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It was always my desire to write about my breakdown, having suffered from Post-Natal Depression - 27 years ago. I felt an urgency to share and help people having to go through this nightmare. The opportunity to write my story has been made possible at this time, through the grace and Love of Almighty God.

From growing-up I was told to Love God but I was only taught - mostly how to fear Him. So my feelings developed into both Love and fear. Yet it was my deception of God that caused my journey into oblivion. My contrite feelings in my undeserving state. I was unworthy to accept His gift. His greatest gift, the gift of life; of my beautiful baby daughter. As I had hid the knowledge of enjoying the pleasures of married life before the wedding. It was a great secret, I never admitted it to myself so I couldn't admit it to God.

Now I was unable to be consoled, not only because of my deceit but I was unable to ask forgiveness. It was too late! I had my treasure in my arms. And I felt a cheat! So sin and the guilt of sin were running through me like a black thread woven into a carpet. This black thread nearly strangled all the life out of me. Suddenly the impact of my previously rejecting the Love of God and now lost in gratitude to Him; lost in the delights of happiness. With Love uplifting me, I lost my way down - someone was ready waiting to halt my descent, he knew my weakness, vulnerable and sensitive nature, I was open to attack. I was soon caught in the snares of the destruction of evil, by my own guilt; the black thread had the means to destroy me. My living a lie, followed me from one hospital and in two weeks, I entered another.

Weak and frail - not wanting to eat or drink. My family and hospital staff gave me great care, Love and support. There were days of total oblivion. My life was in God's hands. I knew He was there - I was reaching out to Him. The more I look back on this suffering the more

I realise how God had come to me and held me, during my days of oblivion. My second serious breakdown, was during my ordeal of getting divorced. A change of medication began a change in my perception of my life. Soon I was breaking through the shroud surrounding me since the trauma of my Post-Natal Depression. Medication had been mainly responsible for my numb,lethargic response to life; but for my daughter, Sharon, life had been a process of only existing. So with new medication came a desire to live a new way of life. Securing my new life with my daughter wasn't easy. Worry and responsibility weighted heavy on me; again I entered St. Mary's Hospital.

I remember one-night sitting on the floor in my nightie - there was no floor-covering. There was only myself and a bed in the room as I re-call. It was stark - nothing to tell me where I was or where I was slowly disappearing from. The world I was in was alien so maybe this room was in transit. I was suffocating and in torment. My life was slowly starting to bleed - I felt it dripping from me. There were two figures in the joining room. I stood before them rubbing their hand-cream into my hands. Then I was back sitting crouched in front of the bed. No words spoken, no words heard. The bed was without a mattress or any kind of bedding. Exposing its bear springs and solid iron legs and frame. There was something different about this bed. It had a number 33 written on the side of it. I was like a drowning man clutching a straw. Thirty-Three was the age of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, when he died. In my agony, of my life being crushed from me, I wasn't alone. I held on to me and 33. It was only a number but it nurtured my spark and my knowledge of my saviour, keeping the Love of the Light of Jesus alive in me.

I was able to take the nurse's hand as she wrapped my arm in her's, comfort started to envelope me. Closely she guided me to freedom, yet she had no face or particular hair-style. Only her presence will never

be razed from my mind. As we came out of the main doors we turned right to encircle a large flower-bed, on our way back to my previous ward. I suddenly realized I had been buried as the wind touched the left-side of my face. The feel of the air against my skin was like a re-birth. More than freedom of a captive; but freedom the suffering and torment of reality diminishing, fear upon fear would surely arrive, driving unrelenting to the point of no return. But for my Saviour.

To feel air more precious than gold. To feel gratitude beyond my capable words. I live now in a world and it's reality is lost chasing the gold at the end of the rainbow. From where I was gold could not purchase my passage home. So now I look only at the rainbow and see and feel wealth beyond compare.

