

In the Heart of the Father's Heart

Though she no longer writes articles Mother Paul-Marie continues to note down in her personal diary the graces with which Heaven favors her and which she reveals when the divine demands so exact. Thus it was that she made known to us the grace she received December 4, 2005, linking it to certain others that preceded it. These graces, all of which were received during Mass (whence their designation as "Eucharistic graces"), have a particular tie-in with the Father. The grace of December 4 is the fifth Eucharistic grace revealed by our Foundress in 2005.

Sylvie Payeur-Raynauld

EUCCHARISTIC GRACES (An account of these graces is given in *Le Royaume* ("The Kingdom"), issues nos. 172, 175 and the present issue, no. 176, published in 2005.)

1. March 22, 2005 – Rays of light left my heart and went, in circles, to Jesus and Mary, to then end up in God the Father (no. 172, p. 22 of the English ed.).
2. July 17, 2005 – A fountain of light surged up from the chalice during Mass. Jets of light ascended even higher and fell back down around the chalice and the altar, towards the earth below in the depths of darkness. The Mass raised On-High the priests and those in attendance. What power! (no. 175, p. 7, English ed.).
3. July 28, 2005 – Mass in the On-High. Host of Light (no. 175, p. 13, English ed.).
4. September 14, 2005 – The Father's Loving Heart:
 - a) I "saw" my soul in the Father's Heart (no. 175, p. 14, English ed.)
 - b) October 12, 2005 – The little cells or cavities of the Father's Heart (this issue, no. 176, see below)
5. December 4, 2005 – Spirals or swirls of Love (this issue, no. 176, pp. 9-10).

THE LITTLE CELLS OR CAVITIES IN THE FATHER'S HEART

October 12, 2005 – During Mass celebrated by Fathers Victor and Pierre, I "see" in the Father's Heart of limitless extent, the little cells or cavities, oval in shape, and my soul, in the same place, bowed to admire them. I see the center not as a point but as a place, as being the Heart of the Father's Heart. My soul is in that "place" bowed to the left. I am shown with insistence, the little cells or cavities at the bottom, standing vertically and open at the top, the curve of others as we move up, then those that are horizontal to the right and to the left, and finally, those that are at the top with their opening facing downwards. These little cells or cavities in the Father's Heart are of such a soft consistency. I have found nothing in the world that could identify this very beautiful substance.

Up to the present time, I have seen these cells or cavities in a pearl color. This time the color seems pinkish, but it is not really pink. In fact, this substance and color do not exist here below. It is neither a pink or peach color. I "hear": "ROSE DONNA", and I immediately think that this word "Donna" means "Woman" or "Lady". How beautiful! In fact, the color is somewhat like that of the "Donna" roses that have been given us for the solemn celebrations at Spiri-Maria since that of May 31, 2004, but the cells or cavities also seem luminous, and this makes the color even more attractive.

Astonishingly, my soul moves about in the Father's Heart without disturbing anything. Never will I forget either that substance or that color that are indelibly fixed on the eye of my soul. Suddenly, all these cells or cavities lose their form, blending together in one whole. And I clearly "see" this uniform substance that seems malleable and that bears no imprint. It is of a ravishing beauty.

Humanly, I am in the grip of tears of emotion for a moment. It is because I was "shown", in addition, during the Mass, that these little cells or cavities of love that make up the totality of the Father's Heart of Love draw to them all the souls of goodwill from over the Total Earth to make of them ONE. And this "UNITY" is represented by the very soft "substance", so beautiful, in which my soul delighted. Yes, all these little cells and cavities disappeared to form one substance... "HOMOGENEOUS" says the Voice above my head. In fact, I hesitated using that word that I had had in mind. Since Heaven was quick to confirm it, there is a reason for it. I open the [French] dictionary to see the exact meaning of the word "homogène" [homogeneous]. I read the following:

1. Of which the constituent elements are of the same nature.
2. Fig: that presents a great unity, a harmony between its diverse elements.

HEAVEN SEEMS ABSENT... WHAT DETACHMENT! I FEEL SO FAR OFF...

