



FIFTH MEMORIAL FOR

Frances Marie Klug

NOVEMBER 15, 2014

The Story of Mother Frances



FRANCES MARIE KLUG

MAY 7, 1921 - NOVEMBER 15, 2009

One day, volumes will be written about the life story of Frances Marie Klug, the True Mystic through whom God gave The Miracle of Saint Joseph to the world. This account offers a small glimpse into the life of Mother Frances, from her birth in 1921 through the Formal Announcement of The Miracle of Saint Joseph in 1967.

The biographical highlights in this booklet are based on presentations given recently by Roberta Haag, the daughter of Mother Frances. Mrs. Haag is the Chairman of the Board of The City of God, Saint Joseph's Hill of Hope.



BY ROBERTA HAAG

We recently celebrated and honored the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the Formal Announcement of The Miracle of Saint Joseph, which came on July 28, 1967. We identify the beginning of The Miracle in 1967 with the term *Formal*, because The Miracle of Saint Joseph actually began *Informally* with the birth of Mother Frances in 1921.

I think we'd all agree that God arranges the timing of important events. In a Revelation delivered through The Miracle in 1996, Saint Therese of Lisieux said: *"This Miracle formally began at*

a given time, but It had been planned for a long time, because The Father, in His All-knowing way, was fully aware that mankind was stepping beyond the bounds of sound morals"

God's plan for The Miracle of Saint Joseph was set into motion with the birth of Mother Frances on May 7, 1921. God's sign to the world that her birth was special and important was that Mother Frances was born with a veil of tissue, also known as a *caul*, covering her face. This extremely rare occurrence should be recognized for its true

significance. In many cultures around the world, the caul signifies a blessed birth destined for greatness. With Mother's birth, God The Father sent a true sign that should not be ignored or taken lightly.

Early Years in Chicago

Mother was born into a loving, fun-filled, close-knit, Roman Catholic family and baptized as Frances Marie Kinsch. Her parents were Charles, or *Curly* as he was called, and Elizabeth. Mother had four older siblings: Bernice, Charlie, Mable and Helen. Ten and a half years separated Mother from her next sibling, and she was truly the baby of the family. They lived in Chicago, Illinois, and Mother was definitely a city girl. The Kinsch family loved to entertain and did so often, enjoying each other's company with music and dance. On occasion, Mother would be requested to dance the Charleston at a moment's notice, and dance she did, as it was her natural, God-given talent.

Mother loved to sing, run and play just as other children her age. Mother attended Saint Peter Canisius Elementary School, where she enjoyed a good Catholic education and received the sacraments of Penance, First Holy Communion, and Confirmation. Mother was a good student, well-liked by her classmates and teachers.



Frances Marie Kinsch, Age 7

As a youngster, Mother had an inner desire to please God. She told us that sometimes, during recess breaks at school, she would make her way over to the church on the school grounds to pay a visit, because she simply wanted to make certain that God knew she loved Him. One day in class, the nun told a very sad story about Saint Joseph being "the forgotten Saint." From that day on, during Mother's visits to church, she made sure to go to Saint Joseph, tell Him that she loved Him and let Him know that she would never forget Him. She would pray before The Blessed Sacrament to tell God that she loved Him, and then move to Our Blessed Mother to tell Her that she loved Her.

Then Mother would proceed to tell Our Blessed Mother all her young troubles. In a Revelation delivered in 2004, Saint Angela Merici said: *“The little one I speak through today, many times called upon Me when she was very, very young.”*

You see, Mother was beginning to develop a close relationship with God The Father and the Saints at a very young age. Mother assumed everyone

“The preparations would enable her to recognize and handle Heaven’s Power, both mentally and physically, and also strengthen her to accomplish God’s Will.”

felt as she did, wanting to please God. However, the time did come when Mother felt as though she was a little bit different. She took her sister Mable aside to confide in her and ask, “Mable, do you sometimes feel as though you’re going real fast but you’re not moving at all?” Mable gently reassured her, saying, “Well no, I don’t feel that way but it’s okay that you do.” This answer seemed to satisfy Mother and she went on her way. Heaven would reveal many years later that Mother was experiencing early forms of Spiritual preparations as a child. The preparations would enable her to recognize and handle Heaven’s

Power, both mentally and physically, and also strengthen her to accomplish God’s Will.