MY GOD LOVES ME I LOOKED FOR HIM, I SEARCHED, AND I SEARCHED CLOSER, SOMEHOW I MUST BE CLOSER TO HIM. WHEN I FINALLY REACHED THE LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF CHRIST - I FIND I AM ALIVE TO BREATHE AND FEEL AIR MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

From the age of reason - I could choose to follow the destructive black thread or to follow the way of salvation through Our Lord. The black thread is never dormant. Always ready to cause chaos. In our conscience we try to reject it's spread of evil, wanting to consume our lives! Closeness to God has brought me near to my own black-thread. Discerning has meant survival. I have a strong faith and Love for God. Suffering two breakdowns the black-thread has weaved it's way into a vulnerable depressed mind. HOW MANY HAVE FALLEN TO HIS PREY?

Some of the time I spent in hospital was like the torment of hell. Yet heaven must have come through; I could forget my conflict as I arrived home. Only the glimpse of touching and the reassurance of God. His being there, His saving grace.

On coming home to my flat a big part of me still felt empty and I desired to express my feelings. Suddenly I wasn't looking at life

quite the same way as everyone else. I had encountered God! There was no one to tell. No one to fully understand my Love and longing. So back in the reality of life - I wanted more, to know more than getting up and going to bed again. I wanted purpose to life, to know the reason for my existence?

I met Dennis and re-married. I applied for an annulment to dissolve my first marriage. Enabling me to receive communion. During this period of waiting I still went to Mass, and I looked to God, only I feel I kept a low profile.

I still proceeded in my search for something more. I enrolled at college, travelling quite some miles to learn typing skills. I knew then it wasn't office work I wanted; but education was taking me nearer where I wanted to be, and eventually I knew I would find it. Each step in the employment area - was bringing me near this fulfilment. Only what this was I didn't know! Firstly I thought it must be doing a rewarding, fulfilling job, giving me satisfaction; this became my goal. More so if the work was in the unpaid capacity. Only I was paid in full for my voluntary efforts. My joy on my way to those encounters, I wanted to give my time to people needing help but my own heart would sing - I questioned my motives? Was I giving to others or enjoying the spiritual uplifting feeling I was growing in?

So again I was wondering where I was and where I was going to? A book sent to me from my Brother-in Law, Ted Pedder, began to unfold the way. It was an account of the Messages from "Our Lady" in her Daily Apparitions to the Children at Medjugorji. I began going to daily Mass and saying the Rosary. I followed the requests of Mary, Our Mother, moving more deeply into prayer. My involvement with the Church grew. Attending all the spiritual activities. I began a Rosary Group in my own home. This was my delight, somehow the feeling of being drawn to this satisfying joy - I was heading where I wanted to be. So when the opportunity to go to Walsingham came I was really looking forward to it.

In Walsingham God repaired me, through Mary, with the HOLY SPIRIT. The light of reconciliation was shown to me. My belief in my forgiveness; I accepted forgiveness of my sins, from the depth of my being. In there the black-thread, had held me prisoner. Walsingham was the start of my healing process. Against my beliefs and my own rational thinking; negative, unwanted thoughts had been coming in to me. I took them onboard because *I* thought they belonged to me, I'm responsible for them. I could discern and I knew what thoughts were right and what were wrong. I carried this unseen weight - always ready to surface, to hit out and hurt me when appropriate. The devil could almost take a holiday I got so accustomed at carrying out my own persecution.

But Mary, my Blessed Mother stepped in. She came to me during the week of praise and Thanksgiving. At Our Lady's Shrine at Walsingham. Celebrating the New Dawn Conference, giving everyone a chance for a deeper living relationship with Jesus, and to be filled afresh with the HOLY SPIRIT

I was given the grace of great union with Almighty God. I felt great elation sometimes uncontrollably. At one point *I* asked myself if I was in heaven. It started with an upsurge of feeling of grace on the first morning of Praise singing along in union with thousands of other pilgrims. Praying and singing to God. Later that day I was (Slain in the Spirit). This sent my emotions in turmoil - the closeness was indescribable, my heart full of wonderment. Where had I come to, that this could take place, such excitement, it wasn't possible. Little did I know of the ways God can come to us. In the way; Jesus came to me, His presence exposed in the Eucharist. The HOLY SPIRIT overcoming me with such love and power. Our Blessed Lady coming to me, for me to know her as my Mother. The reality of my heaven would soon move.

