

Mouse's Witness

I was born in Schenectady, N.Y. (1962) into a family of 7 children (I was number 8). My mother and father divorced when I was a year old. The supernatural was part of my life from the very beginning. We lived in what people call a haunted house. All my family could tell you of unbelievable stories and I am no different. To say I played with ghosts is no lie, to say they watch over me also is not an untruth. We were very much Catholic, and went to Church every week.

God was a special part of my life as a child. I went to Catholic school and believed all I was taught. Most of it was Pre-Vatican II, not because I went to school before then, but that the nuns at Saint Paul's found it hard to change their beliefs.

In Nov.,1971 my sister Monica Flis and her boyfriend Mike died of carbon monoxide poisoning. I was 9 yr. old and I was the one who found them dead. They died in our driveway on a Monday morning. They often talked in Mike's car after their dates, many times falling asleep. So on this morning all thought that is what happened. But when I looked out the window at them a terror feeling filled me. I knew something was very wrong. Being a nine year old brat no one listened to me. I couldn't pull myself from the window that morning. One by one I watched all my brothers and sisters leave that morning.(For work or school) I watched them all walk passed the car without a care or a worry. Soon all had gone except my mother and I. Still I knew that something bad was going to happen, that they weren't sleeping.

Then it was time for me to leave for the bus and I walked out the door knowing my life was going to change. The air was thick with the smell of the running car. As I peered in at Monica and Mike I was so puzzled. I pondered every detail for a long time, I had never seen death before. I didn't even know what to call it. A very Powerful force was within me, telling me what to do. Explaining all kinds of things to me, that I was to tell my mother, to force her to listen to me. I was not to let my mother find them alone. Now I now that this force was the Holy Spirit and I am grateful for all His help that day.

So I was the one to make my mother find out the truth. As my mother opened the car door their bodies fell out. Before me I watched my mother lose her mind. Up and down our street my mother ran. Screaming and pulling out her hair. Up and down , screaming and screaming. One by one I watched people look out their windows at the sight before me. But no one came out to help in any way. So I was the one to call on the phone to get help. (Thank You Holy Spirit for the strength to do what had to be done. Amen)

That night my dead sister came to me in a vision. She came to warn me of a most terrible time a head for me. That I would suffer much, that it was God's will. That God had sent her to me to warn me of the time ahead. She told me that God would watch over me in this suffering. I was so filled with joy that God had sent me a message that the warning brought no fear at all.

The next morning I told everyone that Monica came to me. No one believed but years later my brother Jim told me Monica came to him that same night. She came to comfort him in his grief. He wanted so bad to touch her but Monica said God would not will it. (I did not see Monica like Jim did. I only received her message.)

Three months after Monica death her message started to come true. My mother took only me and moved to Florida. The other children where old enough to live on their own, others lived with my father. Only Jim would come to live with mom 4 months later. My mother started to become mentally ill, for she could not live with the death of Monica.

When I was 12 Jim was off to collage in Ga. When Jim was out of the house this would open the door

to my mother's illness. For 4 years I would suffer such terrible abuse. My mother became insane and tried to take me with her. I became Satan to her, she believed I killed Monica. She believed I was evil and I was to be punished by her for all the evil I was. Day after day she beat me emotionally and mentally. I was told I was wicked, evil that I was worth nothing. That I was the cause for every torment in her life. Etc. Etc.

I loved my mother, she was all I had left in the world. After time I started to believe all she told me. With all I suffered I remembered Monica's warning and I knew that God had warned me of this time.

I could not even start to explain the utter hell lived in without this witness becoming 100 pages. Believe me when I say that the places I been to no human should ever visit. And I pray much that no one suffer the torment I had to go through. Within these years my mind was drawn towards God. Knowing that these pains where God's will made them no easier to carry.

The key to my whole life was the prayer I prayed very often. At the end of each day I would lay in bed filled with inner torment. I wanted so much for someone to love and hold me. So I turned to God. "God," I would say "I know you are busy and I don't want to be a bother to you. But please could you just hold me. I don't ask for the tortures to go but I do ask you to help me endure them." Then I would pretend I was in God's arms and within his bosom I would weep my pain to him.

I tried not to move very much, for I believed God didn't love me but was just putting up with my weakness. (My mother's brainwashing affected my relationship with God.) Some nights if I was very brave I would ask God if He loved me. "God, I know you love me, people say you do .but if I could just hear you say it I would follow you all my life. "Many night I prayed this prayer. Unknowing to me how well God heard.

My mother's abuse got worse and she got it in her mind she was to kill me. She came after me with a butcher knife one day. I jumped fences to a friends house. After I calmed down I saw my mother calming walk up and tell the adults I was suffering from a mental illness and not to believe anything I said.