Sadly, at the age of 9, Mother lost her father, following what was supposed to be a routine surgery. He was only 48 years old and it was truly devastating for the whole family. This wonderful man that used to wake Mother up by playing the piano and singing a happy tune, this kind man that would sit my Mother on his lap while he looked over his blueprints for work, this great man that protected his family and loved his wife and children so very much, this man that was so full of life, was gone.

Because of Mother’s innocence and deep sensitivity, and the sadness surrounding the loss of her father, this time was extremely distressing for her, as it was for the entire family. But the faith and resolve of Mother’s family sustained them through the difficult adjustment.

In 1932, as the Great Depression was gripping the nation, everyone was struggling to get by. To save money, my grandmother and Mother moved in with Mother’s oldest sister, Bernice, and her husband and children. The entire Kinsch family would gather daily to pray the Rosary for the men in the family to find work. Slowly and eventually, life began to resume as normal as possible following the tragic loss of my grandfather. While still attending Saint Peter Canisius Elementary School,



Frances Kinsch, Age 20

Mother received the Sacrament of Confirmation, taking the name of Joan. How fitting it was that Mother chose Saint Joan of Arc, who was such a courageous Warrior for God.

Mother went on to attend Saint Patrick's High School, following in the footsteps of her older siblings years before. Mother continued to be a good student with many interests. Serving as class treasurer for three years in a row, she was also the school treasurer her senior year.

Even with her busy school schedule and outside activities, Mother always found time to make frequent visits to Saint Patrick's Church. She treasured these times as she was communicating with God, Whom she loved so very much. During these visits, I believe that God was gently instilling into Mother the

grace and strength needed to one day accept the tremendous responsibility of The Miracle of Saint Joseph.

Now, if I've made it sound as if Mother walked around with her hands folded all the time in prayer, this was not my intention. Mother was never ethereal, and never demonstrative concerning her unique relationship with God. Mother enjoyed life and took part in many activities, and she had a fantastic sense of humor that was shared by her



Frances Klug in the 1940's

entire family. Mother enjoyed music, dancing, and theater and took part in many neighborhood productions. In the 1930's and '40's, the arts were quite different from today's musical and theater productions.

Following high school, Mother went on to study a range of subjects in college, while also working. Her interests were



Frances Klug

many and varied, and she enjoyed working with teenagers. Mother was practically a teenager herself when she put on a beautiful variety show at Saint Mel's Catholic Church in Chicago, one of the largest parishes in the area. All three performances, which featured youngsters from the parish, were sellouts and received standing ovations. The church pastor, Monsignor Purcell, was a Shakespearean expert and praised the show with great accolades.

Although Mother Frances was gifted in the arts, she was also an accomplished executive assistant with excellent shorthand and typing skills that served her well throughout life. This made it possible for her to work in a variety of businesses.

Family Sorrow in December 1942

In December 1942, my grandmother was admitted to the hospital for gallbladder surgery. She was 56 and Mother Frances was 21. The surgery was successful, but in those days you remained in the hospital for several days following surgery to recuperate. So Mother, along with my aunts and uncles, would visit my grandmother daily.

One day, as Mother walked through the hospital corridors during a visit, she heard someone calling to her from one of the hospital rooms. She cautiously entered the room where a tall, light-haired man was lying in the bed. Mother asked how he was and if he needed a nurse. He said no, that he just wanted to talk. Mother sensed a goodness in the man that she couldn't describe; otherwise, she would not have entered the room.

The dying man told Mother about his problems, adding that he had once been a Swedish athlete, and that his wife didn't love him and never had. Mother tried to console the man and offer reassurance that his wife surely loved him. Meanwhile, Mother's family was looking all over the hospital and wondering where she could be. After visiting this man, she went to her mother's room. One can only wonder what strength the man gleaned from Mother during that brief visit just



Elizabeth Kinsch with daughters
Bernice (left) and Mabel

prior to his passing. There is more to this story, which I'll share a bit later.

My grandmother was doing so well that the doctors thought she'd be released to go home in time for Christmas. Mother prepared the home for her arrival and on the day my grandmother was due to be released from the hospital, Mother talked to her on the phone and went to get her hair done. While in the beauty shop, Mother noticed her brother-in-law pacing back and forth outside, and then he tapped on the window and signaled Mother to come out. Mother went outside and he looked at her and said, "Fran, I'm so sorry to have to tell you, but Mom just passed away." Mother was absolutely shattered by the news; she had just talked to my grandmother on the phone, and her death was completely and utterly unexpected. Everyone was devastated by this loss that was truly overwhelming.

