

the usual life of young men of his age and status, but from the time of his brush with death...in that guarded room in Verona on December 13, 1944...he was reasonably “good.”

No one dared to abuse priests, monks or nuns in his presence. He defended them with such conviction and vehemence that his companions had to submit and be silent. But he was constantly haunted by the question:

**“WHOSE VOICE COMMANDED ME TO ESCAPE?  
WHO WAS THERE IN THAT DEATH ROOM WITH ME?”**

### **The Voice**

Two and a half years later (in 1947) he found himself with a group of people with whom he had little in common in a town in southern Italy. He heard them talking about Father Pio.

Indeed, he had also heard about him in northern Italy many times. Since he was then near San Giovanni Rotondo, he decided to see this priest who they said bled with the wounds of Christ.

When he saw Father Pio, he felt the urge to go to confession. Filled with the same compunction that caused him to want to offer his execution in atonement for his past life and for the sins of the world on that fateful day in Verona, he went to confession.

After Mass he went into the sacristy with the men. He kissed Father Pio’s hand, and as he did so, he heard Padre Pio say to him, “Escape!” “Escape!”

He thought, “Oh! My God! This was the voice! You sent him to save me! Thank you, my God!—Thank you, my Father.”

An immense gratitude welled up in his heart...a fire that filled his whole being...a splendid light which almost blinded him.

### **Escape From Hell**

Our prayers and sacrifices will help others to “Escape!” “Escape!” from the fires of hell. Remember that with each Mass, each ejaculation, each Rosary, each sacrifice...that we can be co-redeemers with the Co-Redemptrix!

### **Praise God!**



*“Place your heart gently in Our Lord’s wounds.  
Have great confidence in His Mercy for He will never abandon you.”* Padre Pio

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## ***Stop the Pain!!***



***... “Escape!” “Escape!”***

***“Whose voice commanded me to escape?***

***Who was there in that death room with me?”***

## **STOP THE PAIN**

by Rosalie Turton

*Did you know that Mary and the saints can intercede for us to assist our souls and our bodies? We need only to call on Them to “offer up” our daily duties and sacrifices to God...and we can expect astounding results.*

***We can even stop pain and chastisements...and save the souls of many.***

Our Lady told Sister Agnes in Akita, Japan:

“Many times I have held back the chastisement of the world by going to the Father and offering Him the Wounds, the Blood and the Passion of my Dear Son,” and She adds, “and my victim souls in the world.” You see, you can hold back or enable the Blessed Mother to delay the chastisement of the world in order that more people can be saved if you respond now...immediately.

Don’t wait! Jesus told St. Faustina: **“One drop of blood offered to God can undo hundreds and thousands of blasphemies.”**

**Jesus, Mary, Joseph and the saints are *always* with us to hear our prayer.**

### **Padre Pio Saw Them - (1985)**

*Padre Pio* admitted that from his early childhood he had seen and spoken to Jesus, the Virgin Mary and his guardian angel, and that it never occurred to him that this was something unusual.

“Don’t you see the Madonna?” he asked his friend. In letters, he sometimes referred to his guardian angel as ‘the companion of my infancy.’”

*When Padre Pio*, who as a child was affectionately known as Franci, was 8 years old, he went with his father on August 25, 1895 to the not too distant shrine of St. Pellegrino the Martyr in Altaville Irpino, Italy. While there, Franci and his father, along with other worshipers, were startled by the piercing shrieks of a “raging, disheveled woman” who forced herself up to the altar where a statue of the martyred bishop stood.

*In her arms*, the woman held her young deformed and retarded son. The child ceaselessly emitted a horrible, raucous sound that resembled the *graaak* of a crow. Hysterically the mother implored the saint to heal her child. When nothing happened and the child, his huge deformed head hanging listlessly, continued his obscene and pathetic litany --”Graaak! Graaak!, Graaak! -the mother pleadingly and shriekingly said, “Why don’t you cure him? Well then, keep him...he’s yours!

*With that she actually hurled the child in the air at the statue*. Everyone was horrified! The little boy hit the statue, bounced off and loudly crashed to the floor. Then this child, who had never walked or talked before, got up unhurt and ran to his mother saying in a clear and normal voice, “Mother! Mother!”

*The crowd of people cried out with one voice*, “*Miracolo! Miracolo!*” Franci and “*Tata*” (his father) were nearly trampled in the pandemonium.

*They were so moved that on the way home*, they could hardly exchange a word. They had again seen and experienced the mercy and love of God and felt overcome by it. Padre Pio never forgot this happening. It reinforced his desire to spend his life helping others...and especially to save souls.

### **“Escape!” “Escape!” - (1944)**

*Mr. Teseo Isani* recalled that while waiting to be shot by a German Firing squad, he heard the words “**Escape!**” “**Escape!**” It was December 13, 1944, in northern Italy. He was in an ignoble room guarded by German S.S. and Italian officers who were to be present when he and another man were to be shot to death. They were waiting only until the other man (a friend of his) was brought in.

*Teseo* was only 28...a young officer, with a life that had been rosy with hope. Yet in a matter of minutes he would be dead. The strange thought that occupied him was not fear of death, but that he should like to be shot in the public square, making the sign of the cross in reparation for the sins of his youth and for the sins of the world. Then suddenly...loudly, amazingly, he heard the words: “**Escape!**” “**Escape!**”

*It wasn’t imagination*. They were real words. The voice was clear, distinct, authoritative. His thoughts raced. **HOW** could he escape, guarded in this small room by so many?

*Again the voice*, loudly and clearly, commanded:

“**Escape!**” “**Escape!**” He was about to say aloud “Escape where?” and then he thought to ask: “Who are you who speaks?” As he was about to cry out, again the voice commanded: “**ESCAPE!**” “**ESCAPE!**”

*This time it came with such force that he felt compelled to obey*. After all, he was to die anyway...and to try to escape would not be cowardice, as he was not armed. But HOW? Should he run? If he did, he would be shot at once. What, then?

*With a calmness*, following that command of the “voice,” he quietly asked the guards to let him step outside for a moment. Then, as though doing the most natural thing in the world, he got up and passed between them. Perhaps the fact that he was so “natural” made them think it was natural that he should take a step outside the door. They didn’t hinder him.

*He* only began to run after he had gone about twenty yards from the door! He seemed to have wings on his feet. He thought of nothing but escape. He didn’t think of the fact that he could be seen, of the obstacles he might meet, or of falling, as he plunged himself down a flight of stairs.

“**Escape!**” Now the “voice” was in his very legs. A guard called out his name: “Stop, or I shoot!” That word “**Escape**” was giving him all his strength.

*All that happened in the next hours*, the next days, the next weeks, would fill a book. He resorted to cunning disguises, and, to an amazing variety of shelters, until finally he got into Switzerland...past the heavy frontier guards.

*When the war was over* he returned to Italy and began to lead