

Brennan, Elizabeth  
Marable.  
A0J 9736

# Visits to Theresa Neumann



by

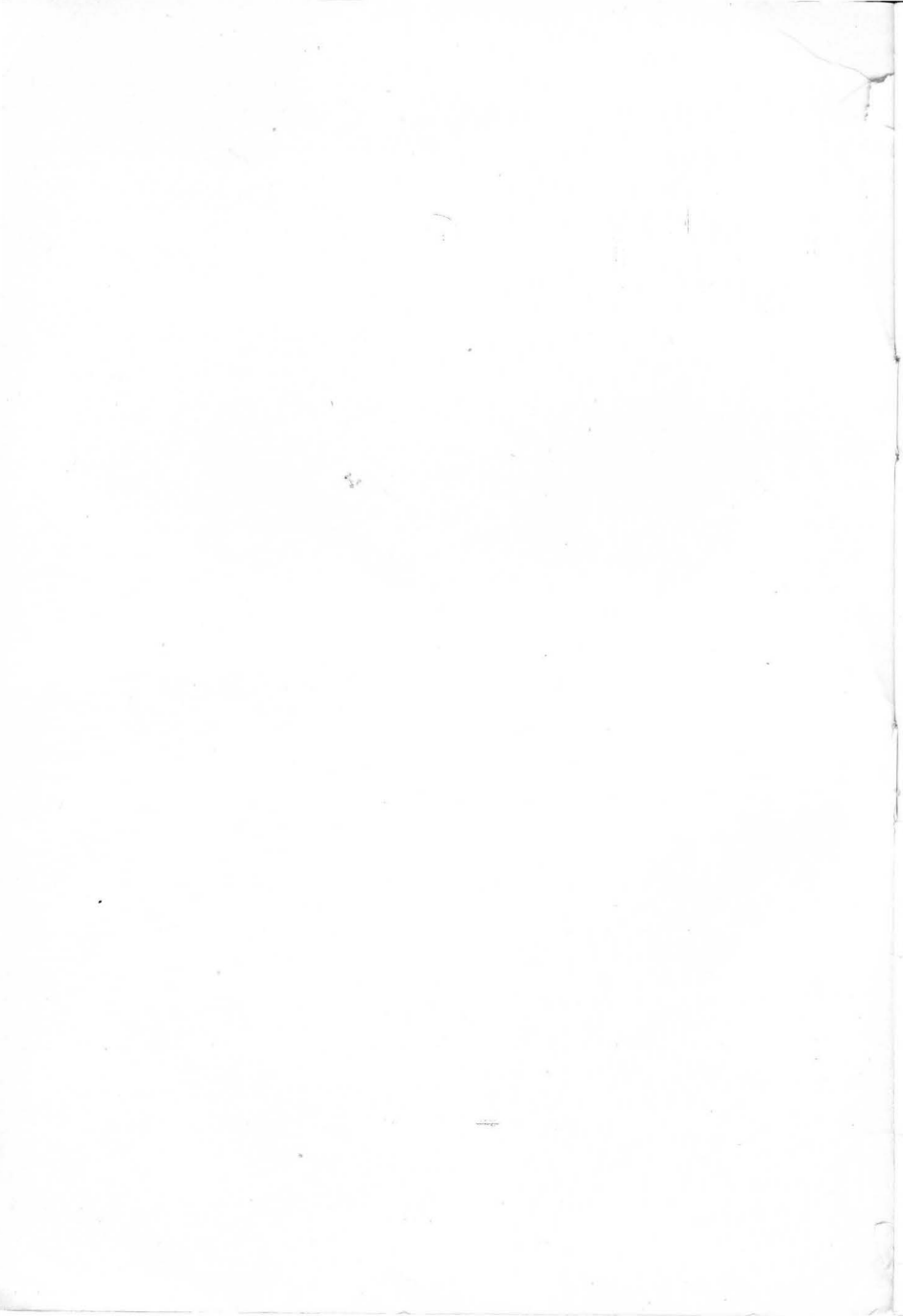
ELIZABETH MARABLE BRENNAN, LL.D.

---

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street

New York 19, N. Y.



VISITS TO  
THERESA NEUMANN

*By*

ELIZABETH MARABLE BRENNAN, LL.D.

THE PAULIST PRESS  
401 West 59th Street  
New York 19, N. Y.

SPEC  
CAPAM



*Nihil Obstat:*

ARTHUR J. SCANLAN, S.T.D.,  
*Censor Librorum.*

*Imprimatur:*

✠ PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES,  
*Archbishop of New York.*

*New York, April 13, 1936.*

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE PAULIST PRESS,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

---

Copyright, 1936, by The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle  
in the State of New York.

Deacidified

## Visits to Theresa Neumann

FOR a number of years my husband and I made a practice of spending three weeks in Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, to drink the celebrated waters, and, as the natives express it, "to take the cure."

One day, in July, 1933, while sipping my evening glass of Schlossbrun water, a kindly Austrian woman took a seat beside me and began almost immediately to tell me of her trip a week before to Konnersreuth, the charming hamlet among the Bavarian hills, where is situated the home of the greatest Mystic of our time. She had seen Theresa Neumann at her devotions, during a visit to the beautiful church, which is the pride of the village.

Upon hearing that I was President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and founder of the Mary's Day Movement, inaugurated to honor the Immaculate Mother of God as "Mother of Mankind," she urged me to go to Konnersreuth, saying she was confident that I could see Theresa, even though I did not have the strictly required letter of permission from either the Vatican or the local Bishop. Her sincerity impressed me to such an extent that upon learning the village could be reached by automobile in about an hour and a half, Judge Brennan and I decided to go. We invited a dear friend, Archbishop Nicholas of Serbia, to accompany us. He had heard of Theresa Neumann, but he considered what he had read in the newspapers an exaggeration; hence, with the exception of anticipating a delightful drive with us through the beautiful mountainous country of Czechoslovakia, and across the border into Germany, he was not particularly enthusiastic about going. Judge Brennan, also, was looking forward to any-

thing but a pleasant visit in Kinnersreuth. He rather dreaded to see the subject of so much suffering imagining her to be necessarily a pitiable sight.

