

NORTH SHORE CHRISTIAN MINISTRIES

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# A Family Narrative

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An Amazing Story of Grace

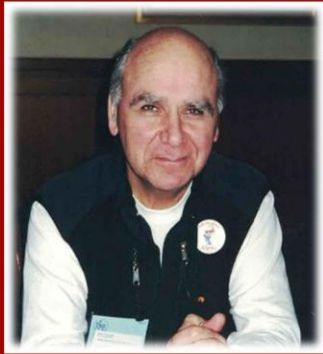
Peter F. Carpentier



Testimonies of God's Amazing and Wondrous Salvific Grace

# **PREFACE**

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Born: May 17, 1942, Waterbury, CT.  
Founder: North Shore Christian Ministries

**Some initial commentary is provided before each testimonial**

**The testimonials are presented in chronological order and the best way to process and understand them is to read them sequentially.**

**Each testimonial demonstrates the unmerited grace extended by God to various family members in miraculous ways—a son, a mother, a sister, a brother, and a husband, father and stepfather.**

**The lesson gleaned is that God's mercy is infinite and that He delights in offering His salvific love to save family members through the doorway found in the repentance of one family member.**

**In this case, a son who was lost—but then found.**

**It just may take some time and prayerful perseverance.**

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## **The First Testimonial**

**Peter F. Carpentier**

### **Commentary**

**I am very deeply indebted to the Roman Catholic Church for many personal blessings—including education and a basic orientation towards the gospel message of Jesus Christ. Yet, I, along with many in Church leadership, believe that the Church has not paid enough attention to the ministry of evangelization which is the work of reaching people's hearts through personal encounters. Several of the testimonials which you will read here are just that—a personal encounter with the Living God leading to a deepened experiential faith. This experiential faith is the foundation stone of the Christian life and catechesis (primarily the work of helping those already converted through a proper evangelization process understand what they have come to believe) finds its proper role and purpose rooted in this doctrinal truth.**

**Consequently, an improper emphasis on catechesis to the exclusion of evangelization can lead to flawed operative assumptions—particularly as pertains to the sacrament system. While the sacraments are valid in themselves ("from the work performed"), many times individuals receiving them are ill-prepared to access their operative grace because they have not been properly evangelized. For too many, it is merely the reception of a merit badge. Evangelization is the first essential—and this requires both encounter and a deepened experiential faith.**

**Such is at the heart of my own personal testimony—which follows:**

## **The Personal Testimony of Peter F. Carpentier, ESQ.**

(Circa: August 1978)

### **A fall from grace and from God's goodness—how does it occur? Well, if you do not know Him, you really don't have too far to fall —at all.**

I was born a Roman Catholic Christian on May 17, 1942, in an era governed by the precepts of Vatican I.

According to my birth certificate, I was the eldest of four children born to Arthur and Geraldine Carpentier, yet I would learn later in life that my true father (who remains unknown to me) had gone off the war (WW II - for the duration) leaving my single mother with a critical dilemma—**what to do!** Arthur was her answer, and yet, as traumatic as this difficult choice proved to be for her (Arthur was alcoholic, and sometimes violent)—in the end—God's inexhaustible love would redeem the times.

Three of my stepsiblings were born of this marriage of convenience—Patricia, Gregory and Gail.

In my childhood and teenage years, I witnessed (on too many occasions to recount) the drunken rage and stupor of an alcoholic stepfather which deeply marred my spirit. During those years I attended parochial schools through high school, and then, following high school, attended two Catholic seminaries for a total of three and one-half years to become a priest. However, I eventually left the seminary system finding it very dry and unfulfilling. I did not fully understand it then, but the priestly life being offered me did not include intimacy with God through the gift of the Holy Spirit. Instead, I was being offered a life lived under the power of the law linked to submission and unquestioning obedience.

To undergird this perception, in the three and one-half years of my seminary education never once did I read or study the Scriptures—nor was this study ever offered. Instead, religious formation consisted of wearing clerical garb, attending daily Mass (Latin), saying formal prayers (the rosary, etc.) and reading the lives of the saints. It was thought that this, coupled with a somewhat standardized curriculum, and unquestioned submission to the Magisterium (the teaching authority of the church), was all that was necessary for priestly formation. Consequently, I would remain scripturally ignorant until my conversion in 1978—when the Scriptures were finally opened for me.