In like a hurricane, with a destructive force, my torment would begin. It started at the end of my visit to the Conference. At the

end because that's where the devil preys. He pounces on the worn down and vulnerable.

In my hopelessness of packing my case; wanting to give Thanks to God. He bombarded me with every affliction of infiltrating me with unwanted thoughts; during my (Praise of God) putting such hurtful thoughts before my Lord. My hurt was deep, this array of language would not go before my Lord. Lost in my inability, worn down by lack of sleep. Sleep, how could I have slept and put out my joy. Seemingly my gluttony for joy and Grace had a price. Tormented for hours putting things in my case, and taking things out again. Fighting for with no strength. Then I would get up again from my corner. How dare he! This enemy, how dare he! Put thoughts unfit before my King. I sang for strength and to defy him! No, No, I told each thought coming in to me. None I wanted, so none were offered up to God. What I had experienced at Walsingham - I didn't want this nightmare to be part of it. The night was long with no sleep; but God didn't abandon me.

This was confirmed as in my singing I was blessed with the gift of Tongues. My singing was controlled by the HOLY SPIRIT. The length of words and the finishing of a word happened automatically, in other words formed by the HOLY SPIRIT. This was the start of my singing in tongues. The night was long with no rest or sleep but my despair was again to know God's guiding hand. The next night, having began taking medication earlier, that I had brought with me from home, I fell asleep listening to the Saints in Heaven singing, Ave Maria. This beautiful sound continued again the next-day. Coming home was quite terrifying. My health had deteriorated; I was both physically and mentally exhausted, with the devil on my back.

I went immediately to stay with my mother, as my father was ill in hospital. The next-day I visited him. Again I heard the Saints in Heaven singing as I walked through the hospital corridors to see him.

Unfit I returned to stay alone in my own home. Not feeling well I called on my friend who went with me to Walsingham. Fear drove me back and forward to her home. She sent for the Doctor. He was only a G.P. so it was a waste of time telling him any details. He agreed to what I did tell him, it all sounded perfectly normal; in the circumstances (visiting the Shrine) I would be high and excitable.

What met me when I returned home wasn't an empty house. My health at rock-bottom, I witnessed two transparent figures standing a yard apart - right-side of the kitchen-sink. I took fright turned, noticed my dog needed some water. I bent down to refill her bowl. Then hurried out-side, locking the front door. Having no key. Which in itself is another story?

I spent a week at my Daughters, fighting this verbal onslaught of unwanted thoughts. The Consultant my daughter called; predicted if I didn't improve by the end of the week I would need hospital admission. By the grace of God; the help of tranquillizers and rest, I didn't need to go to hospital.

Two years later, again I would have the devil on my back. To give it another name guilt. Is guilt the evil because we use it as harmfully as evil? We resist the evil of temptation to do bad or evil. We ask for God's forgiveness in prayer and confession. Bad distracting thoughts; our guilt of forgiven past sins - the need to forgive ourselves as we torment ourselves with past sins.

Inner-Healing, May 95 was to help me escape from my prison. The prison of my lifestyle that I had created. My dependency on my parents, brothers, sisters and my daughter also the Parish Priest. My life was all intertwined with theirs. From Walsingham I was looking for a way out of my prison - I wanted to be better; I owed God something for this marvelous feeling of faith in things unseen I had witnessed. My family didn't understand. I was bubbling over at an alarming rate; like the magic porridge pot and I couldn't keep the lid on it.