While in Rome, I had secured several exquisite relics in beautiful cases, for presentation, upon arrival home, to various religious whom I knew would appreciate and treasure them. I carry always on my trips a few particularly prized ones of my own, and all of these I took with me to Konnersreuth, believing Theresa would find pleasure in seeing them, should I be permitted to visit her.

### Arrival at Konnersreuth

We arrived in the village at noon of Wednesday, July 26th, the Feast of St. Ann, and drove directly to the home of the parish priest. Konnersreuth was a picture as we approached it. Every one of its several hundred little cottages was adorned with boxes of brilliant flowers in each window. The streets were spotless and the whole town, which is built around its beautiful church, is the personification of neatness. It nestles among the surrounding hills and must be blessed by Almighty God with peace and contentment, for these seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere of this holy place, where every inhabitant is a Catholic, and a living saint has her abode.

### Theresa's Early History

Theresa Neumann, at that time, was thirty-five years old. When she left school at sixteen she had received the best education possible in Konnersreuth and as she was the eldest of ten children, she realized she must do her share in assisting her parents to carry the burden of so large a family. Her father was, and still is, the village

taylor. She became maid of all work in the household of one of the village innkeepers, and since all able-bodied men and boys of the town had been drafted in the Great War (it was 1914) her labors covered every branch of work required to replace her father on the small Neumann farm, as well as to fulfill her duties in the house of her employer. When she was twenty years old, a fire broke out in a near-by residence. There was neither fire



Mrs. Neumann and Her Ten Children

company nor apparatus with which to extinguish the conflagration but the villagers joined with the family in fighting the flames. Theresa was stationed at the foot of the ladder to pass up to the ones above her, heavy buckets of water, put into her hands by those forming a chain from the well to the house. Theresa bore the strain of lifting the heavy buckets for two hours, when, drenched and exhausted, she fell in a faint and dislocated several vertebrae in her lower spine; almost complete paralysis followed.

Her suffering for seven and a half years was a martyrdom, as during five and a half years of the time she was totally blind. In this narrative I have not space to give at length the account of her miraculous cures through the Little Flower of Jesus, who, because of the sanctity of this poor afflicted one, voluntarily came to relieve her. Theresa would not pray to be well; she asked only that God's holy will be done. Her hope from childhood had been to become a Missionary Sister; this desire was frustrated by her illness. It is related, however, that seven times, upon application of her relic, Theresa Neumann was miraculously cured from probably fatal illness through the intervention of St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

#### Close Association with the Little Flower

Theresa Neumann had the greatest love for, and confidence in the Little Flower of Jesus, and upon the day of the beatification of this loved child of God, she appeared to the suffering girl of Konnersreuth. Although blind, Theresa was conscious of the fact that her room was flooded with light and heard a lovely voice say, using the family nickname, "Res'l, do you wish to be well?" The invalid replied, "Not unless it is God's holy will." The resignation of this holy girl was proof of sanctity, for she was not only paralyzed but her limbs were distorted, her body emaciated, and her eyes sightless. Only liquid food could pass down her throat, yet she was willing and glad to continue to exist and suffer if, through the acceptance of her cross, she could glorify God. The Little Flower answered, "It is the will of God that your eyesight be restored," and immediately Theresa saw. Her mother was almost overcome from joy when, shortly after, upon entering the room with a bouquet of flowers,



Theresa, blind for so many years, exclaimed, "How beautiful the roses are!"

### Theresa Cured Through the Saint's Intercession

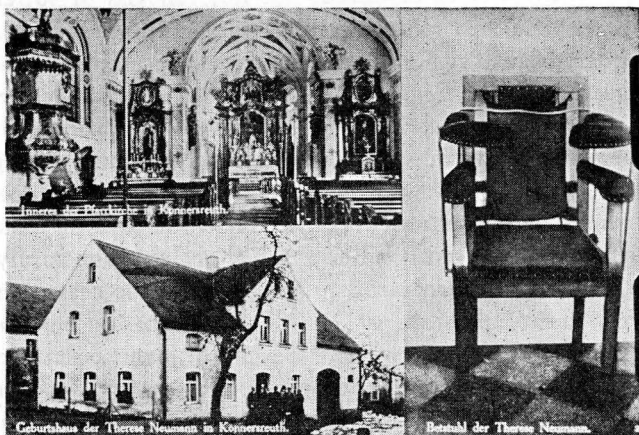
On the day of the canonization of St. Thérèse the room was again miraculously illuminated and the voice of the Little Flower asked the same question, and received from Theresa Neumann the same reply as of two years before. St. Thérèse's answer this time was that God wished her to be cured, but not relieved of suffering, as that was to continue as long as she lived. A slender, beautiful hand, according to Theresa's account, appeared within the brilliance and lifted her from her bed of pain. Her paralysis left her, as well as most of her other painful symptoms, and she became well and strong. However, the most amazing phenomena had developed during Theresa's illness and these continue to exist today without bad effect upon her physical health. The paralysis affected her throat and finally in 1923 she ceased entirely to eat, and since 1927 no liquid has passed her lips. It is told that this condition was brought about because of Theresa's sympathy for a young seminarian who was suffering from a serious affliction of the throat. This would have compelled him to give up his ambition to become a priest had not Theresa interceded with Our Blessed Lord asking that she be permitted to suffer the ailment, and the seminarian allowed to continue his studies. Her request was granted, whereupon Our Lord relieved her of the necessity to eat and drink.

### Marvelous Manifestations

Each Thursday from midnight until Friday afternoon on all ordinary Fridays of the year, she reviews the scenes of Our Lord's Passion and suffers with Him



in every phase of His agony. On what she terms the "joyful Fridays" she doesn't visualize the sufferings of Our Lord, but the happy and glorious mysteries of His life, and His Blessed Mother's, pass in succession before her. These happy Fridays occur from Christmas to Septuagesima, and from Easter to Pentecost. Thus during sixteen weeks of the fifty-two, her experiences are joyous; while during the remaining thirty-six, she par-



Interior of Konnersreuth Church—Home of Theresa Neumann—  
Chair of the Mystic

ticipates with Our Savior in the agony of His Passion and Death.

