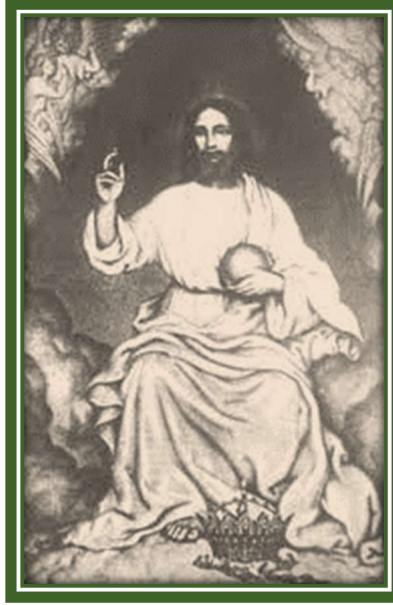


ABBA and me



Abba, Our Eternal Father

“Clouds and darkness are round about Him: justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne.” (Psalm 96:2)

(As He appeared to Mother Eugenia Elisabetta Ravasio, July 1, 1932)

Our Father's first words to Mother Ravasio: “I have already told you and now I say it again: I cannot give My beloved Son another time to prove My love for men! I am now coming among them in order to love them and to make them know this love, assuming their image, their poverty. Look, now I am putting aside My crown and all My glory to take on the appearance of an ordinary man!”

INTRODUCTION

This is written as a tribute and in gratitude to The Father of all mankind, **Abba, Our Father, Our Creator**. This is to share with the world how benevolent, grateful, generous, merciful, liberal, tolerant, nurturing, protective and especially loving is Abba, Our Eternal Father. This is being disseminated to let everyone know how by **‘fearing God’**, one gets to know, love, honor, obey and appreciate Abba, Our Beloved Eternal Father. How this **‘fear of Him’**, He turns into **the perfect love of Him**, Who is the All and All of human existence. How by **‘fear of God’** one becomes His delight, the object of His love, benevolence, generosity, protection and constant nurturing.

A **gift** of the Holy Ghost, **the fear of God**, is so misunderstood by all to the point that they miss out on obtaining His overpowering Divine Providence that provides all that one needs. An Evangelical friend once said, “We do not fear God. He is not a monster. He is love. I do not know why you have to fear Him.” No wonder only Traditional Catholics are that close to God spiritually because Trads, as they are called, **do fear God**. They are bountifully blessed by The Lord in all things. Most of the Christian world is missing out on this wonderful gift, which generates God's generosity towards those who fear Him. With this wonderful and pleasant experience of His overpowering Providence, I could only say to Him this daily:

“Thank You, Lord, for loving me so much, for putting up with me all my life, for making one of Thine own and keeping me by Thy side that I do not have to look for Thee nor wander away from Thee. Thank You for being my God.”

WE LEARN TO FEAR GOD BEFORE WE EVEN KNOW HIM

Most Christians, including this poor sinner, fear God first, before knowing Him. We have our parents, grand-

parents and elders telling us about “Be good so you don’t go to Hell.” We fear God because He will send us to Hell when we die if we do not obey Him.

On certain Sundays, we hear these words of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the gospel readings: *“But I will shew you whom you shall fear: fear ye Him, who after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say to you, fear Him.”* [Luke 12:5] Also, *“And fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him that can destroy both soul and body in hell.”* [Matthew 10:28] Thus, our fear of God becomes inculcated into our hearts and souls. Unfortunately, seldom or never do we thank God for this special gift of the Holy Ghost.

As a young boy, I was deemed incorrigible, the most naughty and useless child by my maternal grandfather. I believed him because I barely pass each elementary grade. In spite of all the corporal punishment I received, I kept giving them consternation and disgust. My hardheadedness keeps everyone mesmerized. Only when my parents or grandparents would shout, “The way you are behaving, **you are going to Hell**, so better behave like your sister or you will never go to Heaven,” would I stop my mischief. The burning fires of Hell were inculcated in my subliminal by my parents and grandparents. Whenever this place is mentioned, I would behave. Why? I was burned by red hot embers when we were still using a firewood stove. The pain was one that I would not like to go through again. They must be right about Hell because this was just a small red hot ember not yet a place full of big flames as Hell was described. **So the fear of going to Hell was the only thing that made me listen.**

I learned from the monks at a Catholic grade school in Manila, what my name meant: **Benedicto Santos Trinidad, Jr.** They said it is the Spanish for **Blessed Holy Trinity!** I could not believe that I have a big responsibility to shoulder in making sure that the name of God is not defamed by or because of me. At that young age, I prayed then to The Lord, **“Lord never allow me to go to Hell. I do not want Satan to make a joke of Your Holy Name because of me. I do not want him to say, ‘He, he, he! I have Blessed Trinity burning with me!’”**

Of course, like any human being full of frailties, we often surrender to temptations and commit sin. Whenever this occurs, I recite the Act of Contrition as many times as possible and ask God not to allow me to die in sin or else Satan will be happy to have me for an instrument of insulting Him. At this old age, I thank Him daily for keeping me alive and giving me more knowledgeable of Him and His commandments.

THE ‘VOICE’

Throughout my life even from my youth, I was privileged to have **The Voice** that tells me what or what not to do, whom I must avoid, where I should not go and so on. When I do the opposite, bad things happened. When bad things happen, I always relent and repent for what I had done and remember the lesson. Meanwhile, it takes a while for **The Voice** to return.

Sometimes, there was no **Voice**, but pleasant and unexpected things happen which only He could have caused. For a long time, I thought it was my guardian angel’s voice. I also appreciated the fact that **The Voice** seems to be always present at the right time and at the right place, especially before danger or dangerous events happen. **The Voice** always tells me what to do. Later, on did I finally realized that **The Voice** is **Abba, Our Father Himself**. This is related in **event no. 12**.

These occurrences I would like to share with all, that all may know that God really is watching us 24/7. When we do things His way voluntarily, **He is so grateful that He pays you back in so many ways**. I am pretty sure that the wise men of the world would think that this is hallucinatory or figments of the imagination. I am sorry for all the wise and skeptics of the world. If you learn to humble yourself to Almighty God and just obey His will in all things, you will also receive the same gratitude and graces that this poor sinner, and others like me, receives in abundance from our Ever-Generous and Ever-Loving God.

The one thing I learned from the Lord is to emulate King David, His favorite servant. Fallible and imperfect as a monarch, husband, father and man could be; he is contrite, brave and sincere in his desire to obey and please God. King David always tells his subject what God has done for him and Israel. He led them in constant thanksgiving for all the wonderful things God has done for him and Israel. By being subservient and pleasing

to God in all things, The Eternal Father honored him by naming His own Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, 'Son of David'.

So whenever God does me something mostly extraordinary, I tell my wife and my children. They got used to listening to these wonderful stories. When I tell others outside of the family circle, I would see the raised eyebrows and rotating eyes signifying unbelief. So believe it or not, here is my story of how great and grateful is Abba, Our Father to this unworthy and miserable sinner, whom He made a beneficiary of His infallible love and providence.

Everything here has happened together with the circumstances surrounding them. I hope I remembered everything He has showered me with. I started putting in **exact** dates and places but again, His Voice told me that **I have been a victim of identity theft so many times** before, so I **removed** the exact dates and exact places, just in case anyone of my identity 'clones' decide to be me by eliminating me. I do not want to equip them more than they have stolen from me.

Some of the notable events that I could still fully remember, at this septuagenarian age, are the following:

1. "Judas Iscariot!"

Being a mischievous boy, I was always branded as the dumbest among my grandfather's grandchildren, totaling 40 kids. So I have this label on my head as a useless and dumb kid. From kindergarten to third grade, I barely made it to the next grade. Whenever I get a passing grade, it was heaven for me. I really believed that I was just dumb and useless. I lived that way till midway through 4th grade in elementary school in a Catholic school.

One day in 4th grade, we were having a review in Religion class for the upcoming periodical exams. The teacher, was a very strict no-nonsense disciplinarian and the frequent user of the duck walk treatment. The duck walk entails squatting by the edge of the floor and the wall the sticking your forefinger into the angle where the wall and the floor meet. The pupil then walks like a duck around the room while keeping that forefinger stuck in that edge of the floor. By the time the routine is done, one could hardly stand up nor walk. This teacher uses the hallway on our second floor, which was almost the length of a two hundred feet and back. So everyone avoids any penalty from him.

In this pre-exam review, those who **do not** raise their hands in trying to be the first to answer the question **gets called**. So if you do not want to be called – raise your hand. So it goes from one question to the next. I knew which move to make because I was dumb.

Then, he asked, "Who...." I immediately raised my hand. Oops! I was the first to do so while the question was yet not finished. So he called me and said, "What is the answer?" I said, "Sir, you have to finish the question." He said, "But you raised your hand before I was finished, so answer me with the correct answer, if not you will do the duck walk!" I shuddered at the thought of the punishment. I was trembling in my knees. Maybe, I was sweating.

Then, it was like a movie. I saw the scene of the previous questions and answers that occurred before I raised my hand. It was all about the Last Supper. I saw the picture of the Last Supper in our home with Judas Iscariot holding the money bag on the table. Then, **The Voice** said, "**Judas Iscariot! The question is - Who betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver?**" So, while still trembling, I replied, "The answer is Judas Iscariot!" Then the teacher said, "Complete the question for me!" I said, "Who betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver!" He threw the bunch of papers in his hands towards the table and said, "O my goodness! You are looking at the smartest kid in all this room. His answer and the question is correct!"

Then, he asked the class, "During recess, did anybody see this boy in this room going through my papers?" The others said that during that time we were all eating or playing tag outside. He called me to the front, and he said, "Someday this boy will be better than you all because he has X-ray vision like Superman!" Everybody laughed.

Those words made me realize that I may have something in my brain after all. My grades improved. By the first grading period of my 5th grade, the next year, I became an honor student. I was always one from thereon

until I started drinking excessively in college. My grandfather, before he died almost 12 years later, did tell me how happy he was of what I became. Judas Iscariot was used by the Lord to awaken the gifts He has given me.

2. “Get your honor card!”

Though my grades for the rest of the 4th grade were little up, nobody had paid attention to my grades because my elder sister was still getting better numbers. After the first grading period in 5th grade, that first Monday (and every Monday morning) we had the flag ceremony to start the week. All students from K-H.S. were lined up in front of the school grandstand. Some announcements were made after the flag ceremony. That particular day, the school decided to give every honor student their honor cards for the completed first grading period. I already knew that I would get one because our head teacher told me the previous week. They completed the calling of names and giving of the honor cards, but **my name was not called**. I looked at my teacher and he ignored me. Then **The Voice** said, “**Get your honor card!**”

I left the line formation and went straight to the grandstand where they gave away the honor cards. My teacher was following me. I climbed up the grandstand and walked up to the Rector, Fr. Benabarre. He looked quizzingly at me. I said, “Where’s my honor card?” He replied, “What’s your name?” I said, “Benedicto Trinidad, Jr.” He looked at the list and my name was there but in the honor card pile there was no honor card for me. He said to the crowd, “We owe master Benedicto an apology. His name was not called but he is an honor student. We will give him his honor card later today.” Then they clapped their hands.

Before recess, Bro. Ambrosio, that kind and friendly soul, who is the assistant of Fr. Benabarre, came by our classroom to give me my card. Bro. Ambrosio became my friend and additional mentor. By this experience, The Lord took away from me any stage fright.

3. “That’s your wife!”

Coming from my work at the fertilizer plant in the Philippines, I just got down from a passenger vehicle called a jeepney. Then I saw a beautiful young white girl in high school uniform walking towards a tricycle (a motorbike with a passenger cab attached to its side). Her long, golden hair was shining in the sun. Almost all men around the area were looking at this very pretty young girl. Then I heard **The Voice** say, “**That’s your wife.**”

So I flagged another tricycle to follow her. The driver said, “Sir, they are well-known here as a powerful and no nonsense family. I cannot do that. I might get into trouble.” I said, “I will give you two pesos, just keep your distance and not follow too closely. Besides nothing scares me. I will take care of them if they go after you.” The usual fare is only ½ peso. With the bribe and assurance of my responsibility, the driver took me. I found out where she lived. At that time I was 22 and she was 16, a high school senior. Two years later, by the grace and gift of God, we got married and have been knotted together ever since! She definitely has been God’s gift to me.

4. “Get your family health insurance coverage!”

My second job in in this country was a lab tech at a plastics company in East L. A. When, my probationary period was completed, my boss gave me all the company papers for me to fill up to be enrolled for the company’s health and life benefits. During that period, my wife gave birth to our first boy in the Philippines. I came here first to avoid expiring my visa. That night, I had a dream or a vision of a young boy about three years old in the ICU of a hospital full of tubes going in and out of body. The boy looked like in the throes of death. I woke up to find that it was almost 6 AM and time to go to work. Then **The Voice** said, “**Get your family health insurance coverage!**” So I checked the program to make sure that my family, who were still in the Philippines, could be included. I believed that I was given the vision of a future catastrophic event in the life of my son, Billy.