I was like a sponge, going to anything with a spiritual theme. Day-

Retreats, Rosary Rallies, Rosary Retreats, Pilgrimage to Holy Places. I absorbed, the main experience was there Healing Gift to me. God was strong in his presence at these times. Others couldn't see my union and the effect of His presence - only my extreme behaviour I went to Minister Acres, Retreat Centre and came home with the strong desire to start a Rosary Group.

This was done with great love to Our Lady. From October to May, each Wednesday, I prepared for a small group to recite the Rosary in my Home. When it finished I had a great feeling of accomplishment and a sense of peace.

I fought on several sides to maintain the group, how I wanted things to be. The Parish Priest and members of my own family gave me no encouragement; in fact just the opposite was true. The Rosary Group, I knew was destined to be prayed in our Church. In May I organized an outing to pray the Rosary in St. Mary the Virgin Church, on Holy Island. On it's return the Rosary was recited in our Church, The Holy Rosary.

The year before I brought Christina and her two children, Amanda and Danielle into the church. Danny her husband now also attends Mass. This was my greatest achievement. Talking to the family about the Love in the Light of Christ was such a delight. Again this was not without opposition. Some of my family made it known to me; this was the priest's role. The time I spent in the field of God was questioned. The Rosary was nearly always under attack. Nothing I could say regarding faith had any merit. My talks of Walsingham, of the out-pouring of the HOLY_SPIRIT were mainly encouragement to criticize, the (Slaying in the Spirit). Tirelessly I defended what I had seen and heard. I knew it was useless to try and share things of a deeper meaning.

I flew closer to God and I did follow him at every venue, not to mention Daily Mass. One of the requests of "Our Lady" on her appearance at Medjugorje, 15 decades of the Rosary, Confession and Fasting. Overall to try to be a better person. I tried to answer her call. Not always

successful but in my heart I really tried.

I have known God's presence so close in my troubled state at times clinging to Him. My triumph has been my quiet realization of the power of Almighty God running through my veins. The Spirit of Jesus coming through me with such great Joy, I cried, it was too much to contain and too much to describe.

I have received many gifts from God. They help to strengthen my faith. To allow me to see what is valuable in life and what is not. My gift of the writing through the HOLY SPIRIT and my gift of hearing God in my heart - He is open - I can give myself to Him, no clouds in the way. I listen for direction, I long for the time I can be consumed by His Love. At my first attempts at praying the Rosary, I felt at moments of being held by God. This has increased and now I go deep where I don't search; I've found my longing - I've found the Love In The Light Of Christ.

God came to me by showing me things of relevance for what He wants me to do. Also through situations and people. This enables me to do His WORK. A showing of Gold Rosary Beads with many decades. A multi coloured Cross, all the colours receding into the Cross-, like a kaleidoscope. My bracelet had reflected a second bracelet, next to it, on looking further the second bracelet went down past my arm and into the ground, through the coat I was sitting on. On the right side of me was group of Lego shaped destroyer ships - opening the front or the ships, devouring - in open and closing. Above was a mutilated baby with another not properly formed inside it. Above also four fingers, first showing from the hand to the knuckle, then appeared the knuckle up to the finger nails, moving slightly up and down. The third showing of the fingers were the tips of the fingers, red with unsightly sores covering them.

This showing had a great impact on my life. I was to be shown many things in my pursuit of Almighty God. I continually see the Shadow of God's Love coming from my crucifix and many other objects. I also witness a lemon lattice and lemon lines covering my kitchen walls.

So with insatiable love I sought my meaning - if only I could have kept a clear head. From Prayer Groups to Rosary Rallies I enjoyed my fortune. Open to the world, I must have been easy prey.

I had learned from a priest in confession as he made reference to distracting thought - and I realized suddenly, who it was giving me these distracting thoughts. There was only one culprit, the devil. So they weren't mine - the devil was distracting me!

For years at Communion it took great effort to keep my mind on the Blessed Sacrament because of the battle to keep thoughts at bay of behaviour hidden, even from God. At the point of getting close to God, guilt would be the devils advocate and psychologically batter my hope of peace. My Parish Priest told me to 'Offer it up to God, don't hide things or put them to one-side. Offer what is troubling you up to God.'