My grandmother was a wise woman, and I'm certain she recognized that her young daughter Frances was uniquely blessed by God. But it was not the Will of God for my grandmother to witness what would lie ahead for Mother Frances from here on earth, because she would view it from Heaven.

World War II was raging on and with my grandmother gone, Mother Frances went to live with her sister and brother-in-law, my Aunt Mable and Uncle Jim.

After much grieving and prayer, Mother busied herself with work, college courses and other activities while turning to God for direction, comfort, and His intercession. Mother traveled to several cities to orchestrate shows featuring the local youth talent. She read for radio shows but was always a bit disappointed, as they usually gave her the little girl parts, due to her very soft voice. Mother did some high fashion modeling, and she modeled with style, class and grace. Mother also took flying lessons. Learning to fly was exciting for Mother, and with the instructions of a co-pilot, she was able to take off, fly and land a plane. However, she did not continue with the many hours of flying required to get a pilot's license. Mother would tell us how she loved the sense of freedom she felt while flying through the air behind the controls of the plane.

While these experiences may seem unimportant or frivolous, it was the Hand of God, Who intervened in these activities, work experiences, and life skills. It was God's Plan to allow Mother to partake in so much that life had to offer.

Robert Klug

In 1946, at age 24, Mother began teaching ballroom dance at the Arthur Murray Dance Studio in Chicago.

At this point, I'll give a brief background into my father's life, because he is an integral part of this story.

My father was born September 4, 1924, in a suburb of Chicago – Park Ridge, Illinois. His parents were Frederick and Adelaide Klug and he had one older sister, Adele, who is still living. He was baptized in the Christian faith as Robert Ferdinand Klug. While Mother was raised in the hustle and bustle of a big city with buses, streetcars, trains, taxis, and busy streets, my father's hometown was more serene.

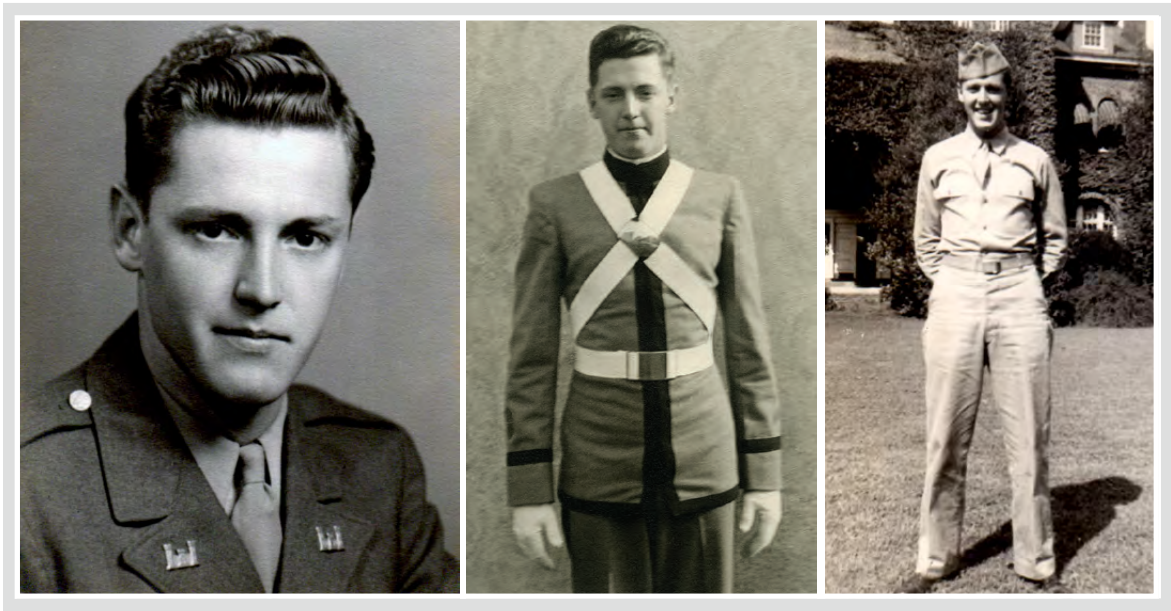
When I was a little girl, about 8 or 9, my grandmother (we called her *Dee-Dee*) sat me down to tell a special story about my father. In 1926, when my father was two years old, an extremely contagious, deadly outbreak of black diphtheria spread throughout Chicago and the surrounding areas. Children

were passing the deadly disease to each other in school and bringing it into their homes, and my father contracted the disease from his sister. My aunt had a very mild case, but my father's condition worsened and the family was placed under quarantine. No one was to come in or out of the house, except a doctor or someone from the health department. Because my father's health continued to decline, the family doctor called for the health department to come and transport him to the hospital. When the health department personnel arrived, one of the men turned to my grandparents and very frankly said, "Don't expect him to come home."