Friday, November 11, 2005 – The days pass; it is all a void. Heaven seems absent. I "feel" a great detachment from everything, a detachment that widens from one day to the next. Spiri-Maria seems far behind me; only the Repository holds me. It is as if I had no part in all of that. And it is the same for the paper *Le Royaume*, the Army of Mary, human beings – all seems so far behind me. Thirty-three years of working on the review, then on the paper *Le Royaume*, and it is as if I had done nothing. This particular evening I say to my Jesus, "Behold your useless servant; all I have done is obey." Yes, I am more and more forsaking the Earth.

A GREAT GREY WALL

Saturday, November 12 – What is going on? While I am feeling detached from everything, far from everything, I suddenly "see" behind me an immense grey wall, so very high, very thick, stretching to infinity on the left and on the right. I am there, alone, on land that seems to me uncultivated; there is not a star; all is barren, empty, in a subdued light; even the earth is arid, without a flower, and my field of vision is limited. Where am I? I don't know, nor do I know where I am going. I have the impression of no longer belonging to Earth.

On the other hand, my heart is filled with love, and the Repository at Spiri-Maria, which I can contemplate by means of closed-circuit television, is my delight. It is to it that I like to turn my eyes while praying, working or during a little relaxation.

"LORD, I HAVE LOST MY LIFE FOR YOU..."

Friday, November 25, 2005, this morning at Mass – My soul is still in this barren place, restricted by that thick grey wall, and the same words come back to me: "I have lost all for you, Lord." And behold, I am intoxicated with Love. I have such love for God, Jesus, Mary, the angels, the elect, the souls on Earth and in Purgatory. Yes, what love envelops them! Suddenly, I think of our adversaries, of all the sufferings of which they have been the cause, and yet I cannot help loving them. I think of certain religious authorities and go on to think of thousands of other persons. How could I possibly hold a grudge against them, detest them, when, through their dealings, they have helped me to ascend more quickly to the Father? I thank them for the hard blows and I invite them to Spiri-Maria. They will be received with open arms for the most excellent of feasts: a sublime Mass of thanksgiving with the singing of the Te Deum. And I personally would not embrace them, for I have been in retirement for more than five years. The Hearts of God, of Jesus and of Mary would unite all of us in the embrace of their Love.

In the course of the afternoon, and I don't know why, on once again seeing my soul in that arid place where there was nothing, limited by the grey cement wall, these words came to my mind: "Yes, Lord, I have lost my life for you – (a moment of silence) –, but I have Love left." Then, like an echo, the first part of my sentence is repeated, followed by a silence, and then I "hear", coming from On-High, "YES, YOU HAVE LOVE LEFT." That fills me with happiness; I possess everything, the purest of LOVE, for Love without the light and without the truth is a love incompatible with the Gospel.

Moreover, the purest LOVE exacts that the soul totally subject its will to the will of the Father, as Jesus did and I also have done all my life, walking in pure faith. The Church, moreover, teaches this law of abandonment in pure faith, drawing its inspiration from Scripture where we learn, for example, that Abraham's faith merited him the title of Father of Believers, and that the faith of Mary obeying the voice of the angel was confirmed by Elizabeth, by the angels and, later, by Christ's Church. So why does the Church have to be the first to attack and condemn the men and women who are called upon to set things right in times of corruption and religious disaffection? That is how it has been over the centuries, but more especially in our time. The Church is reaping what it sowed: the fervor of priests is disappearing, souls are being lost, churches are closing and the world is lost in "corruption, disaster and war".

**MARC BOSQUART'S TEXT:
"ON THE ROCK OF THE CHURCH, THE CROSS
OF THE KINGDOM"**



Marc Bosquart



Modern technology instantly brings the Repository to Mother Paul-Marie's office.

Saturday, November 26, 2005 – This morning at four o'clock, the Office of Readings from the breviary before the Blessed Sacrament. Certain psalms of praise to the Lord are so beautiful that they make me forget other psalms in which we ask God to punish our enemies. How can one address God that way? Should we not love, pardon and pray for those who persecute us?

