

Why I Pray the Rosary

September 10, 2018



The Lord asked Carol, our administrator, to please explain why she prays the rosary. And it's a vision. It happened on August 28, 2018.

It begins: For the sake of those who are struggling with some of the concepts and Truths Jesus has been sharing lately, I wanted to share some of my own Path of Learning in these things.

I was born into a non-Pentecostal, Protestant home, and lived in this kind of church environment the first 55 years of my life. In my life, God was in Heaven, never rising from His Throne. Jesus was sitting beside Him. I had received Holy Spirit into my life when I became 'born again'—but He wasn't to be spoken of after that. And Mary... was that sweet girl on the Christmas cards every December.

I wasn't just sure who that 'woman in the stand-up bathtub' was I'd seen on the lawns of some of my school friends. But I'd been warned not to speak of it.

I knew there was something missing and I longed to find it. But none in my family or circle of friends cared, or supported, my searching. As for other members of the various churches my life led me through—I barely dared to speak of the things I'd always wondered about.

I married and began having children, and the Lord made it very, very clear that I was to homeschool these five young souls. At the time, this was a frightening departure of 'what always was' in my life! My father was furious. My husband uneasy. I was convinced I was going to destroy their lives.

But I obeyed God.

Isaiah quotes the Lord, saying, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways." How often He proves these words in our lives!

The Lord used my obedience to Him in this to start opening up the 'box' I'd been taught, all of my life, to carefully keep Him in. From that point on, slowly and quietly, Jesus began to put me in situations where running to His heart was the only solution, the only place of Peace. The Scriptures, alone, just weren't enough - I needed the Savior who walked through them, too!

He brought books to my attention that I knew were Truth, but would have scandalized those who insisted on keeping a Bible and a highlighter between He and I. He would bring a friend here, another there, who understood things I could only ponder. I was beginning to believe in

things I would have been castigated for—had my ‘other friends’ found out. But I knew these things were real. And I wanted to know more.

One day, not many years ago, He brought a friend who could pray over me in a language I had long thought would be ‘scary’—but instead flowed over me with great peace and beauty. It was like being immersed in a living symphony. And I began to yearn to know Jesus as I’d never allowed myself to know Him before.

The day I was Baptized in the Spirit made all the Truths I had suspected come alive! The ‘box’ was now torn wide open, and I wanted ALL of Him. I began to seek Him, and everything that was a part of Him, with all my heart, mind, and soul.

Almost at the same time, I began to wonder about many of my past teachings, thoughts, and beliefs about Jesus, Father God, Holy Spirit. The Cloud of Witnesses (indeed, who were THEY?). And “shhhhhh! Mary...” (she who was never spoken of). I realized my ideas were not only very, very biased and limited—they were dead wrong.

I wanted to know the Truth, and nothing less.

Then, just five years ago, Jesus allowed me to experience a massive ‘sucker punch’—so horrific, I nearly lost my Faith entirely. But as always, He took what Satan meant for evil, and turned it to good. As part of my healing process, He led me to join a School of Prophecy. During the very first class, Jesus opened my spiritual eyes and ears, and I began to experience the world He lives in. A world I’d only dreamed of entering—once I’d died and gone Home to Heaven. We began to have many journeys together.

At the same time, He introduced me to our dear Clare :0) As our friendship developed, I found that Clare was from the ‘other side of the street’, so to speak. SHE knew all about the things I’d been taught to run rapidly away from: ‘Catholic things.’ She encouraged me to read biographies of people I’d never heard of before. Like Faustina. Josepha. And a man named Padre Pio. I fell in love with these brave and gentle souls. I admired their tenacity in hardship, and marveled at how close, how intimate, their relationship with the Lord was!

All my life I’d been told that we needed to draw people OUT of ‘that church’—so they could be saved! But THESE people knew Jesus in a way FAR exceeding any I’d ever read about in the ‘approved’ biographies of men and women known to my sterile, ecumenical world.

Now, Jesus began tearing down, brick by brick, what I later realized was a demonic stronghold of Religion.

Still attending the Prophecy school, I joined a class called Visiting the Third Heaven. As the class proceeded, I found myself on the Sea of Glass. This was a bit of a shock. After all, FATHER GOD was here—I sensed it. MY father had been a hard and angry man, and in my mind, Father God was always someone just like him. Jesus was MUCH safer.