This was what my mother did all the time. She could be totally sane to everyone but was crazy around me. The moment we got home my mother told me to never do that again or she would kill me for sure. "I know now," she said "you are to fast for me So I will kill you when you sleep." To say the least I spent every night awake. I would hear her come to my door late at night after going to the kitchen . "I'm awake" I would yell. She would then go back to bed. In these days I kept count of every knife and when one was missing I would get very scared. I slept with a knife under my bed for a year and I knew I would kill her if she tried to hurt me. I prayed to God for her to stop. After a year she did stop the late night walks.

This was around the time when the torment within me reached it's limit. I could no longer endure this hell and I wanted it over. I prayed for God to take my life. That I trade heaven for nothingness. I wanted to never have existed. The pain I felt was so unbearable, I yearned for nothingness with all my soul. I prayed and prayed and prayed all night. I begged God to end it, "God I have done all that you have asked me to do. I have lived out this hell and torment without a complaint. Please if there is any pity on me grant me my non-existence."

Then in a moment God's Spirit filled me. A wave of great love embraced me. I took this as a sign that God had said yes to my prayer. I was so filled with joy at the thought of never waking again. I fell asleep in such peace. When I woke up the next morning, I fell a thousand steps in my heart. I was so hurt that God wanted me to endure more pain. That I couldn't have just one pity from Him.

That day I was on horse back when I saw a forest fire I look up at God and said, "This is how you want me to die ,I am not worth a death of peace. I can see now you will let me die in fire. " With great joy I

rode into the fire. Flames were before me. I was ready to ride in the flames when a bearded man walked out of the fire and stood in my path. He looked right into my eyes and spoke in my mind. "God does not will this" he spoke.

I pleaded, "Don't make me go back, get on this horse and take me away, but please don't make me go back." Again he spoke within my mind "Kathy, you are appearing to act as crazy as your mother says you are." With that I turned the horse around to leave but my eyes were drawn to his again, there was so much love for me in them. "I don't know who you " I said "and yet I feel I do, but you have saved my life and I thank you." I kind of believe that man was Jesus, for his words were a fire in my mind and heart. I knew him yet I had never seen him before.

When I got home the Lord gave me a Mercy. I fell into a void, a place where I no longer could hurt. I could no longer feel, it was like I wasn't in my body. I don't remember anything of this time. I know my mother still abused me I just don't remember it. I don't even know how long I was in this state. I know that I was able to function in school, but don't ask me how or what I learned. I would spend much of my time looking into nothing, not thinking, feeling, a kind of a non-existence. To my mind I was a nothing . . . I was worth noting. I had no love not even God's, heaven was a wish never to be thought of. Happiness forbidden, death to wonderful for me , pain and torture was all I knew.

Then one day in a moment all this void was broken. The Holy Spirit rushed within me and put a new thought within me. "What am I doing?" I jumped up out of my seat and yelled "Thank You God." I was filled with life for the first time in years. It was like being raised from the dead. It was instance I was filled with a power, strength, joy, etc... I ran out of my room straight to my mother. "You can no longer hurt me," I said "God has lifted the time set for me off my shoulders." My mother though she tried could no longer hurt me again. All her abuse never affected after that.

God really broke the chains of bondage.(Thank you Sweet God.)(NOTE: I have forgiven my mother for all she did God gave me the grace to do so. My mother has blocked out these years, she remembers nothing. She now is a happy and healthy person.)

The devil soon found a way to deceive me. I was tricked into thinking that I found this power within myself. I fell into witchcraft at the age of 15. I became a very powerful Witch. I even had the power to call a storm within 5 min. from a blue sky. I know you may find this hard to believe, but there are many who I scared to death. I was well known by all my peers. The worse sin that I ever did was to believe with all my heart that I was more powerful than God. Satan gave me so much power and filled me with so much deceit.

But to me Satan was not in the picture at all, I believed I found this power within my self. Then one day there was a race riot brewing in my school. I put out a large spell on the kitchen table. It was a spell against the devil himself. I wanted Satan away from my school, for I knew many would be hurt. I always in the past put away my spells before my mother got home. But this day I forgot all about it. When my mother walked in she became enraged. Her eyes were fire, she smashed every thing on the table in a rage. It was her words I will never forget for it was Satan speaking to me . "How dare you use the power I gave you against me..." Then the deceit fell, I was the house divided to Satan. I ran to my room threw out all witchcraft items. I told God I was sorry and that I would never do it again. I was really filled with such happiness, because I knew it was God who let me forget that spell. That it was God who let me hear Satan's words, and He cared enough to break Satan's hold on me. I was way more grateful, than sorry. It was like God forgave me before I even knew that there was sin.