He has given her the stigmata on hands and feet. Over her heart is a deep wound from which the blood flows profusely, saturating her white night clothes. Around her brow are the wounds of the crown of thorns, the blood from which soaks through the headcloth she wears. From her eyes, drop by drop, black blood streams,

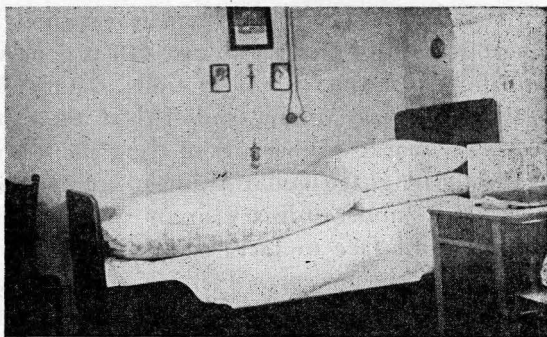
forming two small rivers that blot out her vision and make her an agonizing sight to behold. These paroxysms continue at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes, from midnight Thursday until Friday afternoon between two and three o'clock. After each paroxysm she falls back as one lifeless; and during this semi-conscious state the visions of Our Lord's Life and Passion pass before her. There are usually members of the hierarchy present upon these occasions of her suffering who are privileged, when consciousness returns, to question her about her visions. She answers them freely as an act of obedience to the Church.

It is said that at this time she can reveal thoughts of the innermost soul of the questioner, can prophesy, and her descriptions of the life and actions of Our Blessed Lord, His Immaculate Mother, and of their associates, are amazing. She repeats the sayings of those she sees in her visions and the language used is Aramaic, not one word of which she knows under ordinary circumstances. She sees Our Blessed Lord face to face, takes messages to Him and brings back the answers. Her entire life is lived in the Lord's presence. Because of the power given her through pain, to bring souls to Him, and to teach others to love Him, Theresa glories in her sufferings. She gladly endures the martyrdom of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord in expiation for the sins of humanity.

### **Mary's Day Movement Opens Way for First Visit**

It was this great and saintly person whom I hoped to see to ask her prayers for the I. F. C. A., and to tell her of the Mary's Day Movement, in order that she too might enter into the spirit of this great celebration for the honor and glory of our sweet Lady, Mary, Mother of Mankind.

Mary's Day was inaugurated on May 12, 1928, in order that Mary, the Mother of God, and of all men, should receive the first homage of her children before other mothers were honored. Holy Church dedicates every Saturday to Mary; the I. F. C. A. has selected the Saturday preceding Mother's Day for a public demonstration to bring the fact more clearly before the world that Mary is the spiritual Mother of Mankind. The method suggested and carried out annually by hundreds of thousands of Mary's sons and daughters is in Mary's



Bed of Theresa Neumann Where She Suffers Her Agony

honor: 1. To attend Mass and receive Holy Communion. 2. To wear visibly, throughout the day, the Miraculous Medal. 3. To give to some good work or worthy charity, a sacrificial offering in Mary's name, equivalent in value to that presented to mother on Mother's Day.

The Archbishop, who speaks six or seven languages, told Rev. Father Naber, the pastor of the village church, something of the work of the Federation and of my hope of giving my message to the Mystic of Konnersreuth.

The pastor most willingly went the several doors away from the church to the home of Theresa to ascertain whether or not she would see us. In a few moments he returned with the glad word that the Archbishop and I would be received, but made no mention of Judge Brennan! The priest escorted us to the house and he, and Judge Brennan, waited in the tailor shop (a very comfortable reception room), while the Archbishop went upstairs to Theresa's quarters and I, shortly after, followed him. On entering her neat and well-furnished chamber, I noted the immaculate white tester bed, the several comfortable chairs, a tall cabinet, a sofa (above which hung a large cage filled with two dozen or more small birds of many varieties), a writing desk, and facing you as you entered, a lovely picture of the Little Flower.

Theresa Neumann, dressed in deep black with a white kerchief on her head, knotted under her chin, was seated on the sofa. As I looked at her she smiled, and the room seemed radiated with her sweetness and holiness, for she was beautiful! Her features were delicately molded, her dark blue eyes large and expressive, and her figure vigorous and well-formed. On her hands she wore black mitts to cover the stigmata; the kerchief on her head was used to hide the wounds of the crown of thorns. My immediate reaction, after my gasp of astonishment at her beauty, was "How can I, who know not one word of German, speak to this girl who understands no English?"

#### Theresa Neumann a Living Tabernacle

I was holding my precious box of relics and I thought, "Let these speak for me!" I approached her. She half rose, extended her hand, which I took, as I involuntarily dropped upon my knees before her, and placed in her

lap my lovely relics! Later I learned that the Sacred Host remains undissolved within Theresa's breast! My action in kneeling before her was in recognition of the nearness of Our Blessed Lord without the actual consciousness of His Real Presence!

The Archbishop stood ready to act as interpreter but I seemed to feel that Theresa would understand. I said, "Dear Theresa Neumann, I have brought my wonderful relics for you to see and enjoy, and I have a little silver locket, containing a strand of hair of your beloved Little Flower, which, if you will, I shall be very happy to have you accept, with my love." Theresa was immediately all interest and I could sense her feeling of holy excitement as I unwrapped one relic and then another. As soon as I placed the box on her knees, with the sweetest smile, she raised me from mine, and drew me down by her side on the sofa. There we sat and looked at the relics; she blessed herself with each, and kissed it reverently. She seemed overjoyed to receive the relic of St. Thérèse's hair, held it against her heart and said, "I will wear it here." We then examined the copy of the beautiful white and gold bound Mary's Day booklet, which had been carefully prepared for the Holy Father's library as a complete four years' record of the Mary's Day Movement. We also looked through the program of the I. F. C. A. Denver Convention of 1932, which showed her the names of our 520 affiliated alumnae associations, and seemed to interest her greatly. She recognized with delight the names of many members of the American hierarchy who had visited her, as among those endorsing Mary's Day. For thirty minutes we talked, she exclaiming over what pleased her, saying repeatedly, as is the custom of her country, "Gott ist gut" (God is good).

