

# **Letter from Beyond**

from the original German 1953

**With notes from Father Bernhardin Krempel,**

C.P., Doctor of Theology

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### **By way of Preface**

With men God communicates in many ways. In addition to Holy Scripture itself being the Magna Carta of God to his men, written and transmitted by authorized men, it narrates many divine communications made by visions, including dreams. God still warns against dreams. It is that dreams are not always mere dreams without foundation.

The Letter from Beyond transcribed below tells the story of the eternal damnation of a young girl. At first glance it seems like a pretty romanticized story. Considering the circumstances, however, it is concluded that it nevertheless has its historical background as the basis of its moral sense and its transcendental scope.

The letter in question was found as it did among the papers of a deceased nun, a friend of the convicted girl. The nun relates the events of her companion's existence as known and verified historical facts, and her eternal fortune communicated in a dream. The diocesan curia of Treves (Germany) authorized its publication as highly instructive.

The Letter from Beyond first appeared in a book of revelation and prophecy, along with other narrations. It was the Rt. Father Bernhardin Krempel, C. P., Doctor of Theology, who published it separately and who lent him the most authority, proving in his footnotes absolute agreement with the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject. In the Appendix follow some additional clarifications on hell. The first point points to two literary works which, by different paths, reach the same conclusion: that Hell must exist and that it does exist. The following points are summarized which ones walk the path of Hell and what means we have at hand to save us from the greatest danger of life, of falling into Hell. Thus ends the least alarming and most conciliatory pamphlet.

The translator.

## Preliminary Information

Among the papers left by a young woman who died in a convent as a nun, the following statement was found:

"I had a friend. That is, we were mutually close as companions and work neighbors in the same office M.

When I later got married, I never saw her again. Ever since we met, kindness reigned among us, deep down, than friendship.

That's why I missed her a little when, after her marriage, she went to live in the elegant village neighborhood, far away from my cottage.

When in the fall of 1937 I spent my vacation on Lake Garda, my mother wrote to me in mid-September: "Imagine, An N. died. In a car wreck he lost his life. Yesterday was buried in the cemetery of Mato".

This news startled me. I knew that Ani had never been properly religious. Was she ready when God suddenly called her?

The other morning I attended the chapel of the house of the Sisters' boarding house, where I lived at Holy Mass in his intention. I prayed fervently for his eternal rest, and in that same intention I also offered Holy Communion.

But all day long I felt a little uneasiness, which increased even more in the afternoon. I slept restlessly. I woke up suddenly, listening as the bedroom door rattled. I turned on the light. The clock on the nightstand read midnight and ten minutes. Nothing, though, I could see. There was no noise in the house. Only the waves of Lake Garda crashed monotonously against the wall of the boarding garden. Wind, nothing I heard.

It seemed to me, however, that upon waking I had noticed, besides the knocking on the door, a wind-like noise, similar to that of my chief of staff, as he grumpy threw me a softening letter on the desk.

I thought for a moment if I should get up.

Ah! It is all schism, he told me resolutely. It is but the product of my fantasy startled by the news of death.

I turned, prayed some Our Fathers for souls, and fell asleep again.

I dreamed then that I would get up in the morning at 6 am, going to the chapel of the house. When I opened the bedroom door, I found a sheaf of letters. Lifting them, recognizing Anni's handwriting and screaming was a matter of a second.

Shivering, I held the leaves in my hands. I confess that I was so terrified that I could not even utter our Father. I was trapped in near suffocation. Nothing better than running away and going outside. I badly fixed my hair, put the letter in my purse, and hurried out of the house.

Outside, I climbed the winding road uphill, through olive groves, laurels and village farms, and beyond the world-famous Gardesana Road.

The morning was dawning bright. On other days I would stop every hundred paces, enchanted by the magnificent view of the lake and the magnificent Garda Island. The soft blue of the water refreshed me; and as a child looks in wonder at its grandmother, so I always look in wonder again at the gray Mount Baldo that stands on the opposite shore of the lake, growing from 64m above sea level to 2,200m in height.

Today I had no eyes for all this. After walking a quarter of an hour, I dropped mechanically onto a bench against two cypress trees, where the day before I had read *The Maiden Teresa* with pleasure. For the first time I saw cypress symbols of death, something I never noticed in the South, where they so often meet. I took the letter. He was missing the signature. Without a doubt it was the writing of Ani.

She was not even missing the big "S" in volute, nor the French "T" she had gotten used to in the office to annoy Mr. G.

The style was not hers. At least he didn't speak as usual. She knew how to talk and laugh so kindly with her blue eyes and her grand nose!

Only when we discussed religious matters did she become biting and fall into the harsh tone of the letter. (I myself now entered the excited cadence of it). Here is the Letter from Beyond of Ani V. word for word, as I read it in the dream:

### LETTER FROM BEYOND

Clear! Don't pray for me. I am condemned. If I communicate this to you, and if in some circumstances of my conviction I give you detailed information, do not believe me to do it out of friendship. Here we do not love anyone else. I do so as "a portion of that power that always wants evil and always produces good."

In fact, I also wanted to see you here, where I always came to a halt.<sup>1</sup>

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1) *St. Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica. Supplementum, q.98, at 4: "The reprobate want all the good to be condemned."*

Don't be surprised by my intention. Here we all think alike. Our will is petrified in evil - in what you call "evil." Even when we do something "good," like me now, looking down at Hell, we don't do it with good intention.<sup>2</sup>

Also remember:

We have known each other for four years now, in M. You were 23 years old and had been working at the office for half a year, when I entered.

