

LETTERS OF GOLD

From the House of the Divine Will

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ANNOUNCING THE THIRD FIAT OF GOD

*The Recall of the Creature to the Order, the Place,
and the Purpose for which it was created by God*

"That which I say to you about my Will is but the development of our Decree, made from all Eternity in the Consistory of the Most Holy Trinity, that Our Will must have Its Kingdom upon the earth; and our decrees are infallible; no one can impede Us from effectuating them. As was the Decree of Creation and of Redemption; so, too, the Kingdom of Our Will upon the earth is our Decree." –

(Jesus to Luisa Piccarreta - Oct. 2, 1938)

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Saint Hannibal Maria Di Francia!!

Pietro Cardinal Palazzini who spent more than 30 years of his life working in the Sacred Congregation for the Causes of the Saints, once said that the Beatification of Blessed Hannibal Di Francia (1990) would go well for Luisa Piccarreta's Cause of Beatification. Now, we have Saint Hannibal Di Francia. He was canonized by Pope John Paul II on May 16, 2004. Cardinal Palazzini, now in Heaven, is undoubtedly celebrating, for he loved Luisa and was writing a biography of her before he died several years ago. The canonization of Fr. Hannibal Di Francia will surely have a most favorable effect upon Luisa's Cause and the eventual, general acceptance of her writings by the Church, which is even more important than her Beatification. Our Lord promised Luisa that these writing would transform the face of the earth, and be the instrument for the long-awaited Reign of the Divine Will on earth as in Heaven. [Note: As of this writing Luisa's Cause of Beatification seems close to going from the Archdiocese of Trani to Rome, perhaps this summer.]

Saint Hannibal was born to an aristocratic Italian family on July 5, 1851, in Messina, Italy. His father died when Hannibal was 15 months old. Early in life he developed a great love for the Eucharist. Realizing a call from God, he became a Priest and worked among the poor, establishing many orphanages. He also founded two religious congregations: The Rogationists of the Heart of Jesus and the Daughters of Divine Zeal. Saint Hannibal was a personal friend of Pope Saint Pius X, who strongly exhorted him to publish the book, "*The Hours of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ*" by Luisa Piccarreta. He actually published four editions of that marvelous work.

Saint Hannibal knew Luisa for 17 years. He was her special Confessor and often celebrated Mass in her bedroom, which was allowed by special permission of the Pope. At some of his Masses, he was assisted by other Priests whose causes for sainthood are now in progress. In his later years, Archbishop Joseph Mary Leo of Trani, Italy, appointed Saint Hannibal as official Censor of Luisa's writings. In the Fall of 1926, Saint Hannibal granted the 'nihil obstat' to the first 19 volumes of her incomparable work, known as the "Book of Heaven." Archbishop Leo granted the 'imprimatur.' Saint Hannibal died after some months of serious illness on June 1, 1927. Luisa had started Volume 22 that very day, having completed Volumes 20 and 21. She would go on to write another 15 volumes, making a total of 36 volumes. These 36 volumes explain in divine detail the words in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven." Indeed these writings might be considered the Divine Commentary on God's own Prayer, the "Pater Noster." They are sublime to divine excess!!

House of the Divine Will

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(The House of the Divine Will is a private home. The editor of this newsletter is Mr. Thomas Fahy)

During his last illness Luisa was very concerned about him and the fate of his work to publish the writings of the “Book of Heaven.” And after his death, Luisa continued to think about Saint Hannibal, and the glory she wanted him to have if he had been able to publish these writings after having devoted so much time to preparing them. She was also naturally concerned about the fruits of her long years of suffering to put these writings on paper as they were in Messina, being studied by some Priests associated with Fr. Hannibal; and she was uncertain about their fate.

Jesus responded to Luisa’s concerns by telling her that Saint Hannibal had been given a very great mission regarding the Divine Will, and because he did not finish his mission while on earth, he would finish it from Heaven. Jesus explained that Saint Hannibal had brought to Heaven the deposit of the good of the knowledges of the Divine Will that he had acquired on earth, and that in Heaven he would comprehend them with more clarity; and that he would pray and make all Heaven pray that the knowledge of the Supreme Fiat be known on earth.

Jesus also asked Luisa if she thought that the memory of Fr. Di Francia, his many sacrifices and desires to make the Divine Will known, to the point of initiating the publications about It, would be reduced to nothing only because God brought him to Heaven. On the contrary, Jesus said that Fr. Hannibal would have the first place, since, by coming from far away, he sought the most precious thing that can exist in Heaven and on earth, the thing that will give Jesus complete glory on the part of creatures, and that will bring them the totality of goods. Jesus reminded Luisa that Fr. Hannibal had prepared the ground for making known the Divine Will and that he had spared nothing in the way of expenses and sacrifices; and even though the work of publishing was not completed, by even just initiating this work he prepared the way so that one day the work of the Divine Will in the midst of creatures could be known and have life in them. Jesus told Luisa that no one will ever be able to destroy the fact that Fr. Di Francia had been the first initiator in making known the Kingdom of the Divine Will—even though his life on earth came to an end before the publication of the writings were completed.