## Power to Discern True or False

Theresa said to the Archbishop, "Mrs. Brennan is a rich woman to own all of these holy treasures." She can distinguish between false and true relics as was evidenced by some one showing a supposed relic of the True Cross which she rightly branded as a fake. It has been told of her that she knows immediately if an impostor comes to her door and will refuse him admission, as happened one day when a man appeared garbed as a priest. She held up her hand and said, "You may not enter here—you are dressed as a priest, but you are an impostor." Mr. Neumann, Theresa's father, who is always on the alert to protect his beloved daughter, ushered the man out. Theresa's judgment was verified later when it was learned that the man had gained admission to the Neumann household under false pretenses.

The Archbishop said to her, "My child, since you eat and drink nothing whatsoever, do you not suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst?" "Oh, no," she replied, without affectation, "My Lord is my food; It is all I need." Each morning, except on days when she is experiencing her visions and the priest must go to her, she walks to the church to Mass, and behind the altar a special chair and kneeling bench is provided, where, away from prying eyes, Holy Communion is given to her. At this time she sees the living Christ and holds out her arms to meet Him. It is positively asserted that when the Sacred Host is placed upon her tongue it is consumed at once, although without movement of the muscles of her throat, or the act of swallowing.

The Sacred Species disappears instantly, and Our Blessed Lord takes His place within her breast to remain until a very short time before she receives again. When

the Sacramental Lord withdraws His Presence she suffers an agony of loneliness and depression until He, Who is her very life, returns to comfort her! Theresa Neumann is thus a *living Tabernacle of the Sacramental God!* In proof of this, one day to relieve an unrepentant sinner who was dying from a terrible hemorrhage of the lungs, Theresa prayed that she be given the hemorrhage and the sinner time to repent. In answer, a gush of blood flowed from her lips, and with it came the Sacred Particle undissolved, which had been received some hours before. Theresa was prepared and held a thick cloth to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Father Naber who, with others, was present, replaced it on her tongue and it again disappeared down her throat! The poor sinner made her peace with God, and died a happy death!

#### Language No Impediment

Several times, in order to be perfectly sure that Theresa knew what I wished to tell her, I asked the Archbishop to repeat it to her in German. She had seemed however to understand as she would nod her head and smile, saying, "ya, ya," when this answer was required. The impediment of a foreign language faded into insignificance as we looked into each other's eyes. She sensed what I was saying in spite of my English tongue and her thoughts carried their message to my brain notwithstanding my ignorance of the German medium. When all was shown and explained she rose and walked gracefully to her cabinet, opened a small drawer and took out a lovely mother-of-pearl rosary. She turned to the Archbishop and said, "Your Excellency, Mrs. Brennan is doing God's work; this is the Rosary *I have used on all High Feasts* and I wish her to have it." She then returned to me and placed the rosary in my hands.



## Theresa Bears Sacred Wounds of Our Blessed Lord

The parish priest had told us to ask Theresa to let us see her stigmata, which otherwise she would not show us. At my request, after she had examined the relics, she rolled up the black mitts and exposed her amazing wounds! On the back of her hand was a black scab that had the appearance of the head of a nail; it seemed to pierce the flesh which was drawn back and flecked with blood. Below the surface the raw flesh was visible! The palm of each hand seemed dug out; vivid, red wounds, which formerly bled profusely during each Friday's agony. At that time they were covered with a transparent film like cellophane, as a protection, which enabled her to attend to her various household and church duties. She cares for the altars, does household work at the rectory, when needed, and attends to the small flower garden in the rear of her cottage home. She lives a healthy, normal life between her supernatural manifestations.

When she gave me her beads I took both of her wounded hands in mine and, stooping, kissed them in honor of the Blessed Lord for Whom she suffers so gladly! I had asked her prayers for Mary's Day and the works of the Federation, and she in turn, with true humility, had asked me to pray for her. I requested her to repeat after me the words "Mary's Day" so that I might hear this beloved phrase from her sweet lips. With childlike simplicity she acquiesced in my wish.

When I released her hands she went to her desk, seated herself and wrote her name upon three lovely little holy pictures; two of these she gave to the Archbishop, and one to me. Upon mine was inscribed in German, "Let us pray for one another" (signed) "Theresa Neumann."

During this time, Judge Brennan was waiting in the room below. Realizing how disappointed he would be should he miss seeing the great Mystic, I said to her, "Theresa, you have examined the records of Mary's Day, and the I. F. C. A. program, and have expressed your approval of the labor entailed. My husband, who is waiting below, has helped me in this great work, and, without him, I could have done nothing! Will you permit him to come up to see you for just one minute?" She looked at me very sweetly and with a smile that lighted her whole countenance she said, in her delightful husky voice, "Yes, he may come."

The Archbishop called Judge Brennan. I went to meet him as he came up the steps and when he entered I presented him to Theresa Neumann. She was standing and shook hands with him in a simple but dignified manner. I then asked her to let him see her hands. She pulled back the mitts without hesitation and placed her right hand in his so that he could examine the two wounds thoroughly. For eight years before he became a lawyer, Judge Brennan was a practicing physician. His decision from his examination of the stigmata was that had these open wounds not been of miraculous origin gangrene would have set in within a few weeks. The condition has existed for ten years, the tissue remaining perfectly healthy, though raw, and, at times, bleeding!

#### **Archbishop and Judge Brennan Convinced of Theresa's Sanctity**

The moment had come to say good-bye. I again took both of her sacred hands in mine. The dear Archbishop who had been indifferent upon arriving, by this time was so deeply convinced of her sanctity, so certain that through her suffering she was demonstrating to the

world the agony of Our Blessed Lord, that he knelt before her, saying, "My child, place your two holy hands upon my head, those hands that have suffered so much for Our Blessed Lord."