You often took me out of embarrassment, gave me, novice, frequent good warnings. But what is called "good"!

I then praised your "charity." Ridiculous ... Your help came from sheer ostentation, as I suspected.

We here do not recognize anyone well!

You met my youth. There are certain gaps to be filled here.

According to my parents' plan, I should never have existed. A carelessness happened to them, the misfortune of my conception.

My two sisters were already 15 and 14 when I came to light. I wish I had never been born!

If only I could now annihilate myself, I would escape these torments! There is no lust comparable to the end of my existence, as a dress is reduced to ashes without even a trace.<sup>3</sup> But I must exist; I must be just as I have been: with the total failure of the purpose of my existence.

When my parents, still single, moved from the fields to the city, they lost contact with the Church.

That was better.

They had relationships with people disconnected from religion. They met at a ball and were "forced" to marry half a year later.

In the act of marriage they took only a few drops of holy water, just enough to draw Mom to Sunday Mass very rarely a year.

She never taught me to pray well. He was exhausting himself in daily care, even though our situation was not bad.

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2) *S. Th. Suppl.*, 98, a 1: "In them the self-determined will is always utterly wicked." 3) *S. Th. Suppl.* Q 98, at 3, r. *ib.* Ad 3: "While nonexistence frees you from a life of terrible punishment, it would be to the damned a greater good than their wretched existence..."

Similar words as pray, mass, holy water, church, I only write with intimate disgust, with incomparable disgust. I deeply detest churchgoers, as do all men and things in general.

Thus they desire non-existence.

Everything becomes torment. Every knowledge received at death, every memory of life and what we know, turns into an incandescent flame.<sup>4</sup>

And all these memories show us that hideous side that was a grace we despised. How it haunts! We don't eat, we don't sleep, we don't walk with our legs. Spiritually chained, we reproached, stare at our failed lives, howling and gritting our teeth, tormented and filled with hatred.

Do you hear? We drink hate here like water. We hate each other.<sup>5</sup>

Most of all, we hate God. I try to make it understandable.

The blessed in heaven must love Him. Because they see Him unveiled in their sweeping beauty. This makes them indescribably happy. We know this and it is this knowledge that makes us furious.

Men on earth who know God by creation and revelation may love him; are not forced to do so.

The believer - angry I tell you here - who contemplates, meditating, Christ stretched out on the cross, will love Him.

But the soul whom God comes upon, fulminating, as avenger and punisher, as He who has been repelled, hates Him, as we hate Him.<sup>7</sup> He hates Him with all the force of His ill will. Hates Him forever. Because of the deliberate resolution to stay away from God, with which the earthly life ended. And this wicked will, we can no more revoke it nor will we ever want to revoke it.

Forced to add, God is properly still merciful to us. Said "forced". The reason is this: even though I voluntarily write this letter, I can't lie, as I wanted to. I seat a lot of information on paper contrary to my wishes. Also the chain of injuries I wanted to dump, I have to reengage it.

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4) S. Th., Q 98, a 7, r.: "There is nothing in the reprobates that is not their matter and cause of sorrow. ... Thus directing your attention to known things. " 5) S. Th., Q 98, a 4, r: "In the reprobate a total hatred prevails." 6) S. Th., Q 98, a 9, r.: "Before the day of universal judgment the reprobates know that the blessed are in ineffable glory." 7) S. Th., Q 98, a 8, ad 1, ib a 5, r: "The reprobates see only in God the chastiser and the hinderer (from the evil they still desire to do). But since they only see Him in punishment, the effect of their righteousness, they hate Him.

God was merciful to us so He did not let our will produce and do all the evil we wanted to do on earth. If He had left us at random, we would have greatly increased our guilt and punishment. He let us die prematurely - like me - or introduced mitigating circumstances.

Now He becomes merciful because He does not compel us to approach Him, but to stay in this place far from Hell, reducing our torment.<sup>8</sup>

Each step closer to God would give me greater suffering than you a step closer to a fire.

You were amazed one day when I told you on a walk what my father had said a few days before my first communion: "Take care, Anita, that you get a nice dress; the most is just a mockery".

I would almost have been ashamed of your astonishment. Now I laugh at that. The best thing in all this scam was to allow communion only at twelve. I was then quite possessed of the pleasure of the world, and I did not take communion seriously. The new custom of letting children receive communion at seven makes them furious. We use every means to circumvent this by believing that understanding requires understanding. Children must have committed some deadly sins before. The "white" God will be less harmful, then, than received when faith, hope, and love, the fruits of baptism - spit it out! - are still alive in the child's heart.

Remember I already held that same view on Earth?

Around my father. He fought a lot with my mother. I rarely stressed that to you: I was ashamed. Ah! What is shame? Ridiculous thing! We are all indifferent to us. My parents no longer slept in the same room. I slept with my mother, Daddy in the room next to us, where I could come back at any time of night. He drank a lot and spent our fortune. My sisters were employed and needed their own money, as they said. Mom started to work. In the last year of her bitter life, Dad beat Mom often when she didn't want to give her money. To me he was always nice. One day I told you that and you were scandalized about my whim - and you didn't scandalize me? - one day, because he twice returned new shoes, because the shape of the heels was not quite modern.<sup>9</sup>

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8) *S. th. I, q 21, a 4, ad 1: "In the condemnation of the reprobate appears the mercy of God ... which punish them less than they deserve." Elsewhere the holy Doctor of the Church notes that this is especially the case with those who in this world were merciful to others (q 99, a 5, ad 1).*

9) *The marked traces about Âni's father and subsequent occurrences are facts.*

The night a stroke struck my father deadly, something happened that I never trusted you for fear of unpleasant interpretation on your part. Today, however, you must know. This fact is memorable because it was for the first time that my current executioner spirit approached me.