[Here it seems appropriate to say something of what Jesus also told Luisa about her own mission: He told her that her mission was extremely long and that it would have to be completed in Heaven. She would have much to do in Heaven for the sake of the Kingdom of the Divine Will on earth. He told her that she would be doing nothing but descending and ascending from Heaven to earth to help establish this Kingdom, and that this would give her great delight and happiness and highest glory. And Jesus told her that she would see the glory of her Creator completed on the part of creatures, divine order reestablished on earth, and man return to his proper place of honor. And He told her that the Holy Trinity would give her the name of Redemptrix of Their Will, with the role of mother for all the children of the Divine Fiat.]

One day at a certain moment, Luisa found herself outside of her body looking for Jesus; and during this experience she encountered Saint Hannibal, who was all cheerful. He told her about the beautiful surprises he found upon arriving in Heaven. He told her that he had thought that he had done well by publishing the “Hours of the Passion,” while he was on earth, but he was astounded when shown the enchanting scenes containing the words of that book. All the words pertaining to the Passion of Our Lord changed into lights, one more beautiful than the other, and that those lights grew more and more as people on earth did the *Hours of the Passion*. And Saint Hannibal was even more surprised when he was shown the few sayings that he had published about the Divine Will! Each of these sayings changed into a sun; and these suns invested all the other lights with their rays, producing enrapturing and enchanting scenes of beauty. He told Luisa that she could not imagine his surprise in finding himself in the midst of those lights and suns, and how content he was and so thankful to God.

Here are some things Saint Hannibal said about Luisa:

“She wishes to live alone, hidden and unknown. For nothing in the world would she record in writing her intimate and prolonged communications with the adorable Jesus.... She did this only because Our Lord Himself commanded her many times, either personally or through her spiritual guides, to whose

authority she always submitted, in tremendous violation of her own will. This soul finds herself caught up in a colossal struggle between an irresistible love for the hidden life and the inexorable dominion of Obedience, to which she was to submit absolutely. Obedience always reigned supremely in her life."

"[She was] a fit instrument for a sublime mission, to which no other can be compared, of the triumph of the Divine Will in the universe, as prayed in the Our Father: *Fiat Voluntas tua, sicut in coelo et in terra.*"

About the writings of Luisa, Saint Hannibal said they were:

"Sublime, with examples worthy of the divine Creator..."

"In many ways these revelations open new horizons, not yet contemplated until now, concerning the mysteries of the Divine Will, and about operating and living in It. And one thing is certain: even before arriving at the complete knowledge of what it means to operate and live in the Divine Volition, one who reads these writings cannot *not* remain enamored with the Will of God, and *not* feel new strong impulses, and a divine commitment to transforming all of himself in the Divine Will."

"To the three degrees of uniformity, of conformity and of transformation, this new doctrine adds a fourth quality which encompasses everything, which has not been expressed by any writer until now, but which somehow hovers in Sacred Books, especially in the Psalmist and in the Apostle of the gentiles. And it is: to operate completely *in* the Divine Will."

About '*doing*' the Hours of the Passion, he said:

To "do" an Hour of the Passion means to read it attentively, meditating on it, contemplating it, making it one's own life... It is not just remembering and compassionating the sufferings of Jesus as something that happened many centuries ago in a far away place; but rather, it is, first of all, to enter into the Divine Will, in which everything is present and *in act*, and to participate in the interior acts and sufferings of Our Lord, which are present and *in act* at this precise moment, so as to repeat His life within us, to grow in His likeness, and to pour upon everyone the infinite value, merits and effects of His Passion.

OCEANIA 2004

Promoting the Reign of the Divine Will in New Guinea and Australia

(with the permission of the Bishops of 10 dioceses)

Having been invited to Papua New Guinea and Australia, I departed from Jacksonville, Florida, on Sunday, February 1, 2004. I had asked Fr. Robert Young, OFM to join me, and he agreed to meet me in Brisbane, Australia, when I would return to Brisbane from New Guinea on February 18.

I arrived at the Jacksonville airport with a free ticket to London. This was the return portion of a free ticket which had been given to me almost a year before. However it was necessary to fly on "stand-by" basis. That Sunday was a day of many travelers, of whom a large number had returned from ocean cruises to the Bahamas or the Caribbean. This resulted in my missing two flights to Atlanta, where I would catch another flight on Delta Airlines to London. Finally after many hours of waiting, I caught a flight to Atlanta, only to miss the London flight by 12 minutes. This situation required my getting a hotel room near the Atlanta airport and waiting 24 hours to catch the next evening's flight to London.