Dear Theresa, who is the most modest and humble servant of God one can imagine, hesitated, exclaiming (in German), "No, no, Your Excellency." She seemed really quite mortified that this request was made by the Archbishop, but when he insisted, she, who is always obedient to the commands of the Church, reluctantly acquiesced. She truly hung her head in shame that she, the most humble of girls, should have the presumption to place her hands in blessing upon the head of one of God's sanctified priests. I had asked her to give me her blessing but she had declined, saying (in German), "Oh, no, no, not I—the Archbishop will give you his blessing, but I cannot."

Judge Brennan and I were moved almost to tears to witness the simplicity and faith of this great churchman, himself one of God's saints, kneeling at the feet of the peasant girl of Konnersreuth, known in her own country as "The Flower of the Passion."

Thus ended our first visit to the marvelous Mystic, Theresa Neumann, which Judge Brennan and I will always treasure as one of the great experiences of our lives.

### The Miracle of the Rosary

It is now my privilege and happiness to relate a very remarkable occurrence in connection with the lovely rosary presented to me during this visit to the Neumann home in July, 1933.

Theresa Neumann could have given me nothing that I would treasure more highly than the white mother-of-pearl rosary that she used, as she expressed it, on all High

Feasts. In other words, it was her best rosary, and because of my work to honor the Blessed Mother through the Mary's Day Movement, she wished me to have it. In thanking her, I promised to remember her each day by reciting at least one decade on her beautiful rosary. The medallion joining the beads of the first and last decade is a Miraculous Medal, which may have suggested to her that she give me this particular rosary, as the insignia of the I. F. C. A. is the Miraculous Medal and the Blessed Mother is its Patroness under the title of Mary Immaculate of the Miraculous Medal. Hanging from the link of the medallion is a medal of St. Antony of Padua, showing Theresa's devotion to this much-loved Saint.

I kept my rosary always in an inner pocket of a large handbag, wrapped carefully in a sheer linen handkerchief. It was reverently held during Mass each morning, and at night taken out to say the promised prayers for Theresa, just before retiring. I received it on the Feast of St. Ann, July 26, 1933. Some time toward the end of August, I unfolded the handkerchief containing the rosary to say the usual nightly prayer, when, to my amazement, I saw *six blood red beads* on the third decade, which, of course, in the recitation of the Sorrowful Mysteries, is the decade of the Crown of Thorns, and Theresa has six deep wounds on her head, representing the Wounds of Our Savior from His Crown of Thorns. Four of her wounds bleed more profusely than the other two, and four of the six red beads were a shade or two darker red than the other two. At one end of the decade was a group of three, then followed a white bead, then two red beads, then two white beads, then one red bead, and a white bead completing the decade. I was shocked, fearing that they had been desecrated by coming in contact with the inevitable rouge

pot that must be the concession of the elderly person these days, to the opinion of the younger generation! Yet they had been tightly wrapped in the linen handkerchief, and had not left the particular inner pocket they always occupied. I took them to my stationary washstand and with hot water, soap and wash cloth, tried to remove, as I thought, the red stain, but to no avail. The color was fast! I was then confident that I had strained my eyes and was seeing red that was non-existent, so I said my prayers, put away my beads and ceased to think about them. The next morning, at Mass, the rosary was *pure white* again which convinced me that the trouble was in my eyesight.

### Second Appearance of Red Beads

Several weeks later, in September, I unrolled my beads, as usual at night, and to my great surprise there were the six red beads in the exact formation as before, 3-2-1, with white beads between and four deeper red than the other two. I got up from my knees and took them to the adjoining room, where my husband was reading. I held up before him two decades and said, pointing to the decade of the Crown of Thorns, "Do you see any difference between the beads in this decade and those of the other one?" "Why, yes," he answered, "there are six red beads on this one," pointing to them. "Well," I replied, "there shouldn't be, for this is the white rosary given to me by Theresa Neumann and it certainly had no red beads on it at that time." I then told him of the previous appearance and he said, "Now, don't get an obsession on Theresa Neumann. This must be some atmospheric condition, for miracles do not happen to people like us." "I concede that," I replied, "but this is Theresa Neumann's own rosary and her whole life is a

miracle, so why not this evidence of it?" However, I again put the rosary away unconvinced as to its miraculous character, but not before I had taken it to show to my Protestant aunt, who lives with us, and *she saw the red beads.*

### Third Appearance

On October 3, 1933, the first Friday of the month, I was en route to the Convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, held in St. Paul, Minn. We were due there at 2:30 p. m. About 10:30 that morning, Mrs. Bailey of Connecticut, also a delegate to the convention, came to my section and said, "Mrs. Brennan, Father \_\_\_\_\_, a professor in the College of Dubuque, Iowa, is on the train. I have told him of your visit to Theresa Neumann, and since he is particularly interested in everything concerning her, he is most anxious to talk to you. Will you come back to where he, his secretary, and I, are sitting (I was in the center of the Pullman car, they in the rear) and tell us about it?" I was glad to do so. As soon as I was seated, Father said, "I understand you have a rosary Theresa gave you. May I see it?" I answered, "Certainly, Father," and produced the white rosary. As soon as I unwrapped it, there were shining up at us *the six blood red beads!* I asked the three if they could see a difference in the decades and each unhesitatingly pointed out the red beads in the Crown of Thorns decade. When I told them of the other two appearances, they were positive that it was a miraculous manifestation. I was at last convinced of it myself. I had not mentioned to anyone the first two appearances, but since the red beads at this time remained so, for fully twenty-four hours, fading gradually to pink, then white, and even after this,

when several who had heard of them, took them in their hands, they seemed to glow as if the red were returning. I firmly believed it was Our Blessed Lord's intention that this miraculous manifestation should become known. Since then, I have not hesitated to speak of the miracle at any and all times during my discourses on my experiences with Theresa Neumann.