I slept in my mother's room. Her regular breaths denoted her deep sleep.

Suddenly I heard my name. An unfamiliar voice murmured, "What will happen if your father dies?"

I no longer loved my father since he had begun to mistreat my mother. He no longer loved anyone; I only tied myself to some that were good for me. - Love without a natural purpose exists almost only in souls living in a state of grace. In it I did not live.

So I answered the mysterious interlocutor:

"He certainly doesn't die."

After a short break I heard the same well-understood question, not bothering to know where it came from.

"Which what! He is not dying, "escaped me.

For the third time I was asked, "What will happen if your father dies?"

"It came to my mind at a glance how my father often drove home drunk and scolding and fighting with my mother and how embarrassed he was to our neighbors and acquaintances!"

I shouted, then, in a rush:

"Well, that's how much you deserve! Let it die! "

Then everything went quiet.

The next morning, when Mom went to clean Dad's room, she found the door closed. At noon they opened it by force. Dad was half dressed on the bed - dead, a corpse. When looking for beer in the cellar, it must have cooled. He had been sick for a long time.

(Did God make it dependent on the will of a child to whom man showed kindness to give him more time and occasion to convert?)

Marta K. and you made me join the girls' association. I never hid you that I found the instructions of the two directors, ladies X., quite con artists. I found the games quite fun. As you know, I soon came to uphold a leading role in them. That was what flattered me. The tours also pleased me. I even let myself sometimes confess and commune. Properly had nothing to confess.



Thoughts and feelings with me didn't count. For worse things I was not mature yet. You admonished me one day, "Anni, if you don't pray anymore, you'll get lost." I prayed really very little; and also only annoyed, unwillingly.

You were undoubtedly right. All who in Hell burn have not prayed, or have not prayed enough. Prayer is the first step for God. Always decisive. Especially the prayer to the One who is Mother of Christ, whose name is not lawful for us to pronounce. Devotion to her plucketh from the devil countless souls, which sins would have unfailingly thrown into her hands.

Furious still, for being forced: praying is the easiest thing you can do on earth. Precisely to this ease God has linked salvation.

To those who pray with assiduity God gradually gives so much light and strengthens it so much that the most drowned goat of a sinner can definitely rise by prayer, even though he is submerged in the mud to the neck.

In the last years of my life I no longer prayed and thus deprived myself of the graces, without which no one can be saved.

Here we receive no more grace. Even if we received it, we would scornfully reject it. All the vacillations of terrestrial existence ended in the afterlife.

In earthly life man can move from the state of sin to the state of grace. From grace you can fall into sin. I often fall for weakness; rarely out of malice. With death, this inconstancy of yes and no ended, falling and rising. By death each one enters the final, fixed and unalterable state.

As you get older, your heels become smaller. It is true that until death one can convert to God or turn His back on them. In dying man is decided, however, with the last shakes of his will, mechanically, as he had become accustomed to in life. Good or bad habit has become second nature. This drags him in the last moment. So also dragged me. Whole years I had lived away from God.

Consequently, I decided on the last call of grace against God. Not that sinning was often a fatality to me, but because I no longer wanted to get up.

You have repeatedly admonished me to attend preaching and read devout books. I excused myself regularly for lack of time. Should I further increase my inner uncertainty?

It is my duty, moreover, to state:

By the time I reached this critical point, shortly before I left the girls' association, it would have been very difficult for me to go the other way.

I felt insecure and unhappy. At my conversion, a seawall rose. You must have missed

it. You had imagined it so easy when you once said to me, "So make a good confession, Ani, and all will be well."

I suspected that was so. But the world, the devil, and the flesh already held me in their clutches.

In the acting of the devil I never believed. Now I attest that, to people like me then, the devil has a powerful influence.<sup>10</sup>

Only many other people's prayers and my own, along with sacrifices and sufferings, could have pulled me from him.

And that is only gradually. There are few possessed bodily, but all the more and innumerable possessed there. The devil cannot take the free will to those who surrender to his influence. However, as a punishment for their almost total apostasy from God, God allows the "Evil" to nest in them.

I hate the devil too. Yet I like him, because he seeks to lose you: he and his helpers, the fallen angels with him from the beginning of time. There are myriads. They roam the earth like swarms of flies, unsuspected.

We reprobate men are not to tempt you; it is up to the fallen spirits.<sup>11</sup>

Yes, their torments increase even more every time they drag a human soul into Hell. But hatred is not capable!<sup>12</sup>

Though I walked in twisting paths, God sought me. I paved the way for grace, by natural charitable services, which, by inclination of my nature, often paid.

Sometimes God drew me to a church. There I felt a certain nostalgia. When I took care of my sick mother, despite my work in the office during the day, and sacrificed myself a little, these powerful attractions of God acted upon me.

