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ed I keep quiet. That night at one o'clock she died while giving birth to a baby girl who lived. From that time on, I offered everything for the salvation of souls. LATER. ALSO IN CONVERSATION, WE ASKED: (What do you call it: a vision? Or do you call it a revelation?) Kay Currie; A revelation is something that's spoken to you, within you. It's given to you within. And it's just as plain as can be, as if you were talking to me. And a vision is different altogether. You see the people. But yet you get a revelation at the same time--why it was given as a vision. (And you've experienced both.) Both, yes. The first was when I was twelve. I was with my mother and my aunt, and we went over next door to see (Aunt Flora). We were living in Beaver Cove, and we were double first cousins. Aunt Flora and my mother were sisters, and Uncle Joe and my father were brothers. They were living alongside of one another in Beaver Cove. ?? WE CAN HELP YOU REALIZE YOUR DREAM OF HOMEOWNERSHIP! FOR A MORTGAGE TO BUY, BUILD OR RENOVATE, SEE THE LOCAL EXPERTS League Savings & Mortgage 235 Charlotte St., Sydney, N.S. BIP6H7 Phone: 539-8222 . / So my aunt came up to visit, and she wanted to see Flora. Flora was expecting her twelfth child. There were ten girls and one boy then. But anyway, when we walked in the door, I was behind my mother and Aunt Kate. And Aunt Flo was sitting at the corner of a table in the kitchen. And she was sideways. And all of a sudden I saw this aura around her. Bright as could be, like a ring around her. She was sitting in the chair. (What colour was this?) Kind of a light yellow, very, very light. It was more--light, sun--I can't explain it--just surrounded by this light. That's when my first revelation told me that she was going to die. And for me to pray for her soul. And that my life was to pray for souls--bring souls back to God. That was my first.... But I never told anybody. I never spoke to anybody about anything. (So when you saw Aunt Flora with this aura around her....) I spoke to my mother about it, but she wouldn't believe me. She said, "Never mind. Hush." You know, talking Gaelic. I understood it but I didn't speak it. She told me to close up. But that evening--I spoke to her two or three times that evening. Because my father and mother were both going to visit someone. And I begged them to stay home. And they thought I was --something wrong with me. But anyway, she went down the road. She met this midwife going up to the house, to Uncle Joe's. She got cross at my mother because--she said, "You're her sister. You should be over there with her." "Well," she said, "I was there this afternoon to see her." So they came home, and she went over. But the first words I said when she came (back) in the house, I said, "Aunt Flora is dead." My sister was still sound asleep: this was one o'clock in the morning. But I was still awake, praying for Aunt Flora. Kept myself awake, still praying. Then when W. J. DOOLEY FUNERAL SERVICE LTD. • Peter V. Walsh • Joseph A. Walsh • Daniel P. Campbell 107 Pleasant Street, North Sydney, N.S. Telephone: (902) 794-3418 • Over a Century of Service • 38