

Our Lady of America Calls Us to Share in Christ's Redemptive Work

"Help Me Save Those Who Will Not Save Themselves"

All mention of The Diary refers to Sister Mildred Mary Neuzil's 48 page diary entitled OUR LADY OF AMERICA.

November is the month in the liturgical cycle when the Church asks us to ponder on the four last things: death, judgement, heaven or hell. The month begins with the celebrations of All Saints day and the feast of the Holy Souls, those who have secured their eternal glory. It is a fitting time to reflect on the Church's teaching about heaven and hell. Certain saints have had the extraordinary experience of being given a vision of hell. We recall the Fatima children and Our Lady's description of hell as **"the place where poor sinners go because there is no one to pray for them."** Sister Mildred Mary Neuzil, visionary of the Our Lady of America apparitions, was also given a vision of that dreadful place.

On the evening of February 24, 1958, Sister describes preparing for sleep when she underwent a most horrifying experience. As she had not yet fallen asleep, she was convinced it was not a dream. It came suddenly, without warning, and left an indelible impression on her mind and heart.

I found myself on a lonely road, one of course, I had never seen or been on at any time. Before me was a large structure, something similar to a gigantic cathedral or center. It was huge, somber and forbidding. I was obliged to walk toward it though something inside me held back in a kind of dread. Then, at my side on the right, I felt the strong presence of St. Michael. He did not speak, but just having him there made me feel safe. We continued our journey and at last came to what appeared to be the front entrance to the strange building. As we drew nearer, the two great doors which had the qualities, so it seemed, of some sort of glass work, opened of themselves. I saw no one. The interior revealed an odd, indescribable darkness, pervaded by a weird sort of light which was not really light. We entered, and without looking back I knew the doors had closed inexorably behind us and that we would never leave the same way we had entered.

When I said that the light was not really light I meant it was more like the distant glow of a raging fire. What appeared to be openings in this vast and horrible place looked more like huge windows, painted a vivid red, solid and impenetrable, like an unbreakable wall of fire. Yet they did not have the usual accompaniments of fire, like flames or smoke, just as I said before, a solid red like stained glass windows of some sort. I felt the frightening certainty of where we were. Just the same I could not help asking my companion, "What is this place?" Gravely, solemnly he replied, "This is hell." He said this in a way I shall never forget!

I wondered that, except for the red openings there was no appearance of fire anywhere. Answering these unvoiced thoughts, my companion explained, "The fire is in the souls of the lost, not an outward but inward fire that never dies." I did not see these lost souls but I knew that they were all about us and I thought of the horror that was theirs and that it would never end. The silence was appalling. It was the silence of death without hope. As we continued our journey there was not a breath of a sound. The intense and penetrating silence, or rather stillness, was terrifying beyond description. Yet that very silence screamed with the undying voice of despair--nothing, nothing, nothing--lost, lost, lost-- forever, forever, forever. I was filled with the most terrible fear that I would never get out of this dreadful place. And oh how I missed the light. When explaining then to my companion, "But there is no light," he

made answer, "How can there be light where God is not." I kept begging St. Michael not to leave me. Never have I experienced such fear, such horror.

As we walked on we came to what appeared to be a large body of water. It looked like an enormous circular pool. It all but overflowed with some sort of dark substance. What that was I do not know but it was not water. I did not touch it to make certain but knew in my mind that it was not water. I was too terror struck to investigate further. Lying about this pool, in a rather scattered manner were, what appeared to be dead objects of some sort. We did not go close enough for me to see just what they were. I cannot imagine anything worse or more horrible than what I felt and saw in this place. I was told, at least so I understood it, that this was the least part of eternal punishment. What then must the rest be like? Besides, not by far, was all this least part shown me.

I understood that no one could experience the full sight of hell and live. When we left this we came upon another aspect of eternal punishment which made a deep impression on me. On what appeared to be a rather wide ledge on the side of a mountain I saw many, many people going back and forth, back and forth, searching, searching. They were surrounded, engulfed in flames of fire. They seemed themselves to be a part of the fire as though it came from within them. My companion then explained to me that these were they who had no time for God while they lived upon the earth. Now they were condemned to spend an eternity searching for Him whom they would never find. An endless search without hope, without ever the joy of finding and possessing. What a torture this must be! Oh the justice of God! (Sister Mildred Neuzil's Letter to Father Paul Leibold)

Two days later at Mass, Sister was grieving over the lost souls, especially the chosen, when Our Lord appeared to her and said: "**Beloved, spouse, I condemn no one. If a soul is condemned, it has condemned itself.**" Her eyes filled with tears, for she knew in her heart that this was so.