Mass begins at 5:45 a.m. My soul, alone in its grayish enclosure like a polling booth, relishes the prayers of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin. Suddenly, there passes before the eye of my soul a text by Marc Bosquart which I had forgotten: "On the Rock of the Church, the Cross of the Kingdom". I received that text last April 23, but had put off publishing it, even hoping that it would never be published, because of the last paragraph. But now I "receive" the order to accept it, for apparently the time has come to publish it. Other texts by Marc have been awaiting publication for several years. I have been so aware of the suffering I have caused Marc that I asked his pardon. With great kindness he excused me and, for all that, meetings between us are always very rare. So, this text, it seems, will have to be published; what a sacrifice to make! If only I did not have to see what will ensue! I am beginning to understand why God has "placed" my soul in this desolate spot, bare of everything, in total aridity. If this book and these articles must be published, this will only fuel the terrible assault against me, especially on the part of bishops and priests, to say nothing of the religious communities that have so influenced so many lay people in so many countries. "It will be those of my priesthood [bishops and priests] who will crucify you," the Lord had told me on April 28, 1958 (*Life of Love*, vol. I, chap. 53, p. 329). That has come to pass, but what they are warring against is a Work of God, directed by Mary. It is their Work, not mine; I only obeyed them. As for the grace of November 25, I will finish telling about it after Marc Bosquart's upsetting text which I never wanted to reread.

**ON THE ROCK OF THE CHURCH,
THE CROSS OF THE KINGDOM!**

It is not easy to live divided. Nevertheless that is how we sometimes feel in the Lady's Work – to varying degrees, depending on whether anxiety or serenity prevails within us.

On the one hand, we have very recently witnessed the disappearance of a giant in the history of men in the person of Pope John Paul II, and then the election of a new Pope of the Catholic Church in the person of Benedict XVI. All of that has affected us, has been important to us, speaks to our soul in which our faith dwells and lives. It is the "Church" part of us.

On the other hand, there is the Work to which we belong. We have read *Life of Love* and it has conquered us. We have not closed our heart to the breathing of the Spirit. We have felt, seen, understood (it little matters how, for no two paths are the same) that Marie-Paule is God's envoy for our time, that she has been charged with a very special mission – to establish the Kingdom of God on earth – and that He sustains her miraculously. That is the "Work" part of us.

The difficulty begins with the realization that relations between the Church and the Work are painful, confusing. From our point of view – the point of view of those who believe in the Lady – it is clear that the Church, in its principal representatives in regard to us, has not conducted itself in

an exemplary manner, what with the baseless accusations, the calumnies, doctored documents, systematic rejection, insults, total incomprehension often aggravated by a disturbing refusal to try to understand, to seek for the truth.

On the other hand, from the Church's point of view, it is clear that we are on the way to perdition. Not only are we sliding deeper and deeper into heresy, but we are also heedless people whom no threat can make back down. This is especially true of Marie-Paule, who is apparently a real "danger for the faith"! so much so that there are those who, more or less sincerely, would like to help us, get us away from that deluded "visionary" save us, in spite of ourselves, from that woman who seemingly is placing in peril the salvation that the Church alone has the power to give us.

How achieve discernment? When we read *Life of Love* a flame is kindled in us. This flame, kept going, constantly grows and enlightens us from within. But if we do not read *Life of Love*, if we refuse to read and to know, we prevent the flame from being enkindled, we close our heart instead of opening it. Is it not significant that not one of the main adversaries of the Work has read *Life of Love*? They have limited themselves to a few sentences taken out of their context – and thus incomprehensible, even scandalous – in order to criticize without knowing, to condemn without understanding...

The simple act of comparing their attitude with that of Marie-Paule ought to suffice for us and reassure us. Who better represents the Church? Not in their titles and functions but in charity, the truth, the pardon that is always granted? Who, in the present case, puts into practice the precepts and teachings of the Redeemer?

On one side, there is the Church of Peter – with all its authority, all its power, all its organization – attacking a woman, a simple woman, in retirement somewhere in Quebec, who is a threat to absolutely no one. And on the other side, there is this woman who every day furnishes, to those who consent to listen to her, the proof that she speaks in the name of God. And to tell us what? A thousand things of immense interest, but, above all, that she has come expressly to plant on the crumbling Rock of the Church the flowered Cross of the Kingdom.