When I submitted my papers to my boss, he reviewed them and said, “You **could not include** your family. They are **outside the U.S.**” I told him, “I read the whole program description. It keeps mentioning ‘your family’ **never** did it mention ‘**only in the USA!**” My boss said, “I will submit this, but I do not think they will do it.”

The next day he called me in, his smile betrayed the result! He said, “You are right. They will do it. But because the health system in the Philippines is below par, you will pay an extra 20% more premium.” I told him that was fine with me.

Three years later, my family finally joined me on the first Thursday of January 1974. At that time, I had already left the plastics company and was already working for a scientific instrument company. (How I got this job is related in the next event **no. 5**) The instrument company had finished the relocation to Carlsbad, California and I had bought a ranch style house in San Marcos, California. (How I got to be able to buy a house during the relocation is related in event **no. 6.a**) This new company also covered my family’s health insurance based on the records I had with the plastics company.

Six days after my family arrived, **catastrophe struck**. My son, Billy, who arrived with a flu was given St. Joseph’s aspirin by my physician-aunt in Anaheim, California when we drove by on the way to San Marcos from the L.A. International Airport. By Sunday, he was almost emaciated due to diarrhea and high fever. I took him to Scripps Hospital in La Jolla, California. They diagnosed him again with flu and gave him more aspirin and medicine for the diarrhea. He seemed to settle down and was able to eat.

Wednesday following, my personal leave was now over. I have to return to my job. It was still dark, and I checked on Billy in the other room. He was very pale, and his lips had blood on it. I took a face towel, wetted it and cleaned his lips, I told my wife that since it is winter here, lips always dry up and Chapstick is always the remedy for dried lips. In the faint light of the room, I saw some coagulated blood inside his mouth. I took it out with my fingers. Then he woke up and said in Tagalog, “I want to go pee.” In the bathroom he could barely stand, and I have to hold him up so he could do his thing. Then blood came out of instead of urine, and he collapsed in my arms. I shouted, “Ma, Billy is dying! Dress up we are going back to Scripps!”

We left the house in disarray and drove as fast as I could under the morning condition. I was almost hitting 90 mph per hour on the country road connecting San Marcos to Oceanside going to Fry. 5, when a California Highway Patrol cop on a motorbike caught and stopped me for speeding. When he saw my dying son, he led the way to Scripps.

The ER doctor at Scripps checked him and said, “He is going **to die today!** There is nothing we could do for him here because we do not have a pediatric department. If anything and hopefully it might help, my friend Bill Pingle, is one of the best pediatricians in the county and he is at University Hospital (UH) in San Diego. He might able to relieve your son’s pain and suffering before he dies.” Expletives were coming out of my mouth while he arranged for the ambulance to take my son to UH. He told me that Divine Providence was with us because Dr. Pingle was about to leave (he just finished his graveyard shift) but was held up by another parent’s inquiry about their child.

When we got to UH, Dr. Pingle looked him over and said, “Do you have a religion, Mr. Trinidad?” I said, “Why do you ask? This is about my son’s health and not about religion.” He said, “This syndrome your son is going through is like the Laotian children’s syndrome. This sickness is still incurable. It is 100% fatal. If you have a religion, you could call your pastor or priest or rabi to minister to him before he dies.” I told him we are Roman Catholics. He said, “I just saw the Catholic priest making his rounds outside. Let me call him.” The priest was immediately ushered to the ER and gave my son the last rites. After the services, he calmed me down from my expletives laden anger at this event by telling me, “Sir, when he goes to Heaven, you will have an angel to take care of you and your wife and any other children after Billy.”

Assuring words they are, for it quieted me down and made me to start praying instead of getting mad. I was upset because my son still thought I was his uncle (he was born without me in the Phil.) and the delay of their joining me earlier was due to my mother-in-law’s insistence of keeping my wife and son with her for the rest of her life. But other relatives finally brought sense to her, and she let my family depart for the U.S. before their approved visas expired.

For the meantime, Dr. Pingle decided to confront the deteriorating health of my son. He introduced hourly blood transfusion to remove the acidic blood which damaged Billy’s kidney, liver and brain. He developed epilepsy due to the scouring of the brain by the acidic blood. The fresh blood might rinse the organs. He hoped that the damage could be repaired. He discovered that this Laotian syndrome is hemolytic anemia caused by

the bad reaction of aspirin in children suffering from the flu. We had the Naval Training Center cadets in San Diego donating blood by the help of our navy friend who was an instructor there. Also, all the branches of our company all over California called the Red Cross to get their blood donations.

Billy suffered a heart attack and his right lung collapsed due to a big hole caused by the acidic blood. His condition stabilized and they continued the blood treatment for the next two days because contrary to medical history and the earlier prognosis, **he did not die** that day! Today, he is now 51 years old.

Later on they had labeled this disease Reye's Syndrome. Dr. Pingle discovered the manner of treating this disease. But due to politics, his department head got the credit. Dr. Pingle resigned and moved to Kaiser Permanente. On his off-days, he would come to visit Billy at UH. God bless his soul for his concern and kindness.

Before that first day was over, I was called by the Admissions Office on the intercom. When I got there, they told me that we are facing astronomical expenses on my son's medical case. They said, "If Billy have health insurance, at least 80% of the costs will be paid for." I replied, "He does. He is covered in my group health policy." With a big, surprised look the lady said, "Wait a minute, you told the doctors that he and his Mom arrived last Thursday. He already have health insurance? That's not possible." I told them of **The Voice telling me to get health coverage for my family**, the year my son was born. Doubtful, they called my company on the spot. They could not believe the confirmation from our personnel department. So they let me go back to my son's side since they know they will be paid.

4.a. "He is going home!"

All of January, February and to the first week of March, Billy was in and out of ICU. That week, the tube on his right chest connected to a water bottle which collect the air from his collapsed lung stopped bubbling. The air from the lung leak had to exit or else compressed air will accumulate inside his chest cavity causing the lung and the heart to dislocate causing difficult respiration. All the personnel rushed him to the X-ray lab to check and see where to put another tube for the air to exit.

While waiting for the results of the X-ray, **The Voice** said, "**He is going home!**" I could not believe my ears. For almost an hour, we waited. The doctors and nurses returned with surprised but smiling faces. "It's a miracle!", they all shouted. The dollar-sized hole in his right lung **disappeared**. The right lung was functioning like nothing happened to it. Prior to this, they were just waiting for him to recover his strength before they operate and remove that lung upper lobe where the big hole is. He did go home **three days later** but not before all of the pediatric personnel gave him a big farewell party! Our thanks to The Lord was almost incessant!

5. "Within six months, you will be in management."

Two years before my family arrived to join me, I quit my job with the plastics manufacturing company in. I was promised promotion to project engineer from lab tech if I get a B+ grade in Plastics Technology from University of Southern California. I did get the grade, but they said to wait another year. So frustrated that I was still going to be a lab tech for an indefinite period of time, I started looking for a new job.

I got a job offer from Ajax Hardware in Industry, California as a Chemist with a monthly salary of \$900. The job entails quality control in all aspects of production. That salary was tops for the position at that time. Another offer came from The microbics division of a scientific instrument company in Orange County for another Lab Technician position with a starting salary of less than \$4 per hour. That company was in a race with Dow Chemicals, DuPont and other European companies to produce a fully functioning spectrophotometer to analyze blood samples in a few minutes. This will be a breakthrough at that time for blood analyses, because the usual process of analyzing blood was through the gravimetric method. This old method usually takes half a day to a full day to develop results. It will save lives!

Quality control was always a tedious work of constant maintenance of process and product of high quality. Usually procedures have already been invented or established. There is no challenge of new technology in QC

work. It was always monotonous work. But the blood analysis transformation from the slow and old gravimetric method to electronic analysis was at that time unheard of. It would be an adventure into the unknown. So I took the hourly paying job at the instrument company. My mother was visiting me in my apartment at that time, when I told her of my choice. She thought I was crazy for taking a lower income job. Then, **The Voice** said, **“Within six months, you will be in management.”** I told my mom this and she rolled her eyes and said, “You are always dreaming of making it big. I hope you are not wrong.” When it did happen, she was so very happy. The next story, **no. 6** shows how this materialized.

6. **“Watch This!”** and **“They Got It All Wrong!”**

The lab tech’s job at the instrument company entails growing bacterial or mold culture by aseptic fermentation, i.e., without any contamination from any other microorganisms. As such, sterility was a must including the cleanliness of the equipment and the entire manufacturing facility, which at that time was the pilot plant.

The biggest fermenter we had was only 500 liters and the rest were in the 100 l range. The microorganism produced grows in a broth made up of some brew with various food ingredients. The bacteria was allowed to grow to its highest activity. Once reached, the fermenter was immediately harvested through a chilled heat exchanger to stop degradation of the cell activity. By doing so, the highest amount of cells and enzyme (the juice of the bacteria) is achieved. Five years prior to my coming, this ‘right time to harvest’ for any bacteria was either hit or miss. So the harvest data ranges from the lowest to the highest without any constancy as to when to harvest. Making money for the division at that time has not been achieved yet.

The first fermentation process I was introduced to was the production of the *Escherichia coli* bacteria. The juice of the *e. coli* bug, when homogenized, produces glycerol kinase, to be used for glucose testing. Since I have a good interest in high school biology, so microbiology and biochemistry came naturally. I read books from the various libraries to be familiar with the terminology and the overall process of our operations in addition to the on the job training.

On my second week, while watching the pH recorder, **The Voice** said, **“Watch This!”** The recorder needle hit the pressure sensitive chart paper in the same spot several times. Then, I was compelled to immediately initiate the harvesting process by chilling down the fermenter. The harvest was of the *e. coli* culture that day was the best ever since they had started operations five years prior. The Good Lord gave me this recognition among the pilot plant personnel. The manager established the rule that when the fermentation was close to the eighth hour, I have to be there to pinpoint the harvest time. Four years later, when I left the company to go to business, I gave them the harvest secret.

The other enzyme needed to get the glucose kit working was the enzyme from a bacteria called L.M. (*Leuconostoc Mesenteroides*). This bug was so sensitive to invasion by other bacteria and rarely produces more than **2 kilos per 500 liters** of ferment. While experimenting with this bug, and organizing all the data, I noticed that the bacteria favors a different pH than the pH they were using to grow it. **The Voice** then said, **“They Got It All Wrong!”** From then on I was waiting for the opportunity to change the whole production process for the said bacteria. The problem was that **I was only a lab tech.** I was **only** to follow directions from the R&D Director, the pilot plant manager (p.p.m.), also a Filipino, the Ph.D.’s and Master-degreed leaders of the various research groups.

One Thursday in my fifth week with the instrument company, I took over the graveyard shift. We were running the fermentation for the L.M. An hour and a half in, the broth got contaminated with the big environmental bacteria we called **the zapper**. It so called because it ‘zaps’ or kills the main bacteria being raised. In the event of such contamination, usually the fermenter is heated to boiling to kill all the bacterial broth and to be dumped into the sewer. But since the next day is Friday, it would result in a day where we would not have any other thing to do but to scale up again for Monday of the week following. I decided to experiment with the bacterial broth by using the data I had in my head.

Suddenly, I saw a video or something like a TV show and saw myself in there. It was kind of strange, but I did everything I saw in the video, which was the work of three people, taking samples every fifteen minutes, adjusting acid and alkaline entry rates and changing the parameters of the process in a gradual manner. I was

given the exact parameters to use. I doctored the recorders to record the old parameters while running under the new ones. That way, if anyone comes for a surprise visit, they usually do so even on graveyard shifts, they will see the conditions previously used and would not question what was happening.

The immediate results were amazing – the zapper started to die and to disappear and the LM stopped dying. It remained stable throughout the shift. Morning came and the day tech took samples. I knew then that he would know the changed parameters after checking the pH. He alerted the R&D Director of the changed parameters.

I was called to his office but before I left the pilot plant area, I told my boss, the p.p.m. not to touch what I have done because this was the way this bacteria has to be grown. I told him I might be fired anyway, so just keep the system going and wait for the R&D Director to make the decision of what to do with the ferment.

Once in his office, the director said, “So great Filipino engineer from the University of Santo Tomas, who told you that you could change our fermentation process without my okay?” I told him, “You got it all wrong! The LM wanted a different environment and conditions to thrive.” I showed him all previous records of the experiment on this bacteria. I told him, “Besides, the whole broth got contaminated. If I followed the usual procedure of just killing the bacterial broth and dumping the soup into the sewer, this day will be an off day for you and me. We would be left with nothing else to do.”