### **My Second Visit to Konnersreuth**

The following March I went to Rome to represent the Federation at several important international conventions; to attend the canonization of Don Bosco, and most important of all, to learn from the proper authorities the exact status in Rome of the Mary's Day Movement, and the possibility of holding, in the United States, a National Marian Congress, as the outcome of Mary's Day. This Congress was the suggestion, in 1931, of Archbishop Beckman, of Dubuque. All of these matters were carried through most successfully, and at the end of a five weeks' stay in Rome, during which time Miss Ada K. Gannon, Parliamentarian for I. F. C. A., who accompanied me, and I, were permitted a soul-inspiring private audience with His Holiness, Pius XI, we decided to stop off on our way to Paris to visit Konnersreuth, and if possible, to see Theresa Neumann.

I could not pass by without visiting again the little Mystic who had become my friend the summer before, when I had the happiness of spending forty minutes with her, telling her of Mary's Day and the I. F. C. A.!

We left Rome by sleeping car, on Wednesday night, April 26, 1934, bound for Munich, where we changed cars for Eger, Czechoslovakia. By automobile we drove to Konnersreuth to pass the night in a most primitive

"Inn," facing the square upon which is situated the house of Theresa Neumann. The windows of our room looked out upon her pretty rose-tinted stucco cottage, and several times during the night I awakened and realized that the "holy girl of Konnersreuth" near-by was undergoing the happy ecstasies which she is permitted to enjoy on the Friday mornings of the Easter and other joyful seasons of the ecclesiastical year. In passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, nothing could have been more amusing than the situation in which Miss Gannon and I were placed. Supper was over when we reached the "Inn." The three long turkey-red covered tables in the bar-dining room were bare of everything but one basket of hard rolls! Neither hotel-keeper, his wife, nor the one maid-of-all-work could speak a word of English or French. Fortunately, we had enjoyed a delicious dinner between trains at the station in Munich, but we needed some refreshment before retiring, after our seven hours of travel! I went into the kitchen (we were the only "guests" in the house), and hunted around until I discovered a basket of small potatoes. With the whole "force" looking on, I washed them under the faucet and upon putting them in a small saucepan from the kitchen closet, it suddenly became evident to the housewife what I wanted and, smilingly, she took the utensil out of my hands, covered the potatoes with water and put them on the stove to boil! These, with steaming hot tea, the hard rolls and plenty of good butter, gave us a very satisfactory meal! When we were ushered into our room, we found our two beds were made up each with a single sheet, two huge soft pillows and a short down feather quilt, a foot thick, encased in immaculate linen, for covering. The mattress was hard and lumpy. Underneath the feather quilt we



soon sweltered but, in spite of it, passed a fairly comfortable night. At six the next morning, we were up and out for six-thirty Mass, which was celebrated in the beautiful church by Rev. Joseph Naber, spiritual director of Theresa Neumann. The church was crowded with holy souls, practically every one of whom received Holy Communion. Miss Gannon and I were the first at the rail and hence were privileged to receive directly after Theresa Neumann. A children's Mass followed at seven, during which the children sang, led by a splendid organist, and Father Naber remained throughout, seeing that every little girl and boy was properly attentive to both prayers and singing.

After this Mass we spoke to Father Naber, who invited us to wait in the sitting room of the rectory while he went to ask permission for us to see Theresa Neumann. The favor was granted, and we were told to present ourselves at the home of the Mystic at noon. Theresa at the time of our visit to Father Naber was still in ecstasy. During the joyous seasons her ecstasies are of shorter duration than the times when she suffers the Agony of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord!

After coffee and rolls, Miss Gannon and I strolled through the village and, a half mile beyond, to a Calvary built on a knoll overlooking the surrounding lovely country. A beautiful little chapel is there circled by tall evergreens, and overhead, larks were bursting their throats singing God's praises as they mounted higher and higher in the blue sky, seemingly touching the fleecy clouds above our heads.

### Theresa Planting Her Garden

We returned in fitting mood to visit the girl who is one of the marvels of her age and while waiting at her

door, were amazed to see her coming toward us, accompanied by one of her sisters, and Father Naber, all three carrying boxes of growing flowers to be transplanted in her garden. She remembered me from the year previous and after several minutes' conversation in her hallway, she invited us to come into the garden to see the beautiful new shrine in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, and the new St. Bernadette, which she, and her sisters, directed by Father Naber, were building. It will be a bower of delight when completed. In the square entrance hall, Theresa talked to us and we to her, and somehow we understood! Her hands were stained with earth from planting her flowers. She apologized and tried to dust off the soil with her apron before giving us her hand. Miss Gannon was much overcome by the sight of the stigmata which I requested Theresa to show her, and she kissed the little earth-stained hand in spite of Theresa's protestation and humility!

I said to Theresa Neumann, in English, "Did you receive the beautiful reliquary containing the Relic of the True Cross, which I asked the cloistered Dominican Sisters of Monte Mario, Rome, to send to you after my visit to you last summer?" "Oh, yes," she replied, in German, "didn't you get my letter?" She held up her left hand and with the right pantomimed letter writing across the palm. "Oh, I wrote you a long letter, didn't you get it?" "No," I said, shaking my head. "Oh, I am so sorry," she answered. She was not half as sorry as I, who would have been delighted to receive, and own, a friendly personal letter from Theresa Neumann. Some post office employee evidently recognized her handwriting, and realizing the value of a letter from the great Mystic, appropriated it. I was the unfortunate loser. I continued my conversation.

## Inquires About Rosary

"Theresa, I have stopped off at Konnersreuth especially to ask you to explain the significance of the six red beads that have appeared three times on this rosary you gave me last summer." I held out the rosary to her. Her face was wreathed in smiles, the dimples showing and her glorious deep violet eyes were twinkling with mischief. "So-o?" she said. From Rome, I had brought to Theresa numerous souvenirs of the Holy Year and with them a beautiful tinted photograph of the New York Shrine of Mary, Mother of Mankind, erected in Federation House garden. She was delighted, and like a child wishing to show her gifts, threw open the door leading into the combination living room, tailor shop and dining room, of the Neumann household, where, as it was the noon hour, were seated at the dinner table all other members of the family. There was no place for Theresa, as she continues neither to eat nor drink. The pictures and other souvenirs were examined and admired as Miss Gannon and I looked on from the doorway.