So, on the evening of February 2, 2004, I caught my flight to London, and was fortunate to be given a seat in First Class. This allowed me to sleep fairly well over the Atlantic, but as we arrived in the vicinity of the airport in London on the morning of February 3, I noticed that my throat was quite sore. This progressed into a cold, which dissipated a few days after my arrival in Australia while at "Joseph's Place," a hermitage located about an hour's drive south of Brisbane. But first, I would spend a short time in Berkshire, England, west of London with a good friend, Paul Cunane.

Paul picked me up at Heathrow Airport and drove me to his home in Berkshire. We had a very pleasant visit, and Paul invited me to stay over night at his home where we had a meeting that evening with several people who are interested in Luisa Piccarreta and the Reign of the Divine Will, including a wonderful, young Priest, who also stayed over night and offered Mass the following morning. After an interesting day in Berkshire on the 4th of February, Paul drove me to Heathrow Airport for an evening flight on Qantas Airline to Singapore en route to Brisbane, Australia. Interestingly, Paul, who is a flight attendant with British Air, had a flight to Hong Kong at almost the same hour as my flight to Singapore.

So, on the late evening of February 4, 2004, I left London for a very long flight (23 hours) to Brisbane, Australia via Singapore. We flew over the Netherlands, northern Germany, southern Sweden, the Baltic sea, Lithuania, Belorussia, Russia (passing not far south of Moscow), and some of the nations whose names end in 'stan,' including Afghanistan and Pakistan. I was able to see what I believe to be the Himalayan Mountains, then we passed over India and the Bay of Bengal, heading south over Malaysia and landing, after 12-1/2 hours, in the city-nation of Singapore, whose airport is one of the most beautiful in the world.

After a three-hour layover in the Singapore airport, I was able to continue my flight to Brisbane on another Qantas flight, arriving about 6:30 AM. The customs procedure in Brisbane was rather difficult, and it took so long to get through customs that I was beginning to wonder if my host for the first two days, Bill King, would still be waiting for me. But, he was there as I entered into the lobby area. Bill drove me for about an hour and fifteen minutes to his country home in pleasant, pastoral hills north of Brisbane. Bill's wife, Regina, was waiting and fixed breakfast for us. After a while, I got some sleep.

The next day, Bill and Regina took me to St. Michael's Church in Brisbane for Mass and for a day of presentations on the Reign of the Divine Will. At the end of morning Mass, the Pastor asked me to make an announcement to the congregation about the presentations to be made in the social hall after Mass. The presentations went from 10 AM to 4 PM and seemed to have gone well.

Afterwards, I left to head south to a hermitage called "Joseph's Place," owned by Geraldine Ryan. A very nice lady was kind enough to drive me there from Brisbane. I was treated very well at "Joseph's Place" and stayed in a cabin near a very beautiful chapel. Every morning I would have the blessing of being awakened by the laughing cries of kookaburra birds at 4:30 AM, except one morning when they overslept, and I was awakened at 4:45 AM!

We had two good days of presentations on the Divine Will at "Joseph's Place" and I also got some valuable rest time there. I left "Joseph's Place" early in the morning of February 11th, with Geraldine and her friend to have breakfast in Brisbane with John and Sue Carrol. Then John and Sue took me to the airport for my flight to Port Moresby, which is in Papua New Guinea.

The flight to Port Moresby took about three hours, but getting through customs was an ordeal, because PNG (Papua New Guinea) requires new visitors to obtain a visa. A separate line for those requiring visas was formed, with only one agent processing the visas. After a long wait, I finally got my visa, but only after an additional wait at the cashier to get local money (kinas) to pay for the visa. Consequently, I was the last or almost the last person to enter the lobby, wondering if my hosts in PNG would be waiting. Thanks to God, they were waiting with generosity and smiles.

I was met by John Ban, Guy Joris, and a small, smiling man whose name is Michael. John Ban is a native of PNG and a businessman. He is also the head of the Charismatic group in Port Moresby. He had gotten permission from the local Bishop for me to speak after the Charismatic healing Mass that evening and again on my return to Port Moresby from the jungles. Guy Joris is from Belgium. He lives in the jungles of the PNG island of Bougainville with his Belgian wife and four children. It is Guy who had invited me

to Papua New Guinea. It is a long story of how he came to PNG mainland some years ago and ended up on the volcanic, jungle island of Bougainville. His story would take too long to relate here. The important thing is that he has learned of Luisa Piccarreta and the Reign of the Divine Will and had succeeded in obtaining books of Luisa's writings and had been teaching the natives in the jungles of Bougainville about Luisa and the Kingdom of the Divine Will. The diminutive Michael is a native of PNG who assists John Ban in the work of the Charismatic Movement there.

My smiling hosts took me to the very nice Holiday Inn, where I had a room for the night and evening meal. About 6:30 PM, my hosts picked me up at the hotel to take me through the city of Port Moresby to Our Lady of the Angels Church, which has a roof that slopes down to open sides. There were about 300 native New Guineans at the healing Mass that evening, and most of them stayed for my talk on the now coming Reign of the Divine Will. The reception of this good news seems to have been enthusiastic. My fine hosts brought me back to the hotel, where we had some time together in the hotel restaurant area before my retiring for the night. Guy and two of his daughters stayed at John Ban's home that night. In the morning Guy, his two daughters (11 and 16), and I would fly to the jungle Island of Bougainville.