I showed him all the frozen 15 minute samples showing the contamination including the samples of the zapper dying and disappearing and the LM recovering from the contamination. He was impressed that the zapper disappeared because it has not been done by anyone. Instead of starting all over again, we have the production still going except that the LM was in state of shock. Though not dying it had not started multiplying.

So he said, “Hey, Filipino B.S., what do we do next?” I replied, “By 4 PM, the LM will recover because I replenished the food ingredients in the broth.” The director said, “If it doesn’t, then you better look for another job.” I told him, “That’s okay if you fire me. At least I have contributed to the process by introducing the procedure on how to eliminate the zapper whenever it invades any of the bacterial broth.”

I went home and went to bed due to fatigue. I slept until about 3 PM when the phone rang. It was the Director telling to come to the office right away. Upon arriving at the plant, I learned that the LM fermentation started picking up past 1 PM and had to be harvested by 3 PM before the bacteria started to decline in activity.

I was ushered to the conference room and there was a guy in a suit waiting for me together with the director. He said, “Ben, this is the best LM harvest we have produced. We got more than 20 kilos! By the way, this is our corporate lawyer. We need to patent this process right away. Write down everything you did to the minutest detail. We are on our way of making the spectrophotometer work. This is a new era in blood testing!”

I wrote down all I did because I have retained the video in my head. The reason for each step was also explained. The whole process was typed for patent application. Then, they gave me a copy of the employment contract I signed on my first day of work. They read the portion that said all the processes that I might be able to invent while working as their employee belongs to the company. Though disappointed, the director told me that I will promoted to be pilot plant supervisor. I was only a little over two years in this country and was on my second month with the company. To be honest, I have taken credit for this invention until now in boastful pride. Giving God credit for this invention has been overdue. I thank God for not punishing me readily for taking this credit from Him. Without God’s video on how to produce this bacteria, the world would have to wait longer for blood analysis to be modernized.

6. a. “You are to set good examples. Your good examples would change others.”
- b. “He just bought a house, and he has three kids.”

Being a minority, a new employee of less than three months and now the pilot plant supervisor at the instrument company, I was subjected to tons of discrimination and insults whenever the xenophobes had a chance to do it. There were other good Caucasians though, so I was able to hold my temper. The one time I almost lost it is when Rod, a white dude told me, “Is that maggots you are eating?” While looking at the steak and rice, I was having for lunch. The Voice spoke instantly, “You are to set good examples. Your good

examples would change others.” I just told the guy to leave me in peace. Others Caucasians shouted at him for his insult. From then on I stayed away from bad mouths and kept my cool. Eventually, most of the racists remark decreased gradually. The Lord must have been happy knowing that I was daily struggling to control myself.

While the company was in full production swing in a small scale, we moved to San Diego County (S.D.C.). This time we are looking at gigantic fermenters. Since, all the original employees went down to the area to relocate with the company, we did not have any lag time. We were producing money right away.

[The reason for the whole personnel in Orange County (O.C.) relocated to S.D.C. **en masse** without any personnel lost was the company gave **all renting employees the money to buy their own homes**. They did so because I told them I will not relocate to a place where apartments for families with children cost double than those without children. I told them that they are helping present homeowners to relocate and giving them allowances for all expenses, and cover any losses due to the move. They might as well give me the same allowances for me to move. I told them if they could replace me, then do so because I will not relocate unless I get what I want.

The V. P. came and told me that if they gave me money to buy a house, they would have **to give all renters the same benefit**. I told him that relocation cost for everyone would be covered under some tax deductions. Besides, our group was already making money. Replacing several personnel with new ones down in S.D.C. might not have the same production efficiency if we were not **all relocated**. They acceded and some of my co-workers became rich because the area boomed within many years.

Sadly, one Italian guy refused the money because of me. I did not realize that he hated me that much. He must have been so sorry for his uncharity for he lost out in the boomed real estate market years later, besides rentals were increasing almost yearly at that time.]

One day, my p.p.m., who is also Filipino, told me that, “Ben you could now **fire Mike W.** because he lost \$100K of the enzyme down the sewer by opening the wrong valve. This is our chance to eliminate him.” My boss also being Filipino, also gets some racist jabs from Mike W. I was elated because Mike W. was my no. 1 vilifier who always comes up with an insult anytime he sees me. He has a master’s degree in Biochemistry and had been with the company three years before I came. Somehow in the reorganization after the relocation, he ended up working under me. Maybe that was why he hated me so much.

But then **The Voice** spoke, “**He just bought a house, and he has three kids.**” I pondered on this, and I told the p.p.m., “We just moved down here, and S.D.C. do not have much industrial companies like us for him to find a job. It will difficult for him to look for a job in O. C. or L.A. because of the distance. **Three strikes** and he’s out. He’s got **two more to go.**” My boss could not believe it. I put down my foot down for the sake of God, and Mike W. stayed. I am still glad that The Lord gave me that chance to please Him. The Lord keeps reminding me of how this pleased Him so much.

By the way, Mike W. got my job when I left to go into business. I hoped Mike W. had learned to be kind and respectful of other races before he has to face his particular judgment.

6.c. “They will go bankrupt!”

Once I realized that I could not get up any further in management at this company due to politics, I started looking for another job in the fermentation business. Engineers who invent processes and make millions or billions for companies usually end up being inconsequential after their invention. It is the use and abuse syndrome they suffer. Selling the soul in going up in any employment is something my father told me never to do. So maybe some other companies could use me.

The first one was with beer company in Milwaukee. The VP for Research and Development denigrated me, because of my low grades and very uninspiring thesis in college. Then I heard The Voice said, “**They will go bankrupt!**” I told my prospective boss, the GM for R&D, “If this guy remained as VP, you better start looking for another job.” He asked, “Why?” I told him, “Your company is being overrun by the other beer makers. Unless you reduce labor costs by automation and modernize your equipment as I suggested, your bottom line will be disappearing. I also told the VP that research should be started to use the excess yeast from brewing as an alternative to meat for food protein. Single cell protein, SCP or yeast, would be used in the future as non-meat food products but will be made to taste like meat. With this venture going, you would be the first in the market to do this. You might actually stop brewing beer when you make more money producing pseudo meat products. Without these changes, you will be bankrupt by next year.”

The GM had a sneer in his face when we parted at the airport. They did file for bankruptcy the next year. They finally closed in 1981.

6.d. "Give him what you discovered."

The other contribution that The Lord has allowed for help to do was the cortisone and steroid manufacture. I got an interview with the leading research company in commercial cortisone and steroid production in Michigan. I did a whole lot of research on this company and on the products they were working on before I applied for the job and got the interview.

When I toured their manufacturing plant, The Lord gave me the vision of the equipment and fermentation conditions that has to be improved to achieve commercial production profitably. When we could not come to an agreement to my salary and job security demands, we bid goodbye. Then **The Voice** said, **"Give him what you discovered."**

Before I left, I called the Chinese biochemist from MIT, who appreciated my contributions to the industry. I drew him the improvements they have to do to their present equipment in order to manufacture the said items economically without spending too much money on new ones. I told him the specific conditions that the bacteria needed to grow and that has to be changed immediately. The bacteria would mutate into a new productive class due to these changes. The next year or so, cortisone and steroids became commercially available. Without God's help, those drugs would not be available that soon.

7. "That is not the pope. He will die soon. The replacement will come from a poor country not from Italy."

One night in August 1978, I just got home to catch the 11 PM news. I had now my own insurance and real estate business. The banner news of the hour was the election of an Italian cardinal as the new pope to replace Paul 6 who died a few weeks before. Then **The Voice** spoke **"That is not the pope. He will die soon. The replacement will come from a poor country not Italy."** I told my wife about this right there and then. She thought I was crazy. More than a month later, it did happen. My wife could not believe it when all these things transpired!

8. "Don't touch that door! Get out of here! Don't turn your back to the door. Back-off! Keep your eyes on the door".

By 1980, my wife's constant reminder that I need to be a father to our children, made me close my business and look again for an engineering job. The kids were growing up and I was not even in any of their school functions. My sister was then working at naval shipyard in the south as a nuclear engineer and told me of the many vacancies they had. I sent my resume. Her boss interviewed me on the phone and hired me on the spot.

The next year, I started working in the same shipyard in the same capacity. Midway through my time there, I realized that my eldest son would be going to college soon, and my income was just enough for our needs. We could not put enough to save for his college. I decided to work during weekends selling Medicare supplemental insurance. I had a good lead system. From this venture, I was making enough to save for his college, that I did each weekend, though I had to travel far from the city.

One weekend, I traveled almost 120 miles west to a town I would not name so as to avoid being derogatory to its present residents. Upon arriving at that town, I saw a diner and went in to ask for directions. In this far distant towns, addresses are like this: Route 123, Box 456. That is how rural the houses are in this town. I noticed that there were no colored person in the diner. And their eyes were those eyes you see when someone was just about to hit you. I've been in many fights in my youth and those type of stare you never forget. One of the waitresses sent me to the fire department. The people in the fire department had the same kind of stare, too. They gave me directions to the first house that I was looking for. I had to write the direction down because it was lengthy. I followed the directions and got there after almost after a long drive through the country roads. It was a big two-story modern house situated in the middle a big ranch which was fenced around with steel rods like those ranches in the 1980's TV sitcom, Dallas. Realizing that I might get some good sales from these 'rich' folks I went through the open front gate and parked in front of the house by the front porch. Two steps up, I was by the front door which was slightly ajar. I started reaching for the door knob to peek inside.

Then The Voice shouted, **“Don’t touch that door! Get out of here! Don’t turn your back to the door. Back-off! Keep your eyes on the door”**. Startled, I walked backwards and slowly got into my car and sped off.

Confused and shaken, driving out of the ranch, I turned left instead of the right where I came from. Within a block and a half, I saw the sign to the freeway and went home. I kept wondering why they gave me a long route to the house when I could have used the freeway.

Monday came and I went back to work. I told my closest buddy on the job, Bob Little, a white local guy, about the incident. He turned pale and told me, “Ben, if you love your life and family, don’t ever go far from this area where you work and live. South Carolina is redneck country. I am local but if I venture to where you went, I might not come out alive too. You are a colored guy. Those distant places are usually KKK territory and are always suspicious of outsiders, even white people. Did you see any colored people there? They are mostly white and if there are any colored people there they separate themselves from the whites to avoid violence. Strangers who go to those places usually are reported missing and never found. That door must have been kept ajar so when you open it and peek inside, they would shoot you for trespassing!” I thought, maybe that is why they sent me through a circuitous route, to prepare for an ambush! Also, those stares gave me chills!

I got the message from the Lord. I stopped making extra money and left it up to Him to help my kids get college degrees. By His generosity and mercy, they did get their degrees.

9. **“Watch out for that oncoming car.”**

One summer, going home from shore fishing inside the shipyard, my son and I took the long stretch of country road to our home. At that time, it was a long straight road surrounded by tall pine trees and grassy knolls. It was only a two-way, two-lane road. Any deviation from the straight line, would take one to the on-coming lane and disaster. I saw a purple sedan about a mile away coming from the opposite direction. I heard **The Voice**. **“Watch out for that oncoming car.”**

I kept my eye on the car. Within a hundred feet distance, **the car swerved into my lane right into my path**. Three other vehicles were behind me running at the same speed about 50 mph. We were separated by two to three car lengths. **I swerved to the grassy shoulder on the right, the others followed**. Once he passed us, the oncoming car **returned to his lane**. He must be trying to commit suicide. If I stepped on the brake, I would have been sandwiched by the oncoming car and those behind me. The other vehicles flashed their lights behind me and tooted their horns in thanksgiving. My son and I said some prayers to The Lord in thanksgiving, too.

10. **“They will cry when they close this shipyard.”**

After almost seven years in the naval shipyard, I quit to go back to business since I could no longer live with all the unacceptable dealings happening around me. They gave me a going away party. This was a surprise to me because I have been a thorn on all the superiors’ sides. Nevertheless, I went with them to the Officer’s Club. A good friend of mine could not believe it either. He was telling everyone who would listen, “If they gave this guy what he deserves, they do not have to hire **four** new nuclear engineers to replace him!” Yes, by the grace of God I handled 14 chapters of the nuclear power manual that they have to hire 4 new guys to replace me. Yes, I was told **to train them** before I leave! Anyway, while in the banquet, The Voice said, **“They will cry when they close this shipyard.”** I told this to my buddy, and he asked, “Why would the shipyard close?” I said, “The graft and corruption here dates back to the year of my birth and that is a long time. I don’t think God would allow so much deception and misuse of the people’s money anymore.”

