

Mercy Story Nine – September

*“I thank You, Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
that You have hidden these things from the wise and the clever
and have revealed them to mere babes.*

Yes, Father, because that is exactly how You have wanted it to be.” (Luke 10:21)

When the chaplain handed out the thick little maroon book with the tiny print and the picture of the funny-looking lady on the front cover, he thought it had to be a joke. Every last man in his clamp-down unit got a copy of it, for crying out loud!

“What does he think we are, a bunch of nuns?” he muttered to himself, tossing it into the corner.

It lay there staring at him for days: *Divine Mercy in My Soul* it said under her photo. Good grief!

Still, he had lots of time on his hands. They all did. Their unit didn’t even have a TV. They were only one step above “The Dungeon” where the guys couldn’t even see each other, let alone a TV.

So eventually he picked it up. It took him days to wade through the Introduction and the Preface. When he tried to plow his way through the Chronology of Events he gave up.

“I’ve never seen anything so boring,” he thought as he flipped the book back into the corner.

“Hey Mike!” It was Tuffy who sat across from him in the mess hall. “Have you got into that little book the Padre gave us, the one with the nun on the cover? I can’t put it down. I’m on my third time through it.”

“Hell no! I couldn’t make it through the first parts. That crap’s not for me.”

“That’s what you think. Wait till you get into her Notebooks. You wouldn’t believe the stuff that happened to her, stuck in a convent way over there in Poland somewhere.”

“So?”

“Like, here she was, almost like in jail. And Jesus picked her out to show her His Mercy on a personal basis. It’s like a fire coming out of His heart towards us. He told her that the more wrong we’ve done, the more Mercy He has ready for us, if we want it. But not forever. He told her this is the time of God’s Mercy. Next comes the time of God’s Justice. It’s either Mercy now or Justice later. One or the other.... Don’t look so skeptical. This stuff is for real, Man! Jesus showed her.... Don’t look at me like that. You’ve got the book. See for yourself! I’m not nuts.”

When Mike got back to his cell, he opened to Notebook I. Little by little it drew him in. He had no idea what was happening to him. God’s Mercy was engulfing him, searing away his rough exterior, melting his hardened heart, flooding his drab corner in light, and stirring his soul to life.

His cell became his gateway to Heaven.