We flew on a Boeing 737 Jet for over an hour northeastward across the southern part of the PNG mainland and across part of the Solomon Sea to an airport near the former city of Rabaul on the island of New Britain. Rabaul was devastated by a volcano not too many years ago. After a short stop, we flew southeastward to the airport at the town of Buka, located on the northern tip of the volcanic, jungle island of Bougainville, for the start of quite an adventure for me, none of which my host, Guy Joris, dared to tell me in advance.

Buka is actually located on a small island of its own, separated from the main part of Bougainville by a channel perhaps ½ mile across. At the airport waiting for us was Guy's wife, Denise, and their small daughter, Deborah, and one of the native men, who had accompanied Mrs. Joris to the airport. There were perhaps 100 natives at the airport, most of whom seemed to be there just to watch the airplane come and go.

We loaded our bags in a van driven by one of the Bishop's native assistants. (Bougainville has its own Bishop.) We bounced, bumped and swerved for about three miles over a washed-out dirt road, which had some remains of asphalt pavement here and there. We turned into a muddy path up to a complex of a few buildings, one of which was the Bishop's residence. Another was a school. Rough looking outhouses served as toilets for the school. After 20 minutes or so the Bishop drove up dressed in civilian clothes, and we met him briefly, but he seemed very distracted about something. A little later we were given a ride back over the same washed-out road to a motel of sorts, which had a room of sorts, and a restaurant of sorts. Yes, it was hot. It was February and summer in Buka, which is located about 5 degrees below the Equator. Believe it or not there was an air conditioning unit installed high up on the bedroom wall, which worked whenever the electric power was on and available. For those readers who know me, I am able to handle heat much better than the cold, so I managed pretty well in the heat of Papua New Guinea and Australia.

I got up fairly early the next morning and took a short walk. I was having misgivings about whether the Bishop of Bougainville had actually given permission for me to speak about Luisa publicly. My doubts were based on some conversations I had with Guy and others the night before. Therefore, I asked Guy, when he got up, to arrange for me to go see the Bishop before we left for the trek down the island of Bougainville to the location in the jungle where he lived with his family. We got the lady manager of the motel to agree to take us to the Bishop's residence and drop us off. We would have to find our own way back to the motel. The Bishop was home, reading his office, and he greeted us warmly. Guy had some matters that he wanted to discuss with the Bishop. I got an opportunity to ask his blessing and to explain my purpose for being in Bougainville. He asked a few questions and gave his permission for my talks in Bougainville. Actually, only one talk would be of a public nature. That would be after Mass on Sunday.

My other talks would be private ones at Guy's place in the jungle.

Fortunately, we didn't have to wait long for a ride back to the motel, due to the Bishop's assistant heading that way in the same van that had picked us up at the airport.

Back at the hotel we got all our bags ready for the trek ahead. We had bags for Guy, his wife, three daughters, myself, and their native friend, who had come from the jungle to the airport with Guy's wife and their daughter, Rebecca. Guy and Denise also have a son, Emmanuel, age 14, who was in school in one of the villages about 21 kilometers from their home.

We finally got all our bags, etc., in the motel van and were driven down to the channel where several open boats with little outboard motors headed rapidly toward us, competing to take us across the channel to the main part of Bougainville Island. Bougainville is geographically the northernmost of the Solomon Islands but is juridically separate from the other Solomon Islands, belonging actually to Papua New Guinea.

One of the competing boats was selected, and we began packing our bags, etc. in the boat. I managed to avoid getting my feet wet, and we headed across to the shore across the channel, where there was a small, gray Toyota pick-up truck with driver waiting for us. We off-loaded our bags, and once again I managed to avoid getting my feet wet. We had to wait about an hour to get started on our way to Guy's jungle abode. Mrs. Joris and the native friend of the family went to one or more of the stores in the community on this side of the channel to get a month's supplies of sugar, flour, canned meat, paper products and many other items to load in the Toyota pick-up along with all our baggage.

During that hour's wait, several of the natives, most of whom knew Guy, came up to greet us with their childlike, happy dispositions. Several of the men were chewing a mixture of betel nuts and ground limestone, which made their grinning mouths look very bright red-orange!

Finally, Mrs. Joris and the native family friend came with all the provisions, which were loaded with all the baggage. The driver and one of the natives who would be riding with us covered everything with a tarp and tied it tightly to the truck with ropes. Soon, we would be on our way, which turned out to be a 12-hour adventure, which would have made Indiana Jones hesitate and swallow hard, before starting.

