

## Testimony

“God made me into a woman of prayer”

by *Sister Mary Catherine*

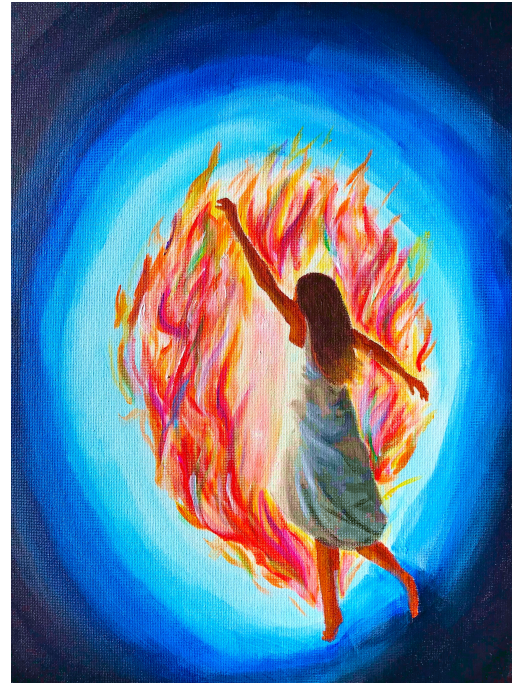
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Heartdwellers Ministry  
Germany

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Hello fellow Heartdwellers,

Reading other’s testimonies can be very encouraging, seeing what God brought them out of or what He did for them, so I thought it might be time to share my testimony, hoping that it will encourage someone who reads it.

I never grew up religious, as a Christian or anything like that, however I was baptized Catholic as an infant. So I didn’t really know about God, prayer and the Christian life, the only person, besides school, who let me know, that there is a God was my grandma, maybe my mom told me also, but I don’t remember. However, I didn’t really believe in God anyway as a child, whoever told me about Him, I always tried to find a scientific explanation, even though deep down I was considering, that maybe He existed. Neither did I pray, I never prayed as a child. I guess I didn’t even know how to pray.

I want to share a bit of my background here, to give you a better image, of where the Lord found me. To start with, my life wasn’t bad, we were a normal family. I grew up in Milan, Italy. My father worked the whole day, while my mom was at home with us. We went to a normal school, although they gave us a lot of homework. But I didn’t mind, I didn’t hate school. I was a loner as a kid, I had friends, even two best friends, but I didn’t spend time, play or meet with them. While others played with each other during the break, I was in my small corner by myself, enjoying the silence. Or when the occasion arose, that we could go outside, I sat down in the grass and searched four-leaf clovers. At home I played a lot of video games, I was almost addicted. It was a time, where I could go into the stories of the characters, and just forget about the real life. And when we went to the park, my brother was my only playmate, maybe this sounds a bit sad, but it wasn’t at all, we had a great time together. Every year during summer, we went to Germany to visit the family and spend our vacation there.

We did a lot of activities together as a family, however, there’s always been a problem with me, and that was food. I didn’t eat a lot, mainly because I didn’t like most of the food. I ate a lot of sweets though. However, I

was very skinny and that didn't really change until now. I could practically eat without getting fat, for some people it might be a blessing, for me it was a curse. So I was pretty much the problem kid. And I also was very shy, I didn't talk much, to add to it.

However, my whole life was about to change when my father died in 2010. I was only 8, and the message came suddenly, so I couldn't even say goodbye to him. But that wasn't even the worst thing that happened. To be honest, I wasn't really sad, I didn't think that effected me very much. Boy was i wrong. It was maybe a year after his death, where I started to feel a change in my eating. I couldn't really eat anymore, I tried to swallow down the food, but it wouldn't work, there was like a blockade. It was happening every time, and I only managed to eat liquid food like ice cream. Eventually my mom noticed that something wasn't right with me, so she sent me to a doctor. Well, not one, but many, because no one could figure out, what was wrong with me. But they had to do something, because I could have starved. So I got hospitalized. At first I was staying there only during the day, but after they couldn't „fix“ me, they sent me to another one, which was farther away, and had to stay there for a few months. I don't even want to describe what happened to me in these two hospitals, for some it might have been a normal treatment, but for me it was hell, like an animal walking to the slaughter. Things that follow and haunt me even to this day. I was really desperate and lonely in this time. Though my family visited me almost every day, but it wasn't home. However, not a moment did I think of crying out to God. The connection was just missing. But I craved for love. Eventually I got healed enough to go home again, which was a few months later, and soon we moved to Germany. My mom really did her best to get me out of there. She even got threatened, that her children would be taken away, so the urge to leave was big. I don't even want to think what might have happened to us, if they took us from her.

And that is, where my testimony actually begins. We moved to Germany in 2013, and around 2015 I got on my Youtube recommendations a video from a channel, that translates Mother Clare's messages in German. I didn't know which video it was and I don't know why I clicked on it, but after I watched it I was kinda touched. I watched then many other videos of that channel, like I couldn't get enough. However, this alone didn't get me to repent and turn to the Lord. Honestly, I was very far from that, it took me much time to do that.

During this time, where I discovered the channel, I battled with depression and suicidal thoughts. The past was still haunting me, I even hurt myself but was too scared to take my own life. I was terrified to die, however, I wanted to. I think the messages kept me alive during that time. I was a cold person, I searched for love but would block every opportunity, which was given to me. I didn't tell anyone about the channel, and was even a bit embarrassed.