Yes, hell is for real. **The Catechism of the Catholic Church** states:

To die in mortal sin without repenting and accepting God's merciful love means remaining separated from Him for ever by our own free choice. This state of definitive self-exclusion from communion with God and the blessed is called "hell." #1033

While Our Lady of America only uses the word hell-fire once, she addresses the issue in various words to Sister Mildred.

Do not forget your poor Mother, who weeps over the loss of so many of her children. (The Diary, Pg. 15.) Do not disregard the voice of your Mother. It is the voice of love trying to save you from eternal ruin. (The Diary, Pg. 16.) My Immaculate Heart will win in the end, and the Spirit of Christ will dwell in the hearts of men. Those in whom this Spirit is not found will be condemned to eternal hell-fire. (The Diary, Pg. 23.)

The hour grows late. My Son's patience will not last forever. Help me hold back His anger which is about to descend on sinful and ungrateful men. Suffering and anguish, such as never before experienced, is about to overtake mankind. It is the darkest hour. But if men will come to me, my Immaculate Heart will make it bright again with the mercy which my Son will rain down through my hands. Help me save those who will not save themselves. [our emphasis] Help me bring once again the sunshine of God's peace upon the world. (The Diary, Pg. 15.)

Sister Mildred was called in a very special way by Our Lord to help Our Lady save those who will not save themselves. We recall from previous newsletters how Jesus came

to her and asked if she would be willing to suffer for souls and wear His crown of thorns. On another occasion He came with His cross and asked if she was still willing to suffer for souls, and if He could nail her to His cross. Her answer, per her letter to her spiritual director, was: **“How can I refuse Him anything when He has done so much for me?”** Jesus then said to her that He had placed her on the altar of sacrifice.

There were many dark nights of the soul for Sister, many struggles with Satan about which she had written to her spiritual director. In his May 8, 1956 letter, Father Leibold counsels Sister Mildred:

May I say that your problems of 1950 and since do not surprise me in the slightest. Through the Tribunal one gets a look at both sides; souls that are spotless and pleasing to God (this helps the confessor’s humility); souls that are weak, but sincerely trying; and then cold sin in all its horror. Indeed the only answer in the balance is one of compensation – some souls must be made to suffer for those sins, otherwise God could not tolerate this sinful world any longer than He did Sodom and Gomorrah. More than once I have tried to console spotless souls who are tormented that God is using them to balance the scales of His justice and mercy. I realize too how much more difficult it is to bear this cross than almost any other I know; for first of all there is the ever present fear of sin, which is most difficult for a holy soul to bear; then in most crosses one can find some little human consolations and encouragement, but in this cross there is none, one cannot even speak about their trial to another; and surely there is nothing that saps the strength more than this cross, it is like a spiritual asthma, a constant gasping for breath, with the devil ever there to remind us that we could breathe so easily over in his room. ...You are indeed fortunate to be blessed with such a powerful protector as St. Michael – as we read in the office on him today, “The sea was moved and the earth quaked when the Archangel Michael descended from Heaven.” ... That Christ would offer you a copy of His crown to bear in sufferings in heart, soul and mind is indeed a real privilege and indication of His trust in you to be a real instrument of reparation in union with His Sacred Heart – for indeed these sufferings are the most keen and hardest to bear.

The Church teaches us that we are baptized into the mystery of Christ’s passion, death and resurrection. We, in our own way, must accept any and all crosses Jesus may ask us to bear for love of souls and for love of Him. We, too, must join in His redemptive act of atonement for the sins of mankind, especially for those of our own generation that cry out to heaven for justice to be done. Let us balance the scale of justice with our prayers for God’s mercy upon all sinners and upon ourselves. Henceforth, may every prayer we pray end with a prayer for those who have no one to pray for them.

What will we do to answer Our Lady of America’s plea to help her save those who will not save themselves?

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November, 2019.**

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This web site is maintained by a group of faithful Catholics who knew Sister Mildred Mary Neuzil personally and are dedicated to protecting the purity and integrity of the message of Our Lady of America as Our Lady gave it to Sister, and as Sister gave it to us.