And tomorrow, when the wind of history will have swept away the past with its pretensions and resistance, a flabbergasted world will discover that it owes its salvation, its happiness and its future to her whom it so long failed to recognize, the Co-Redemptrix, rejected by the Church and, at the same time, haloed with her presence at the Heart of God!

April 23, 2005

Marc Bosquart

* * *

"... THIS TITLE, 'CO-REDEMPTRIX' "

The Lord's request deeply upsets me; emotion grips me and I can only control it by consenting with much suffering. Yes, a painful Mass. The time came for the Communion of Fathers Pierre and Victor. Then, when Father Victor was preparing to come to me to give me Communion, there came down from Heaven, slowly, gently, the following words: "THE HOUR HAS COME FOR YOU TO ACCEPT THIS TITLE, 'CO-REDEMPTRIX'." At the very moment I am receiving from the hand of Father Victor the host which he is placing on my tongue, the last word, "CO-REDEMPTRIX" is pronounced, and it "falls on the Host". The tears well up in my eyes. The Mass finishes and it is still difficult for me to control that deep emotion. There is silence, but I manage to say to the Fathers, "I'll write down this grace and you'll read it." Then we pass on to various matters concerning the Work.

The hard blows are a pain to the heart but they never make me weep. On the contrary, I am happy over them, for they are the realization of God's Word. But the slightest allusions to the mystery that is being unveiled are very painful to me. If only I had already departed for the hereafter! Fortunately, to soften this torment somewhat Heaven has placed me in the background, thanks be to God!

"HOW ACHIEVE DISCERNMENT"

In his text Marc asks the question, "How achieve discernment?" So often we were told that "discernment" is the prerogative of the Church! When it is a matter of prophecy no one can arrogate to himself or claim to have any discernment whatsoever, for prophecy announces that which will come to pass in a future time, that is, a time that does not yet

exist and that will come with all its changes, its new generations and its particular ways of thinking. How can anyone deny or condemn that which does not yet exist, hence that can neither be seen nor understood? The advice of Gamaliel is always pertinent.

In a Work of God is it necessary to always consult the religious authorities? Fortunately, Mary and Joseph never did.

Certitude and confirmation come WITHOUT SEEKING THEM, when they are least expected. It is always God who chooses His servants and handmaids, and they, inspired in an unforeseen manner, confirm discreetly the divine intervention in a soul of His choice. And both (the soul that has benefited from the divine intervention and the soul confirming this) give glory to the Triune God, in all humility. As an example, let us recall the event of the Annunciation to Mary and that of her Visitation to Elizabeth. The day of the Annunciation the angel Gabriel said to Mary, *"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee... Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called Son of the Most High...."* Some days later Mary received the confirmation of the authenticity of the angel's words, through Elizabeth who, filled with the Holy Spirit, greeted her and said on seeing her, *"Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb... Yes, blessed is she who believed that the promise made her by the Lord would be fulfilled."* And Mary replied, *"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid."* (Lk 1:28-32, 41-48). How sublime it is!

That is how it is in the account of God's Work in *Life of Love*; in it the action of God is constantly being proved by confirmations always surprising, astonishing, beneficent. In the face of that, should anyone be surprised then at the baneful interventions, the incomprehension, the incompetence of certain of those who speak on this subject, tirelessly casting discredit on God's Works and His servants? Ought not the good advice of Gamaliel again be followed?

A PROPHET

So, "in this time which is our time", who then can exercise a judicious discernment in regard to a Work of God? Only the one who, by a special grace of God, is a prophet. Let us apply this statement to *Life of Love*. He who opened the ways and taught us that *Life of Love* is an eschatological work was Raoul Auclair, a man from France, married, a Marian and eschatological author, a producer attached to the O.R.T.F. (Office of French Rediffusion-Television) in Paris.

It sufficed for him to have read the first volume of *Life of Love* to perceive all the heavenly power of it and to see all that would surge forth from it for the Church and the world if the instrument remained faithful to the divine orders. He also grasped the Mystery hidden in a "commonplace" life.