But the next thing I knew—I had been drawn not to the feet of the Father—but up on His very lap! I was frightened!! How could I be here?? What was He going to do!

I felt my feet begin to wiggle—and when I looked down, I saw that I had become a little girl of 5 again, dressed in a frilly, fluffy dress—complete with white ankle socks and black, patent leather shoes. Even more astounding, I was being snuggled right up against Father's chest, directly over His heart, nestled into the crook of His left arm. He smiled at me, and spoke to me with such tender love, I knew I had found my Papa.

And so, in His Everlasting Kindness, Papa began taking me up on His lap now and again to explain things to me. To help me find the Truth. To help me see how different things are in Heaven compared to the Earth. Always and always, when He does this, I see myself as a little child. This is how He wants us to listen and learn from Him. Trusting. Innocent. Willing to believe Him, no matter what we may have 'thought' before.

One day, I was sitting on Papa's lap, talking with Him about something that confused me. Mary had been coming to my prayer corner in the mornings, and had indicated that it would please her, Jesus, AND Papa if I were to consider praying the rosary prayer.

I found I didn't understand at all why they would ask me to do that. Wasn't saying the words of a prayer—once—enough? I had already been struggling through the Mercy Chaplet. But this was MUCH longer!

Was I willing?

I asked Papa, “WHY do you have to repeat the words, over and over again? What did it all mean, Papa?” He didn't answer me that day.

But out of obedience to what they had asked, I found a musical version of this prayer (music made the Chaplet easier for me. Why not this, too?) and began using it to pray along with, once a day.

One morning, I was in worship at my prayer desk, and I had my music on shuffle. To my surprise, a rosary began to play. And a vision:

I saw myself—as a little girl again—sitting on a blanket in the middle of 'my' meadow, in the Garden of my Heart. This is where Jesus loves to come to walk and talk with me, where He tells me He finds peace and joy in my little presence. It's just a simple meadow, but I am always on a soft, pretty blanket in soft, low grass. Myriads of flowers cover the field surrounding me; tiny, delicate blooms of lovely, pale colors.

So, I was sitting there, examining round white stones, one by one. In the background was playing, “Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and

blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.”

At each repetition, I would pick up another stone, look at it—maybe polish it a little with the corner of my pinafore—and lay it on top of many others in my ever-present white basket beside me. (I usually have this basket with me when I see myself as a child. The Lord brings many surprising things out of that basket!) Each of these stones was different from the next, and it was obvious they represented something very precious and cherished.

By the start of the second decade, I stood up from the blanket with my basket in hand, took the stones, one by one, and lifted them up to Papa. And they turned into beautiful, pure-white doves and FLEW up to Him! I laughed in delight! I understood: each part of this prayer WAS a prayer, in itself. Each time I offered another stone, another Hail Mary, I knew that someone was going to be touched by my little prayer flying up to my Papa. I was ‘helping’ my Papa somehow, with this simple act of obedience.

The vision shifted in the third decade. Now I was wandering around the field, carefully choosing just the right flower to add to my basket. Each flower represented something I could offer to my Papa, though I didn’t know just what yet.

Suddenly, I was on a beach, just next to the water. At this point, a Glory Be was playing. “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.” The words moved my little soul with great love, and I stood looking up into the sky, praising Papa with all my heart. His Creation and the beauty and glory of it overwhelmed me. I could FEEL the majesty of the ocean, His Presence in the air, the motion and power and pounding of the waves...the sun on the sand. My heart bonded to Him in His entirety.

The Hail Mary’s resumed, and I began walking the beach, looking for tiny shells and bits of pretty stones, and putting them in my basket. There was joy and anticipation now to have precious things to offer to Him!

I was beginning to understand. In myself, I had nothing but what He, Himself, had designed and formed. Nothing but what He first gave me. But as He opened my eyes to where and what these treasures were—NOW I had something to give back to Him. Each treasure I found was encapsulated in the words of the prayer. Each repetition of the prayer was a perfectly formed offering to Him, to be used to touch the lives and souls of the people of this world. As I understood, I rejoiced that I had SO MANY chances to offer these things to Him! In just one prayer...