When Theresa returned, I again ventured to ask what was meant by the miracle of the red beads. She smilingly refused to answer but said instead, "Come into my garden to see the shrine we are erecting." On leaving the house we crossed the square and at a small store bought several rosaries. I took mine back to Theresa's garden where she, her sister and Father Naber, were building the shrine, and passed them through the picket fence for Father Naber to bless as a souvenir of this second visit. Theresa smiled good-bye in an intimately happy fashion like a pleased girl saying farewell to a friend.

During our visit to Sister Mary Reeves in Paris, she, having read my articles on Theresa Neumann in the

I. F. C. A. QUARTERLY BULLETIN and *News Letter*, asked to see the famous rosary. Of course she had not heard of its miraculous character as no account of this had been printed. As I placed it in her hands she exclaimed, "Oh! look at the blood on these beads!" and pointed to the third decade! Miss Gannon and I both looked but *could see only white beads!!* Miss Gannon had been one of the witnesses of the manifestation at the St. Paul Convention, and I, of course, had seen the red beads the previous times. Only Sister Mary was privileged upon this occasion.

#### Interpretation Given to Formation of Red Beads

In October, 1934, I retired as President of the I. F. C. A., having served as long as possible according to the constitution, but the 1934 convention created a Superior Council of the I. F. C. A., and a unanimous vote made me its representative. In November, the first regular meeting of the International Council of the I. F. C. A., was called in Toronto, Canada, and I was elected president of the Council by the representatives of Canada, Mexico and the I. F. C. A. While in Canada, I asked a distinguished Canadian priest what he thought was the meaning of the grouping of the red beads, 1-2-3. He said it seemed to him to be very significant, as in these numbers are contained the great mysteries of the Faith; the *One* God, the *two* natures of Our Blessed Lord, the Human and the Divine, and the Blessed *Trinity!* In my judgment it also marks the decade Theresa prefers me to pray, to honor the Crown of Thorns, the Wounds from which caused the Savior His greatest agony!

#### My Third Visit

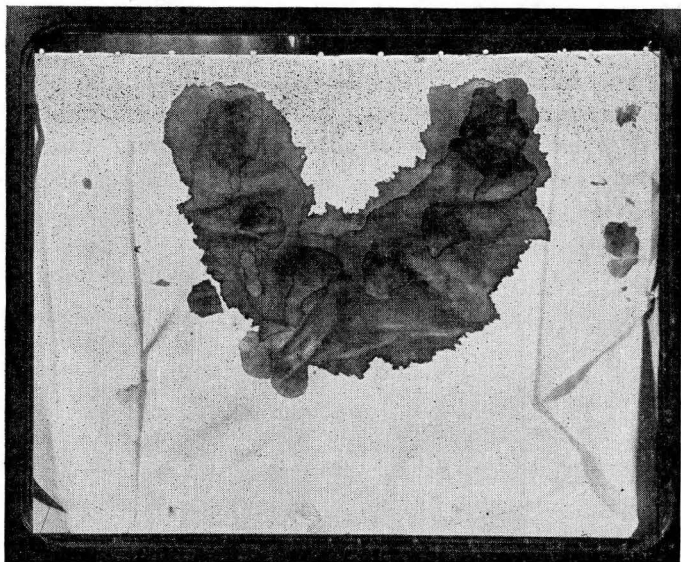
While at Karlsbad, on Friday, August 3, 1934, Judge Brennan and I again had the privilege of visiting Theresa

Neumann this time during the great Mystic's agony. There were present in her room a bishop, six priests, a nun, my husband and I, and several others. The lay people were permitted to remain only ten minutes, as about fifty others had letters of admission and were waiting below.



Actual Photograph of Theresa  
in Her Agony

Theresa was not in the room where she had received us the previous year, but was in a smaller one adjoining. She was half sitting, half lying in a narrow white bed, close to the wall, which had a high railing attached to the outer side to prevent her from falling out during her paroxysms. Pillows of snowy whiteness were piled high behind her, and she was covered by the usual thick white down quilt (almost like a small feather mattress) that



Handkerchief Bearing Marks of Crown of Thorns

is used in those European countries. On the wall by the bed was hung a crucifix, surrounded by several reliquaries containing, no doubt, relics of her favorite saints. There was also the framed photograph and blessing of the Holy Father. Against the wall opposite the door, and near the bed, was an altar, large enough upon which to offer Holy Mass. It was fitted as if ready for the Holy Sacrifice. A cage of birds was hanging in the corner farthest from Theresa's bed. It was partially covered to keep the little songsters quiet and only an occasional twitter was heard. Except for this there was deathly stillness in the room. Laymen were on their knees; the priests stood at the foot of the bed! It was twelve o'clock and Theresa was in the beginning of the Agony on the Cross! Her hands were extended, the stigmata plainly

visible—her dear face had lost all semblance of beauty and was drawn and agonized. The white cloth covering her head was beginning to be saturated with blood. The six stains were becoming a deeper red as the minutes passed. Her eyes were pools of blood and black streams clotted her cheeks and throat down to the neck of her white gown. Her face was ashen and the lips drawn over the teeth, while her head turned from side to side in intensity of pain. Her hands twitched and quivered, moans came, and sighs of anguish. One could imagine, as the hours went on, how the snowy whiteness of her garments, and her bed of suffering, would be dyed with the crimson tide, flowing in emulation of the Blood of the Blessed Savior on Calvary. My first thought as I dropped upon my knees in the presence of such suffering, was, Almighty God alone has the power to perform such a miracle! My sacred rosary was in my hands and I began at once to recite the Credo.

