



*Our Lady of the Roses, Mary Help of Mothers Shrine*

## **VERONICA'S TALK**



### **LIFE AFTER DEATH**

**VERONICA AT ST CHARLES HOSPITAL, on Long Island, with nurses from the Daughters of Wisdom founded by St. Louis de Montfort**

**Veronica:** “Now, to start with what happened, with the actual facts, which can be borne out by a Sister by the name of Sister Martha—she’s a resident I believe, with the hospital, St. Charles’ Hospital, where this incident happened. I’m sure she’ll never forget my talk with her after the miraculous happening.

Now, we would have to go back to the early part of the 1980's. It’s difficult to get the exact date, but the hospital records will probably indicate my visit there. And Sister Martha may remember my visit there, because it was their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. I’m not certain whether that was- her 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of being a nun, or the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of her Order. But I believe that her order was called the Daughters of Wisdom or the Sisters of Wisdom, something like that.

Well, I was in a room, two beds to the room, at St. Charles, recovering from a heart attack, a slight heart attack compared to the one that I had in ‘79. But while I was in bed there, I became very friendly with the lady who was at my right. I understood that she had cancer, and she suffered a great deal.

Now, at that time I was pretty mobile, and able to get around, so I would give out as many Rosaries as I could to anyone who came to the hospital, because St. Charles is traditionally a Catholic hospital.

But anyway, my husband came in one day with the Rosaries. I had requested over the telephone to him to bring me Rosaries, because the people—as I walked through the halls, I noticed they did not have Rosaries. Then I would give them out, or have my sons go around and give them out. So my husband brought some that were really golden in color. They were beautiful. I don’t think they were solid gold, but I think it was paint or something, but they looked beautiful.

I noticed as I was praying my Rosary with one of these, the lady in the bed next to me, who had an accent that sounded like Russian to me—it’s the only way I could put it, because she used to call me “Ver-oh-nica.” I can still hear her voice saying “Ver-o-nica.” She couldn’t say Veronica, she said “Ver-oh-nica.” So I gave her a gold Rosary that she was admiring. And you know what she did?

**She took the crucifix and kissed it, and placed the Rosary right by her chest.**

Sister Martha came around about that time, and she asked me if she could have several of those gold Rosaries, because there was an anniversary, which I already told you about. So I gave her the Rosaries that she wanted.

And the lady next to me, I kept giving her Scapulars, I don’t know why—I **put a Scapular on her** and the nurse would take it off and put it in the drawer. So I’d hide a Scapular under her gown where they wouldn’t see it, so that she kept the Scapular, because I knew that the woman was going to die.

But one thing I didn’t know, until I was told by a nurse, was that the woman was Jewish! I had never thought of that, you know. Being in the Catholic hospital, it kind of surprised me; but I was told she was Jewish. So I said, “Well, that doesn’t make any difference. She loved that Rosary.” See, I was putting another Scapular on her and the nurse caught me. And she said, “Don’t do that, because she’s Jewish.” And I said, “**Well, she really likes it.**” And the lady was shaking her head. I forget her name now. The only thing I can remember about my bed-mate next to me was that she was Jewish, and also, that she was in her sixties, with cancer. And so she was very low with the cancer, dying, and I became very friendly with her.

I prayed the Rosary, and she followed me, watching what I was doing with the beads. And the nurse came along and she said, “Don’t do that!” And I said, “Why not?” She said, “Well, she’s Jewish and they wouldn’t like that; her family wouldn’t like it.” I said, “I’ve met her brother already who came up from Florida to see her, and he didn’t say anything bad about the Rosaries.” I’ll bet he saw them on the table. And I told him I gave them to his sister.

So, when they left, a rabbi came in. And I wasn’t too interested in that; I kept saying the Rosary there. And they’d pull the sheeting around, you know, the covers, so you couldn’t see.