I did just that - and the weapon used by the devil is in God's hands. Now I withdraw into a nearness of God when praying the Rosary. Lost in prayer my Communion with my own self uniting my Communion with God. For no one else has loved me as He Has, I belong to Him. I was born with original sin. The black-strand was there from my beginning.

As time goes on I came to know how far this strand goes. There must be areas totally safe from its workings? I would say no! My carpet is never free from it! It's the way I was made. I no longer fear the temptations and obstacles of the devil. I have a feeling of love in my heart and I know at the end of the road He is waiting for me. I would put myself into no else's arms but His - no one can I love and trust the way see and feel for The Lord. In my search for the reason, Why am I alive; I have found that God is Love, continually coming down to us, never taking His Love away from us.

I was often criticized for spending too much time praying, never praised. My own Catholic family were not loyal to my cause. Or the people I prayed with most Wednesdays. I think too much fervour has scared them off. I can think as an individual. This is how I believe God made me. I don't need someone or a group to tell me, what is in my own heart, it was in taking his criticism that caused my greatest pain. Pain I knew, because of his love and goodness his intention was not to hurt; he did not have the depth of insight to continue his growth of understanding of me. To be of help to continue my journey of faith.

My faith snowballed until it eventually collapsed on top of me. The Inner Healing Conference ended in a nightmare. I dismissed my sister Margret, my only ally in the family, to go back home to Barton. I hadn't seen a lot of Margret over the years so her own view wasn't distorted by the family. She supported me in my journey of faith and we looked forward to the Conference.

Now Humpty Dumpty had fallen - some how in the Gladwyn Hotel, Scarborough, things started going horribly wrong. There was no rest from singing in tongues, praying, pleading for God's help. I came under attack from demons. The unrest started, I was imagining there was something in the room. It continued with the feeling there was something bad taking me away from God. So I had to fight it. Some how they were in the room. They weren't saying or doing anything but I felt I had to defend and get rid of them. Like a windmill I was battling against the wind. In my struggle I looked in the mirror, there was a cross imprinted on my forehead. This reassured me but not I had to get back in the battle.

Next-day, Margret was happy to pack her bags and get home the best way she could. I rang Dennis, my husband to come for me. In the mean time I remembered there was Mass at the Conference. As I left the Hotel, walking down the street, with only a carrier-bag as I had disowned most of my belongings to the Hotel-room. I began to re-live the previous days reading from Masss. "A man should leave his mother,

father, sisters and brothers to work for Christ." This was my intention but after walking a mile in the rain; I was not a pretty sight on arriving at the Conference. Mg. Buckley, the organiser of the Conference, wouldn't have me. Worn out, near collapse of my senses, I experienced God's Grace; through the kindness of a lovely Irish family. They showed real concern for me, a total stranger. While we were waiting for Mass to start; I was slain in the Spirit. A priest took my hand, held it for a moment; then declined and put it back.

My Communion was beyond words; my mind was too far gone to relate my experience. In other words I'm keeping my thoughts at Communion to myself as no one else could possibly understand them. They came with me to hospital and figured in the turmoil there for a few days. Later they would give credence and great insight into my Journey of faith.

My surge of Grace was sorely needed that I received my being slain in the Spirit. I went back to the Hotel after remembering Dennis was coming for me and Mg. Buckley had rejected me. The Hotel Landlady, which she wasn't, a (lady) more a witch. I waited for Dennis at her front-gate, between periods of walking up and down her street for hours. I did knock on her door and asked to use the toilet and managed to get a cup of tea. We had paid for the accommodation that night but in my mind I only wanted to distance myself from the whole place. Dennis came insight as I continued my vigil on the street corner. I've never been so happy to see anyone in my life. Waiting and walking up and down with just the strength to hang on to the threads of life Mentally I wasn't functioning. I was starting to feel alienated. People seemed different, I needed support at every at every level. Dennis was magnificent, he couldn't do enough for me. He found the right Bus Stations, as they had been changed duration of the weekend.