Another part of the prayer began: “O my Jesus, forgive us our sins. Save us from the fires of hell. Lead all souls to Heaven, and especially those most in need of Thy mercy.” Now, as I had each time this prayer had been sung before, I would stop whatever I was doing, close my eyes

and pray with all my little heart “Jesus. Be kind to them. Help them get better! Heal their hearts and souls so they can come to know and love You like I do!”

I was understanding even more the power of these heart-felt words, and I sang with great gusto! Even the seagulls of the air seemed to join in with me this time.

Now, on the fourth decade, I found myself in a forest. The woods were dark—and a little scary. The sounds weren’t calming, like at the sea. I still wanted to have offerings for Jesus and Papa to give to others, but finding these started to hurt. A bug bit me... I bruised my little fingers moving a heavy stone, but found a treasure beneath it—and placed it in my basket. A branch scratched my arm while I was reaching for another. I twisted my ankle climbing over a log, and cried out in pain! But just beyond it a treasure lay.

I couldn’t see them, but I knew my Heavenly Family was somewhere nearby—so even though it wasn’t pleasant, I kept looking. My basket filled up again, in spite of my sufferings. Or maybe even—because of them.

Finally, the “Glory Be” began! “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.” I set my basket down and danced with all my little heart, twirling and singing. My dress flew out in a perfect circle around me, my hands were raised now, clapping, DELIGHTING in You, my Holy Family! It had been scary, but I had persevered. And now I could feel You all smiling at me.

The final decade began. This time, I was standing alone on a street corner. Walking around and past me was a never-ending crowd of people. Busy people, like on the downtown streets of Philadelphia. They were all just walking by me, not paying any attention either to me or to each other... They all looked worried or sad or lonely.

I stood there with my basket over my arm, now filled with the flowers I had picked earlier in my meadow. I wanted so badly to give one of these precious flowers TO these people. But they wouldn’t have it. Over and again, with each repetition, I would hold out a flower and smile at someone passing by. Most of them didn’t even see me... No one accepted one. With tears flowing down my cheeks, I finally lifted the entire basket up to my Papa—and they disappeared. I knew that HE would find people that wanted them.

A final Our Father prayer is near the end of this particular version of the Rosary. While this was being sung, my vision ended. I found myself playing in a creek, back again in the Garden of my Heart. I was standing on a large, flat rock in the middle of the water, watching a school of little, colored fish swim along, giggling as they brushed by my fingers and slid in and around my toes.

There is a large boulder at the edge of this stream, and Jesus was resting up against it, playing a lovely tune on His flute, as He often does. Mary was sitting next to Him, just watching me play, with a loving ‘mama’ smile on her face. Papa was standing there as well, with one hand on her shoulder. His eyes sparkle when He is pleased! We were a family, enjoying a ‘break’ in the

weary work of praying, suffering, and offering for the sake of His other children. The ones that need Him so much. The ones who haven't yet discovered that He is Love Itself.

Because Jesus had been the one to start the rosary in the first place, once it ended, a new song began. This is one He often plays for me, from Julie True: "I humble myself before You, God. Like a little child... Like a little child. Give me the eyes to see from the vantage point of a little child. Where everything looms large around me. Where little things are really exciting! And no worries. No worries..." How perfectly this song reflected my whole vision!

And so, I thank you again, Papa. How tenderly You have shown me my 'why', because I was willing to set aside 'what everyone said.'

In my flesh, and according to what I had been taught, these prayers had seemed odd, or even foolish and ineffective. I had believed that my man-made little efforts, thoughts, prayers, and ministrations were somehow more important than the very ones You gave to Your People, because this was the way the world and the oh-so-divided church had trained me to think.

But I have set aside those opinions now, and have come to understand that Your ways, Your wisdom, what You provide, what You ask of us, is always beautiful and to be cherished - far above the judgments of men.

Now I understand that this simple offering of prayers has been given to the Father, because of the Son. Now His mother has the 'fuel' to bless many with graces. And now I know that You hold these words and this little effort of obedience in high esteem.

Just because I took the little bit of my time to offer it.

What a mystery! What a Joy! You are beyond comprehension, Lord... But I so enjoy these little bits of glorious 'peeks' into Your world. Thank You.