**PSYCHO-SCIENTIFIC FRONTIERS**

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A *factual report* by R. Reichenberger

**Children’s heroic faith**

**under an ungodly regime**

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Those that experienced the horrors of religious persecution in the former Eastern-block nations can tell you about the miracles they experienced, something the rational West will smile about in disbelief.

*Pastor Norbert* said: “Certain Catholics in the West are not unlike the Communists in this respect. Miracles, everything wonderful annoys them. But in spite of this, God answers the wiles of hell with gifts that remind us of the Church of the Apostles.”

As a witness to the Hungarian Uprising in 1956 and as one of the last to escape, his face, marked by suffering and deprivation, clearly showed traces of his terrible experiences. He seemed constrained and filled with mistrust towards the western journalist who visited him for an interview in the refugee camp.

The book: *"Die Ikone. Tatsachen aus der Kirche des Schweigens",* von *Maria Winowska* (1960, Paulus-Verlag, Freiburg/Schweiz) contains a number of incredibly sounding reports about the resistance against the anti-religious attitude of the all-powerful communist party.

“It happened in Hungary, where one pays a high prize for uttering the truth, the prize is paid in blood”, said *Pater Norbert,* “in a small town of 1500 inhabitants. The female teacher of the community school was a militant *atheist*. All her classes were conducted according to the main demands of the *Marxist Dialectic Materialism (DIAMAT)*:

God must be eliminated!

She used every opportunity to deride our religion. She wanted to destroy the children’s faith in God with all available means. The intimidated children didn’t dare to defend their faith.

A ten years old girl by the name of *Angela* was in grade 4. Very talented, she was always at the head of the class. She had a golden heart and she was nice to everybody and always willing to help.”

Angela asked the Pater one day if she was allowed to go to holy communion every day. The pater warned her about the possible unpleasant repercussions for her, but she replied: *“You demand from me that I am a good example for everybody. I need strength for this. I have more courage after I have received communion* .” She thus received the hoped for permission, but her life turned into hell at school because of her teacher; no matter how well she did her lessons, she was always scolded and tormented. The child put on a brave face, but she soon became pale.

“I fully admired such courage. *Angela* didn’t complain, but her classmates told me with tears in their eyes that this child was bullied on a daily basis. As she couldn’t fault her assignments, the teacher tried to shake the child’s faith in God” said *Pater Norbert*. “These two opponents were very unequal. *Angela* had no answers to the severe attacks from the teacher, she actually put the whole teaching program aside in order to inflict the whole jumble of anti-religious propaganda on the students. The child stood there with her head down and suppressed her tears.

As from November, the lesson in 4A turned into severe duels between the teacher and the ten years old girl. Filled with fears, her classmates called upon me for help.

What should I do? – Worsen the situation?

Thank God that *Angela* didn’t give in. All we could do was pray from the bottom of our hearts!

People in town and in the surrounding areas began to whisper about this. Nobody chided me about allowing Angela to have her daily communion.”

It was no secret to anybody that this teacher wanted to erase the faith in God, a part of every Christian, in this delicate child. Even *Angela’s* parents encouraged the girl to persist.

She became the central figure in the region from one day to the next. Everybody admired her courage! She was the only one that wasn’t aware of her bravado. She felt mortified by her inability to defend herself by producing evidence for the justification of her faith.

Just before Christmas, on the 17th of December, the teacher invented a new, cruel game, one that would give the old superstitions that “contaminated” the school, according to her opinion, the fatal blow. This event deserved to be rendered here in all its details:

*Angela* was naturally once again the point of attack.

The teacher asked her in a sweet voice:

*“Listen my child, what do you do when your parents call you?”*

*“I obey”* replied Angela diffidently.

*“Certainly, you hear them call and you quickly go to them like a good, obedient child. And what happens when the parents call the chimney sweep?”*

*“He comes”* answered Angela. Her heart beat a riot; she sensed a trap, but she didn’t recognise it.

*“Good, my child, the chimney sweep comes because he exists!”*

There was a moment of silence.

*“You go to them because you are here, because you exist!*

*But let’s assume that your parents call your grandfather who died. Will he come?”*

*“No, I don’t think so.”*

*“Good for you! – And when they call Masculinum? Or Red Riding Hood? Or Puss in Boots?*

*You like fairytales, don’t you? What happens then?”*

*“Nobody will come, because all of them are fabrications.”*

Angela looked up with her bright eyes, but immediately lowered them again.

*“Her eyes hurt me”* she told the Pater later.

The questioning continued:

*“Good, very good!”* triumphed the teacher. *“Indeed, your thinking is making progress. You can therefore see my children that those that exist come when called. But the others, those that do not exist or have ceased to exist, do not come. Is this clear?”*

*“Yes”* answered the whole class.

*“Good, we now make a little experiment.”*

She turned to *Angela*.

*“Go outside the room, my child?”*

The girl hesitantly left her desk. The door closed heavily behind her.

*“And now children, call her back!”*

*“Angela, Angela!”* called the children’s voices with all their might.

*Angela* entered, more and more concerned.

The teacher revelled in the achieved effect. The children were inclined to believe that this was a game.

*“Have all of you understood this?”* she asked them. *“When you call someone that exists, he or she will come. But when you call someone that is not at hand, he will not come, because he cannot come. Angela consists of flesh and blood, she is alive, she can hear; when she is called she comes. – Let’s assume now that you call Baby Jesus. Does anyone amongst you still believe in Baby Jesus?”*

A number of children answered timidly: *“Yes”.*

*“And you, my child, do you believe that Baby Jesus hears you when you call him?”*

Angela feels relieved. This was the trap!