I got to ride First Class! I sat up front next to the driver with a large box shoved between my legs because there was no more room in the bed of the pick-up. No wonder! In addition to the month's provisions for Guy's family, all the baggage, a big spare tire, there were NINE people in the back! There was Guy, his wife, three of his children, and four native men. Adding the driver and me up front, there were 11 people in and on that little but mighty truck. I say mighty truck because of what we were to experience that day. Thanks be to God, the truck had four-wheel drive and two gear ranges!

It's 10:00 AM, Friday the 13th of February. Off we go, heading eastward at first on a dirt road, so rugged that I felt that the truck couldn't possibly last more than a few miles! But last it did – a credit to the Toyota engineers. Bang, bang, bump, bump, bang, and then, after having turned southward for some miles, we came to a large, swift flowing river. Down the bank of the river I saw another Toyota pick-up truck. But it was out in the water with men in the back, heading across the river! About that time I heard someone from the back of our truck setting the locks on the hubs of our front wheels. We were now in 4-wheel drive and heading down the bank to follow the first truck in the river to make our crossing! Soon we were in the rushing water, heading stealthily across to the other side. I grabbed my camera and got off a quick shot from the middle of the river. Within a short time we were safely on the other side.

That would be the first of 38 rivers to cross that day. 16 of those rivers had no bridges! We also would cross countless streams, most of which had bridges over their short spans.

The Island of Bougainville is quite large, actually. It has two volcanoes with adjoining mountains rising to 5000 feet. It is a thick jungle with tens of thousands of coconut trees, cacao trees, papaya trees, mango trees, banana trees, and countless variety of other trees, ferns, and flora of many kinds.

After about 2-1/2 hours, with a few smooth patches of road, we came to a resting place after driving through one river. We had a rest and a snack and then headed on southward until we had a flat tire. Not long after the spare tire was mounted we bounced along in a driving rain, which not only soaked the nine people in the back of the truck but also our baggage and part of the provisions. What about the tarp?! Well the tarp had cuts, cracks, and holes. Finally, about 3 PM we came to a Tee intersection. The road to the right and left was paved because it was in the vicinity of a copper and gold mine up the mountain to the west. At this juncture we had the option of asking permission to take a shortcut over the mountain, heading westward through the private mining property owned by a native man. The mines were no longer operating due to an insurrection and civil war in the early to mid-1990's. The shortcut was guarded by barricades and armed guards. The other option was to head eastward for some miles, then turn southward and follow the rugged roads around the southern tip of Bougainville and back up the west side of the island to the tiny jungle village where Guy lives with his family.

In the rain there were some negotiations with the armed guards protecting the property of the defunct mines. The guards agreed to let us take the shortcut over the mountain after we went eastward to a town where there was the home of a native Catholic Priest to get dried out. So we went in the pouring rain to the Priest's house where we off-loaded everything from the truck to dry out as much as possible and those who were soaking wet had a chance to get themselves dry. The driver and another man went into town and got the flat tire fixed (Good thing!) and bought a new tarp.

Meanwhile the rest of us rested in the living area of the Priest's house and shared some rice topped with some kind of green, leafy, native vegetable, which the Priest had cooking on his stove.

After a couple of hours we reloaded everything and covered the provisions and baggage with the new tarp. The rain had stopped. All 11 of us retraced our way to the armed guards and barricades and were waved quickly through. We were now heading westward via the shortcut and it was getting dark. Our driver sped up the road, which would take us up and over the 5000-foot mountain. I noticed a gap about 1-1/2 feet wide going entirely across the road. There was a steel plate covering part of the gap. The driver sped across it with just a couple of inches to spare to the left side of the truck.

Further up the mountain road we had another flat tire. It is quite dark now. The men with flashlights were able to change the tire in about half an hour. It was providential that we had gotten the last flat tire fixed during our drying out break. As we started up again, it was pitch dark. We noticed another truck ahead of us without headlights. Our driver stayed close behind that truck allowing the other driver to see ahead with our headlights. Finally that truck took a left turn in the dark and we went to the right. Soon we were parked in the blackness of the night, while two men ran off up some trail. I didn't know what was happening but was content to keep quiet for half an hour. Then I got out of the truck and asked Guy, who was standing at the rear of the truck what was going on. He said some men had gone to get Fr. Louis, the local Priest for that area, who apparently had a place where he was staying up near the top of the mountain. Finally, Fr. Louis arrived in the dark and introduced himself to me. He decided not to ride along with us to Guy's place that night but said he would come the following day when our driver would come back for him.

Now begins a section of this jungle trek that would induce stark terror, at least in me! But I kept my mouth shut and just lived wide-eyed through the experience.