In 1991, due to the break-up of the Soviet Union, the cold war ceased to exist. Congress, in 1993, listed the naval shipyards to be closed. This yard was one of them. During the deliberations on its closure, I happened to surf into the C-SPAN channel covering the Congress and Senate discussions on the base and shipyard closures. Most of my superiors were there trying to argue why their shipyard has to remain open. Their families and some of them were all in tears when the decision was made to close. Yes, evil work could only be allowed by The Lord for so long. I felt sad for the people of the shipyard city when I found out that the whole area became economically depressed.

11. "Take the shoulder!"

One winter wet night, I was enroute eastward on Hwy 37. On the crest of the bridge I was on, I saw six pairs of headlights coming from the opposite direction towards me. This highway was a two-way, two lane road, often times called 'Blood Alley' due to the many head-on collisions there. There were no barriers at all at that time and most head collisions on this road were fatal.

On a curve of the road going to the right, the six cars were passing by me, then **The Voice** shouted, **"Take the shoulder!"** I immediately obeyed. The moment I swerved to the right, **the last car passed me by, on my vacated lane.** I felt the big swoosh on my left side, the other driver missed me by millimeters! Everyone must be going over 60 mph at that time. I thanked God immediately for saving my life.

12. "It is the same with Me. I do all to provide for all men, and not many bothers to thank Me."

I went into real estate loan business because people always need money, and it was easier to sell than anything else. In sales, you do not have to compromise nor sell your soul. You just have to be honest and abide by the Golden Rule. I learned this from my Dad.

I had lots of business because I made sure that my clients do not have to do anything besides handing me their income documentation and wait for the loan to close. I always meet them in their homes or offices whichever is most convenient to them. By doing this I was traveling hundreds of miles per day. My loan average was so high that we made good income, more than any of my previous engineering jobs.

One day, I was going south on a freeway under construction and when I gained my senses, I was already several miles down the road. I could not believe I could not remember how I got that far. It repeated itself so many times that I had to see a doctor before I hurt anyone other than myself. The doctor diagnosed that I have **sleep apnea** and told me to stop working to avoid accidents. I filed for disability with our company insurance, but the disability process was taking too long. The state disability would kick in sometime soon but not as much as the other one with the company's disability program.

One day, all alone by myself and frustrated, I complained. I said, "I worked hard all my life and just wanted to be wealthy to help all relatives and keep enough for retirement. Now, here I am. I felt like I could not get anything back for all the lifetime hard work I have done." A few moments later, I heard **The Voice** say, **"It is the same with Me. I do all to provide for all men, and not many bothers to thank Me."**

This time I realized that **The Voice** that has been with me all my life, saving me, protecting me, advising me and taking care of me was actually **Abba, Our Father Himself.** I was so overwhelmed with the thought that this nothingness of a creature is so loved by Him, Who created all things. I felt so embarrassed and said, "Lord, I am sorry I complained. Your troubles are bigger than mine." From then on, I stopped complaining about anything. I believe I made Abba happy, by just trying.

12.a. "I opened up My arms to offer My Only-begotten Son to save mankind. With these same arms I am calling all to come to me and see the Sacrifice I made. Not many do."



THE LAST VISION OF FATIMA

During the early months of my disability knowing that God is taking care of me, gave me so much peace. But it occurred to me that **I fear Him most** but do not know how to love Him. So reverently, I said, "Lord, You know I do not love You at all. I am just scared of You because **You can kill me anytime and throw me to Hell.** I am sorry but I do not know how to love You. You have to teach me to love You." There was no reply.

In our altar, I have The Last Vision of Fatima in black and white in a large frame. It was set on the left most corner. While praying one night, I glanced at it, then I heard His voice, **"I opened up My arms to offer My Only-begotten Son to save mankind. With these same arms I am calling all to come to Me to see the Sacrifice I made and feel My love for them. Not many do."** I cried so hard when I realized how a father would react and feel if anyone would torture and kill his son. As for me and maybe other fathers, I would be seeking revenge on those murderers. Being a father myself, I do not think I

could do what Abba did: to send His Son away to save the same people who would torture and kill His Son. **Abba alone could do this!** This thought alone made me appreciate **John 3:16** and started to learn to love Abba. Whenever I look at The Last Vision of Fatima, my empathy for Abba takes hold of me.

In my appearances at the various conferences of the Lord of Pardon chapters in the Philippines, The Last Vision of Fatima was the central theme of all my dissertations on God's love, mercy and our salvation. People would start crying. I did too.

13. "How did you not know it was not Me, Who wanted it?"

It was now Tuesday night that September, just three more days before my daughter's wedding. I found out that they were short in funds to cover the cost of the reception. I was on disability at that time. The disability insurance company was trying to avoid paying me disability pay for my sleeping disorder. So we were at a loss as to where to get the money.

I was brushing my teeth before going to bed and I muttered to myself, "These kids always wanted to have that picture-perfect wedding with all the trimmings. Now here we are in a big quandary. I wish they listened to me to just have a simple wedding." Then **His Voice** said in an irritated manner, **"How did you not know it wasn't Me, Who wanted it?"** I was taken aback. I said, "Lord, if You were the One Who wanted it, then they are in good hands. I am sorry for being a nagger and a negative father." Going to bed, I had peace of mind.

The next day, my daughter went to work, and her office manager inquired about the upcoming wedding. Sensing her situation, he offered her the amount she needed to complete the transaction for the reception and told her, "Just pay me when you are able to." The wedding went through without a hitch. We thanked God for His powerful assistance for solving my daughter's quandary and for a beautiful wedding and reception.

A month later, the disability company paid me my disability back pay of two years. We paid her manager in full. **The Lord was really The One Who wanted my daughter's wedding to be that grand!**

14. "Get a funeral plan for your father!"

We went back to Manila in 1998 to continue my Lord of Pardon work. Our return flight was May 1st. The SUV we contracted to take us to the airport did not show up on time. He was late by an hour. When he showed up, told me that he made a mistake in agreeing to 1,000 pesos. He said this time, he wants **3,000 pesos**. He thought by putting me in a waiting and hurried state, I would take the bait.

I told him, "Get out of my face before I lose my temper. I could pay you that but because you did it in this manner, goodbye!" He said, "You will be late. I am the only one you could use now." I said, "That is right, but I will not give you the satisfaction of blackmailing me! Just leave!" The guy could not believe I messed up his plans to blackmail us and make more money. We got two taxis, one for my wife and Mom, and one for me. We have tons of luggage. We have only an hour and a half to spare to get to the airport.

I got to the airport thirty minutes before departure, but my wife and Mom's taxi was nowhere to be found. I told the airline of the other taxi with my wife and Mom. The airline waited up to ten minutes before departure, but they never got to the airport. They told me that they have to leave but because I showed up, they will not charge us for any rescheduling fee. They also hope that nothing bad happened to my family.

I returned home and the maids were surprised to see me come back. I told them that I felt like my wife and my Mom were kidnapped (a common occurrence in Manila for those returning overseas residents). After so much prayer and waiting, three hours later, they finally showed up in the same taxi. Apparently, my Mom wanted to be the navigator and told the driver what route to take. They ended up in the traffic jam of downtown Manila. So now we have to reschedule our flight home.

We had a hard time trying to get a return flight. After several days trying, suddenly, **His Voice** said, **"Get a funeral plan for your father!"** I ignored **His Voice** for two days because I was always on the phone. Phone service in Manila is not as efficient in the U.S. But since we were not getting any flights, I finally acceded.

I called a funeral plan provider, St. Peter's Plan Company, which I found in the local yellow pages. I got the most inexpensive plan costing about 12,000 pesos. The sales manager noticing that we were overseas residents

keep insisting on the expensive ones. I told him, “Six feet under, rich and poor are alike. They decompose and are eaten by worms, insects and rodents. Whether the container is gold and plain pine wood, the result is the same – decomposition and bones.” He said, “If the time comes for the need of this plan, I will care of your Dad if you promise me a lot of referrals.” I agreed. The **next day**, I called the airline and **immediately got our booking** for the return flight. I realized then that my father’s time will be coming soon though he seems healthy and had no medical issues.

Two months after we left, my father fell off the sofa into the hard cement floor of the living room and broke his hip. Since he was suffering from osteoporosis, the orthopedic surgeon told our maid that nothing could be done to fix his pain and suffering. They just gave him morphine. **He died** several weeks later from pneumonia. When informed of his demise, we gave the maid my father’s plan number and the contact info for St. Peter’s Plan.

The Expensive Funeral

When we got home, I could not believe my eyes. Instead of the ordinary arrangements I paid for, the chapel for the wake in our parish church had beautiful carpets, golden candle holders and my father’s casket was incased in gold not the plain white pinewood! Floral arrangements of the expensive type adorn the chapel. Our neighbor came and told me that St. Peter’s ran out of the 12k pesos caskets all the way to the 50k ones. So my dad got the **60k pesos casket, service and trimmings!** The sales manager showed up and I thanked him for the special arrangements provided for my father. He reminded me of my promise to give him referrals. Later on, I gave him lots of referrals in gratitude.

In addition to this special treatment from Our Lord, **my whole family was with me**, my wife, two sons, daughter and son-in-law. Why is this very important?

When I was a nuclear engineer in the south, I worked and lived like what my father taught me. I avoided compromises at all my undertakings. This frame of thinking was always laughed at, especially in the government service. I rocked the boat by trying to do things the right way. I paid for it by being blackballed. They kept me because I had responsibility for fourteen chapters of the nuclear power manual. It would take several guys to do my job.

I told The Lord at that time, “I will suffer all this. All I asked is that **when my father dies**, that **I could take care of his funeral and all my family would be with me** when we bury him.” There was no reply then.

But The Lord’s reply came more than a decade later as I related above. **I took care of his funeral**, by God’s grace and which The Good Lord lavishly enriched, and **my whole family was with me!**

By the way, my fortitude in fighting for what is right, **was a special gift from Our Lord**. No one would like to be in that position in life. Only by God’s grace could any man handle that kind of situation and money temptations. Money temptations? Yes, money temptations.

I was in charge of a chapter in the nuclear power manual where all the chemicals and materials to be used in nuclear refueling program was listed. Those materials have to pass the numerous tests I have set to be included in the chapter. The top three products for each category are included with the name and address of the manufacturer or supplier. **Every vendor would like to be listed there**. Once in the list, they are the only ones contacted by the shipyard when we need any of the materials listed. The amount of materials listed in that chapter costs to almost \$7 M yearly.

Every manufacturer’s representative that comes along always gives a hint or insinuation that they were willing to give me half of their commission. How much is their commission? Thirty to thirty five per cent (30-35%). When one does the math, it is a lot of money. I would get half of that a year, if I wanted. I would have been very rich. I realized then how those in a similar job like mine get super rich. Like that young man in the instrument company who entered the same job with a minimum salary and ended up with a Porsche and a big house, with no increase in salary. **I wonder where they went when they stepped over into eternity**.

The manufacturer’s reps could not believe I would not sell my soul for that amount. One guy asked me if I needed a bigger house because he saw my small house. They even followed me to know where I lived! One guy

mentioned that a person in my position should live in a plantation estate fully furnished with my own dry dock and boat. Others, asked me what appliances I need. Others noticed my very old car.

One manufacturer's rep invited me to lunch. The yard just bought \$750k worth of duct tape from his company. I earlier listed him as the no.1 supplier because his product was the best among those tested. He was one of those who mentioned about my old car. When I got to the parking area, there was a brand new Mercedes Benz close to my old car. When I saw the brand new MB, I asked him, "Is that mine?" He smiled and reached for the keys in his pocket. I told him, "I will not exchange my soul for that MB." He was flabbergasted. I told him to just keep it for himself. I told him I will not go to lunch with him. He left and never saw him again. His wife must have been happy with a new car that day!

God gave me a good father as an example; so being steadfast against bribery came a little easier. (Pres. Ferdinand Marcos wanted my Dad to handle the Japanese war reparations payment and take it to Switzerland. He refused because it belongs to the Filipino people. Marcos banished him from his list of friends. We were blacklisted. We had a hard time since then. Though at that time I thought it was very foolish of him to stick to his ideals. But when I became a father myself, I realized I have to give good examples to my children. I became like him!)

15. "Take this exit!"

One of the family favorites is Salisbury steak with tons of mushrooms, which I always put together. This particular day in late 1990's I went to several stores and could not find any mushrooms less than the regular price. If I have to use five of these packages at those prices, I would not feel good at all. Coming from a big family while growing, I got used to getting bargains for us to survive.

Coming from Vallejo, California on 780 going south to Benicia, **The Voice** suddenly said, "Take this exit!" It was the exit to another Safeway grocery store. I seldom go there because they have **the same prices** as the Benicia Safeway. So I did. Upon entering the vegetable section of the store, I could not believe my eyes. There is a roll-away shelf full of mushrooms each pack marked **50 cents!** I got them all. The vegetable clerk said they just have too much of the mushrooms and was glad that the whole shelf had been disposed of! The whole family enjoyed that dinner immensely.

16. "I gave your disease to the dog!"