With deep conviction she replied: *“Yes, I believe that he hears me.”*

*“Good, very good! We will now put this to the test.*

*All of you saw that Angela came back inside when we called her.*

*If Baby Jesus exists, he will hear you calling.*

*Therefore, all of you call out as loud as you can: Come Baby Jesus, come!*

*All together now, one, two three!”*

The girls lowered their heads.

A devilish laugh penetrated the fearful silence: *“This is exactly what I wanted to achieve! This is the evidence! You do not dare to call him, because you know all too well that your Baby Jesus will not come. He does not hear you, because just like Masculinum or Puss in Boots, he doesn’t exist! Because he is an invention, a fairy-tale that nobody takes serious; am I right?”*

The children were horrified. Not one of them said a word. This rough and clumsy procedure hit them right in the heart. *Angela* remained standing, as white as a sheet. – The teacher took pleasure in the confusion amongst the girls.

Suddenly, something completely unexpected happened.

With a single jump, *Angela* leapt amidst the schoolgirls. With glowing eyes, she called out: *“We want to call him. You understand what I mean? All together: Come Baby Jesus!”*

The girls immediately stood up. With folded hands and pleading eyes, their hearts filled with infinite hope, they began to pray: *“Come Baby Jesus! Come Baby Jesus!”*

The teacher was surprised. She subconsciously stepped back a little and fixed her gaze on *Angela*. A deadly silence reigned for a few seconds.

A bright and crystal clear voice once again rang out: *“Once again! Once again!”*

The Pastor said: “One of the girls told me that *‘we shouted as if we had to bring down walls’”.* Fear, momentarily suppressed, but filled with the doubt of whether to continue, gave way to a *sense of solidarity*, that seemed to have been awakened by the impulse of their classmate who revealed herself as their leader, had an overall effect: All that was missing was the expectation of a miracle. One of the children confessed: *“I called out, but I didn’t expect anything unusual.”*

And then it happened!

The girls didn’t look towards the door, they looked at the opposite wall and at the white wall *Angela* stood in front of.

But the door opened silently…

They noticed this, because all the daylight streamed towards the door. The light became stronger and stronger and changed into a fiery ball. The children got scared, but everything happened so fast that they didn’t have time to scream.

The fiery ball opened and revealed a child that was more beautiful than any child they had ever seen. The child smiled at them without saying a word. The children were no longer scared, they were filled with joy! It lasted… a moment…, a quarter of an hour… or even longer? Strange, but the accounts about this varied. The fact remains that this event didn’t go beyond the duration of their lesson.

The child was *“dressed in white and was akin to a small sun. It had produced the light”* (that is to say, the light emanated from the apparition itself). *“Daylight appeared almost black next to it.”* Some of the girls were blinded, their eyes hurt. Others looked at the apparition of the child unhindered. It then disappeared inside the ball of light that *melted away very, very slowly”.* – The girls, flooded with joy, were unable to utter one word…

A garish cry suddenly pierced the stillness.

Looking sallow and with protruding eyes, the teacher screamed: *“The child has come! The child has come!”* She then escaped from the room and slammed the door behind her.

*Angela* seemed to awake from a dream. All she said was: *“As you can see, he heard us! And we should now thank him!”* – They all kneeled down and prayed the Lord’s prayer, an Ave Maria and a Glory. They then left the classroom because the bell rang for recess.

*Pater Norbert* added: *“This event naturally became known. I individually interviewed the children. I can declare under oath that I didn’t find the slightest contradiction amongst their statements.”*

The teacher ended up in an asylum. *Pater Norbert* tried on numerous occasions to visit her. But priests were refused entry to the asylum.

*Angela* finished her schooling.

As the oldest child of a large family, she became her mother’s main support.

This incident happened within the framework of becoming aware of a higher reality. This event has absolutely nothing to do with mass hallucination or with subconscious self-hypnosis. This fiery ball was the result of an ENERGY-compression process and it made the appearance of the Jesus child possible. To explain the phenomenonoflight and fireball apparitions in more detail would be very cumbersome. And it would be a waste of time to try to explain to wiseacres that real worlds exist that are indeed imperceptible to our senses, but that exist just the same.

The terrible persecution of Christians in the communist nations was largely *ignored* by the mass media in the West. Why? – And why does one hear almost nothing about the persecution of Christians in Muslim countries? Is the suffering of the brother and sister followers of the Christian Church of no interest whatsoever to them?

*Alexander Jakowlew*, chairman of Moscow’s Government Commission for the Rehabilitation of Victims of Political Suppression, announced that between 1917 and 1985, about 200’000 clergymen had been murdered and that about 300’000 ended up in forced labour camps. He said: *“These facts impressed me in a most terrible way. Priests and monks were crucified on Church doors, shot dead, strangled and had water poured over them in winter, until they froze into pillars of ice.”*

A comment to this, states: *“Lenin, the Red Tsar, spilled more blood than one can imagine. Before his death, he implored all and sundry to forgive him his misdeeds.”*

Stalin said at an atheistic congress in 1928: *“Give me a few years and I will show you the last Christian!”*

And now?

Christmas is once again celebrated throughout Russia…

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