Thinking it may be the last time they'd see their little boy, my grandparents were heartbroken when he was driven away in the ambulance. His condition was so



Robert Klug in High School



Robert Klug in uniform at The Citadel and the Army Air Forces

critical that they couldn't visit him, because they were kept under quarantine. All they could do was pray for their baby. According to the accounts that my grandparents received from the nurses, my father would lie in his little bed day after day, non-responsive. The newspapers were reporting deaths from the disease on the rise, and my grandparents thought it was just a matter of time before they would get terrible news. Then one day, a nurse went to check on my father. He looked up at her, and very quietly and miraculously said, "milk." The shocked nurse ran down the hall yelling, "Miracle, Miracle, he's awake, he's alive... it's a Miracle!" We're not sure if he ever got his milk, but the local papers picked up the story and wrote about *The Miracle Baby of Chicago* who

miraculously survived a near death case of black diphtheria. You see, God had other plans for my father.

Dad went on to become an excellent student and accomplished athlete in track and field, and golf. My grandparents instilled in him a love for God and the qualities of a young gentleman. After graduating from high school, he attended The Citadel in South Carolina for one semester before enlisting in the Army Air Forces. He was assigned to the Weather Division and served our country for three years before he was honorably discharged in February 1946. A month later, while in Chicago preparing to continue his college education at DePaul University, my father decided to sign up for ballroom dance classes at the Arthur Murray Dance Studio.

At the dance studio, Mother Frances met my father, Robert Klug, for the first time. Mother was introduced to her class of new students, and as she walked by my father, she was struck by the overwhelming feeling that he was the man she was going to marry. She tried immediately to dismiss the thought and remain professional as she taught the class, and never even said hello to him. After one or two classes, my father approached Mother and invited her to go out on a date. She immediately declined, saying, "It's against company policy for a teacher to date a student."

The response didn't deter my father, who continued with the dance classes and persisted to ask Mother out. He asked Mother out seven times, and finally on the eighth attempt, Mother relented and went on a date with him. My brother Jack used to joke that if Dad had only given up on the seventh try, he would have had a completely different life. Their first date was in April of 1946, and in May of 1946 my father asked Mother for her hand in marriage. Mother accepted and said, "Yes, I'll marry you, but please, don't ever stop me from going to church." Of course, he never did and would often accompany her.

The families were so happy with the news of the upcoming marriage. Mother's family loved my dad, and my father's parents loved Mother. Because

my father was not Catholic at the time, my parents decided to marry in a civil ceremony with my grandparents as witnesses (later, their marriage was blessed in the Catholic Church). When they arrived at the courthouse, they discovered a long line of couples waiting to get married, and the line wrapped around the block. Mother was about to suggest that they come back another day, when out of nowhere, a tall, light-haired man in a gray suit approached and asked the four of them to please follow him. They told the man that they didn't have an appointment, but he led them to the front of the line and the next available justice of the peace. My parents were happily married on June 8, 1946, three short months after their first meeting. It was later revealed that the tall man who led them to the front of the line the day of their marriage, was indeed the same man that Mother had talked to and counseled in the hospital 3½ years earlier. My Mother and Father's marriage was truly a match made in Heaven. The Hand of God in their lives was becoming more apparent.

Following the wedding, they settled in Chicago as my father completed his college education at DePaul University. Mother continued working and being involved in many activities, all the while showing her love for God by attending Holy Mass and making frequent visits to church.



From Left: Robert and Frances Klug with her sister and brother-in-law, Mabel and Jim, in 1953.

Relocation to California

After my father's college graduation in 1950, when he earned his bachelor's degree in business, my parents moved to Southern California and made their first home in Westchester. The day after arriving, they drove into Los Angeles and hit the pavement looking for work. It didn't take them long to find employment. They would drive to work together, find parking, and then walk to their jobs. My father worked at a large insurance firm and Mother held executive secretary and personal assistant positions at several companies. Mother had extensive business experience and if one job wasn't right for her, or if she sensed that inappropriate behavior was accepted or even encouraged, she would simply resign and move on. It got so that when Mother and my father met each other at

their car after work, my father would take one look at Mother and say, "We don't work there any more, do we?" One year, Mother had 12 different jobs.