The right Bus Stations seemed like the wrong ones to me. In just a few days they seemed totally different. I knew of course it myself that had changed. I wondered what had went wrong? Things had went terribly wrong.

Relieved to be with Dennis the two bus journeys home were a nightmare. I had started taking tranquillizers over the last two days, but still I knew this was a journey I was taking on my own. And I wasn't sure where I was at or where I was going; traveling but totally lost.

Monday, the next day, I took off for my mothers, one of the things that was going on in my mind, was the look of desolation regarding everywhere. I can only describe it area somehow that had been taken over and there were only a few people left. As I passed only a small groups as I went by them like a train. Everything seemed stark and still; nothing seemed alive. I believed at this time things would never be the same again.

My mother was out when I arrived. I saw my sister and brother-in-law as I walked back home. Marie tried to stop and speak to me. I quickly pushed passed her. I didn't want her involved in this horror that was taking place.

A living nightmare ensued during the night. I was experiencing one of "The Three Days Of Darkness". Dennis gently got ready for bed making everything right as best he could. I was looking at a different world. I wondered how my friends, Christina and Danny were coping. I had lent them the book, "Three Days of Darkness". Now this darkness was upon us.

As Dennis slept I lay with my arms outstretched. My daughter, Sharon's Communion Medal in one hand and in the other a religious Medal. I was ready for my foes. I boxed all-night - my daughter would be here soon, I would confide the secrets of the faith, she was my only daughter I couldn't die without telling her of the true faith; I had defended the faith! When I would go she would seem older, she would have the responsibility of carrying the knowledge of the truth of what life is all about.

Morning came upon us and I dropped my armour. Dennis calmly went about making breakfast. I couldn't sit still long enough to eat it.

Soon the Doctors would come and there wasn't much of me very still. I couldn't lift my eye-lids and had enlikend this dark fuzz, unaware it was my eyelashes, as some dark veil hanging over me. Dr. Crawford was a lovely gentleman. There was another Dr. but I can hardly remember him, only that I wasn't very impressed. Dr. Cock, my own woman Doctor was a dream. She worked miracles before I got to hospital. By her gentle charm and knowledge. I'll forgo my thoughts on going into hospital; only to say the ambulance crew were very kind and helpful.

I was of the clear opinion my hospital admission was to die. This was without a doubt. My battle of spiritual warfare has left me weak.

There wasn't much left of me. I couldn't tell the Doctor I was dying - my soul was dying. If I didn't attend to my body it would die also. Although I had died for my beliefs my body might not rot, so I might be put in a glass case?

From the admission room, the next few days are oblivious. I felt GOD had disowned me. So when I died I would go in a box. My soul would burn in hell. I wouldn't see my family in heaven. I felt the burning and the pain of hell, not through my physical form; but through the heart-ache of not to go forward with Him. I could see the red and orange glow ready to consume me. This gave me great fear. But to live without the LOVE OF ALMIGHTY GOD has nothing, not even fear. I stopped praying in case these prayers were wanted by the devil as GOD didn't want me.

Suddenly I realized GOD still LOVED ME. I asked him for one more day - to see my daughter, the last time I saw her, I asked her to make my funeral arrangements. This time I was a bit off-putting; but death wasn't mentioned. The third-time, as always, she came with her cousin, Marie. To-day Marie had brought her lovely baby, Caroline and we sat and ate a picnic on the green. The sun was warm, with a soft breeze; we made daisy-

chains and Caroline made us all laugh. Every-time I slept, I woke feeling better; proving the LOVE OF GOD'S HEALING POWER. Working through the staff at St Mary's Hospital with-in three weeks I was well enough to return home. On coming out of hospital there were changes in my life and in my own awareness of seeing. Seeing with a greater clarity - understanding of what God was saying to me. He built a wall of protection around me. I has to place many people at the other-side of it including my Parish Priest and some Parishioners. I began going to another Parish.