The same is true with regard to Marc Bosquart, a Belgian who was wedded to a Canadian girl in Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome, September 26, 1981, before more than seven hundred pilgrims of the Army of Mary.

It was in the spring of 1984 that Marc was made the depository of a great secret, fraught with consequences, that left him totally and thoroughly disturbed.

Father André Richard of *"L'Homme nouveau"*, wrote to Raoul Auclair, one day, after having read the latter's book, *"Le Jour de Yahvé"*, *"One must be something of a prophet in order to interpret the prophets."* That is how it is with Marc, who, after having read *Life of Love* and with the grace received, wrote two books that caused "THE CHURCH TO REACT VIOLENTLY", as the Lord put it, after the publication of the first book entitled *From the Divine Trinity to the Trinity of the Immaculate* (1985), and before the publication of the second (1986).

THOUGHTS OF SISTER CHANTAL BUYSÉ

Sunday, November 30, 2005 – Sister Chantal has typed my last handwritten pages having to do with the Eucharistic graces and Marc Bosquart's text. I find these pages at my door, on the dawn of November 30, the feast of Saint Andrew whom I like very much. At the same time, she is giving me, in a short note, the thoughts that came to her after having read them.

Magnificent! – Magnificat!

How can we not give thanks for such graces! Marc was right: for a number of years he has been convinced that one day you yourself would have to "make a declaration" on your "being" and your "role", which is what you do in recounting this grace.

More than that, he said that this act (or gesture) would be a

kind of "bull", a "pontifical act", realizing the third Whiteness. It is, in reality, the proclamation of a dogma, something only the pope can proclaim. This article (since your entry into the Father's Heart, that is to say, since the beginning of this series of graces) ought to be the subject of a little WHITE PAPER.

Father Pierre, in the particular role that is his, could sign it, or countersign it; he could be strengthening, like the first Peter, the faith of the Knights through the weight and strength of his commitment, but the fact remains that this had to be written by your hand.

But what suffering for you! We certainly have no idea of it, not the slightest inkling!

Last November 21, I felt impelled to make in a special way, more solemnly, my act of consecration.... We have received so much that it is more than time for us, in our turn, to give... And nevertheless, it is still your LOVE that draws us and pushes us, with such POWER, to give of ourselves!

Love! Sr. Chantal

I had just finished reading these few thoughts when I "heard" the Father informing me thus, while showing me Sister Chantal Buysé, of Belgian origin:

"General external collaborator", and showing me Sister Micheline Hupé, Canadian,

"General internal collaborator"

And right away I see the white paper that will contain the account of the Eucharistic graces. It will be given to our members who will know how to appreciate it and guard it preciously.

These two Sisters had incompatible characters. For years they have suffered and worked hard at their interior reform. Rich in talents, they are very efficient and I never spare my encouragement under all circumstances. When they were there in front of me to learn of their appointment, I saw pass between them a gentle look of spiritual friendship that impressed itself on my heart. What a consolation it is, and what gratitude do we not owe God who opened the ways to such a marvelous fruitfulness in their apostolate, thus rewarding them for their efforts and their will to always go forward towards Him!

The following day, an unforeseen but important task was given them, each in her own field, and they performed it excellently. Thank you, my God!

THE MEANING OF THE CEMENT WALL

Sunday, December 4, 2005 – Mass begins. Father Victor is alone. Father Pierre is absent because of illness. Suddenly I "see" behind me that large wall of grey cement, and I "learn" that this arid place, completely bare, represents my detachment from everything.

DECEMBER 4, 2005 – SPIRALS OR SWIRLS OF LOVE

On this Sunday a fifth grace brings me to explore further the Father's Heart. Let us follow Heaven step by step and praise the God of Love, doing so through Jesus and Mary.