My purpose in revealing how Mother worked in many different areas is not to make it appear that she was aloof or irresponsible, but quite the contrary. I mention this to demonstrate one of many ways that God worked in her life. The different jobs were all for Mother's benefit and part of her training by God. God allowed these experiences so that nothing in the life of mankind would be unfamiliar to Mother.

God allowed Mother to collect from each interaction with individuals a particular lesson, technique or discipline to help develop the important Gift of the Power of Discernment. This gift, bestowed

upon a chosen individual by God Himself, is the ability to read a person's heart and Soul, or to navigate through situations, dangerous or otherwise. With the Power of Discernment, Divine Wisdom enters a situation. At this particular juncture in her life, Mother simply thought of herself as especially sensitive or acutely aware; by the time The Miracle of Saint Joseph was formally announced, the Power of Discernment in Mother was great.

“God allowed Mother to collect from each interaction with individuals a particular lesson, technique or discipline to help develop the important Gift of the Power of Discernment.”

In 1952 my parents bought a home in Downey, and a couple of years later my grandparents, Papa and Dee-Dee, decided to move to California. They purchased my parents' home, and Mother and my father bought a house in Whittier. In Whittier, they met Gloria Ellis and her family. Gloria was a very close friend to Mother and our family. She and her husband, Whitey, were my Godparents, and Mother and my father were Godparents to one

or two of their children. Mother and Gloria formed a lasting friendship and enjoyed attending the weekly Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help at Saint Gregory The Great Church. At that parish, Mother met and worked with Father Mackey, a priest she always spoke so kindly of. Years later, Gloria was one of the first to accept and believe in the truth of The Miracle when Mother told her about it.

During these early years in California, Mother was beginning to suffer from extreme physical exhaustion, and her doctor couldn't determine the cause. Then, following a successful job interview, the employer informed Mother that a physical would be required to complete the hiring process. Mother's first thought was that she wouldn't be able to pass the physical, because she was just too weak.

Mother proceeded with the required bloodwork and when she arrived at the lab, she was greeted by the lab technician, who assured Mother that he would test her blood like it had never been tested before. A few days passed and Mother's doctor called and asked her to come to his office to review the test results. When Mother arrived, she was certainly concerned, but her doctor sat Mother down, took her hands in his, looked her in the eyes and said, “Fran, what you have there's help for.”

The doctor proceeded to tell Mother that she had pernicious anemia.

Initially this frightened Mother, as she recalled having a relative who died from the same condition. Her doctor carefully explained that with the help of weekly B12 injections, she'd feel significant improvement. The injections were not a cure, but they kept Mother alive. My father learned how to administer the shots and did so weekly or as needed. If you study the lives of the Saints, you'll discover that many suffered with physical conditions while at the same time serving Our Heavenly Father.



Robert and Frances Klug with Jeff, 1956

Three Children Welcomed

Unable to have children of their own, my parents' prayers were answered with the adoption of my oldest brother, Jeff, in 1955. Parenthood suited them well, and filled their hearts with pride and joy. About a year after Jeff was born, for business reasons, my parents moved temporarily up north to Fortuna,

California, for about 9 months. It proved to be a bit too remote for Mother's taste, but they did make some lasting memories and wonderful friends there. At Saint Joseph's Catholic Church in Fortuna, my father was baptized a Catholic. After living up north, they returned to their home in Whittier.

Upon their return, when Jeff was a toddler, he underwent double hernia surgery. Following the surgery, while Jeff was recovering at home, Mother and my father kept a vigil all day and all night during his recuperation. Jeff was having a very difficult time one night, and as Mother kept watch over him, she realized the severity of his condition and prepared to contact the doctor. Suddenly, at the foot of the bed an Angel appeared. Recognizing the Angel of Death, Mother immediately shot up, got between the Angel and Jeff and very firmly said, "You're not getting him tonight!" The direct action that Mother took, and her ability to immediately recognize and confer with the Angel, indicated the degree of Grace that God had granted to her at that time. It was Mother's Soul that immediately recognized the Angel. As a result, Mother was allowed to direct the Angel away, and the Angel relented to her request. Otherwise, Jeff would have been taken that night. His recovery continued and before long, he was running around as a happy, healthy little boy.



