimate that the number of baptisms, confessions, marriages in the New Mexico area would amount to over 50 people. Great work by them for being obedient to the prompt of the Lord, and enjoying His patient mercy!

Newport Beach, 2007

Sisters Barbara and Laura and I had celebrated Mass in Newport Beach, and after Mass went out to breakfast. There was a ‘Dennys Restaurant’ nearby situated at the intersection of a number of streets. I drove around it several times searching for the entrance until I finally found it.

There was a walkway up to the front doors and the two sisters had gone ahead as I parked the car. When I came up the walkway, I noticed two gentlemen sitting at the front window table staring at me. Subconsciously I wondered if I were properly dressed and all buttons in place, and when I entered I went to their table and greeted them. The younger of the two had a cell phone half-way between his ear and open mouth - just staring at me. I asked what was the matter, and the older man said: “He just got off the phone with his mother and she advised him to see a priest immediately!”

After the customary introductions, the older man got up from the table and said that he wanted the two of us to have privacy. It turned out that the boy was living in a ‘clean house’ as he had run away from Chicago after committing robbery and other offences. He said the authorities were searching for him and wondered what to do.

I asked Jesus what should this young man do, and I relayed the message to him: “You must return to Chicago, turn yourself in to the police, go before the judge and tell him you will make restitution. The judge will accept your commitment and will allow you to return to California to your pregnant girl-friend.” It turned out that the older gentleman was his ‘house master.’

The two Sisters and I left Newport Beach on our way up to San Jose, and then continue further north to Oregon. When we had cleared well north of all the mess of the Los Angeles traffic and were on Freeway 5, I received a call from the house master asking me to come and talk to all his charges that evening. I told him I would call him back after I had consulted with the Lord. Jesus told me to continue to San Jose, and then return the 400 miles or so, south to Newport Beach. I told the house master that I would see him in a few days, and would advise him of the date of our arrival.

We completed our mission to San Jose, and returned to Newport. The house master asked us to meet at a building where there would be an AA meeting, and perhaps about 60 people in attendance.

After the usual meeting I was asked to speak, which I did in an unusually short manner (for me)! I said that I would be available for private consultation and where desired, to administer the Sacrament of Confessions.

Sisters Laura and Barbara prepared those who came for Confessions, and I suspect that most of those 60 came and confessed their sins, and received absolution.

The next night we were invited to the ‘clean house’ where, after their meeting at which a great number were in attendance, some who had not been there the previous night, came to me afterwards,

some to Confessions, and a greater number, including Jews, Muslims, heathens, and some who did not know what happened in their early life, and all received the Sacrament of Baptism, and in the case of those who were not sure, they received a provisional Baptism.

The next day we made the return trip to Oregon through San Jose. The ‘round trip’ from San Jose to Newport and back was about an additional 800 miles but what value can be put on the salvation of one soul, never mind a multitude?

The Lord Jesus Christ had me lose my way going into that restaurant so that I was available for those who wanted to find their way to the Lord.

As a sequel, I got a call a few months later from the house master that the young man went to Chicago and the judge ruled in favour of his promise to make restitution, and he returned to Newport, married his girlfriend, and their son was also baptized in the local Catholic Church which they are faithfully attending.

“And the publicans also came to be baptized and said to Him: Master, what shall we do? But He said to them: Do nothing more than that which is appointed you” (Lk 3:12,13).

[On the road to Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, 2018](#)

On Ascension Thursday I got up at 5:30 a.m. and after celebrating Holy Mass I headed out driving for Knock at about 8:30.

My intention was to have breakfast at a small restaurant nearby where I was staying. When I got there they were closed, as the urgency for an early start is not part of the daily lives in that area! There was no option but to go on to the next town and eat there. No such luck! Well, it was getting breakfast somewhere along the

cross country roads or Knock which was about 2 hours away.

As I was nearing the village of Delvin in County Meath I saw a sign for 'breakfast served all day.' I did not misspell the name Delvin, not my name Devlin! Knowing the village, I was rather sceptical. I asked: "Lord shall we (He and I) eat here"? He answered: "Wait and see." When I arrived at the village - there in the middle of the road was a chef in full uniform, white pants, white shirt, white jacket, white apron and a chef's tall white hat!! Dumb and all as I am, I got the message! I rolled down the window and asked him if I could get some breakfast. To which he replied: "Get in there and I will feed you."