The mighty, little Toyota pick-up truck with 4-wheel drive and 2 gear ranges was about to meet its end with all 11 persons aboard—at least that was the obvious conclusion for any normal person. Suddenly we

were precipitating down the rocky west side of the 5000-foot mountain, following the traces of what had once been a treacherous road of sorts. This ordeal would last at least an hour, perhaps even an hour and a half. It seems to me that if this kind of terrain had been in the USA, there would have been a chain-link fence barring the way, with a large sign stating, *“Entrance into this area is strictly forbidden by law. No federal or state money will be spent to recover the remains of any trespassers who are insane enough to enter this territory.”* I am sorry, I can’t describe it. Oh well, maybe I can try to give a little idea of it. Here goes.

It is pitch, black night. The headlights reveal a steep rocky slope over which our little truck chatters and vibrates for a considerable time. Our path eventually turns sharply to the left, and some time later we level off with a canyon on the right, ravines on the left, boulders and huge holes everywhere, passages through ravines scarcely wide enough for the truck to pass through, and then only by tipping the truck precariously sideways. On and on we go with stops and starts and with various other obstacles to deal with. Then I see a narrow passage, barely wide enough for the truck. There is a canyon on the right, a ravine on the left and a chasm directly ahead with wooden boards spanning the five to six foot-wide chasm! The driver would have to steer directly across those boards without going to the right or the left of them more than a very few inches! He didn’t even slow down! We made it! Now our path was fairly level but strewn with mud holes requiring expert manipulation of the steering and gearing.

In general, the way of our travel improved considerably for a while. We even hit a stretch of paved road. Then suddenly the driver veered off to the right onto a dirt road then stopped. He stopped because the road ended, both the paved road and the dirt road ended. I heard one of the men locking the hubs on the front wheels. We were back again in 4-wheel drive. Then, peering into the dark, with the help of the headlights, I could see a very steep bank heading down to a good-sized river. The steep, muddy bank was covered with boulders and holes. Certainly the driver didn’t plan to go down that embankment! But that he did! There was no other way to get where we wanted to go. The tortured truck and backbones of those in the rear of the truck were soon making their way through the river currents to the other side.

After more miles, with rolling, jungle hills and valleys, we came to a settlement where the father-in-law of one of the native riders, whose name is James lived. We stopped for a break, and James got off to spend the night there. After a while we continued on, and eventually arrived in the dark of the night at another bridgeless river. We had to negotiate a large mound, causing the truck to lean precariously to the right; and there before our eyes was someone’s truck stuck in the middle of that river. Our driver and one of the men in the back quickly hooked up a rope to the stranded truck, and with a series of trial and error maneuvers, the other truck was pulled out of the river, much to the joy of its driver.

Now, it was our turn to enter that river and make our way across, which we did, but uncertain where the road continued on the other side. The driver found the proper exit point, however, without too much trouble, and we were on our way again, rather speedily, in fact.

As I recall, we eventually had to cross one more bridgeless river and then, in the darkness of the night, the driver made a wide, arcing turn to the right. He began making his way down two trails divided by tall, jungle grass. One trail was for the right wheels of the truck and the other for the left wheels. Even though the jungle grass was very high, the ride seemed smooth enough, at least for a while. Then, O my gosh! A huge, impassable mud field loomed ahead! I knew we were doomed to spend the night stuck in a big mud-hole. But, incredibly, the driver managed to lurch and sway the truck slowly through this miasma, using the two gear ranges and the four-wheel drive system. Then we had another stretch of comparatively smooth riding with darksome jungles to the right and the left, only to arrive at another huge, “impassable” mud hole, which the skillful driver negotiated as he did the last one. Finally, after one more huge mud hole and a bridgeless creek, we turned to the left and up slightly to a clearing in which there is a tiny, native village with their reed huts, a couple of stronger, two-level buildings, and a reeded and thatched, open-sided meeting ‘hall.’

It was 10 PM. We had started our pick-up truck, jungle trek 12 hours earlier! We entered Guy's dwelling, which was one of the two-level dwellings. There was a small kitchen, without running water. In an "L" to the left was a small dining and sitting area. A couple of native men were waiting for us, but due to the lateness of our arrival and our fatigue they left us to ourselves. One of these native men was Thomas, who, not sure of my arrival date, had walked for two hours through the jungles, for three consecutive days, hoping to meet me and learn more about the Reign of the Divine Will.

Guy asked me what kind of music I liked, as he had a CD player, powered by a battery and solar panel on top of his dwelling. I told him I liked classical music, which he had on CD and played for me. It was Beethoven as I recall. After a while it was time for bed. Sleeping was done on the second level, which one enters by way of an external set of wooden stairs. Guy's family had given me the little bedroom with mosquito netting, normally used by their 16-year-old daughter, Naomi. So, while I was there, all the family slept in a larger area, side by side, on mattresses laid on the floor under mosquito netting.