#### Theresa Reacts to Declaration of Faith

Theresa, whose head was turned slightly toward the wall quickly jerked her head in my direction and peered down upon me, making an effort to see me from her poor eyes blinded by blood. She reacted at once to my declaration of faith, and quite evidently recognized me, even in her state of agony. Theresa's weekly sacrifice must bear fruit, and, to some extent, expiate for the coldness and hostility of many souls who should love God. No one kneeling in the presence of such agony can ever lose the memory of the drawn and pitiful countenance of this undoubted saint of God. No mind but must acknowledge the supernatural evidence of God's power, and the deeper realization of the enormity of sin in the eyes of the Lord when He, the slain Lamb of Calvary, permits

this shadow of His suffering to be visible to this materialistic and erring world, to warn it anew to turn away from unholy allurements and follow Him!

#### Account of Visits in Constant Demand

Since it has become known that I have enjoyed the happiness of several visits to the greatest Mystic of the present day, I have received numerous invitations from alumnae associations, sodalities, Sacred Heart leagues, Children of Mary organizations, and even from groups of men, to tell of my experiences. I have refused none, believing it to be my duty, wherever called, to aid, in my small way, whenever possible, the apostolate of Theresa Neumann. If she can give her life to actual suffering in the Holy Cause of Christ Crucified, I should, at least try to be an humble disciple to carry her message near and far.

#### Recent Evidence of Theresa's Power

I had recently the pleasure to meet a priest who is a friend of the Neumann family. He visited Federation House in New York City and while there he told me many interesting anecdotes concerning Theresa. He said, that it is unnecessary for Theresa to open her mail. She sorts the letters unopened as important or not, and attends to whatever appeals to her within the first class. He gave an example of her power of bilocation. Mutual friends, a man and his wife, were recently injured in an automobile accident; the husband's leg was shattered so badly the doctors decided immediate amputation was necessary. When they left the room in the hospital to prepare for the operation, the wife fell upon her knees calling upon Theresa Neumann, her dear friend, to aid her. Immediately, Theresa appeared at the bedside of the injured man, placed her hand upon the crushed knee



and then disappeared. The sufferer was instantly cured, through God's power, and Theresa's intercession. When the doctors came ready to operate, they found the man completely healed.

### Theresa in Ecstasy

From Sisters in a Canadian convent, I heard a sweet incident recounted by the Prioress of an Abbey, where Theresa goes on retreat each year, in a city not far from Konnersreuth. This was witnessed by the Abbess herself and told to the nuns in Canada, while she was visiting them. During the time Theresa was making a retreat, twins, a little boy and girl, were born to her sister. They were taken to the Abbey to be baptized. Theresa was to be the Godmother. She took the infants in her arms, knelt before St. Joseph's altar, and dedicated the little boy to him, then went to Our Blessed Lady's altar where the little girl was placed under her protection, from there, she stood before the main altar and immediately became ecstatic raising her arms on high before the presence of her Eucharistic Lord. Everyone within the Chapel gasped, thinking the babies would fall and have their brains dashed out on the marble floor! Their Guardian Angels must have upheld them for they lay quietly on each shoulder until Theresa, having completed her prayer, and moments of exaltation, quietly gathered them again within her arms and the baptismal ceremony proceeded, as usual.

### Theresa Asks Personal Petitions and Prayers

One of the most comforting messages received from Theresa has come to us through Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll, who learned of this through Mr. Friedrich Ritter Von Lama, author of *The Chronicles of Theresa*

*Neumann*, in three volumes. He told the Bishop that Theresa has said, "why do people come so far, and go to so much trouble to see me? If they need my help, and it is God's Holy Will that I assist them, it is not necessary for them to leave their homes; their mental communications will reach me! If they feel that they cannot believe this, let them give their messages to their Guardian Angels, and they will bring them to me."

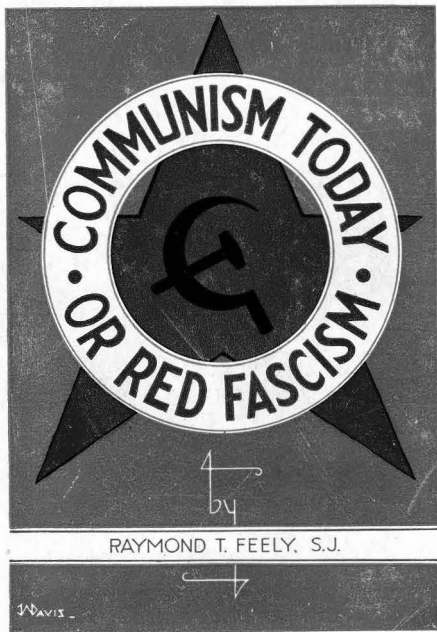
How inspiring to know that Almighty God even in our time is demonstrating His power through the instrumentality of this simple, lovable girl; opening our eyes, through Theresa's example, to the possibility of actual personal contact with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, His Angels and Saints, if only our faith is strong enough to believe, and our desire sufficient to break through the shackles of the flesh!

Theresa asks the assistance of our prayers that she may be given strength to endure, and power to overcome the common enemy of mankind, the devil, who is constantly tempting her to ask Our Lord to relieve her of her sufferings. She does not wish to be relieved, as she knows that only through suffering can she bring souls to God. This is her one longing, SOULS, SOULS, SOULS!, to honor and glorify her Lord and God in Whom she lives, breathes, and has her being. Let us, through our prayers and acceptance of our small sufferings, aid this beautiful soul, Theresa of Konnersreuth, in the great work entrusted to her by Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the King and Glory of Heaven and Earth.

753532

The tactics of World Communism have radically changed during the war, and unless checked, will destroy our grimly earned victory in Europe!

*"The Communist Trojan Horse has now become the Trojan Snake in American Life."*



*Is Red Fascism different from Hitlerian Fascism?*

Communism is the most dynamic world-changing and world-challenging force which confronts our generation. We have a solemn duty, which we would be cowards to shirk, to study the nature and tactics of Communism.

Father Feely is an authority on the subject of Communism and in this new booklet he offers a brief study of Communism from the political, the religious, and finally, the international aspect.

5c (single copy postpaid, 8c); \$3.85 the 100 postpaid

THE PAULIST PRESS—401 West 59th Street, New York 19, N. Y.