Still during the morning Mass, at the time of the Credo and all the time of the Offertory right to the Elevation, I "see" a very beautiful light which is that of the Father whose Love fills the universe. Then I "see" my soul in a place that is the Heart of the Father's Heart, and there it turns, without stopping, in spirals or swirls of Love. In that place, an incommensurable Love seems to be moving it and it turns, unceasingly, in an indescribable light. Oh! how beautiful and how good it is! Then, close to my soul, I "see", in a position of offering, the hands and arms of Jesus and Mary, transparent, presenting it to the Father, during which time it does not leave off taking its fill of Love, an inebriation from the Love in which it does not cease to turn, always in the same beneficent rhythm of sweetness. Dear Lord! How beautiful, how good! And Heaven – what a reality! May there be many souls there to taste such a happiness!

Many times in the course of the day I wondered why that grace was given me in the first part of the Mass. Up to now, the Elevation and Communion seemed to be the moments favorable to the divine interventions.

It was while relating these facts this evening that I "understood", for it was at the moment of the Offertory that Jesus and Mary presented my soul to the Father and that it savored Love in spirals, in the indescribable light of the Heart of His Heart. What astonishes me is that this grace seems inlaid in me, for I constantly "see" my soul moving in spirals of Love in



Sr. Chantal Buysé

Sr. Micheline Hupé

a light unlike any other, a light that is so sweet and at times tinted with a delicate pink, as well as my soul swirling in Love, an incommensurable Love, while the Father, Jesus and Mary were transparent. I was not daring to write this, but no element of this grace must be cut off from it. Jesus and Mary, their hands and arms stretched out towards my soul, seem to be giving thanks to the Father for the Work accomplished, for such was the Father's Plan of Love.

LOVE, ALWAYS LOVE

December 5, 2005 – Since morning I have been asking myself this question: is it normal to experience so much Love and these graces, or are they concealing from me, for the moment, another big blow? Fiat! Holy Mass was going to give me an answer. The prayer of the priest after Communion was eloquent and reassuring:

Prayer after Communion

"Make fructify in us, Lord, the Eucharist that has brought us together. It is through it that you form, as of now, amid the life of this world, the love with which we shall love you eternally, through Christ... Amen."

And the meditation that closes the Second Sunday of Advent shows us the necessity "to walk in the ways of the Lord":

Meditation

"Let us mend our ways and accept the Lord's salvation. He snatches us from sin, makes us walk in His ways; He accomplishes marvels in us." (Prayer and meditation from the French-language missalette *Prions en Église*, for Monday, December 5, 2005, p. 49)

That reminds me of the words of my father after his death: "There are many wonderful graces awaiting you." (*Life of Love*, vol. I, chap. 45, p. 280, 1956)

QUESTIONS TO FATHERS VICTOR AND PIERRE

After Mass I tell everything to Fathers Victor and Pierre and I question them, for I need to be reassured or better directed.

Is it normal that my soul should be thus turning in that place which would be "the Heart of the Father's Heart", and that it should experience so much love in a place of unparalleled light?

Their replies are favorable and provide me with adequate information. Subsequently I receive rich and diversified documentation. For her part, Sylvie Payeur reminds me of certain graces related in *Life of Love*.

(Excerpts from Mother Paul-Marie's personal diary)

"SPIRALS OR SWIRLS OF LOVE"

Marie-Paule had written, after the grace of September 14, 2005, in which she "saw" her soul in the Father's Heart: "My little heaven has closed." And, as if a part of her had remained On-High, she has felt, since that time, detached and as though far removed from everything, and this was confirmed by the picture "shown" her on November 12, a thick greyish wall isolating her from this world, while she finds herself in a desolate place.

At the Offertory of the Mass on Sunday, December 4, Marie-Paule once again "saw" her soul in the "the Heart of the Father's Heart, and there it turns, without stopping, in spirals or swirls of Love..., in an indescribable light", "at times tinted with a delicate pink", as she was being presented to the Father, as transparent as crystal... This grace remained on the eye of her soul. She noticed in the days to follow that she continued to "see" her soul swirling in spirals in this way in the Heart of the Father's Heart...

Before the novelty of this grace, Marie-Paule had doubts and wondered... Now, this grace entitled "spirals or swirls of love" reminds us of another grace received by our Foundress on February 1, 1973, and recounted in *Life of Love*. It was described as "a Swirling Inundation of Love":

"No words can adequately describe those moments when the soul is utterly penetrated and ravished by the inundation of the swirling torrent of LOVE." (1973, vol. VIII, chap. 47, p. 236)

During Mass the next day, February 2, 1973, the Lord informed her that:

"THIS SWIRLING LOVE IS NOTHING OTHER THAN THE 'SPIRAL OF LOVE'."