To show God that I Changed my ways I wrote a 1 Act play called "Two Sided" In it there was God, Satan and the Freedom of Choice. It was a play to make people think about who they are choosing in their lives. It was perform within my school and for our County. By it the Drama department received more money from the state, showing that Drama also encouraged the Writing as well as acting. On

March 28, 1978 (I was 16) I was with two friends talking about the play. We were wondering what God thought of it, seeing how it was wrote for him. Then all at once the room was filled with God's presence, we all looked at each other we all knew He was with us. My friends up and left . I was all alone with God, His presence came so close to me. He said "I love you Kathy" In a flood within me I remembered all the times in my hell I asked Him. I remembered how I asked to hear the words and that I would follow Him all my life. In a second He answered them all. How I wept to hear the words I so desired hear for so long. From that moment on my whole life was the Lord's. For other's take for granted three little words, but to me they were a treasure I thought I could never have.

For 6 months the Lord's presence stayed with me. Those months were so wonderful to me. the Most joyful time in my life. I found my very best friend and I enjoyed every moment. I read the Bible and prayed everyday. I became on fire with my joy, I became God's preacher and I told all of what God had done. I drew all my friends in to a relationship with God. All got caught up with me as God's Spirit took me. I felt like Jesus often, for my friends would come to listen to me talk of God and what I had learned. I had visions, dreams, prophecies, etc. Everyone of them were so special and filled with my friendship with God. Example: I had a vision, I was in a large desert dried bones were all around. God was above me as I looked around. "Kathy," He said "What it you see ?" "I don't know, what it is My Lord," I replied, "But it was one heck of a war." God laughed.

It wasn't until years later I found that vision in the Bible. Then I laughed too, for God had honored me and my reply was funny. When the six months were over God told me His presence would leave me. "Your heart will break" He said. "No it won't God it is not like you really are gone." I replied. But the moment He left my heart did break and I wept greatly. God told me before the grace was taken that He would return with His presence in 10 years. (NOTE: though this all was wonderful, I was filled with many spiritual errors. I know now that is why God took the graces away.

In the next year I still did all I ever did. preaching, reading, praying, etc. I taught and helped people to give God a chance in their lives. Many listened and I spent every moment in service to God's people. Within my self though I suffered a broken heart, I had fallen so deeply in love with God, and His presence was like a kiss from my beloved. How I missed His smiling face and all the laughter we shared.

Then on March 28,79: 1 year later) I was on the beach with Mark Howard (He was a dear friend) We were reading the Bible like we often did, out loud to each other. It was 9:00 PM we were sitting in His car. I was reading (out loud) Revelation" about when the moon turned blood red. When I got to that line Mark stopped me. As I looked at him he was white as a sheet, he was pointing to the ocean. "Is that the sun?" he asked. "It can't be" I said "it is 9:00 PM" In the sky it looked like dawn was breaking. Then out of the ocean rose the reddest moon I ever saw. Blood red. "Kathy," Mark said " you just read that line out of the Bible." "No way ..." I yelled. I rolled down the window and yelled up to God, "I a not going to believe this, God. This could just be coincidence." With those words, the red moon turned bright white and shone out the largest white cross. It took up the whole sky. People ran on to the beach and were pointing to the shy. Mark and I were so awed and we knew the cross was given to us. I was filled with the Holy Spirit and ran out of the car jumping. The cross was one big "I love you" to me and it was God's most wonderful sense of humor.

God knew I wouldn't believe the red moon, With the white cross it was like he said, "So Kathy are you going to believe this?" There could be no doubt with the cross. God greatly honored me that day in front of creation.

In 1988 the 10 years I had to wait was over and it was time for God's presence to return. For 40 days in this time I suffered great spiritual pain and torment. In 1978 God told me I would suffer with Satan and how well he was right. Dark Night of the Soul they call it (Catholics). It was a living hell, and God how

I never want to go there again. God in His joy to have me back faithfully poured out His gifts to me. Deep Unions with Him, His Holy Spirit within me. A deep Faith in Jesus which I never had before. Visions, dreams, Union, etc.. Everything within me has changed, my life for the most part is spent in the Bliss of heaven's vision. Truly no human has any right to such joy and love. Now I am a mystic, so they call themselves. With God's gifts I suffer loneliness, for no one sees what I do. I have found very few people who have such experiences with God. Who have held their Beloved within themselves . The MOST WONDERFUL gift I have is God our Father . His Spirit has made me a small child before Him. I even call Him "Daddy" in prayer. Believe me God's grace has made Him Daddy to me down to my very soul and heart.

Truly Father and Jesus has made there home with me. I awake and fall asleep with them. Ever are they before me, in such joy and friendship. God's Spirit draws me to really live as a child with God. In prayer I am in their arms finding rest and comfort within their embrace.