Robert and Frances Klug
with sons Jeff and Jack

My parents' prayers were answered once again with the adoption of my brother Jack in 1957. Two years later in 1959, Mother lost her beloved sister Mabel following a long battle with cancer. As the circle of life goes, my parents' prayers were answered one more time when I was adopted in 1960. Mother and my father cherished their role as parents and accepted the responsibility with love and patience, sharing with us the values of love for God, family and neighbor.

Shortly after my birth, we moved to La Habra, just a few doors down from Marita Patz and her family. Marita Patz believed in The Miracle immediately when Mother told her about it several years later. Marita was the first, outside of Mother and my father, to write down the Revelations as They were delivered.

At one time Heaven referred to her as *Scribbles* for her ability to write so fast. Marita dedicated the rest of her life to The Miracle and was responsible for transcribing the Revelations exactly as They were delivered. Also, Marita meticulously managed the process of proofing, punctuating and preserving the Revelations. Looking back, we can see how Heaven was gathering Souls along the way, Souls that He knew would eventually serve The Miracle of Saint Joseph.

My father continued to work in Los Angeles and advance in the insurance industry. With three children at home, Mother had her hands full, devoting her time and energy to taking care of us children. One day, Mother put us down for a nap and stepped out back to enjoy the sun. In the backyard, Mother looked up, and a magnificent Vision appeared. A tremendous black scroll stretched across the sky, thousands of



Frances Klug with Roberta, Jeff and Jack

feet wide. Mother described the scroll as being made of black chiffon. The scroll began to unfurl, and as it did, thousands and thousands of diamonds appeared on the scroll. Many were clustered in the middle, while some were scattered around the outer edges. Mother looked at this lovely Vision but was not completely certain what

“Several years later, after the Formal Announcement of the Miracle, it was revealed to Mother that the Vision, the Diamonds on the Scroll, represented the Souls that would be saved through The Miracle of Saint Joseph.”

it meant. She was not frightened and understood that the Vision was Heaven-sent, a Miracle from God, and that when and if God wanted her to understand, He would make it known. Several years later, after the Formal Announcement of the Miracle, it was revealed to Mother that the Vision, the Diamonds on the Scroll, represented the Souls that would be saved through The Miracle of Saint Joseph. Remember, God’s influence was constant in Mother’s life, and this was yet another open sign.

We moved again in 1963 to Brea, just around the corner from Saint Angela Merici Church and School. My parents, wanting to ensure that the three of us children would be able to attend the newly built school, became very involved in the parish. Mother volunteered to head the Ways and Means department. Marita Patz, who was by her side, also became heavily involved in working for the parish. It was second nature for Mother to plan and organize the fundraising events. It was hard work, and Mother got everyone involved. Mother worked closely with Father McCarthy, and he was pleased with her take-charge approach as she raised many, many thousands of dollars for the parish during her five years as a volunteer.

In 1966, while taking care of a household and volunteering at Saint Angela’s, Mother, with the support of my father, opened her own business in Brea. It was called Fran’s School of Elegance, Fashion and Charm and the school motto was, “You model every day of your life.” The focus of Mother’s business was not to create modeling superstars, as she was witnessing the moral decline and decay of the industry. Mother’s purpose for the business was to impart grace, style, poise, dignity, and integrity to her students. Mother’s expertise in this field ranged from instructing business executives in proper



Jeff, Jack and Roberta Klug

social skills for business luncheons or meetings, to teaching girls in juvenile hall how to present themselves in a job interview, to give them hope for their future. Without realizing it, Mother gave presentations that projected a Spirituality in her speech regarding grace and style, as witnessed by our own Pat Gudzunus, who happened to attend one of Mother's presentations years before she was introduced to The Miracle.

As it was, we appeared to be a rather normal family; my father went to work every day, and Mother was running her business while also volunteering at Saint Angela's. Jeff, Jack and I were quite busy with school and typical neighborhood activities.

Saint Therese of Lisieux and Rita Smith

Because relatives from the Midwest enjoyed California's desirable climate, the homes of my parents and grandparents were always open to visitors. The year was 1966 when Rita and Jim Smith came to California from Indiana and stayed with my grandparents in Downey. Rita Smith was my father's cousin, my grandmother's niece, and Rita was a True Mystic who worked for Saint Therese of Lisieux. Until this time, Mother and my father were not fully aware of the life that Rita led, but learned that Revelations, mostly from Saint Therese, came through Rita, who would transcribe Them on paper herself.