About 20 years ago, we had two Labradors both of them black, Jazz was the older and Belle the younger. My daughter and son-in-law actually owned these dogs. But they could not keep them in their rented townhouse. One day, Belle, collapsed and could not stand. After a lot of massaging, she regained her strength and went on playing with Jazz. But the incident kept repeating itself, that my daughter and son-in-law made an appointment with a veterinarian to check on what was causing this.

That particular day, they came early to pick up Belle. My wife and I were at breakfast when we got the call from them that they would have to spend most of the day with the vet because they were doing tons of tests on Belle. I asked my wife if they told her how much all this would cost them. My wife said the prior estimate was almost a thousand and could get bigger. I replied, "There are tons of poor, homeless, hungry people and we are here spending money on a dog. In our country, the Philippines, they just put them to sleep." My wife said that we should leave ourselves out of this medical situation since the kids were paying for it from their own pockets. I kept mouthing about the waste of money, then **The Voice** said in a stern tone and with a big finger right in my face, "I gave your disease to the dog!"

I shut up my mouth so suddenly that my wife asked me, "Are you okay? Why did you stop talking?" I said, "The Lord told me that **He gave my disease to the dog!**" "What?", she said. "What disease is that?" I told her, "I do not know but the Lord is mad at me! He pointed His big forefinger into my face!" My wife could not believe this but decided to change the conversation so as not to aggravate my situation.

So almost six hours later, our daughter called us and said that Belle will be taking insulin because **she has diabetes!** I almost could not believe the news. My family was full of diabetics on both my parents sides. My

siblings also have diabetes **except me!** We learned how to give Belle insulin and she lived for another seven years.

One day, we woke up and found her howling behind the central air conditioning unit. She was unable to move. We took her to the vet, and they told us that she has to be put to sleep because she suffered extreme hypoglycemia. She was actually in coma. We bid her goodbye and I told, “Belle thank you for taking my disease and dying for me.” And I cried worse than when my father died. I thank God for keeping me diabetes-free.

By the way, when filling up health questionnaires about my diabetic ancestry, the doctors would wonder how come I do not have diabetes, since my family tree was replete with diabetics. I would tell them the story of God’s finger in my face. Then they roll their eyes. Man is so intelligent to his detriment. They could not believe God does miracles and wonderful things to those who do their best to obey Him.

17. “Hold it!”

Driving home from a Sunday Mass in Oakland, CA, we were on the right-most lane of northbound Fry. 680. At this junction of Fry. 680 it splits to the right to Hwy. 242. Cars at that time were all going over **70 mph** and was so crowded that some were **tailgating**. Right at the split, the black car at the leftmost lane of 680 immediately **turned right**. It crossed two lanes on my left and **in front of me**, trying to catch up to the Hwy. 242 split on my right. Shouted, “Ma!” to my wife. I thought we were dead. I waited for the impact. It was disheartening to see the faces of the other passengers of the black car in front of me before the fatal collision. Instantly, **The Voice** shouted, “**Hold it!**” I did as told – no braking nor wheel turning. The truck behind me was just a half-a-car length behind. Braking would cause a rear collision.

How we missed that front-crossing car, only God could tell; because He is the only God Who could work out this type of miracle where nano-inches and micro-seconds are needed to avoid a fatal collision. How that black car missed the other vehicles on my right on Hwy. 242 I could not comprehend. By the way, everyone behind me slowed down. For a few miles down the road everyone kept their distance! We said thanksgiving prayers to The Lord for saving us that day.

18. “Turn left!”

It was the funeral day for my sister in November 2013. My wife and I were running late, and we decided to take the freeway to St. Dominic’s Church in Benicia, CA. It was raining. Once we got on the on-ramp on Southampton Road, our tires started skidding and free-wheeling. Our SUV started **diving left** towards the embankment of the 780 freeway (we were below the freeway). **The Voice** shouted, “**Turn left!**” I did as **The Voice** said, but the SUV **turned right** away from the embankment and back to the on-ramp! After a short pause of thanksgiving to The Lord, we continued on our way. I still could not figure out how it turned right when the momentum of the SUV was to the left, and the instruction was towards the left too!?

19. “Read the bible!” No. 1

I was already on disability for quite a while and my human nature keep coming up with its “Why me?” questions. I would ignore my temptations to complain but one day I was just so tired of sleeping that I wondered how my life was going to be. Then, **The Voice** said, “**Read the bible!**” Not knowing where to start, I just took my **Douay Rheims Bible** and stuck my finger in its middle area. The page opened to **Psalm 126**. When I read **verse 2**, I cried. For most of the day, I had tears in my eyes. From then on, I daily tell The Lord, “Thank you for loving me so much!”

20. “Read the bible!” No.2

The first African-American was elected chief executive. I could not believe that The Lord would allow this man to lead this country. Of a heretical sect and a liberal at that, I thought something must be wrong. Almost every day, I would jokingly say, “O, Mama, why do we have Obama?” Several months into this guy’s term, **The Voice** tersely said, “**Read the bible!**”

So I got the same bible and stuck my finger into the middle thickness and came upon this verse, *"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion:"* (Ps. 136:1) This was the first line of a Christian country rock song on the Babylonian captivity. So I read about that Hebrew captivity.

I read therein a planned revolt by the Israelites against Nabuchodonosor to kill him. But God sent His prophet to His people that their captivity was for violation of God's commandments, and He will kill them if they proceed with their plans to kill Nabuchodonosor. So they abandoned their plans and accepted their captivity for 70 years.

It was given to me that the American people was being punished for all its sins, i.e. lack of parenting, abortion, the day after pill, no-fault divorce, same sex marriage, no Bible, no God in classes, immorality, disrespect to authority, etc. This great country is also big in its inability to stop the liberals, progressives and modernists in erasing God and His commandments from every facet of American life. So this country will suffer more. As Blessed Theresa Neumann told an American soldier when queried whether the U.S. would ever be invaded by outside forces, she said, "American will not be invaded by another country but will be destroyed by natural forces."

The big drought has dried up lakes, aquifers especially the Ogallala Aquifer in the Midwest. Lake Mead has about less than several years to go together with Lake Powell. God loves this country so much that He will not let it be invaded. But this country has to recompense God for His mercy and generosity, instead of erasing His memory from this nation. Christians has to fight back against the enemies of God, to keep this country from the heavy justice of God.

21. "Read the bible!" No. 3

One day, I was watching a detective story on the hunt for the Green River Killer, a serial killer who was killing women in Washington state for so many years. I kind of questioned why this was happening. Then, I heard again, **"Read the bible!"** So I did. The finger came to this: *"Every woman that is a harlot, shall be trodden upon as dung in the way."* [Ecclesiasticus (Sirach) 9:10] These women walk the streets at night and lived their lives in wanton abandonment and making others sin. So they were slain by evil men; thrown along ditches and bushes; eaten by wild animals and became digestive products.

God's justice is terrible and horrible to those who willingly and recklessly violate His commandments. These tragic stories are supposed to teach people lessons of obedience to God's laws and not to be imitated. Unfortunately, man does not learn lessons well.

22. "Watch out for the switch!"

Two years ago, in one of my follow-up visits with our primary physician, the nurse was alarmed to see that my pulse was reading **40 beats per minute**. She said, "Mr. Trinidad, somethings wrong with your heart." I said, "Why?" She said, "Your heartbeat is reading only 40 bpm, normally it should be at 60 and above." I said, "That's okay! Look at the oxygen saturation it is almost 100%. I am okay!" "I saw it one time reading **10 bpm**, before my exercycle routine. I thought at that time that my machine is defective. Then, one day it read at **20 bpm** but once I started exercising it went up to **60+**." "I do not feel dizzy, no convulsions, my color is normal, and my eyes were not turning white. I did not feel anything extraordinarily bad at all." She said, "How can you live with this low heart beat?" I paused for an instant because I would have to tell them **the truth**.

I told her that when this low heart beat kept repeating and nothing tragic was happening to me, that is when I realized that God is holding my heart in His hands." She said, "Why?" "Well," I said, "twenty years ago, I realized I was pursuing the wrong goal in life. I wanted to be a millionaire, but things always happen that my money goes to fixing car accidents, helping my relatives with emergency needs, also to our health needs. So I reorganized my priorities and prayed. Now, I am all into what my father taught me, 'To go to Heaven first, before anything else.' To go to Heaven, I found out you have to **pray ceaselessly**, almost 24/7. So I asked God to give me **the love of prayer**. So I love to pray because I found out that it **pleases God and makes Him happy**. In exchange, He holds my heart in a calmly manner contradictory to what medical science knows. Prayer is greater than yoga as a meditative exercise because our Creator is engaged with the meditator. God's grace and power acts as a force field creating health and well-being to those who receive them." She cannot believe it. So

she told the doctor. My doctor said, "I am religious too. But we have to have an expert check whether you have a-fib (atrial fibrillation.) So I agreed.

The cardiologist sent me for an echogram and MRI. He told me he will call when he found anything wrong. He never called for the next six months. So nothing was wrong with me.

Then, May of last year, I could hardly breathe. My wife took me to ER. The emergency doctor diagnosed it as **potassium deficiency** due to the herbal supplements I was taking. The supplements were diuretics and were removing the potassium from the blood. So I have to replenish my potassium. But then, just to be sure, the ER doctor called my cardio. He took this opportunity to run me through the gamut of tests to prove that I have a heart problem. In the hospital, my heartbeat was reading 30-40 bpm, but they could not find anything wrong with my heart nor were there any blocked arteries. So they sent me home.

I will never forget that May 26, 2021, Mass webcast at St. Gertrude the Great Church in West Chester, Ohio. It was the feast of St. Philip Neri and then Fr. Charles McGuire (he is now a bishop) in his sermon he noted that St. Philip's heart beats more than a thousand beats due to his intense love of God. That story reenforced my belief that God is really always holding my heart in its low beats because no matter how low it is, my oxygen saturation remains close to 100%. By the way, all blood lab tests shows, by the grace of God, all my organs are healthy!

Three days later, the hole in my right groin caused by those tests started leaking tons of fluids. I rushed to the ER again, then the desk nurse sounded the alarm. They all grabbed me into ER and put the EKG machine on me. **I was surprised about these events.** So I told the nurse, "I came here for this leak on my right groin, and you are looking at my heart. What's the problem." The nurse, Jonathan White said, "Sir, I am surprised you are still talking. Your heart rate is at **30 bpm**. You should be dead!" I said, "I know! But it will not happen because God holds my heart!" He said, "I do not understand." So I told him the story like before. I even told him that the cardiologist had done almost 20 tests in my stay at the hospital and found nothing with my heart. He called the cardio. He came back and said, "Sir, I believe you. Because no one lives with a heart rate of 30. Your cardio also said he could not find anything wrong with your heart." I said, "Thanks." Then, he stayed with me. I taught him some Catholic basics and gave him the Green Scapular of Our Mother's Immaculate Heart. The leak on my groin was caused by the cardio's plastic bandage – it was an allergic reaction. I was sent home.

Earlier this year, my blood pressure went up to 200+. It was my fault, the holidays brought about an **eating binge** that gained me 15 pounds. In the hospital, they again called the cardio because it was another set of doctors who could not believe my story about my 30-40 bpm. This time the cardio told me I have a-fib. I told them **I do not have a-fib**. But this time the new ER doctor and my cardio are pulling the punches. They would not release me **until I agreed to have a heart monitor implanted** by the cardio. The heart monitor would definitely show whether I was shaking, losing consciousness or other adverse condition at the low heartbeat. So I promised to return the next week for the monitor insertion. But then **His Voice** said, "**Watch out for the switch!**" His warning kept being repeated almost daily.

The next week, I went back to the hospital for the monitor insertion. While in the admission office, **His Voice** said, "**Read what you are signing.**" I signed it any way without reading it and then went to the pre-ops area. This time **His Voice** said again, more intensely, "**Watch out for the switch!**" I finally thought about it, and I told myself, "Will they put a pace maker instead of a monitor?" Then, I regretted not reading what I signed. But this time, I prayed hard that they do not switch on me.

I got undressed, got cleaned and wore the gown for the monitor implant. The cardio came by to say hi and went out to dress up for the surgery. I kept hearing the warning, "**Watch out for the switch!**"

Then the male nurse said, "Congratulations on **your new pacemaker**, Mr. Trinidad!" I immediately rose from my bed and said, "There must be a mistake! **This is a monitor implant!**" He said, "No mistake here! Let me show you." I went to the computer screen, and it shows the pacemaker maker, serial and model number. I shouted, "No wonder I kept hearing **God's Voice**, saying, "**Watch out for the switch!**" "I am out of here!", I said.

He called the cardio, and the cardio told me it was a typo. I said, “I saw the screen. You and I will never talk about a-fib and a pace maker. I don’t have a-fib and I do not need a pace maker. Now, give me my clothes. I’m going home.”