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10) *The influence of evil spirits ends in the nicknames "demon" or "devil". With proof of their existence two texts of Holy Scripture are sufficient: "Brothers, be sober and watch! Your enemy, the devil, walks around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour "(I Petr., 5, 8). Roaring does not refer to Satan making much alarm about his temptations, but to the eagerness with which he seeks to lose us. St. Paul writes to the Ephesians (8:12): "Put on the armor of God, that you may be able to resist the cunning of the devil. Our struggle is not against flesh and blood (men), but against the powers of the dark rulers of this World and the evil spirits of the air. " 11) S. Th. Suppl., Q.98, to 6, ad 3: "It is not the task of condemned men to lose and tempt others, but of demons." 12) S. Th. Suppl., Q 98, at 4, ad 3: "The increasing number of the reprobates further increases the sufferings of all. But they are so full of hatred and envy that they want to suffer more with many rather than less alone. "*

Once - it was in the hospital chapel, where you took me in my free time at noon - I was so impressed that I was just a step away from my conversion. I was crying. But then came the pleasure of the world pouring out like grace over a stream. The thorns drowned the wheat. With the explanation that religion is sentimentality, as it was always said in the office, I also launched this grace, like others, under the table. You once rebuked me that instead of genuflecting, I made a slight inclination of my head in a church. You took it for laziness and you did not seem to suspect that you no longer believed in Christ's presence in the Sacrament. Now I believe in it, but only naturally, as it is believed in the storm, whose signs and effects are perceived.

In the meantime, I had found myself a religion. I liked the widespread opinion in the office that after death the soul would return to this World in another being and pass through other and more beings in endless succession.

In doing so, I solved the distressing problem of the beyond and imagined it had made it harmless.

Why did you not remember the parable of the rich mocker and poor Lazarus, in which the narrator, Christ, immediately after death, sent one to Hell, the other to Paradise? But what would you have achieved? Nothing more than with your too many blessed words.

Gradually I found myself a god: well privileged to call himself god; far enough away from me to force me into relationships with him; rather confused, to transform, at will and without changing religion, into a pantheistic god or even to become proud of deist.

This "god" had no heaven to reward me nor hell to frighten me.

I left him alone. That was my adoration of him.

In what one loves, one easily believes. Over the years I had quite persuaded myself of my religion. He lived well with her, without her bothering me.

Only one thing would have broken my neck: a deep, prolonged pain. But this suffering did not come. Do you understand now, "Whom God loves, He chastises"?

It was a summer day in July, when the girls' association was organizing an excursion for A. Yes, I liked the excursions. But not from the attached beatarias!

Another image, different from that of Our Lady of Graces of A, was from a moment ago on the altar of my heart. Grand Max Max N. from the warehouse next door. Just before we talked to each other playfully a few times. He had invited me on this occasion to take a tour that same Sunday.

The other one I used to walk with was in the hospital.

Yes, he had noticed that I had glanced over at him. But I didn't think about marrying him yet. He was rich but too kind to any and all girls; Until then I wanted a man who belonged exclusively to me as the only woman. A certain distance was always my own.

(This is true. With all his religious indifference, Ani had something noble about his being. I am amazed that "honest" people too can fall into Hell if they are quite dishonest to escape their encounter with God. "

On this excursion, Max greeted me with all kindness. Beatas talks we didn't have, like you.

The other day at the office, you scolded me because I didn't walk you to A.

I told you about my Sunday fun

Your first question was, "Have you been to Mass?" Crazy! How could I attend Mass since we arranged the departure for 6 hours! Do you still remember that I gathered excitedly, "The good God is not as stingy as your priests!" Now I must confess to you that, despite His infinite goodness, God takes everything more seriously than priests.

After this first outing with Max, I attended your meeting once more. On Christmas solemnity. Certain things attracted me. But inwardly, it was already separated from you.

Cinemas, dances, tours followed. We fought sometimes, Max and me, but I knew how to always tie him to me.

I was very unpleasant to be the rival who, back from the hospital, behaved like furious.

Properly in my favor. My distinct calm made a great impression on Max, and forced him, after all, to decide to prefer me.

I knew how to denigrate it, to demean it. Quietly speaking: outside, objective realities; inside, shooting venom. Similar feelings and innuendoes lead quickly to Hell. They are diabolical in the true sense of the word.

Why do I tell you that? For the record, I was definitely free from God.

For this removal, I didn't have to come to Max with the latest acquaintances often. I realized that I would stoop to your eyes if you let me empty before time. That's why it kept me sealed.

Really I was always ready for anything I found useful. It was my job to win Max. For

that I found nothing too expensive. We slowly loved each other, as we both had valuable qualities that we could appreciate each other. I was talented and became skilled and conversational. So I even held Max in my hands, certain that I had him alone, at least in the last months before the wedding.

That was my apostasy from God, in making a creature my god. In no way can this be accomplished as fully as between people of different sex if love drowns in matter. This becomes your charm, your sting and your poison. The "worship" I lent myself to Max became a living religion.

It was the time when, in the office, so virulently I fell on the knees to the church, the priests, the murmuring of rosaries and the other trinkets.

You have more or less intelligently endeavored to protect all this; apparently without suspecting that it was not for me ultimately these things, but rather as a foothold against my conscience that I was looking for - I still needed it - to rationally justify my apostasy.

Deep down I was angry against God. You didn't realize that. You always considered me still Catholic. With such, I also wanted to be called; even paid the contribution to the church. One "caveat" couldn't hurt me, I thought.

For me, certain things that sometimes were your answers, they pointed out to me, because you should not be right. In the face of our broken relationships, the pain of our separation was small when my marriage distanced us.

Before my marriage, I confessed and communed again this time. It was a formality. My man thought like me. Besides, why should we not satisfy it? We fulfill it like any other formality.