Rita suffered the Stigmata, The Wounds of Our Lord. Saint Therese would also send the Odor of Sanctity, whereby the aroma of roses would fill a room. Rita received the Holy Oils of Saint Therese that would pour from her hands, enough to fill bottles. Upon a moment's notice, Rita would be sent to someone's bedside or to a hospital, or anywhere that Saint Therese wanted her to be. Many, many physical cures were performed, and many of the cures were known only to God. Rita would be asked to rub the Holy Oils on the person in need – a cancer patient, a leprosy patient, or someone with another illness. When the



Rita Smith

visit was over, Rita would often suffer the disease herself for several days.

During Rita and Jim's visit in early 1966, our family joined them one day to take in the California sights. Following a long day of sightseeing, we gathered at my grandparents' home in Downey. Rita and Jim were to leave the next day, so our family said our goodbyes and returned to Brea. At home, Mother was struck by an overwhelming sense than she needed to return immediately to my grandparents' house. When Mother told my father that she needed to drive to Downey to say goodbye again to Rita and Jim, his first thought was for Mother's safety, as she was not a confident nighttime driver. Mother assured him that she'd be fine, and that he needed to stay home with my

brothers and me. Mother then grabbed a brand new tablecloth from the linen closet to bring as a parting gift.

When she arrived at my grandparents' home, she was greeted with some confusion as to why she was there. Mother felt a bit uneasy as she sat in the living room. They were finishing up the dishes and my grandfather, who was very ill due to a serious heart condition, was sitting with Mother. When everyone finally gathered in the front room, Mother mentioned that she just wanted to say goodbye one more time and that she had a gift for them. Rita immediately said to her husband, "Jim, please go out to the car and get the True Cross Relic." Mother thought that maybe this meant a cure for my grandfather who was so ill. Jim came back and gave the True Cross Relic to Rita, who went right over to Mother and placed It on her back. The Relic began to shake. Mother was worried that this meant she was in need of a cure. Rita said, "No, Saint Therese told me to tell you that you've been chosen for a Special Task." Then Rita went on to say, "I wonder if this means my death?" Mother immediately replied, "No, it doesn't." Rita told Mother to keep the True Cross Relic until she asked for It back. When Mother shared this story later, she would tell us that she had no recollection of her drive home that night.

“God The Father was continuing to pave the way for The Miracle of Saint Joseph in stages.”

Some 35 years later in a Revelation delivered on November 9, 2001, Saint Therese of Lisieux spoke about that evening:

“I am Saint Therese of Lisieux. Many of Us Saints were present the night This Gift was Announced to this one small body. As We put her in what you call ‘ecstasy’, We protected her when she left where she had to come to be told she had been chosen for a ‘special way of life’. As she drove, she does not remember the drive. We were in control of the automobile at all times.”

The message Mother received that evening in 1966 from Saint Therese, through Rita, verified what Mother had felt her whole life. God is good, as He gave Mother a sign, a touch of support for her faith, by sending the message through family; not a blood relative, but family nonetheless. Remember that Rita Smith was my father’s cousin, which is an additional indicator that my parent’s union was truly a match made in Heaven. This event also shows how God The Father was continuing to pave the way for The Miracle of Saint Joseph in stages. Following that evening in

Downey, Mother did have a few phone conversations with Rita, but Rita knew that it wasn’t her place to speculate on anything, because the details had not been revealed to her. You see, a True Mystic’s first lesson from God is the lesson of strict obedience to Him, which leaves no room for presumptions on the part of the True Mystic.

After learning in 1966 that she had been chosen for a “special way of life,” Mother waited and prayed for further direction. In the meantime, following a long battle with heart disease, my grandfather, Papa, passed away in May 1966.

More than a year went by and life in our home consisted of all the seemingly normal activities, laughter and tears, ups and downs of the average all-American, Roman Catholic family, with friends and relatives coming and going. My father continued his daily commute to work in Los Angeles, Mother’s business continued to grow, and my brothers and I continued our schooling at Saint Angela’s.

In the summer of 1967, my widowed grandmother, Dee-Dee, was in the midst of an around the world cruise. She had been gone for quite a while and was due to return on July 27. My parents were planning to meet her in the Port of Los Angeles upon the ship’s return. Mother felt compelled to call Rita Smith

in Indiana to invite her to accompany them to greet Dee-Dee. Rita quickly agreed and flew out to join my parents in welcoming my grandma home. Dee-Dee was greeted with open arms and warm hearts following her very long voyage. After leaving the port, everyone gathered at our home in Brea. There was much talk of the tour as my grandma shared stories and gifts from all corners

“It was about 1:15 AM when the Sound of Wind suddenly echoed throughout the room, even though the room was absolutely void of any breeze.”

of the world with the family. Being only seven, I was scooted off to bed in the early evening, and shortly after, my brothers followed.

