

Chapter 1

A Decision for Christ

After conversing with the Lord Jesus in prayer over my problems and disposing of my three cartons of cigarettes, I sat in my rocker and picked up a book to read. As I did, the piece of paper with the message on it to phone Roland began to levitate and float around the room, then it was slapped on my open book with such force that it knocked the book out of my hands and almost off my lap. My first impulse was to tell the spirit a thing or two, but I had determined that regardless what would take place in their activities, I would not get involved in verbal communication with them. I took the piece of paper and placed it between the pages of the book and continued to read. A short while later, the book was pulled out of my hands and thrown against the wall on the opposite side of the room.

Not because of the pressure applied by the spirit, but due to respect for my friend, I decided to go and phone him. There was a pay phone in the hallway, but in this case, I would not use it, so I went to a restaurant down the street. As I sat in the phone booth, I looked at my watch; it was 1:00 A.M. The phone rang twice.

“Hello! Morneau, is this you?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Morneau, you daredevil! What am I saying; I didn’t mean it that way. I meant to say that you are gambling with your life; have you lost your mind?”

I replied, “You sound so upset, friend, what is your problem?”

“My problem, I have no problem; you are the one in great trouble and you sound as if you haven’t got a care in the world. Morneau, I have always admired

your daring spirit, but now you have gone too far; you have gone way too far. You have turned against yourself the power of the spirits that have benefited you, and you are going to be destroyed. I am surprised at the fact that you are still alive. I am concerned over you, man; it's because I care for your well-being that I have been sitting by this phone all evening waiting for your call. Don't you have anything to say?" my friend responded.

"Of course I have something to say, but how can I say anything when you have not given me a chance to talk?" I replied.

Without waiting even a moment, he went on talking again. He was very upset. "Morneau, you don't understand the extent of the trouble you are in. By Wednesday evening, according to the satanic priest, you were in deep trouble with the spirits. But now, it is too late, too late."

Chapter 2

A Miraculous Incident

It was the late part of an afternoon in November 1932, in eastern Canada. As youngsters, we had hurried home from school looking forward to at least one good hour of sledding before the evening meal. There was a lot of excitement in the air. We had an early snowfall that year, and the farm people from miles away were coming to have the grain that had been harvested that fall processed into feed for their animals and into flour for themselves. The old-timers were talking about a severe winter ahead, and that meant many rural roads would be closed for long periods of time.

My father owned a gristmill as well as a wool-carding mill, serving the many farming communities surrounding our village. It was a large three-story building; the source of power consisted of a huge waterwheel about twenty-four feet in height and ten feet wide. It operated many large pieces of machinery simultaneously, and at that particular time of the year, it ran day and night.

There was a steep hill leading to the mill that was ideal for snow sledding. The only concern we had was to make sure there were no teams of horses coming our way. All of us had a great time, especially when sledding on our stomachs while my pet dog ran after us and tried to pull our boots off.

After a while, we became very cold and I suggested that we go into the mill to warm up. I had started for the front entrance of the building when someone made the suggestion that we go in by the basement door, as he had seen a man come out that way and undoubtedly had left the door unlocked. We had been warned by our parents many times never to go into the basement of the mill when it was

running, as it would be very dangerous to fall into the machinery. At the suggestion of that one friend, I replied, "It is too dangerous to go in that way."

By then, he had the door open and said, "Come on, you guys, don't be chicken. We are old enough not to walk into the machinery; besides, the buckwheat shell-fed, potbelly stove warms you up a lot faster than on the main floor. That's too slow of a process." I had to agree that what he said made a lot of sense, and I reluctantly followed everyone in.

For a few minutes, we were quietly standing by the huge potbelly stove, which in the middle was glowing red with heat. It wasn't long before we began to put some distance between it and ourselves, because the heat was reaching through our heavy clothing. We were laughing heartily, having a great time and imperceptibly getting dangerously close to what almost brought me to the portals of the grave. I was standing with my back to a machine strap fourteen inches in width that was connecting a wheel about nine feet in height and another about three feet in diameter; it was held in place by a 450-pound tightener, applying the necessary tension to keep the strap from slipping.