I loosened the ties with my family - giving me more freedom in my life. From GOD coming so closely into my life, I followed what is being asked of me. I WRITE and PRAY. Mostly friends enjoy my writing about the love of Almighty God. I offer my prayers of the Rosary, for the love in the light of Christ; for the WORLD. My other prayers include; praying for mothers and babies, born and unborn; the Pope, the Departed and my family. At 3 0 Clock prayers for the atonement of Christ's Suffering.

I felt GOD was asking me to go to KNOCK over the last few years. I eventually went to KNOCK with Dennis. A Knock was a feeling of heaven coming down to meet earth. Confirmation that heaven is there for us. My union with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was taking place. The strong sense of Grace overtaking my senses - losing myself, only with an urgency of wanting more. Of being overwhelmed by the Spirit, the presence of GOD, wanting to swoon in His Love - making a strong effort not to give in to this luxury. Keeping upright at all cost. Never getting tired of the place - the devotion of the people and the priests and the services - continual worship and prayer.

I feel KNOCK; has taken all the places and all the parts of my life and put them all together. All my suffering has been part of my reason and purpose of life. In my pain I found GOD and my union with the sufferings of Christ. I enjoy the Spirit of Jesus living within me - guiding me and I wake each day with my purpose. And still the battle goes on. There are days when the devil tries to crush my very breath from me. The suffering I endure allows me to know Christ is there at the end of the road. I suffer

as an oblation for my Love I offer Libation for others to Love Him.

I saw and I was a little kight. I kept looking for fuel for my light. It's brightness is beaming - I'm unreal, my heart is full, expanding and glowing. I have found my sculptor - I can speak to Him, and beyond, my wildest dreams, He answers me.

Suddenly at the beginning of the New Year again I was caught in the snare. Behaviour I couldn't control, as I repeatedly performed the same actions . Round and around - from the kettle to the sink from the sink with the kettle, to the cupboard in a vicious circle.

I was unaware what was causing this and
underlying my-ability to

break free from this? In the bedroom from the drawers to the wardrobe. No way to find clothing only in and out - picking-up, putting down clothes. NO BEGINNING, NO END to this torment, no words could describe. I knew things were in a nightmare situation. But how? This was my prime concern. How had I got in this state? This question would not leave me - I wouldn't let it!

I considered, I needed help - Dennis put things into gear for help. It was (In the name of St. Mary's Hospital). I wasn't as ill as in May 95. I was packing my bag I would have toiletries this time. I have I became quite ill again not to be compared with my illness last May.

I had already undergone certain experiences (quite terrifying) weeks before I was admitted to hospital. They became a sort of immunity. As I began experiencing these ordeals in hospital - I could make sense of very frightening situations.

At times unreal and unexplainable. My ability, through the grace of Almighty God, to view from the TREE TOPS. I caught the confusion of the patients and the care of the Nursing Staff.

I continued my pursuit of questions, Why? - from the beginning all t? way through. On admission, I kept moving, unable to stop as I might lose my thread of life. Slowly I was coming down from my high-seat in the stars. I had touched heaven and I was unable to give GOD any peace.

Always wanting my soul renewed. THIS WAS LOVE - THIS WAS LIFE -My interest in my own hemisphere was slowly going out.

So maybe GOD allows THE DEVIL TO WAKE ME. So torment followed in followed in terrifying ways. I was equipped to sustain and show to GOD that I could only endure for HIS LOVE. BECAUSE HE ENDURED WITH ME.

THINGS WERE ALIVE I WAS ABSORBING HIS LOVE AS NATURE WAS HELPING ME ON MY WALKS IN THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS, in my undeserving state, of getting my view of life.

He brought me from THE DEPTHS OF SHOEL TO AGAIN TAKE MY PLACE IN THE BATTLE TO COMBAT EVIL.

Ann Compton