And at that time I realized a strange fear within me, a strong fear of the Lord, not the good kind of fear, I just couldn't approach Him, I couldn't even think of Him, or of His Mother, or anything that has to do with Him. Prayer as well. I was scared to death to think, that I have to pray, repent and that just to be saved. I mean, I couldn't even say His name without feeling uncomfortable. I had a bible but wouldn't touch it, that is how big my fear was. I don't know why. So I never answered, when there was a call of prayer or repentance, because I was just too scared of Him and to pray. But strangely, I stayed on the channel and didn't leave. I watched every video, some even touched me, but they didn't get me to trust the Lord enough to repent, honestly, I was even doubting that He would exist. Having no believing friend or family member, besides my grandma, didn't make it easier for me. No one would help me.

Later then, I got the courage to go to StillSmallVoice channel, which was already on Vimeo, and stayed there till now. So I heard the messages of the Lord for 5 years, without having the courage to pray, repent or

turn to Him, no matter how gently He spoke in His messages and invited us to Him. The fear in me was bigger than that. So a miracle should have happened, in order for me to give my life to Jesus.

And that happened in March 2020. Although not how I thought it would happen. There was a message uploaded called "Maurice Sklar Warning To All From The Lord". On a passage the Lord said "If I am the Lord, I will only accept total surrender of your life to Me there is no middle ground! Choose you THIS WEEK whom you will serve!". I don't really know who He was talking to, but I felt in this moment, that He was talking to me. So I began to panic and think, that if I don't repent within this week, that I would go to hell. But I made it a point, to repent at the end of the week. Guys, this was a serious wake up call for me! I think fear was the only remedy left for me to be saved. I didn't know what to do, so for first time I wrote a comment and asked for help under the video. And the people really encouraged me and gave me so much hope to do this. I was still scared, but there was no going back now. So at the end of the week, in the evening, I had to do it then, because I thought there was no other choice. Actually, there was no other choice.

It took me about an hour and all of my courage to give my life to Jesus, to pray for the first time in my life and repent. I don't know if it was my fear or my nervousness or something else, but I felt a weird power while I was praying. Like I got really hot. That day I got saved. I wasn't set free of my fear immediately, but He helped me step after step. In the beginning, I was only praying in the evening, repenting for my sins. Eventually I got the courage to pray the Binding Prayer, which was a great achievement for me in that time. I really got much oppression, hopelessness and strong attacks in that time, but since my fear still wasn't completely healed, I was scared to death of hell, so I never quit, in that time it was my only reason to preserve. Step after step I learned to trust the Lord more and more, and to pray throughout the whole day. I couldn't say, that I really trusted Him, however, I could have never thought of where He would bring me.

After 5 months, from where I got saved, I was led to a prayer group on Messenger, where I said yes. There I learned to really pray, to worship and even to lead prayers. When I think back, I would have never thought to get this far, from being scared to even think about Jesus, to lead an hour of spiritual warfare! Isn't the Lord amazing? Even though I'm not in there anymore, I'm more than thankful for what I learned there. But it was never easy. Since the day I got saved, I was severely oppressed. I thought my life would change instantly from the moment I repented, I thought I would have visions and things like that, like I read from many other testimonies. But it was completely different. I was often desperate during that time, because I couldn't really talk to anybody about these things. I knew my mom believed in God, but I later found out that she is a New Ager. So I couldn't talk to her as well, since she doesn't really believe in the bible. What helped me during this time was first of all the group, and also Jesus messages to Mother Clare and Mother Elisha. Now, in one message on Mother Elisha's channel, she asked for translators for the messages on her channel, and only a few days or weeks before this message was put on the channel, I randomly translated a few short messages from a prophet, who has been in Heaven. So I thought, yeah why not, it wasn't too difficult for me, and it would give me something useful to do. So I reached out to her and was added to the translators of the channel. That is how my channel on YouTube also my ministry started.

I really started to love our Mother Elisha and also our small family of translators. It helped me a lot to get closer to the Lord. This gave me feeling of being understood and having people, who have the same trials as me. Just as I thought, that I could be settled there, the Lord broke my comfort zone once again. Suddenly I should become a priest. Many of us translators were called to be a priest. At first I didn't care and actually didn't want to be a priest, but when Mother Elisha made it clear to me, that I was called to priesthood, I just couldn't say no anymore. Now when you look back and see what I did and who I was, you would probably wonder how and why the Lord would want to make a priest out of me. I don't know either, but I do know,

that the Lord takes the most unfit souls, to make something beautiful out of them. And I guess it was me at that moment. I was kinda stuck, didn't pray much anymore, and was becoming lukewarm. So I took that as my last opportunity to get back on track again, and it worked. The Lord and Blessed Mother did really a great job. As well as the souls, who stood behind and besides me during all of this. No one else could have done this, to take a soul, who is scared to say the Name of Jesus, and turn her into a priest. There is truly no hopeless case for the Lord, no matter what you have done, it's never hopeless.

Lastly, I would love to share something with you, which I think it really shows the Lords Mercy and also of our Blessed Mother. I hope this helps you to trust more in the Mercy of the Lord, and also in the intercession of our Blessed Mother.

As I told you, my mom is a new ager and sometimes I felt really hopeless about it. But one day she randomly told me, that she had a vision of the Heart of Jesus and of Our Blessed Mother, and how they were one. And I thought wow. They are really working in her heart!

Also I used to be concerned about my father who died. I have no idea if we was a Christian or not, so I didn't know if he would be in Heaven. And one day my mom was cleaning and gave me a small poster, she said that I think a friend made it. On this poster there is a picture of Blessed Mother, and on her heart is the name of my father. Under the picture is written „Our Lady of Fatima bless and protect Giancarlo and his family!“ I was so amazed when I received it, and it gave me hope to really believe, that Blessed Mother was working on his heart, and maybe he got saved in the last moments of his life.

Thank you guys, and God bless you.