You call him "unworthy." After that "unworthy" communion I had more peace of conscience. That was the last one. Our marriage life was generally in good harmony. Almost everywhere we had the same opinion. Also in this: we did not want to impose the burden of children. Deep down, my husband wished he had one - naturally no more.

I finally got that idea out of him. I liked fine dresses and furnishings, tea parties, motor rides, and the like.

It was a year of earthly pleasures between marriage and my sudden death.

Each Sunday we would drive or visit relatives of my husband - my mother was ashamed then. These swam well, like us, on the surface of existence.

Inwardly, however, I was never really happy. Something always gnawed at my soul. I wished that by death, which would surely take a long time yet, it would all be over.

But it is as a child I once heard in a sermon that God already rewards in this World the good that one does. If you cannot reward him in the other world, do it on earth.

Without waiting, I received an inheritance (from Aunt Lot). My husband was lucky to see his salary considerably increased. This way I was able to install our new house mimosa.

My religion was in the latter, like a glimpse of sunset in the distant firmament. The bars and cafes of the city, and the restaurants we passed on our travels, did not bring us closer to God.

Everyone who attended there lived like us: from the outside, not from the inside.

Visiting a famous cathedral on holiday trips, we sought to revel in the artistic value of masterpieces. The religious breath that radiates, especially those of the Middle Ages, I knew to neutralize it, scandalizing me in any circumstance of the visit. Thus, to a lay brother who led us, I criticized the trade of godly monks who made and sold liquor; He criticized the eternal ringing of bells calling to churches, where it is only about money.

That way I was able to get rid of my grace every time I knocked on the door.

Morally I would let my grumpy spill freely over all that dealt with ancient depictions of Hell in books, graveyards, and other places, where demons were seen frying souls in red or yellow fire, and their long-tailed associates bringing it. more and more victims.

Clara, Hell can be poorly designed, but never overstated.

Above all I always mocked the fire of Hell. Do you remember how in a conversation about this I got you a lit match under your nose mocking, "This is how it smells!?" You put it out as soon as the flame. Nobody extinguishes it here. - I tell you more: the fire of which the Bible speaks does not mean torment of conscience. Fire means fire. It must be understood in the real sense, when He declared, "Depart from me, ye cursed, go into everlasting fire." Literally!

How can the spirit be touched by material fire? Questions.

How then can your soul suffer on earth by holding your finger in the flame? -

Your soul is not burned either, but what a pain the whole man must endure!

Similarly are we here bound to the fire in our being and in our faculties. Our soul is deprived of its natural flight; We cannot think or want what we want. <sup>13</sup>

13) *S. Th. Suppl., Q 70, a 3, r .: "The fire of Hell torments the spirit and prevents it from doing what it wants; he cannot act wherever and whenever he wants.*

Do not seek to clarify the mystery contrary to the laws of material nature: Hell's fire burns without consuming.

Our greatest torment is that we know exactly that we will never see God.

How much can torture what on earth was indifferent to us! - While the knife is on the table, get cold. You see the thread, but you do not feel it. But enter the knife into the flesh and you will scream in pain.

Now we feel the loss of God; we only saw it before.<sup>14</sup>

All souls do not suffer equally. The more frivolous, wicked, and purposeful one has been in sinning, the more the loss of God weighs on him, and the more tortured he feels for the abused creature.

Condemned Catholics suffer more than those of other faiths because they have generally received and misused more light and more graces.

Who knew better suffers more than the one who knew less.

He who has sinned for wickedness suffers more than he who has fallen for weakness.

But none suffer more than deserved. If only that were not true, so I had reason to hate it!

You told me one day: no one falls into Hell without knowing it. It was revealed to a saint. I laughed at that, but I was entrenched behind this reflection: in that case I would be given enough time to convert - so I thought inwardly.

The statement goes. Before my sudden end, I certainly didn't know Hell as it is. No human being knows him. But I was exactly aware of this: If you die, you will enter eternity as revolted against God. You will bear the consequences.

As I have already stated, I have not turned back, but I will persevere in the same direction, dragged by custom, with which men act more calculated and regular as they get older.

My death occurred as follows:

A week ago - I speak according to your count, because, calculated by the pains, I could have been burning in Hell for ten years - so it's been a week since my husband and I took a tour on Sunday, which was the last for me.

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<sup>14</sup>"Separation from God is as great a torment as God" (phrase attributed to St. Augustine, Cf. Houdry, *Bibliotheca concionatorum*, Venice, 1786, vol. 2, under *Infernus*, # 4, p. 427).

Radiant had dawned the day. I felt good, as rarely. But I had a foreboding feeling.

Unexpectedly, on the return trip, my husband driving the car and I were overshadowed by the light of a fast-moving, oncoming car. My husband lost direction.

Jesus! I winced. Not as prayer, but as scream. I felt an overwhelming pain from compression - a trifle compared to the current torment. Then I lost my senses.

Weird! That very morning, the idea was inexplicably born to me: you could finally go to Mass again. It sounded like a plea. Clear and resolute, my "no!" Cut the thread of the idea. With that I must definitely end. I take all the consequences on myself. Now I support them.

What happened after my death, you know. The fortunes of my husband, my mother, my dead body and burial are all known to you even in the details, as I know from a natural intuition we all have. From what happens in the world, we only have a confused knowledge. But what touched us closely we know. So I also know your whereabouts.<sup>15</sup>

I woke up from darkness at the moment of my death. I found myself suddenly enveloped in blinding light. This was where my dead body was. It happened as in theater, when suddenly the lights go out, the curtain is noisily removed and the tragically lit scene appears: the scene of my life.