The best was yet to happen. I ordered a full Irish breakfast of bacon, eggs, sausages, black pudding, beans, wheat toast and tea. It was fabulous. Sitting at the counter beside Michael the cattle dealer, I learned the prices of the various animals, as he and Paddy at the other end of the counter were talking price of the various animals. Michael asked me where I was going (if you are a cattle dealer you must know every bodies business). I told him Knock. He asked what way I was going. I told him. He told me not to go that way as I would be forever changing gears on that wee twisted road, but take another route, longer, straighter (if you don't count the hairpin bends and 45 degree turns)! He left and when I went to pay the tab, Michael the cattle dealer had already paid for my breakfast. God bless him. I know He did!

When I got to Knock, and got out of the car to go into the Shrine area, I was visited by those horrible chest pains (I had a number of heart attacks in 2017). I needed to sit down and rest, so I headed for the old chapel, but the doors were cordoned off as they were doing renovations. OK, I will go around the building to the Shrine but it too was cordoned off. I rested for awhile on the barricades facing the glass wall to the Shrine where I could still see The

Lamb on the Altar Glorified, Our Blessed Mother flanked by Saint Joseph on Her right, and Saint John on Her left. Also visible were the angels of The Apocalypse. I remained there until the pain somewhat subsided, but I needed to sit down and rest.

I turned toward the Basilica and as it was mostly down a slight incline, I decided to go for it. The last 20 yards or so are on an upward slope. I made it, but was I ever hurting! Inside there were a lot of school pupils and at first I thanked God for their devotion to Him. Sitting down I changed my mind about the 'devotion' thought. They were there with musical instruments, tap shoes, jog shoes, rehearsing for something like 'Riverdance.' Aw no, here I am on the move again. I headed for the Adoration chapel, surely I will find rest there. I did!

After some time, I was fully recovered and when it was time to go I decided to treat myself to a nice cup of Latte, and maybe a desert. I had a fabulous home made apple pie, with ice cream. I wrote all the cards I had purchased, and when I was finished, I decided to go over to the other end of the restaurant where I noticed another priest sitting on his own. Going over to him, we had a great chat, and the Lord gave me some words of encouragement for him. With tears in his eyes he said that he needed to hear what I said, and he accepted them.

On the road 'home' (I do not have a permanent home at this time), I asked the Lord what was the meaning of it all. He told me that He has His people (signified by Michael the cattle dealer) all over the world. The pain in the chest signified that the world is in for a tough time. The chapel and Shrine under renovation signified that He is now going to renew His Church, as 'all things are made new.' The Basilica and the rehearsal signified that the present state of the Novus Ordo church is more for entertainment than for worshipping and shepherding He and His people. The priest on his

own signified that the clergy need to be instructed in His Word, not the word of the worldly.

I rested refreshed when my pilgrimage to Knock was finished.

Conclusion

These are some of the ‘events’ in my life which I have recorded here. The purpose in setting them to pen and ink was more for my own comfort than for anything else. There are a number of events, visions, apparitions and visitations which I consider private to myself which I would prefer to not share at this time.

There are, however, other visitations which I have shared, such as the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, the Trial, the Way of the Cross, the Burial, and the Resurrection, and these are covered at length in the book entitled *The Arrival of Morning Star*, and can be freely downloaded in the Complimentary Downloads at www.reignofchrist.org

Jesus never commanded us to do more than we are able to do. He said:

“Be you therefore perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect” (Mt 5:48), and again: “Have the faith of God” (Mk 11:22).

God bless you all.

Father Aquinas

Publications by the same author

Published under the name of Thomas Aquinas Devlin:

The Gift of Morning Star
Why Mary?

Published by Father Aquinas:

Angels, Angelic Warfare, and You
Arrival of Morning Star
Bethlehem - New Life
Essays on Various Subjects
Handbook of Rites And Blessings
Mary
Miraculous Events
Missal Prayer Book
Prayers Everyone Should Know
The Ark of the Covenant
The Eternal Priesthood
The Holy Rosary
The Holy Sacrament of Confessions
The Last Gospel
The Message. The Warning. The Conclusion.
The New Creation State
The Reign of Christ in His Second Coming
The Return of Man to God
The Sacrament of Holy Eucharist
The Seven Sacraments of the Church
The Third Testament - The Eternal Virgin Eucharistic Church
The Three Days of Darkness
The 666
Understanding the Apocalypse

Published by:
Kingship of Christ

Web address: www.kingshipofchrist.org