All of a sudden, someone tossed a glove at me and without thinking, I backed into a block of wood, which in turn caused me to fall onto that large machine strap that passed about eighteen inches from the floor. The next thing I knew, I was trapped between the nine-foot wheel and a ceiling beam, as there was no more than six inches of space between the two. An angel of the Lord must have come to my rescue, because a violent shock dislodged a three-inch steel shaft, causing the strap to fall off the three-foot wheel, which in turn caused the heavy tightener to fall down. The weight of the heavy strap pinned me on the large wheel that never slowed down.

Let me tell you, I discovered I had been blessed with a most wonderful set of lungs. I shouted, "Help! Help!" loud enough to almost wake up the dead. I was heard over the noise of heavy machinery throughout the entire place. In a moment of time, my older brother Edmond turned off the waterwheel, jumped through a hole in the floor they were fixing, and pulled me out of my predicament.

After the wheel was stopped, I found myself laying chest down on it with almost all my clothes worn off me—a very heavy winter jacket, a sweater, flannel shirt, and underwear. My left hand was hanging down along the side of the wheel, and the friction had worn off the skin and almost all the ligaments of my fingers. For a while the doctor thought he might have to amputate my hand. Today, when I wash my hands and see the large scar, I thank God for my mother, who patiently followed the doctor's advice in caring for that hand of mine so I still have the use of it.

It took three days to repair the damage done to the machinery. According to the millwright that worked on the repairs, the weight of the tightener on the strap should have crushed all my ribs as I entered under the wheel. He called it an act

of God that I was alive. This experience was the talk of the town for a long time. I remember farmers coming from far away to have grain processed into flour and to express their interest in meeting the boy who had been miraculously saved from death.

This experience also served to reinforce my parents' conviction that God had a special purpose for my life. For the entire winter, I had to stay indoors, and my mother thought the time could be put to good use while my brothers and sisters were in school. Her principle project was to have me memorize the Catholic catechism. In the tender way of a Christian mother, she explained to me that in this life, people who express appreciation even for small favors are in turn benefited in greater ways. She felt that I owed it to God to acquaint myself with Him better by studying the teaching of our church, and in no better way could I do this than by memorizing a catechism. Again, she felt that in this way I could have a ready answer to meet the inquiries that would come to me concerning the teaching of my church throughout my life.

I cried many a time over my inability to retain what I was trying to memorize. My dad came to my aid. "Persistence and determination are needed," he said, "in order to succeed at this kind of a project, not crying." He shared a few easy rules, and that did it for me. He explained that mental attitude has a lot to do with whether or not one succeeds in such an undertaking. He suggested that if I looked upon the project as a hobby, it would prove to be a very rewarding experience.

How right my father was. Every day I am benefited by the counsel he gave me. Since 1946, I have memorized over two thousand verses of Scripture, which have been a source of inspiration to me and to others. By the time I was twelve years old, I had memorized two catechisms, which served to arouse in me questions regarding the character of God and the teachings of my church. I concluded that God was neither a God of love, nor was He interested in our well-being.

I would like to make a point perfectly clear. All Catholics in my childhood days were taught that the pope of Rome is the living representative of God on earth; that he is infallible; that the laws and ordinances of the church as established by the pope are the direct will of God.

From the time I made my first Communion to the time I lost my mother at twelve years of age, I had seen so many injustices and inconsistencies in the teachings of my church that it led me to lose faith in God. In fact, I came to hate God; and the day they lowered my mother in her grave, I told God I had had it with His double standards and tyrannical ways of dealing with humans. At the same time, I didn't want to break my father's heart by expressing my feelings openly, because he had more than his share of sorrows.

I had great respect for my dad and continued being obedient. I went to church every Sunday with the other members of our family, went through all the rituals, ceremonies, and so on, but from the depths of my soul, I told God that I

considered Him no more noble in character than the ancient emperors of Rome, Nero and Diocletian, who had destroyed helpless people. In fact, I felt that they did not torture people in fire forever and ever, or in other words, for eternity.

Our heavenly Father's heart of love must have been saddened in seeing that the fallen cherubim with his fallen angels had succeeded in misrepresenting, under the name of religion, His just and righteous character to the point that a young boy was turning against his very Life-Giver.