Like in a mirror, so I saw my soul. I have seen the graces trodden underfoot from youth to the last "no!" Given to God.

I had an impression of a murderer taken to court in front of his inanimate victim. -

Repent? Never! 16 - Shame on me? Never!

However, I could not even stand in the sight of God, denied and reproved by me. I had one thing left: the escape.

Just as Cain fled Abel's corpse, so my soul threw itself away from that horrible aspect.

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15) *S. Th. Suppl.*, Q 98, to 3,: "The souls of the deceased have no sure knowledge of details, but only a clouded general knowledge of the material nature." p 98, a4: "By these (infused) concepts can souls know only the details by which they are enabled, either by nature, by previous studies, or by divine disposition.

16) *S. Th. Suppl.* , 98, a 2, r: "The wicked do not properly repent of their sins because they are maliciously afflicted with them. But they repent while being punished for the penalties of their sins. "



That was the particular judgment.

The invisible Judge said, "Depart!" Soon my soul fell like a sulfuric shadow in the place of eternal torment!<sup>17</sup>

### **Latest information from Clara**

"So ended Ani's letter about hell. The last words were almost unreadable, so crooked were the letters. When I had just read the last word, the whole letter turned gray.

What do I hear there? Through the harsh accents of the lines I imagined I had read resounded sweet bell sounds. I woke up for good. I found myself still lying in my room. The morning light of dawn penetrated him. From the parish church came the bells of the Hail Marys.

Was it all just a dream?

Never had I felt in Angelic Salutation so much consolation as after this dream.

I slowly prayed the three Hail Marys. Then it became clear to me, very clear: to her, you must hold on to the blessed Mother of the Lord, to venerate Mary filially, if you do not wish to have the same fate that told you - even in a dream - a soul who will never see God. .

Amazed and still trembling at the night vision, I got up, dressed quickly, and fled to the chapel of the house.

My heart was pounding violently and wildly. The guests, kneeling closer to me, looked at me worriedly. Maybe they thought that because I had run down the stairs, I was so excited and red.

17) "Admittedly Hell is a definite place. But where this place is located, no one knows. " The eternity of the feathers of Hell is a dogma: surely the most terrible of all. It has its roots in Holy Scripture, cf. Mt 25, 41 and 46; II Thess. 1, 9; Jud. 13; Apoc. 14.11 and 20.10; all of them are irrefutable texts, in which "eternal" is not allowed to be changed and interpreted as "long". If it had not been appropriate to illustrate this dogma in a particular case, even Our Lord Himself would not have been able to do so in the parable of the rich folly and poor Lazarus. There he did the same thing that is done here: he drew Hell and how to fall into it. It did not do so for sensational pleasure, but it was driven by the same intention that caused this publication. The purpose of this leaflet finds its expression in the following advice: "Let us go down to Hell while we live, that we may not fall into the dying." This advice addressed to House One is but the paraphrase of Psalm 54: "Descendat in infernum viventes, videlicet, nedescendant morientes", which is found in a work (wrongly) attributed to Saint Bernard (Patr. Lat. Migne, vol. 184 , Col. 314 b).

A kindly Budapest lady, a great sufferer, slight as a child, short-sighted, yet fervent in the service of God and far-reaching spiritual, told me in the afternoon in the garden, "Miss, Our Lord does not want to be served on the express."

But she realized then that something else had excited me and still worried me.

He kindly added, "Nothing should distress you - you know Santa Tresa's warning - nothing should alarm you. Everything passes. Who owns God, nothing is missing. God alone is enough. "

When I whispered that, without any master tone, it seemed to read in my soul.

"God is enough." Yes, He will suffice me in this and the other world. I want to have Him there someday, no matter how much sacrifice I still have to make here to win. I don't wanna fall into hell.

## **Appendix - Further Clarifications**

### **1) Confirmation of the terrible dogma of Hell**

a) Is there hell? - Evidence requested from the Common Sense. - Fr. Lacroix - Publisher SCJ, Taubaté - Here is the first original pamphlet that appeared between us on the throbbing problem of Hell (1st edition in 1929 and 2nd in 1937), with 231 pages, medium format (15 x 11 cm) .

It deals with the subject profoundly and summarily in twelve chapters, confirming the dogma of Hell with four philosophical proofs, taken from common sense, and satisfactorily answering twelve questions or objections.

Since each dogma of the Church has its philosophical reasons, taken from human common sense, and as word of mouth runs around the world, the same sophistry against the existence of Hell, the author noted above all the opposite reasons of common sense. and then examine the value of the evidence adduced. Finally, it exposes, in ch. IX, the universality of the belief in Hell and in ch. X, the respective doctrine of Christianity.

In support of the general belief in Hell among Jews, the author quotes the following Bible topics: Moses (Deut. 32, 22), Job (c. 10), Judith (16, 21), Isaiah (33, 14, 34) , 24), Jeremiah (23:40), Daniel (12,2), and St. John the Baptist (Matt. 3, 12), and concludes: "Here are testimonies of great value, some of them of venerable antiquity. Many centuries, then, before Greek and Latin history, there was already a belief in Hell, and the Holy Books often speak of it as a truth recognized by all, at least all believers.

