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read them again. I kept the vow until 1937. While teaching in MacAdam's Lake, I (had) met Michael Currie. He was very good- looking and humorous. I enjoyed his compa? ny, always treated me with courtesy. Fi? nally, I realized I was in love with him. In January of 1934, he and his brother-in- law went to Noranda, Quebec, to work in the mine. In the spring of 1934, while teaching at Ball's Creek, I decided I would walk to MacAdam's Lake to visit Mick's parents for the weekend. As I walked along the road from Beechmont to Gillis Lake, a terrible noise was heard on the right side of the road; it sounded like a roaring bull, bellowing and crush? ing the branches and twigs as he followed me all the way to Gillis Lake crossroads. Meanwhile I was frightened but kept pray? ing continuously. Arriving at my destination, I told them what I had heard. Peter (Mick's father) said, "That was Satan stalking you. He is on that piece of road for quite awhile. Numerous people have heard the same noise." June of 1935, Mick returned wanting to get married. I wanted to say yes but pride prevented me (from telling) him that I had no money, for I had not been paid. I begged him to wait a few months until the school year was over. He left, didn't see him that summer. October 1935, I decided to make a novena (to) our Blessed Mother asking to intercede for me to our Heavenly Father to show me in some way my vocation, 'and that I would abide by it. I wanted to go away to be a Sister. And I asked our Lord if--as a nove? na, actually--and I asked (Him to) show me what was my vocation. That's the only thing I asked. What was my vocation. And that I would do his will, whatever it was. On the eighth night of the novena while kneeling by my bedside praying, a loud voice said, "The next time Michael Currie asks you to get married, be sure to say yes." Suddenly I felt as if I was floating, at the same in? stant an inner voice said, "You will be the mother of ten living"--it stressed living-- "they do not be? long to you but God. Offer them up; you will have ,, i a very hard life." I answered, "Thy will be done." The next morning (at) the closing of the forty hours devotion--went to confession and communion. It was the last day of the novena. On my way to work after Mass, I met Mick whom I (hadn't seen) for three months. He asked me to meet him that evening. I was about to say no when I thought of the reve? lation that was revealed to me the previous evening. I said yes. Years later he told me he had been given the same message. At the novena I was told that the next time Michael--I was after refusing him

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