While I was dressing up, the male nurse, who told me the truth, came back sullen and almost crying. He said, “Mr. Trinidad, **you do really need a pacemaker if your heartbeat is that low.**” I said, “That is according to the cardio. He knows I have no a-fib. **He would not believe me that The Lord holds my heart in His hands.** The reason I am submitting to the monitor implant is **to prove him wrong.** That way, he will see that though the heart rate is very low, nothing happens to me.” By being almost crying, I realized the cardio berated the nurse for telling me the truth. The cardio must really be intent on inserting a pacemaker in me! **Maybe that is why the nurse was begging me to return!** Storming out of the pre-ops area, I told my wife and daughter who were in the waiting room what happened. They could not believe the cardio was intentionally deceiving me.

I decided to find out how much a pacemaker installation surgery cost. In California, it was close to **\$80k** per unit. No wonder, my cardio was intent on putting it in me using my low heart beat as an excuse! Maybe, he needs the money badly.

In retrospect, he in his desire for money, **he could have killed me.** My whole body system was now used to God’s miraculous heartbeat of **30-40 bpm**. If he puts in a pacemaker to make it **60-70 bpm**, my body might not be able to tolerate it. A low heart beat without any symptoms of loss of consciousness, trembling, etc., or any loss of body functions is not a call for a pacemaker. **It was the result of the mercy, love and care of The Peacemaker of all time – our Almighty God.** God really holds my heart in peaceful repose. I kept checking my oxygen saturation and pulse rate and the numbers are always a miracle! Low heart beat but high oxygen saturation?! See photo.



Taken 2:40 PM, August 31, 2022

23. “You will go to Hell!”

This episode was so extraordinary that I have to share this with everyone even though I have to expose my weakness to temptations of the flesh when I was in my forty’s. I was working for the number two bank in the country at that time in real estate loans. We had a female assistant manager (a.m.) about ten years younger than me that was always mad at me and would berate me on my loans. I thought maybe she was experiencing marital problems, PMS or what. Then, one day, I overheard the female secretary talk to another girl how dumb I was that I could not notice the attention given me by our a.m. Being a man, I was flattered. The a.m. was not bad looking at all. Since, I had left South Carolina to restart our life in California due to the damage of hurricane Hugo, my family was not with me. So the temptations of the flesh took hold of me. One day, I decided to give in to this woman’s interest and see what happens. On the way to work, **The Voice** said, “**You will go to Hell!**” I did not pay attention to the warning. He was almost shouting on my ear, but I kept driving to the office.

When I arrived at the office, I noticed that the office area of the a.m. was empty. It was bare! Surprised that the a.m. was not there, I inquired with the office secretary of the a.m.’s whereabouts. She said, “Three days ago, all a.m.’s in the state were told that their positions will be cancelled due to the recession. They were told that they could leave anytime and look for opportunities elsewhere. They still would get two months’ pay. She came last night with her husband and took all her things away. Ben, you missed your chance!”

I rushed to the bathroom and cried! **Not** because of missing the opportunity to make it with the a.m. No! **I could not believe that God loves me so much.** He foresaw my giving in to this temptation, and **He eliminated the a.m. from my life!** I looked up and prayed, “I could not believe You love me so much. You are the only Who knows I will fall today, unless You do something about it. And You did! You made sure that I would not fall today. Thank You, Lord for loving so much and making me not destroy myself. But you have to give me the grace to be able to overcome temptations of the flesh so that I will be worthy of Your company. You know my weakness and only You could help me overcome it.” By His love and grace, these temptations I was able to

overcome whenever they appear. I realized that The Lord had accepted my prayer when I was a young boy, **“Lord never allow me to go to Hell. I do not want Satan to make a joke of Your Holy Name because of me.”**

The New Branch Manager

I joined another bank with a more aggressive pricing on loan interest, which would help me gain more business. I was spending my own money paying a telemarketer to generate business for me with the old company. I would lose some of the prospective borrowers due to the old company's higher interest rates.

We had a shakeup in the office because the manager, who was my buddy, was unable to explain big losses and expenditures that occurred. He was fired to my dismay because he was able to help me close those big transaction loans. One of my colleagues, the Danish vixen, was promoted manager. She took the office at the end of the hallway.

Several months into her tenure, I was working late, and I thought I was the only one in the office. Suddenly, soft hands landed on my shoulder. It was the vixen. She said, “Ben, I had Filipino boyfriends before. Anytime you want me, let me know.” Surprised, I said, “I will think about it, but I have to go home now. My wife is waiting for me to eat dinner with me.” I hurriedly left and I started praying, “Lord, You have to save me from this girl.” I told my wife about the incident, and she said she knows me anyway and would not be worried about it. Several times this girl would try to lure me to her, but I kept praying, “Lord, take me away from this girl!”

The Lord finally did. Several months later, I was diagnosed with sleep apnea and was put into disability. The state approved my disability, and I will not work anymore. I was so glad that I was taken away from her. When I went in to collect all my personal belongings, she was waiting and was sad. I told her goodbye and got out of the office as fast as I could. St. Thomas said that **to overcome temptations, it is better not to even take a peek when it comes knocking** many times. God has been my Shield and I thank Him constantly for protecting me.

EXTRAORDINARY FAVORS

In addition to the constant companionship of Abba and His Voice, He has showered this unworthy soul with favors extraordinaire and here are some of them:

24. THE FREE AIRLINE TICKET

I went home in 1997 to see Monsignor Melencio De Vera, Chief Pastor of the Manila Cathedral so as to re-start the Traditional Latin Mass (TLM) in the Philippines. I met him in the 25th anniversary of the apparition Our Lady of Roses in New York in 1995. All the Masses in the New York Fairgrounds next to the U.S. Open tennis facility were TLM's. That was when I realized, my feelings about the Novus Ordo (NO) Mass was true. That is, that the NO Mass is really not the same as the TLM and might not have any graces at all.

We were unable to proceed with my plans but somehow by Divine Providence, I met by accident the secretary of The Lord of Pardon Association, Philippines. She invited me to their national meeting the first Sunday of October. I went to their meeting and met the founder, Nana Osang. **(The full story of my introduction to Our Lord of Pardon would take another blog. For it in itself was miraculous from the outset.)** From then on, I became a guest speaker to all their chapters in the Philippines. I got carried away and stayed beyond the departure date on my ticket.

When I tried to get my ticket re-issued with a new date, I was told that it expired. Being a free ticket (one that you get using accumulated mileage) it was not refundable nor replaceable. I was told that the fare for a one way ticket to SF would be \$500. It was almost the same price for a round trip ticket. So now, we have to wait for my disability pay to come in before we could go home. My wife noted that since we have been going back and forth from the Philippines, maybe we could use the remaining mileage, which we figured to be about 7,000 miles. Maybe we might get a prorated discount on the \$500. So we called the airline and inquired on how much mileage we have in our frequent flyer account so as to pay for the return fare. The lady said, “Oh,

you have more than enough to pay for a return ticket. **You have 25,000 miles.** When do you want to leave? I will prepare your ticket for pick-up.” I could not believe my ears. So we told her our desired departure date and picked up the ticket the same day. We thanked God again for such miraculous help!

25. THE EXTRAORDINARY UNION CITY PARK PICNIC

Billy, my son, had a company picnic in Union City, California. He was told to bring us with him to meet his boss. Since we had to go to Mass first, it was a Sunday, we were kind of late for the BBQ. When we arrived there was not too much hot dogs and hamburgers left and most of them were already hard and dried. Still, we got together with his boss and started commiserating with him. I noticed that there was a big group of Filipinos preparing several tables adjacent to my son’s company area. The table was full of Filipino specialty foods usually used for big fiestas and parties. Being a little bit hungry, I thought to myself that I wish the leader of the group would invite us since we are also Filipinos.

I barely finished the thought when the leader of the group greeted me and asked me and my wife if we wanted to partake of their feast. I was a little bit embarrassed, but he came shook my hand and introduced himself. I did the same and introduced him to my wife. Then, he held me by the arm and took me to the table and gave us plates and utensils to start eating. I realized that we were the first one to eat. Since, we were already there we did not disappoint the good Samaritan. Then, the rest of their group came, and they started eating too. The man’s wife came a little later and asked him who we were. He called us again and introduced us to his wife. When we turned our back, the wife started berating the man for letting strangers (us) to eat first before their guests. We decided not to get involved with their discussion and moved away from their area. Still, I gave thanks to The Lord for giving me the desires of my heart. *"Delight in the Lord, and He will give thee the requests of thy heart."* [Psalms 36:4]

26. THE EUROPEAN PRINCESS IN VIOLATION OF THE 6TH COMMANDMENT and THE VISION OF THE SADNESS IN HEAVEN

One day in August of 1997, I was cooking dinner and cleaning up the kitchen when I saw the European princess and her boyfriend enjoying their vacation on TV. She was previously married and now a divorcee. She was well-known and respected throughout the world. Women empathize with her for the unceremonious way she was treated by her in-laws. Then, I saw the sadness in Heaven.

I said, “It is really sad that she would engage in this adulterous activity in front of the world. She is well-known and respected. Doesn’t she know that she is teaching others by her bad example to do the same evil deed. I do not know what You are going to do about it. But she definitely is leading others to Hell. Oh Father, You have so much to bear especially when one those whom you privileged is actually hurting You.” The whole night I was so sad to know that well-known people by their example, knowingly or unknowingly, lead souls away from God and to perdition.

The next day, I turned on the late night news. The banner headline of the newscast was the death in a car accident of the subject princess. I looked up and asked, “Did I kill her?” No answer.

The next Saturday morning, I picked up a friend early to go to an adoration hour in Napa. I told him the story and my guilty conscience in causing such a tragic death. He said, “God shared with you how He felt. But what happened is His will. He just shared with you the reason for the tragedy.” I got the answer from the Lord indirectly and have been at peace since then.

27. OUR FIRST FISH TACO.

It was Holy Week, 1997 and customarily, we avoid meat for the whole week. While we were preparing another non-meat dinner, my wife blurted out, “I am craving for taco!” Women always have that time of the month that due to their cycle, they sometimes crave for something out of the usual fare. I told her, “Just sacrifice because it is Holy Week. Besides, **all tacos are meat laden.** If there is fish taco, I would get it but there is **no such thing that exists.**”

About two hours later, before night prayers, there was a knock on the door. We were surprised to see my daughter and son-in-law by the front door with a big brown bag. They said, "How about some **fish tacos!**" We could not believe it! There really is a fish taco! They said they got stuck in heavy traffic and while listening to the radio, Rubio's Taco, a new fast food chain, advertised fish tacos for those observing Lent! Since it was late they decided to get the direction to Rubio's in Plaza Drive, Vallejo, California. They got several for themselves and for us since we have not even known that this Mexican dish existed. We told our kids of my wife's craving and my response. They could not believe that they were used by The Lord to give us what my wife is craving for. Again, we thank God for His generosity and kindness. He surely delivers the extraordinary!

28. THE WRIST BLOOD PRESSURE MONITOR

Back, in 1999, I entered the Publishers Clearing House sweepstakes just like everybody else does. Several weeks later, I received a package from them. It has the congratulatory note for my winning a **wrist blood pressure monitor**. Disappointed that I did not win the \$1 million jackpot, I kind of wondered what I would do with that instrument since I have **no history** of high blood pressure at that time. So I just kept it aside, maybe as a gift to be given on Christmas to someone with high blood pressure.

Several months later, my personal physician scheduled me for a complete physical exam since we have not done it for quite a while. During the exam, she was so surprised to read that my blood pressure was so high. She told me **to buy** a personal blood pressure monitor so I could **check my blood pressure daily**.

She was amazed when I told her, "I do not have to buy one. I won a wrist blood pressure monitor from Publishers Clearing House several months before. I was wondering why I won something which I thought I would not need. God really is God. He knows my blood pressure is high, so He gave me a wrist blood pressure monitor to help me, even **before you scheduled me for this exam**." My doctor could not believe it. I could not comprehend it myself. I just thanked God for taking care of me, always.

29. a. THE THREE FROZEN HOLDUPPERS, b. THE BOTTOMLESS PISTACHIO HALF-BAG, c. THE FIRST CLASS SEATS ON ASIANA AIRLINES and d. THE DEVOTION TO GOD THE FATHER DID SPREAD

(This is quite lengthy but a beautiful story of a grateful God the Father. Bear with me.)

In 2001, we went home the first week of May to spread devotion to God the Father. I had a 20x20x20 box full of the Green Booklet, "The Father Speaks to His Children". I had also another box of prayer cards, rosaries and Brown scapulars. All of these religious items courtesy of the late Ray Goffinet of Mary's Call, Kansas City, Missouri. I contacted my friend Monsignor De Vera, head pastor of the Manila Cathedral, of my plan before our flight. He told me to call him, upon my arrival.