The belief of Hell (Tartarus) and Purgatory extended to all the pagan peoples of the ancient world. The more they progressed in culture, the more documents left from these beliefs, from the Assyrians, Chaldeans and Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans. Many poets and writers have spoken of this general belief among themselves, but of the very universality of this belief among all peoples of the world. The author quotes the following: Homer, Orgeus, Hesiod, Linus, Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Seneca etc .; Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Lucretius, Celso.

Here is, for example, a striking passage from Lucretius (*De natura rerum*, lib. I, III): Because one has to fear, after this life, eternal penalties for fear of which no mortal can be happy. The ungodly Voltaire confesses (*Addit. À l'Hist. Génér.*): "The opinion of the existence of both Purgatory and Hell is of the most ancient antiquity." - If there are subterfuges to the contrary, one should not forget Joubert's words (*Pensées et Essais et Maximes*, I, p. 318): "Since reasoning attacks instinct and universal practice, it can be difficult to refute, but it certainly is. deceptive and false ". (p.194)

The New Testament emphasizes the belief in the existence of Hell as one of the fundamental truths of the religion of Christ. Our Lord has not pointed out this truth only two or three times and superficially, but fifteen times, and this in the most explicit and striking way, as in Mark (9:42), Luke (16:19), and Matthew (25,41). Also the Apostles repeatedly referred to the punishment of eternal fire, such as St. Jude (c.7), St. Paul (II Thess. 1, 9) and St. John (Rev. 14, 11; 20, 10). In the obvious sense of all these texts there is, unquestionably, the eternal fire of Hell.

b) Christ and the demons - Dr. P. Armando Polz (171 pages French), publishers S. C. J., Taubaté - The subject of demons is correlative with that of Hell. If there are spirits condemned by God to the eternal punishment of Hell, and if they seek to drag with them, in eternal perdition, as many men as possible, of course, there must exist for all the reprobates as a huge infernal chain, such as points to the Christian faith, a brazier of horrible eternal torments.

In the introduction, the author gives general guidance on the subject, expounding pagan, Jewish, and Christian beliefs about demons.

He who must know devils perfectly is but God Himself and our Lord Jesus Christ. From countless texts of Holy Scripture the author draws and concretises the word of Christ about demons. In the first part he points out nine characteristics of demons; Part 2 proves Christ's triumph over them all. From the absolute superiority of Christ over the devil draws the author to the last conclusion of the undisputed deity of Christ.

If, then, there are demons, such as Christ himself painted them, as enemies of God and men, there must be Hell, to whom they are all forever condemned, together with men seduced by them and rebelled against God.

## **2. In the way of Hell are the wicked and the unrepentant sinners.**

The wicked are also called the godless. They want nothing to know about God, about Christ, and about their religion. They even hate and chase them. They form the immense army of Satan in this World. To him belong, as invisible chiefs, Freemasonry and similar secret societies. To him belong all the nihilists, anarchists, Bolsheviks and militant communists of the World. To him belong all the godless, who deny him theoretically or practically and live without him. Countless are in this condition. The consequence is fatal: since they want nothing to know of God during their lifetime and pursue religion as much as they can, their eternal luck can only be that of the godless, to be relegated to Hell and tormented by demons for all eternity.

In the path of Hell are all impenitent sinners alike. St. Paul warned (I Cor. 6): "Do not be deceived: neither the wicked nor the idolaters nor the thieves nor the greedy nor the drunken will possess the kingdom of heaven." In addition to the sins of action there are those of omission, failing to fulfill serious obligations of state or profession, marital, priestly or religious status, profession exercised or position assumed. No one can dispense with its fulfillment. From this results in one's life the possibility of committing numerous mortal sins, through thoughts, words, and deeds, sins of pride, injustice, and lust.

If serious sin itself deserves the punishment of Hell, it only throws at it if it is not portrayed, repented, and repaired, as in the final impenitence of the man who dies in his sin or impenitent. To err and sin is human, but to persist in error and to persevere in sin is diabolical. If, at the time of sinning, man is easily fascinated by sinful delight, soon after sin has been committed, his eyes are opened and common sense returns to him; He then feels naturally ashamed and led to repentance. If, on the contrary, he is stubborn in sin, the more guilty he becomes. Obstinacy in evil is a sin against the Holy Spirit. The postponement of conversion leads too often to the final punishment of the final impenitence and to Hell.

NB - As a logical deduction from what has been exposed, it should finally be noted that, in addition to the declared enemies of God, all those who give nothing want to hear, read and know will fall into Hell, and that they do not care and live as if He did not. Existed.

### **3. Fatal Alternative**

God has placed man in a world of wonders that enchant him, with the command to dominate creatures, to use them without abusing them, to give Him what they owe, to worship Him, to glorify Him over all, and to love your neighbor as yourself. It gave him sufficient intelligence to discern good from evil, and sufficient strength to avoid evil and to do good.

By prayer, offer him as many graces as he needs to fulfill his destiny.

While man lives on earth, he is thrown between two extremes, between the final possession of God in heaven and his ultimate loss in Hell. He has to choose between the High Good and the High Evil. By his life he reveals himself for or against God, friend of God or revolted against Him. If man prefers the perishable goods of this World to the spiritual rewards of the other, he will lose them all, those of this and those of the other world. At the end of his life he will be relegated to the opposite extreme of God, delivered to demons and abandoned to the most horrible torments of Hell.

Every day of his life man finds himself again in this terrible alternative as to his eternal final fate. This alternative no one can escape. For all it is the final fatality. When you die, you will receive the reward of what you have preferred in your earthly life more and more surely: you will be with God in heaven forever, or be relegated to Hell, to the place of eternal reproach and endless torment. No one will escape this dilemma, this fatal alternative. No one will flee from the hands of God. Before God there is no possible escape but to Him.