The next morning, most of Guy's family had arisen. I got up and going and asked Mrs. Joris where the 'bathroom' was located. She told her 14-year-old son, Emmanuel, to show me the toilet facilities. He led me across the little native village, through a flock of chickens, into the jungle, where a large pig lumbered by, and, a little further on, we took a highly vegetated path to the right and came upon a clearing where I sighted the toilet facility! It was a rusting, corrugated, circular metal structure about four feet in diameter, with some holes cut in it for ventilation. There had been a door of sorts incorporated into this 'facility' and I managed my way through it to find a damp, earthen floor with a wooden box and an appropriate hole over a presumed pit. There was no cover on the hole, when I arrived that morning. I suppose someone had forgotten to replace it. But the following day the rusty metal cover was there. When I removed it, a dozen or more black spiders scurried away!

Having made my way back to the Joris residence, I asked Mrs. Joris where to wash my hands. She took me outside to the corner of the house where there was a metal barrel collecting rainwater from the downspout descending from the roof gutter. Across the top of this metal barrel was a length of metal gutter set at an angle. Mrs. Joris showed me a bar of soap and a plastic cup. She instructed me on how to wash my hands with running water, by dipping the cup into the barrel of rain water and pouring the water from the cup into the length of slanting gutter over the barrel, and then by running to the end of that piece of gutter I could catch the flowing water with my hands and the bar of soap! So I had been mistaken on my arrival. They did have running water after all!

I also learned how to have fresh fish for dinner and where to take a Saturday night bath. There was a very winding, little creek behind their abode, which served both purposes. In fact I did have fish for lunch on Saturday. Eleven-year-old Esther caught a fish for me from the creek. Concerning the Saturday night bath, I decided to take it on Tuesday night when and if I returned to the Holiday Inn at Port Moresby on the mainland. I say if I returned, because I was beginning to have some doubts as I listened to the torrential rain on Saturday night (maybe it was an approaching typhoon?), and no pick-up truck had arrived as expected to take us to Sunday Mass in the morning. We had no telephone, no TV, no internet, no radio, no newspaper, and maybe no transportation. I thought about those 38 rivers we had crossed and that horrifying trip down the 5000-foot mountain. I prayed not to get stranded there, thinking about all the meetings scheduled ahead in Australia. All night, while I slept on and off, I heard the loud and strange sounds of frogs. Their sounds were like that of cars one hears during the night passing down a city street with a loud rattle.

In the morning (Sunday) I spoke in a serious tone to Guy about the necessity to start preparing some way for me to leave the jungle and return to Buka in time to insure my scheduled flight out on Tuesday. But that part of the story is for later. Lets return to Saturday morning, after I had learned how to wash my hands with running water.

Two of the older native men arrived on Saturday morning. One was Thomas, mentioned above, and the other was Joe. The four of us men—Guy, Thomas, Joe, and I would talk about Luisa and the Divine Will

for several hours that day. I was very impressed with the knowledge all of these men had and their intelligent questions. I was even more impressed with their childlike hunger for and appreciation of Luisa's teachings on the Reign of the Divine Will. Even though the natives spoke a type of Pigeon English, they understood the English I spoke. Guy had obviously done a very good job of helping them and several others to understand the significance of Luisa's writings in the "Book of Heaven." I couldn't help but be reminded of St. Padre Pio's prediction that Luisa would be known all over the world in the Third Christian Millennium. Here she is known and loved in the jungles of New Guinea, just a few degrees south of the equator!

Back to Sunday morning. Guy seems to take my concerns about being able to exit the jungle seriously. There was a large vehicle, donated by the Belgian government, on the property. It was designed for installing electric power poles in difficult terrain. It was cumbersome and uncomfortable for driving and riding, but it was a vehicle and had lots of room in the back. Guy soon found that it was low on fuel, but there was enough to get to Mass in a village about 21 kilometers away and where more fuel could be obtained. Finally, we got going. I was to learn that 10 AM Mass actually started whenever the Pastor decided enough people had arrived. This Sunday, Mass would start at 11:20 AM, so it did turn out that we had time to get there for Mass.

Well, we lumbered away. Guy was driving. I was put in first class again, up front next to Guy. Guy's family was in the back with one or two of the native men as I recall. Soon we were in one of those great mud holes that we had passed through on Friday night. We got stuck! But did manage to get out reasonably quickly. Then we were met head on by the pickup truck we had expected on Saturday. I don't know just how he did it, but the driver of the pickup truck managed to get around behind us and follow us through the other mud holes we encountered. At one point, just before crossing through a bridgeless river, we encountered about 15 or so young native people of both sexes getting ready to cross the river on their way to a village where there is a school and where they would remain during the week, only to return to their places in the jungle at the end of the week. Guy motioned to them to pile into the back of his large vehicle, which has a canvas top. They did, and off we went through the river, bouncing up a slope, and along the earthen tracks with the high, jungle grass in between, until we intersected another earthen road of improved quality.

This road would take us across the bridgeless river where we had extracted a truck from the middle of that same river on Friday night. However, as we started along this road, Guy suggested that I get into the pickup truck, which had been following us and had swung around beside us. He felt that I could get to the Church more quickly in the pickup truck and would be available for whatever the Pastor decided about giving a talk on the Reign of the Divine Will to the parishioners.