The Formal Announcement of The Miracle of Saint Joseph

As the story goes, the night went on with laughter and conversations into the early morning hours of July 28. Mother, my father, Rita and my grandma were gathered in our family room. It was about 1:15 AM when the Sound of Wind suddenly echoed throughout the room, even though the room was absolutely void of any breeze. Outside the house, there was no wind. Everything was very still, but the Sound of the Wind was

tremendous. Saint Therese of Lisieux appeared to Rita and told her to tell Mother once again that she had been chosen to walk a special, important path. Mother later explained the events this way:

“There was no wind in the air, but there was a tornado blowing in the room. It was the Wind of The Holy Ghost. The Wind was so loud, It was the one thing that remained and with the Wind of The Holy Ghost came The Miracle of Saint Joseph. It’s impossible to enlighten everyone to the Pure Sound in the Wind. It’s a Wind with a Power in It.”

A few hours later after everyone was asleep, Mother returned to the family room and asked God The Father, “If this is truly Your Will, please allow me to hear the Wind as before.” And indeed, God allowed Mother the opportunity to hear the Wind once again.

Twenty-two years later in a Revelation delivered on July 26, 1989, Saint Joseph spoke about the Wind:

“A long time ago, when she was approached with the Wind that I am known for, there was a fear beyond what you can know, but there was a response that every human being should hold dear. The only question We had to confirm was the question she repeatedly asked, ‘If This is Truth I must have a sign; if it is not Truth I must know it now.’”

The Formal Announcement of The Miracle of Saint Joseph that came on July 28, 1967, is so important and worthy of commemoration because It signifies the open acceptance by Mother Frances for a mission she had been prepared for her entire life.

The Preparations

Now, with the acceptance that she had been chosen for a Special Task came a series of Spiritual and physical preparations. Explaining these preparations later, Mother said:

“At the time, God being so aware of human weakness, He did not give the mission all at once – He couldn’t – No one could stand it. Mankind is too little compared to God’s Power. So in the Giving of The Miracle of Saint Joseph came the preparing. It was day by day, hour by hour. It was exhausting, and yes, it was painful. But in this pain I knew that only God’s Will had to be for It was the Aim of The Miracle.”

Now, witnessing all of this was my father and on occasion, my brothers and I. If we children were present during a difficult preparation, Heaven would ever so gently explain that it was okay and that our mother would be all right, but that the preparations were necessary to accomplish God’s Will. I remember praying often that the preparations would end soon. My father was the only man I know who could have tolerated



Mother Frances in Southern California

watching his wife go through these preparations. He would often beg God to please stop.

Mother explained how difficult the preparations were and that sometimes Heaven would shake her physically. As Mother said, “They would instill in me things that had to be for The Words to come through.” You see, Mother was being prepared to hear Heaven’s Word’s with the ears of her Soul, to see Heaven’s Visions through the eyes of her Soul. Along with these preparations there would be a burning of her ears and eyes; not with a physical flame, but God’s Divine burning. This allowed Mother to receive the Words and Visions from Heaven in the most pure manner, through the ears and eyes of her Soul,

so there'd be no room for interference. Mother's physical was also being prepared to tolerate the Gift of

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bilocation, God’s Gift whereby a True Mystic can be in two places at once, for God’s Purposes. Mother was also being prepared to accept the Holy Oils of Saint Joseph. For all these Gifts, Mother’s entire, complete being had

to be prepared and trained to handle and accommodate the Will of God at a moment’s notice.

When the Words from Heaven first began to come through Mother’s voice, it would be one sound at a time, as though the Words were being forced out of the very depths of her body.

Mother was prepared most intensely on the discipline of Obedience to God The Father, First and Foremost, above all else. Saint Michael was often present during the Lessons she received on Obedience to God The Father. To endure these demanding preparations and others that would follow, God bestowed upon Mother Frances an extraordinary degree of Grace that is nearly impossible for me to describe.

I must note that the account in this booklet only touches upon highlights during the first 46 years in the life of Mother Frances, who passed away at age 88 on November 15, 2009. Much more about the story of Mother Frances and The Miracle of Saint Joseph will be told at a future date.



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