When we arrived in Manila, it was so hot I got severe diarrhea. For the rest of the first week, I stayed in to avoid any accidents outside of the house. Much of the time, all I could take was Coke and bananas. I lost so much weight that I trimmed from waist 36 to 32. The only activity I could do was to Mass early, 5 AM (it's always cool during those hours) and in the afternoon stay in the air conditioned Adoration Chapel till dusk when it's cool enough to walk. I could not even go to the mall nearby.

Midway through the month, the church secretary, Sister Bobbie, called me after my adoration stint. She inquired, "Would you be able to teach these kids that you see here some Catechism?" I said, "I will but if you give me the book they use." She said, "The book they use is with their teacher who went home to the province because her father is sick. Just use whatever you can. You know enough to teach anyone without any book." I said, "Thanks for the confidence. I will start tomorrow." I was given kids who were in fourth grade.

To provide a background on this Catechism class, these children are public elementary pupils and use the summer to learn about Catholic catechism as provided for by the parish. In addition, during May, the month of Our Mother, after their classes, they offered flowers to Our Blessed Mother's altar before the 5 PM mass.

In one of the classes I expounded on the importance of praying always with fervour and sincerity to escape Hell. I also taught them the importance of forgiving and forgetting offenses to avoid Hell. I told them the story

of the wealthy Catholic philanthropist, well known and well respected as a very good man even by the local bishop, himself. This man died after receiving the last sacraments from his bishop-friend. The next day, the bishop was about to say Mass for his departed friend when suddenly, the soul of the philanthropist appeared in front of the bishop engulfed in flames. The bishop thought the devil was playing tricks on him. But the burning soul spoke, "My friend, do not waste your mass on me. I am in Hell." The bishop asked, "Why? How come? With all the good things you have done, you ended in the place of torment?" The soul replied, "I thought so too. When I died, I saw Jesus looking sternly at me and said, "This is not the place for you. You would not forgive, so your sins are not forgiven too. Remember, what I taught about forgiveness?" The soul said, "Then I was pulled heavily downward, and the gates of Hell opened where I will suffer forever. Jesus gave me a chance to confess my hatred for the one who gave me a lot of trouble when I was struggling to build my business empire. I could not forget the consternation and angst this person gave me. I thought it was just proper for me to keep this anger. When you came to hear my confession, I said to myself, I will do it tomorrow. Tomorrow never came. I died that night. Now I suffer for not being forgiving of others. Teach this lesson to others." To prove that the vision was true, the burning soul poked his forefinger into the thick Mass missal. A hole was burned from the top cover to the bottom cover. Those books during the early times were bound in leather!

After the Hell story, four kids, two boys (twins, Dave and Marcel) and two girls, Geneva and Hannah (they always come together as a group for the class) asked me, "Where is this book about Hell?" I told them that I have it in my house. They asked me where I lived and I gave them the address, which was very close to the church.

The next day, Saturday, the four kids, knocked on our gate. I could not believe they were in our front gate. I said, "Did you come to see where I live?" They said, "No! We came to read the book on Hell you are talking about!" So I let them in. Gave them refreshments and brought them the book. They said, "Could you show us the section of the book where that story was?" So I did. They read and read the story. They also read the other stories of souls in Hell as related by the saints. It was almost 4 PM and they said, "Could you take us to confession. We do want to go to Hell." I told them, "Surely!" I dressed up and took them to the pastor's office. Mass is at 5 PM and the church had not opened yet. The pastor could not believe the request for confession by such young children. So he opened the church and heard their confessions.

The amazing thing about these events was that during Catechism class, I have to do this inside the church in the back section **without any air conditioning at all, in the heat**. I did not suffer diarrhea. But whenever I tried to plan see Monsgr. De Vera, the diarrhea would come back. Also, whenever I would try to go outside our subdivision. So my whole stay in Manila consisted only with these aforementioned activities.

Towards the end of our trip, I called my friend, Fr. Decena, a professor at a local Catholic seminary. I told him of the Green Book and my inability to spread the devotion. I asked him if he could do it for me. I told him I will give him money to help him go around his friends' parishes to spread the devotion. He said he will in his free time. So I went to deliver the two boxes to the seminary and took him out for lunch – the first time I was able to go outside the subdivision and into the mall. I had an unpleasant experience in the seminary. Inside the compound, I heard **rock and roll music** of every kind from every open window. I asked Fr. Decena about it and he said, "Things are bad right now. I might not be teaching in this seminary because the local bishop allows these guys to live like the rest of the world." Sadness was in his face. When we parted, I told him that anything he could do to spread the Green Book would be highly appreciated, especially from above. He smiled.

The month of Our Blessed Mother ended on a Thursday with the usual procession and offering of flowers. I told the four children to come to our house on Saturday before our departure to the US so I could treat them to a graduation party for completing my class after I go through some other class items I did not finish.

Friday night, I went to the local internet café, which was just in front of the church. It was in the corner of our street and the main avenue of the subdivision. It was just about an American block away. But street lighting in the Philippines is not as good in this country so venturing out at night I seldom do. It was very dangerous for a lot of holdupping happens here at night. But I have to do this so that I could confirm with our kids in the US, our return itinerary.

a. THE THREE FROZEN HOLDUPPERS

After using the computer at the internet café, I walked back to our street. Three young men were walking in front of me. I was a few feet behind them. Once we reached the dark intersection from the church, they all turned around and blocked my way. It immediately occurred to me that these guys must have been watching me in the café and actually had cased me. The leader took the middle of the road and made his face so ugly to scare me. I looked up and said, “Lord, I believe I could still put these guys down. Please help me. I will not give in to them.” I used to do martial arts and at that time, I was still exercising. I believe I was still nimble enough to engage some bad guys. So I flexed my arms, clenched my fists and launched myself toward the leader of the pack.

Then, the leader looked behind me and **froze**. The two others were launching themselves against me, but they also looked behind me and **got frozen too**. I could not believe my eyes. I thought maybe St. Michael was behind me; protecting me. I dared not look behind me lest these guys come back from being frozen. But they remained frozen till I passed by. I was about ten feet from our house gate when I turned around and the three were still in statue pose, half a block away. Once I got in, I told my wife what happened. She berated me for going out at night.

The next day Saturday, the four kids arrived in the afternoon. I had to teach them some of the lessons I prepared that I was not able to give them during May. Our front veranda is exposed to the street and to the convenience store across the street. A while later, there was a big commotion in the convenience store in front of our house. There were seven young men drinking and horseplaying loudly. They were taking away the attention of the four kids. So I told the four kids to stay put while I talk to the seven young men making all the raucous noise. One of the twins said, “Tito (Uncle), there are many of them.” I told them not to worry God is always with me.

When I approached the seven, I realized that **three of them were the ones who froze** the previous night. The leader of the seven is the same ugly faced guy. So I called him to come to me. He came, followed by his pack. I said, “You are making too much noise. I am finishing the Catechism to these young children. You have **two choices**. The **first one** is for you join them, learn about God and we will have a party after the lesson. The **second choice** is for you to leave right now. You could not stay in that store making any more noise.” The leader said, “What if we don’t?” I said, “You will not like what will happen if you don’t.” The leader looked at me and to his pack and said, “Let Fr. Ben do his class. Let’s go home.” I said, “Let me give some things to take.” The leader said, “Thank you Fr. Ben. We will just leave.” They left and we have peace. He knew my name!? They must have cased me for a long time.

b. THE BOTTOMLESS PISTACHIO HALF-BAG

After the class, we treated the four kids to some local delicacies. I have a half-bag of Costco pistachio nuts. Half-bag because our household had eaten the first half. I told our maid to fill four zip lock sandwich plastics bags with all the remaining pistachios for the kids to take home. Pistachios were so expensive in Manila that only well-incomed households could afford them. In addition to those pistachios we also filled their brown bag with other goodies. While they were enjoying themselves, I noticed that Jovy, the maid filled a 6 inch serving bowl with pistachios, which the kids were devouring. The bowl became empty, and they picked up the half-bag of pistachios and filled the bowl. They did this several times. So I wondered whether Jovy had already packaged pistachios for the kids to take home. The pistachios should be gone by now. So I picked up one of the brown bags and checked. The sandwich bags were full of pistachios. This cannot be. So I picked up the pistachio bag, **it was still half-full!** “Lord,” I said, “You are working a miracle here. Thank you so much. The kids are enjoying Your bounty.” The kids ate and ate and ate the pistachios, but the bag kept getting replenished from Heaven. **By the time they left it was still half-full!**

Then, my cousins came to say goodbye before our trip home. Their group was comprised of two adults and two of my nephews. We treated them with the prepared dishes and yes, the pistachios. They kept eating pistachios from the same bowl and kept filling the bowl from the always half-full bag. They did not realize the miraculous thing was happening here. Towards 10 PM they bid goodbye and asked whether they could take

home the half-bag of pistachios. I said they could. I believe the half-bag of pistachios was finally consumed in their home. Or else, I would have heard about it still giving pistachios.

c. THE FIRST CLASS SEATS ON ASIANA AIRLINES

Sunday was departure day and as usual, we were bringing home some local dried food so expensive in the U.S. We have check-in baggage bags and boxes. The extras were in our hand carry bags. In return trips to the U.S., everybody would like to be boarded first so that they would have first access to the overhead baggage compartments. I was one of them. So I slithered my way to the front followed by my wife. Both of us had the full complement of allowable hand carry items. Once settled near the boarding door, the customer service manager of the Asiana Airlines near the door called me. She said, "Sir, get away from the door and come with me!" My wife said, "See, your system of 'being first' backfired. Now, we are in trouble." The lady said, "Seat in the back until I call you." I murmured, "Man, what trouble did I get us into?"

They boarded all the passengers **except us**. My wife was already nervous. I was perturbed knowing we might have no more available overhead baggage space for all our stuff.

Then, the lady called us to the counter. We approached her. She said, "Give me your boarding passes." I thought, "Goodness, we are really in trouble here!" We were not allowed to board with the other passengers now they are taking away our boarding passes. She picked up the phone and dialed a number. We could not believe what she said to the party on the other line. She said, "I need approval **to upgrade two passengers to first class**." She issued us new first class boarding passes; she took us all the way to first class, talked to the first class stewardess and they helped us load our stuff on the last available overhead compartment. She then said, "Thank you for your patience, enjoy your trip and thank you for selecting Asiana."

Of course, we were elated and pleased to experience first class seats and food for the first time. My wife asked me, "Why did we get this upgrade." I told her, "God is thanking us in **spending our stay in the Philippines His way**. He just wanted me **to teach Catechism**, especially to those four kids. They must be special to Him. Remember, I was not able to do any of my planned objectives. I only did what came along." My wife said, "You might be right."

d. THE DEVOTION TO GOD THE FATHER DID SPREAD

The next year, we went home again to Manila. I tried to contact Fr. Decena to inquire about the Green Book's dissemination and progress. He was no longer in the seminary, and they could not give me any contact info for him. Riding on a taxi in Manila, the driver was listening to a Catholic station when I heard the announcers invitation to the listeners. He said, "Next month, **August, is the month of God the Father**. Remember, **His feast is the first Sunday** and make sure that **you honor His day**." Then he mentioned a list of churches celebrating the feast day of God the Father. The list of churches named started from the northernmost part to the southernmost part of the country. I could not believe it! It was only a year ago that this Green Book circulated there. Fr. Decena did not even know anything about the Green Book before I gave to him. All I know, through experience, is that when some wealthy Catholic matrons get hold of a devotion that they like to spread, they have the necessary connections, i.e. priests, bishops, cardinal to help them. Maybe that is what happened. Anyway, I thank The Lord for doing my intended work of the previous year. Sadly, I was not able to contact my friend again.

30. THE FIVE DOZEN CORNED BEEF

July 1998, there was a sale of canned corned beef, 2 for \$1, at the Save Mart grocery store nearby. So I went there to buy as much as I could afford. Canned corned beef is a delicacy in the Philippines. When we send dozens of them there, our relatives were always elated for that item is pricey there.

When I lined up to pay for two dozen of the said item, the clerk told me that I should read the ad; for in fine print, it read **limit two per person**. I was so disappointed that I have to return the rest of the merchandise. Before I could leave the store, an Afro-American guy with a shirt and tie approached me and took me aside. He said, "I'm the store manager. How many dozen do you need?" I said, "I thought I could not buy more than

two cans. Do I get them at the same price, 50 cents each?" He said, "Sure! The special would end tomorrow and I have lots in the back, I need to be able to dispose of them by tomorrow. I said, "I have enough money for five dozen." He said, "Go to the back and I will meet you there." I did as instructed and went home happy with five dozen canned corned beef.

