

A deep experience which changed my life.

In the year 1972 my Prov. Superior Sr. Justin asked me to prepare to go to a camp in Alberta during the summer period. She said that after the 2-week camp at Wabman, Alta. I may stop at Lumsden Sask. for a ten-day directed retreat which will be conducted for a certain religious women's order. I was delighted because we normally make an 8-day annual retreat and here I will have two more days.

After the camp was over I took the flight to Regina and a friend of mine drove me to Lumsden. I was introduced to my director and settled down.

The first two days of assigned prayers filled me with consolation. I kept thanking God for this period of prolonged retreat. Then, on the third day the director, a Jesuit priest said that on the following day he will be away because the Jesuits will be celebrating their founder's Feast, and so he will assign more passages for me to pray on until I see him again.

Well, the next day my day was dry. I started thinking that maybe I should go outside to pray as I stayed in my room too much.

So I went out, walked, sat under a tree to pray, but no consolation, try as I could I found it difficult to concentrate, and so was the whole day.

After supper I said to myself, "I'll go and wash my hair and maybe I'll feel better, will be able to pray, because usually when I wash my hair I feel better."

So I came into my room and started to prepare for the washing job. But, all of a sudden I did not want to wash!!! What's this? What's happening with me? I was perplexed!!! Then, I was bombarded with negative thoughts:

"You thought that you were praying well the last days, well you were not, it was just because you were excited about the ten-day retreat. Who knows if you will persevere in the religious life?"

This frightened me!!! Then another; "Who knows if you will remain a Christian?" Oh, this almost paralyzed me as I have heard of such cases that people lose faith.

Then a thought came to me, I remembered that in my novitiate my mistress told us that if anything bothers us and we feel helpless then we should go to our superiors and share the situation. Right then I made a strong resolution to tell the priest next day all that was going throughout the day. Another negative thought came: "Are you going to tell all this stuff, aren't you ashamed of yourself, it's just your imagination". I replied: "I don't care how I'll feel, I'll tell everything even if I have to close my eyes." Again I resolved deeply to do so. At this point all left me and I experienced deep peace. I washed my hair and rested until 11:00 o'clock before midnight at which hour I had to make another hour of prayer. This time my prayer assignment was to pray on "Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane". It was a very peaceful prayer, I was in compassion with Our Lord, making resolutions and asking for help to be always faithful.

In the morning I wanted to pray before breakfast so I settled down and looked at the assigned passage. It was "Peter's Denial" I tried to visualize the scene - then, all of a sudden, the screen

flipped over and I was back in the Garden of Gethsamane. This time I was not a human being but a big brown blob. Jesus was kneeling by a huge stone with his elbows on it, he was twisting and turning in great pain. I was about a yard away and watching him agonizing and wondering what was going on, why is he suffering. I could not understand anything, being a blob, I only had 2 eyes which looked at Jesus and wondered.

Next, Jesus gave a big sigh of relief and looked up to heaven. It was pitch dark only a bright light tunnel appeared between Jesus and heaven. Jesus lifted his head and said "Father, I've been thinking about it, let's not go with my suffering and death because it will be of no use, as you see, she will not know the price I'll pay. Let's call it QUIT. But what ~~what~~ do you say Father?"

There was a long pause. I started trembling because until this period I had some kind of a fear of God the Father since my childhood, thinking that God was the policeman, watchman always looking for my mistakes to punish me.

I always prayed to Jesus, thinking that He is in the Trinity and will intercede for me before the Father.

The pause seemed so long that I feared I will hear my condemnation.

Next I heard:

"No, my son, let us go on with our plan, for, 'I love her, she was in my plan for all eternity.'"

- Oh, - what a change!!!

I felt and experienced that my whole being was changed. I experienced love I was loved - unconditional love.

I looked at the clock - it was exactly 1 hr, the end of the prayer prescribed.

I got up and went to chapel to thank God for His Love. I pulled out a book to pray some psalms but the words seemed as for a kindergarten, I had more in my heart.

Later I went for breakfast and everything before me was a gift from God. I thanked for the food, for the people who grew the food and prepared it. After I went outside and the same continued, the sun was so pleasant, made in love for me, the grass and flowers.

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around, so beautiful and all for me with great love.

It's been almost 50 years since this experience and I still experience God's Love in everything.

I submit this with deep gratitude to God for letting me know how Good God is, that He is All Love.

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