Having communicated these words to Father Philippe, he told her:

"As a matter of fact, I have just been listening to the tape recording of a conference by Father Michel Philipon, O.P. and he speaks of that very spiral of love."

FATHER MARIE-MICHEL PHILIPON, O.P.

For a few years, Father Marie-Michel Philipon was Marie-Paule's spiritual director. Having read the first volumes of *Life of Love*, he stated that he had not found any false mysticism in them, and he had encouraged her to continue writing.

At the beginning of 1972, Father Philipon again met with Marie-Paule and her close collaborators. He informed them that, after his visit to Mexico where he was going for the postulation of the cause for beatification of Conchita, he would return to Quebec in the course of the year. After he left, Marie-Paule told Fathers Denis and Victor that Father Philipon would not return, for she sensed his imminent death, although there were no signs of this.

In fact, Father Philipon died suddenly in Mexico on March 19, 1972, and a few days after his death, Marie-Paule "saw" his soul "mount like an arrow to heaven and there it whirled incessantly within the Trinity." She described it in *Life of Love*:

"I had the impression that the Trinity was an immense circle... Within this circle, the soul of Father Philipon was like a small beacon of light whirling about, and it seemed to take all its delight in the Trinity, the rest of heaven seeming to hold no interest for it. Totally centered on the Trinity as he was, did he not spend his life making known the grandeur and the beauty of the Trinity?" (*Id.*, p. 237)

At the end of her mission, when she has the impression of no longer being on this earth, Marie-Paule sees her own soul, this time, whirling about and taking all its delight in the Trinity...

LIFE OF LOVE, THE KEY TO THE SOUL'S SECRET GARDEN

The pages of *Life of Love* are like a key letting us in to our soul's secret garden. It is a treatise of spiritual and mystical life of an exceptional loftiness and depth, presented in a simple, clear and luminous language. It is a unique mystical experience which takes flight before our eyes and leads us, through the author's latest writings, into the Heart of the Father's Heart... Marie-Paule, keeping nothing for herself, teaches us the way to Heaven.

December 12, 2005

Sylvie Payeur-Raynauld

Deep Gratitude

I want to express my sentiments of deep gratitude for and comfort in reading the paper *Le Royaume*.

I am united with all of you in prayer, in the acceptance of the trials and crosses we must courageously bear in order to be faithful to the end. Thank you for this wonderful Work of the ARMY of Mary.

Jacqueline P.-Pedneault

Radio Love

Thank you so very much for Radio Love.

Being unable to go to Spiri-Maria in person on this August 28, feast of the founding of the Army of Mary, I wanted to make an hour of prayer in union with you at Spiri-Maria. I did it at home in the presence of the Eucharistic Jesus through the picture on the web site Radio Love, and I prayed, mediated, and adored Jesus there. I really felt present with all of you. Thank you to all those who work on the preparation of these sites so that we may pray with the help of beautiful things.

Marie-Rose Cyr



Fr. Marie-Michel Philipon, O.P.

NEW ITEMS FOR SALE

- *The Crossing of the Red Sea*, booklet no. 4 written by Father Denis Thivierge.
- Christmas Concert of the Choir of the Immaculate held at Spiri-Maria on December 11, 2005. CD or audio cassette recordings of the selections only or of the selections with meditative texts in French.

Available through your local Army of Mary bookstore or "Le Rosier d'Or"

"It Is the End"

Given the exceptional importance of its contents and its mission in God's plan, in this ending of an end, the issue no. 175 of *Le Royaume* is a unique issue for a determining end, and the light it sheds is dazzling.

Sylvie, obviously guided by the Holy Spirit, has given a masterly summary of the events in a flowing, clear and well-ordered account. Her article, *It Is the End!*, is a real gem of truth and clarity that merits all our praise.

Jeanne d'Arc Cayer