My wife was flabbergasted that I bought so much canned corned beef. She said, "What are we going to do with all that stuff?" I said, "We will send them all to the Philippines." So I put all the boxes away for future shipment to relatives.

Several weeks later, our maid in the Philippines called and said that my father who was hospitalized for weeks and almost immobile because of a broken hip, got pneumonia and died. So we prepared to go to the funeral en masse as a family – me, my wife, our two adult boys, our daughter and son-in-law. International travel allows each passenger, at that time, two - 20x20x20 box with a weight limit of 70 lbs. per box. Since there were six of us, we had enough allowance to bring the five dozen canned corned beef.

In the Philippines, it was customary after the funeral and dinner to give the attendees some food to take home. I told my sister that I have five dozen corned beef. In her calculations that would be enough to 1,000 pan de sal sandwiches. Pan de sal is a local bread the size of an English muffin but two and half in thickness and very soft. So we prepared brown bags and corned beef pan de sal as planned. The attendees could not believe their fortune. They were all calling it a blessing to receive them at that time. The Lord surely knows how to surprise everyone. I could not even imagine the good those five dozen canned corned beef was able to deliver. God only knows, really.

31. THE MIRACULOUS THANKSGIVING RETURN TRIP

One Thanksgiving in mid-1990's we went to San Jose, California to spend the holiday with our Orion, Bataan friends. It was almost 10 PM when we left our friends' home and I remember hitting Fry. 680 N at the Capitol Expressway intersection at 10 PM. Then, I blacked out. All my family had already gone to sleep, and no one was able to converse with me to keep me awake.

Then, I woke up at the interchange of Fry. 680 and Fry. 580. Once I traverse the jumbled up traffic, I blacked out again. By the interchange of Fry. 680 and Hwy. 24, I woke up again. After traversing the interchange, I blacked out again. Then, I woke up at the Benicia bridge toll booths. I paid our toll, took the Fry. 780 split to go to Vallejo, California we had our house there during that time. Then I fell asleep again until I got to the Fry. 780 and Fry. 80 N interchange. I took Fry. 80 N and I blacked out again. I woke up again when we got to the interchange of Columbus Parkway, Hwy. 37 and Fry. 80 N. I took Columbus Pkwy. W to Fairgrounds Drive and to our house in the Cimarron Hills Subdivision.

Once we got inside the house I looked at the clock in the family room it was **10:55 PM!** The return trip took only **55 minutes!** The drive from that distance even in fair traffic is usually **one and a half hours!** Everyone was sleepy and hit their beds right away. After I put all the take home food from the luau away, I knelt at our altar and thanked God for the safe trip. Then I asked, "How did we make it home very safe and in only 55 minutes when I was mostly sleeping all the way?" There was no answer.

I arose from the altar and while almost standing up, I saw the giant Hand of God holding our car and pushing it through the traffic while we were all asleep! The vision reminded me of when I was playing with my toy cast-iron cars in my childhood days. I thanked God again for this. The next day I told my wife and kids this, but it did not register because they were all sleeping; they never knew how we got home safely and fast! God in His merciful and caring love took us home safely.

32. First Time as Guest Speaker

My first foray into religious speaking was in 1997 when a late friend, Jess, asked me to speak at a Marian center in Manila. He scheduled me for that first Friday evening in February prior to notifying me. We happened to be in Manila at that time on vacation. I told him I would not even know what to say nor what to discuss. He said that he heard me talk about Luisa Piccaretta, the Italian mystic in Oakland and found out

how interesting that topic was. He said that I could start from there. I had a week to prepare but nothing could come to help me fill up my tablet sheet.

So when the day came, we met at the ferry terminal ,and I showed him my blank tablet sheet. His words were, **"Ask God to use you."** Those beautiful words I will not forget and kept praying anytime I am asked to speak anywhere. So after the Traditional Latin Mass said by Fr. Ong and the subsequent dinner, I was asked to speak. I noticed that the time was almost 8 PM. I kind of figured I could speak a few minutes and go home early to see my Dad before bedtime. By that time, he has lost his memory. He even calls me, "Hey, Man!"

So I began the dissertation. Pretty soon my legs were getting tired. But I noticed that one of the leaders of the group had a tape recorder going and saw that he had replaced the tape several times. Getting tired I looked at the clock. It was now **1 AM!**

So I stopped and said, "Look folks we have been here five hours and I need to go home to my Dad. Or else we might have to have breakfast here." Some of the guests countered, "Sir, we will cook breakfast. Just keep on going." I was a little bit flattered, but I said, "My legs are getting stiff. Besides my Dad in his condition really needs me to be there soon." Then I asked Jess, "How come you did not stop me? I was there talking too long." He said, "Did you see anyone leave?" I said, "Yes, that Chinese guy who left at the start of my presentation." He said, "You told him to leave, and he left. But since you started everyone was listening and everyone liked your dissertation." I said, "By the way, I do not remember much of what I said." He said, "Manny, that guy with the tape recorder could give you copies of your presentation." I told Jess, "Thanks for your advice. Before I went up to speak, I prayed to The Lord to use me as His mouth. It's obvious He did because I could not remember much of what transpired and we are still here in the wee hours of the morning." Jess said, "God really uses those whom He could use well." I said, "Thank you." I approached Manny and asked him to make copies of the tapes. He said he will. He ended up with four 90 minute cassettes. But I never got those tapes since each time I would pass by the center, he was not there.

I was requested to return that evening, it was already First Saturday, for the TLM and also to speak after dinner. That evening they spent **three hours** listening to what God wants them to hear. Sunday, after the TLM and lunch, they spent **two hours** doing the same thing. Jess, my late good buddy was right. God uses those whom He could use well. Even now, I could not remember much of what God gave those attendees. But one thing for sure, He did reach His target person or persons. This I learned from Monsgr. De Vera, that not all are the target audience of God.

THOSE WHO FEAR GOD ARE BOUNTIFULLY BLESSED FOR GOD KEEPS HIS PROMISES

I still have so many miraculous and wonderful events that Abba has given me to live through, enjoy and remember. I believe we have enough here to get to the point of how **'the fear of God'** once possessed by a soul brings down God's love, mercy, blessings, protection, nurturing, blessings and graces to that soul.

There are many verses in the Scriptures as to the many benefits one gains when one **'fears God'**. But one verse, sums it all. In **Psalm 146:11**, we read:

"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him: and in them that hope in His mercy."

In human terms, when a person is pleased with another, he almost always gives many gifts or assistance to the object of his pleasure. God, making us in His own image and likeness, is no different. He showers the object of His pleasure with blessings and graces beyond human comprehension. The events related herein are testimony to the reality of God's commitment to keep His promises He gave thousands of years ago, to those who **'fear Him'**. Others might have more bountiful benefits and blessings from Our Lord. That in itself testifies to the grateful nature of Abba, Our Father as St. Mary Magdalena di Pazzi teaches.

Here are some of the other verses in the Douay Rheims Catholic Bible that Our Ever-loving God committed to do for those who **'fear Him'**:

"The Lord is a firmament to them that fear Him: and His covenant shall be made manifest to them." [Ps. 24:14]

"Behold the eyes of the Lord are on them that fear Him: and on them that hope in His mercy." [Ps. 32:18]
"The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him: and shall deliver them." [Ps. 33:8]
"Fear the Lord, all ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him." [Ps. 33:10]
"May God bless us: and all the ends of the earth fear Him." [Ps. 66:8]
"Surely His salvation is near to them that fear Him: that glory may dwell in our land." [Ps. 84:10]
"For according to the height of the heaven above the earth: He hath strengthened His mercy towards them that fear Him." [Ps. 102:11]
"As a father hath compassion on His children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear Him:" [Ps. 102:13]
"But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity and unto eternity upon them that fear Him: And His justice unto children's children," [Ps. 102:17]
"He hath given food to them that fear Him. He will be mindful forever of His covenant:" [Ps. 110:5]
"He will do the will of them that fear Him: and He will hear their prayer, and save them." [Ps. 144:19]
"The fear of the Lord shall prolong days: and the years of the wicked shall be shortened." [Proverbs 10:27]
"In the fear of the Lord is confidence of strength, and there shall be hope for his children." [Proverbs 14:26]
"The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to decline from the ruin of death." [Proverbs 14:27]
"Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures without content," [Proverbs 15:16]
"He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house: but he that hateth bribes shall live. By mercy and faith sins are purged away: and by the fear of the Lord every one declineth from evil." [Proverbs 15:27]
"The fear of the Lord is the lesson of wisdom: and humility goeth before glory." [Proverbs 15:33]
"By mercy and truth iniquity is redeemed: and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil." [Proverbs 16:6]
"The fear of the Lord is unto life: and he shall abide in fulness without being visited with evil." [Proverbs 19:23]
"The fruit of humility is the fear of the Lord, riches and glory and life." [Proverbs 22:4]
"To fear God is the fulness of wisdom, and fulness is from the fruits thereof." [Ecc. (Sirach) 1:20]
"Ye that fear the Lord, believe Him: and your reward shall not be made void." [Ecc. (Sirach) 2:8]
"Ye that fear the Lord, hope in Him: and mercy shall come to you for your delight." [Ecc. (Sirach) 2:9]
"Ye that fear the Lord, love Him, and your hearts shall be enlightened." [Ecc. (Sirach) 2:10]
"The eyes of the Lord are towards them that fear Him, and He knoweth all the work of man." [Ecc. (Sirach) 15:20]
"And give place to the fear of the most High: for the fear of God is all wisdom, and therein is to fear God, and the disposition of the law is in all wisdom." [Ecc. (Sirach) 19:18]
And they that remain shall know, that there is nothing better than the fear of God: and that there is nothing sweeter than to have regard to the commandments of the Lord." [Ecc. (Sirach) 23:37]
"Much experience is the crown of old men, and the fear of God is their glory." [Ecc. (Sirach) 25:8]
"The fear of God hath set itself above all things:" [Ecc. (Sirach) 25:14]
"Blessed is the man, to whom it is given to have the fear of God: he that holdeth it, to whom shall he be likened?" [Ecc. (Sirach) 25:15]
"The fear of God is the beginning of His love: and the beginning of faith is to be fast joined unto it." [Ecc. (Sirach) 25:16]
"A good wife is a good portion, she shall be given in the portion of them that fear God, to a man for his good deeds." [Ecc. (Sirach) 26:3]

"The spirit of those that fear God; is sought after, and by his regard shall be blessed." [Ecc. (Sirach) 34:14]

"The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear Him, He is their powerful protector, and strong stay, a defence from the heat, and a cover from the sun at noon," [Ecc. (Sirach) 34:19]

"Fear not, my son: we lead indeed a poor life, but we shall have many good things if we fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is good." [Tobias (Tobit) 4:23]

That wrongfully misunderstood gift of the Holy Ghost – the fear of God is seldom taught to children. To those who do so, they get a special thank you from The Lord. How? My mother was an example.

My mother died the first week of August 2002. But due the tight schedule of the mortuary, they would not be able to inter her until August 15, The Feast of The Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. The Catholic Church does not allow funerals on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation, including the Novus Ordo group. But the bishop of the diocese when approached by my brother, gave a special permission for the funeral mass and interment on that same day.

In the eulogy after the funeral mass, my eulogy went like this:

"Our Catholic Church in its canons and decrees do not allow funeral masses and interment during Sundays and Holidays of Obligation. Today is The Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother, the Virgin Mary to Heaven. We thank God for this special privilege of having our mother's funeral mass and interment on this special feast. This is God's way of thanking our mother for her incessant scolding and teaching of her children, especially yours truly, to fear God, behave or you go to Hell. By teaching us to fear God, we turned out to be God-fearing and law abiding citizens. God really is grateful to those who teach their children the way that pleases Him. He is the only grateful God. He recompenses everyone duly and abundantly. Today, He honors our mother for teaching us the fear of Him. We thank The Lord for giving us good parents."

So parents should always teach their children the fear of God. By constantly doing so, God will recompense you, which will exceed all that we can desire.

In summation, when you fear God, you will be blessed and will be a beneficiary of all these from His boundless generosity:

1. God is pleased with you. He is happy to see you. He smiles at you each time He looks at you. He will be your protective shield.
2. He will always keep His promises to you.
3. His eyes are always upon you. Any danger, both spiritual and temporal, vaporizes in the eyes of God.
4. He will do your will, i.e., your heart's desire as long as it would not jeopardize your salvation.
5. He will always provide for you. You will not be in want.
6. He will always protect you. He will send His angels to encamp around you.
7. He will give you a good spouse.
8. He will give you wisdom. His wisdom He shares with you.
9. Your heart will always be enlightened, i.e. you will have peace, that comes from God alone.
10. Numerous blessings, rewards and good things, only God can give, will come your way.
11. His mercy and salvation is on you all the time.
12. He will give you a productive long life.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation. (Corinthians 1:3,4)

"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." (2 Corinthians 9:15)