I arrived at an open field where there was a rather large open-sided church. I had plenty of time before Mass as it turned out. I met the Pastor, Fr. Louis Lobosi, who arranged for me to speak after the Mass, in which Mass the languages used were Pigeon English and Latin! There were about 300 parishioners at Mass, and about 200 of them stayed to hear my talk. The native parishioners were very happy and grateful. Everyone wanted to shake my hand as they were leaving. Thomas, the one who had walked two hours each of three days to meet me, brought me a gift. It was a hand-held fan woven with a variety of bright colored yarns.

After my talk, I was invited to James' house. James is one of the nine passengers who sat in the back of the pickup truck from Buka to his drop-off point in Friday. At James' house, which was quite nice, we had some food to eat. Later I was shown a chapel with dirt floor that had been built near his house. Suddenly a large group of people appeared and a ceremony began to install me as a member of that village. A string of beads was placed over my head during the ceremony.

After that, several of us got in and on the pickup truck and made our way back to Guy's place via the bridgeless rivers and mud holes, once again! That evening and night there were seven native men, including

Fr. Louis, and also Guy and I, who talked until 2:30 AM about Luisa and the Divine Will. I wasn't among them all the time as I had slipped up to my sleeping quarters to get some sleep from time to time.

Fr. Louis, who owns the pickup truck, had decided that we would leave around 3 AM to drive to Buka in order to get there in plenty of time for my plane ride back to Port Moresby. This early departure would also make it easier to take the dreaded shortcut back over that 5000-foot mountain, with the possibility of not having to get permission from the mine owner or his armed guards.

I said my 'Good-bye' to Guy as we began our departure. Although there were many native men who got in the back of the truck, all but Fr. Louis jumped off at various points in the jungle to make their ways to their own habitations. I especially remember a man named John. He had a horrible scar on the right cheek, which resulted during the civil war there in the 1990's. Someone had shoved a knife in his cheek and twisted it around. When John got off the truck in the dark to find his way home, he first came up to the window where I was sitting. He wanted to shake my hand and say 'Good-bye.' As he did so, he said, "I thank Divine Providence for sending you here to teach us more about Luisa and the Divine Will." I also remember Thomas asking me to write to him. Soon most of the men had gotten off the truck. Now there were only four of us. The driver and I were up front. Fr. Louis and Mrs. Joris rode in the back. Mrs. Joris wanted to go to Buka in order to catch the plane to Port Moresby, as she had to get her passport renewed.

So, here we go again!! —the 'short cut route' in the darkness of night and every bit as treacherous as the trip coming in—over the 5000-foot high mountain; and the 38 rivers—16 with no bridges! To get to the mountain short cut, we had to slush once more through the "impassable mud holes" and the bridgeless rivers and streams, and up that super steep, boulder-covered riverbank. After a good while we arrived at the "no man's land" of the western slope of the 5000-foot high mountain. As, I said, it was every bit as treacherous, but I was starting to get used to this wild land and the techniques of those that lived there. I managed to be commendably stoic as our reliable driver maneuvered the trusty little Toyota truck through those ravines and over those chasms. Finally we were at the top of the mountain, and the road was reasonably paved for a while. When we arrived at the place on the east side of the mountain where the armed guards and barricades had been, we passed smoothly through, because the guards hadn't arrived so early in the morning. The glimmer of the pre-dawn sun was beginning to dissipate the darkness. We were now back on "Ceaseless Bumps Road," heading north toward Buka; but we still were to have some surprises ahead.

The trip back to Buka proved much less time consuming than the trip from Buka a few days earlier. We had no flat tires, no rainstorms, no drying out delays, not much stopping, although we had the blessing of natural, outdoor restrooms, one of which was a small grove of cacao trees. We just bounced, bumped, and banged along, except for two new surprises that we had to deal with. As mentioned above, there had been torrential rains on Saturday night. Well, two of the rivers we had crossed through on the way into the jungles, had somewhat changed course, as was also changed the topography by which they made their way to the South Pacific. This necessitated some ingenuity on the part of Fr. Louis and our driver. Fr. Louis had to get out and wade through the two rivers and plot new and weird courses for the Toyota, which our experienced driver used to navigate to the other sides of those fast-flowing rivers.

When we arrived at the channel across from Buka. We packed our things in one of those little motorboats, as before, and rode across the channel to a different hotel—somewhat better than the previous one where we had stayed, when I arrived from Port Moresby. One dog started barking in the early AM, and soon it seemed like 40 dogs were barking! I stayed calm, and eventually got back to sleep. Next morning, after the expected transportation didn't arrive, I hitchhiked a ride for Mrs. Joris and me on the back of a truck for a ride to the airport. Soon I was on the way to Port Moresby, where I had some time with John Ban and his family and gave one more talk at his Church before flying back to Brisbane.

—THOMAS FAHY

[Australia portion of Oceania Visit to be continued in another issue of Letters of Gold]