### **4. Fear and love of God**

God has placed man in a world of wonders that enchant him, with the command to dominate creatures, to use them without abusing them, to give Him what they owe, to worship Him, to glorify Him over all, and to love your neighbor as yourself. It gave him sufficient intelligence to discern good from evil, and sufficient strength to avoid evil and to do good.

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extreme of God, delivered to demons and abandoned to the most horrible torments of Hell.

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If she stands firm, man is saved from the sinking of sin. If she does not resist, he becomes a victim of his own wickedness "(p. 62 of the work cited). In fact: "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." (Prov. 1, 7)

Fear and love of God are not excluded, but overlap and complement each other. Between them there is more the cause of interest. Fear, interest, and love, lawful or illicit, are the only three motives that set and keep the whole world moving. If love for God is not enough to lead man to keep God's law, then the first two reasons remain, self-interest and fear of God. This is God's last resort to compel man to walk upright and to fulfill his duties. God accepts human service and repentance inspired by reverential or filial fear, as well as those inspired by fear of punishment, so that the sinner really turns away from sin because it offends and irritates God. Out of confession, only the perfect contrition of love to God is worth obtaining forgiveness. The result is the immense benefit and immense advantage that the Confession offers to Catholics.

It was out of love for man that God created the world with all its beauty. It was out of love that God designed man to live one day with him in heaven in the company of all the angels and saints. However, man should want and deserve this happiness, and become worthy of divine companionship for a proper life and faithfulness to God. This is the reason for man's transient state and the trial to which he is subjected in this World until his death. Hell Himself, God created him out of love for men, to force us to almost force us to love Him properly. But whoever refuses to surrender to the love of God and obstinately stubbornly serves the idols of the earth, will fatally lose heaven with eternal happiness, and fall into hell with eternal torment. But as long as man continues to live in this World, God continually seeks to draw him to and convert him, offering him grace and forgiveness. With open arms he will welcome the contrite prodigal son at any moment, with great kindness and mercy.

## 5. Unlimited Confidence in God's Infinite Goodness and Mercy

(Revelations from the Invitation to a Life of Love, by Soror Josefa Menéndez, 2nd ed., 1948, pp. 94–133)

I will teach you my secrets of love, and you will be a living example of my Mercy, because if I have so much love and fondness for you that you are nothing but misery and nothing, I will not do for many other souls more generous than you. what you?

I will make known that my work rests upon nothingness and misery, and that this is the first ring of chain of love which I have ever prepared for souls.

I will make known to what extent my Heart loves and forgives them. I see the depths of souls. ... The act of humility they do by acknowledging their weaknesses. ... little is given to me for their weakness. ... I supply what they lack.

I will make known how my heart uses this weakness to give life to many souls who have lost it. I will make known that the measure of my Love and Mercy towards fallen souls has no limits. ...

If you are an abyss of misery, I am an abyss of Goodness and Mercy. My Heart is your refuge. Come look for everything you need, even if it is something I ask of you.

Do not think that I will cease to love you because of your miseries, no: My Heart loves you because of your miseries, no: My Heart loves you and will never forsake you.

You know that it is the property of fire to burn and destroy: so it is my heart to forgive, purify, and love.

Have I not told you many times that my only wish is for souls to give Me their miseries? If you dare not approach Me, I will approach you.

The more weaknesses you find in yourself, the more Love you will find in Me.

I don't care about your miseries, what I want is to be the owner of your misery. Your littleness gives way to my greatness. ... Your misery and even your sins give way to my Mercy. ... Your trust attracts my love and my goodness.

I ask you only what you have. Give me your empty heart and I will fill it; give Me stripped of everything and I will put it on him; give me your miseries and I will consume them. What you do not see, I will show you! ... For what ye have not, I will answer.

There are many souls who believe in Me, but few who believe in my Love; and among those who believe in my love, very few rely on my mercy. ...

If I ask for love in correspondence with what you consume Me, it is not the only

return I want from souls: I wish you to believe in My Mercy, to expect all of my Goodness, and never doubt my forgiveness.

I am God, but God of Love! I am a Father, but a Father who loves tenderly and not severely. My Heart is infinitely holy, but it is also infinitely wise, and, as it knows human misery and frailty, bows to the poor sinners with infinite Mercy.

I love souls after they have committed their first sin if they come humbly asking Me for forgiveness. I still love them when they mourn their second sin, and if this is repeated I do not say a billion times, but millions of billions of times I love them and forgive them always and I wash the last of my Blood , as the first sin!

I do not tire of souls, and my heart always waits for them to take refuge in Him, however miserable they may be! Do not have a father but beware of the sick child, than those who are in good health? Are there no greater delicacies and solicitude for this child? So also my heart pours out upon sinners, more liberally than upon the righteous, their compassion and their tenderness.

How many souls will find life in my words! How many will take courage to see the fruit of their efforts: a small act of generosity, patience, poverty can become a treasure and win a large number of souls to my Heart. ... I do not respond to action: I respond to intention. The smallest act, done for love, can acquire so much merit and give Me so much consolidation! My Heart gives divine value to the smallest actions. What I want is to love.

Do not seek but love. ... I ask but love.

The eternal fire of Hell will be the deserved one paid for the despised Love of God, trodden underfoot.

### **Letter from Beyond - from the original German 1953**

With notes from Father Bernhardin Krempel, C.P., Doctor of Theology