And I don’t know what the rabbi was doing, anyway. But he left, and then that night she became very bad. I mean she was really dying, and the family came again. They all left in tears, and when they left and the evening wore on something just made me go into the bathroom and get some water. **I knew that this lady wanted to be baptized. Somehow, I just knew it, because they way she looked at the beads and the pictures I would give her, the holy pictures and the Rosaries and everything. I knew that I just had to Baptize her—you know, Conditional Baptism.**

And so I said to her, **“I think I should baptize you.”** I can’t remember her name now, but I grew very close to her, and she shook her head, yes, though she couldn’t talk; she had an oxygen thing on her face, and **all she could do was nod her head.** So in I went to the bathroom, and got both of my hands very wet, and I took my thumb, and I said to her, **“I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”** **And she smiled.**

Now I went over back to my bed. The nurse, in fact, came in and wondered what I was doing up, and she put me back in my bed. And the family came in; they were all distraught and crying. And then all of a sudden I didn’t hear her moaning in the bed anymore, **and I knew she had died. And the family left.**

So I lay back, and I had to watch something that is a little different. **The light was coming through the window, and—I never was in a room where somebody had died right in front of me.** They had pulled all of the sheeting off, and wrapped her in the sheet and just left her there; they took the mattress and everything. She was lying on the springs of the bed! Boy, that was scary, but I couldn’t help watching, so I lay back on my bed.

The family had gone. The nurses had gone out, and her body was lying in the bed next to me with the curtains drawn all around it. And I lay back and I started to say the Rosary for her, when all of a sudden I couldn’t believe my own eyes! My head was looking up towards the ceiling, because I was lying back on the pillow. **And there she was!**

**The lady next to me was so beautiful, in a yellow light; emanating all around her was this beautiful, palish, yellow light. And she was moving slowly up from right in front of me, up to the ceiling. And her hair was so beautifully done.**

You see, with the chemotherapy and everything they gave her while she was there, she lost all the hair. But she had hair. Though it was grey, it was beautifully marcelled. And I’m looking there—I couldn’t believe my own eyes! **And she had—she looked healthy, smiling, and she was going slowly up. I knew she was going to go right through the ceiling, because she was slowly moving up.**

But it was hard to explain her. She wasn’t solid-like. I can’t explain it, though I recognized her right away. And I knew she knew me, because she looked down at me and she said—and I have to pronounce my name the way she always did; I’ll never forget it—she said, **“Ver-oh-nica, look at me!”** And I was looking, I couldn’t get over it. She looked so happy, so elated.

Well, all of a sudden she just drifted, and like a vapor, went—I don’t know whether she went through the ceiling, but anyway she vaporized, or something. However, a theologian could explain it.

She had on a beautiful white gown that covered her arms and legs; I couldn’t see her legs or her feet. The gown was exceptionally long, and it was all white, but the yellow light that was exuding all around her seemed to cast like a yellow glow onto the gown. But she went right up, and up through the ceiling, and out, and then she was gone.

So I called her brother, who was standing out in the hall, crying, and I said, “Don’t cry.” I told him I was telling the truth, even though some people would thought, “Oh, she’s lost her mind!” or something, but I knew what I saw. So I called her brother over. I said, “Don’t feel bad,” I said, “I know she’s in Heaven, or a place close to Heaven, because,” I said, “she looked so beautiful and happy.”

And I repeated to him what she said to me, “Ver-oh-nica, look at me!” But I told her brother exactly what happened, and he was very, very happy to hear what I had to say. So I wound up giving him a Rosary, too, and some holy pictures. He took them, too! He was a very nice, sociable fellow.

I know she must have been a Russian Jew, because her accent sounds sort of like Russian. “Ver-oh-nica.” She couldn’t say Veronica, she kept saying, “Ver-oh-nica!” And when she said, **“Look at me!”** Oh, I tell you, I was really shocked.

But I remember every detail. It was amazing, and so wonderful that all I can say is no one should ever be afraid to die. There’s no real mystery behind it at all! You live, you actually live though you leave your body. You live in another state. She looked—well, she didn’t look solid, let me say that. **She was very, sort of wispy, wispy like, misty.** I can’t explain it, but similar to the misty way Our Lady looks like in the picture called “Our Lady in the Sky” that we give out to people, the miraculous picture, when Our Lady came in over the Vatican Site.

Sister Martha came up and I told her everything that happened. And Sister Martha made me feel very good. She said, “Well, Veronica,” she said, “now you have somebody else up in Heaven praying for you!”

Oh, I think Sister Martha will always remember that. I’m sure she’s still at St. Charles’ Hospital, and I think if anyone speaks to her there, she’ll remember me because she kind of refers to me to people as “the lady with the visions!” I always thought that was quite cute.

So that is what happened, that makes me know that there is definitely life after death. We’re told that, but when you see it with your own eyes—oh, that is really not only miraculous but a grace that Heaven allows. And I’m sure I’m not the only one in the world that this has happened to; I’m sure there are others who never spoke about it.