After leaving the seminary, I completed my college education at the University of Connecticut and graduated with a degree in English and a minor in Latin (1965). I then entered active military service spending five and one-half years in the Navy as a Naval Aviator. I left active duty in 1970, but remained active in the Naval Reserve at S. Weymouth, MA flying patrol aircraft (the P-2 and the P-3). In 1970 I attended Boston University School of Law graduating in 1973 and then attended an additional two years at BU to obtain a **Masters in Taxation** degree. I then worked a short stint as an attorney with the FAA in Washington, DC, followed by a return to Marblehead, MA where I engaged in private tax law practice for a few years. It was during this period that I was hired as General Counsel for a major regional food wholesaler (1977) and acquired a home in Marblehead, MA. There, my 'new birth' would occur in 1978. I married my precious wife Suzanne in 1981, and then worked to obtain a **Masters in Divinity** from Weston School of Theology in 1987. (app. 1)

During the many years before the intervention of the Holy Spirit into my life in 1978 I knew a deep and dark loneliness married to a permanent aching in my heart. Yet, as I viewed myself as a 'survivor', and in spite of my emotional baggage, I was determined to prove to the world that I could become a 'somebody' and make it on my own. So, I pressed on and I buried my pain and grief as best I could.

Yet, devoid of a deeply rooted faith in Jesus I was not equipped to meet head on the challenges of living in contemporary society as a single young man. While I recognized sin and acknowledged its existence, I did not have the necessary discernment and power that comes from intimacy with God (through the gift of the Holy Spirit) to obey the law. I was to become a victim of sin and its dispossessing consequences. I never wanted to sin and wished to please God, yet the empowerment to do so was lacking. As a result, sin deceived me, and offered me a form of light which would lead me into a terrible darkness. As a hungry moth I rushed to that light, and it nearly cost me my life.

It was in this vulnerable period that I met an attractive stewardess (1977). This brief relationship led to a pregnancy that she wished to terminate. I knew this was evil, and even asked her to marry me. But, she would have none of that. I gladly gave her the \$200 needed for the abortion. There was really no love between us and eventually we split up shortly after this event. I remember being relieved of the anxiety of this pregnancy. I also knew that a staged marriage would only have led to tragic consequences and ultimately divorce.

Of the many evils committed during this dark time the sin of abortion grieved me the most. I was inwardly convulsed by its gruesome reality. I confessed this sin to a priest almost immediately trying to wash it from memory. But, this confession did not bring light into the darkness of my life. I needed something more. I needed deliverance. I needed a miracle.

If, at this time, you had asked me if I was a 'good person', I probably would have said "Yes". If you had asked me if I was saved, I would probably have said: "I hope so." But, in reality, I was a walking dead man headed for perdition. I did not know how to escape the snare of life's conflicts, nor did I understand the confusing web of events intertwined into my daily life.

**Well, God in His great mercy was to provide the needed exit strategy, and this is how it began:**

One Friday in August 1978, on a beautiful and warm summer evening, I am in my bachelor's pad in Marblehead, MA getting ready to go downtown to one of my favorite haunts (Jacob Marley's) for a 'few beers'. My house is smallish and. I am in the process of rebuilding it following a devastating fire which occurred under previous ownership. After a ton of hard work, it is now livable, but 2x4's and other construction items are still visible. I was planning on this weekend to press on—working towards the completion of what had turned out to be a rather large undertaking.

As I prepare to go out, I turn on the TV to kill some time. Immediately on the TV appears the image of Billy Graham preaching about Jesus to thousands of people who fill a very large stadium. At the end of his message, he invites anyone wishing a personal relationship with Jesus to come forward to make a personal commitment to Christ and many do. I watched all of this with a curious interest. I can't say that I knew much about Billy Graham, other than the fact that he was a renowned Protestant evangelist. In fact, my ignorance was such that I did not even know how to open the Bible to the scriptural verses he referenced. At the end of his altar call I thought to myself: "Interesting." I then shut off the TV and meandered off to Jacob Marley's. Yet, God had captured my attention.

Another work week passes by, and it is another lovely Friday evening in Marblehead. As in the prior week I am preparing to go off to my favorite haunt. Also, as in the week before, I turn on the TV to fill in the time.

**Then—would you believe it—there he is again—in full color—Billy Graham—again—preaching about Jesus—again—inviting anyone wishing a personal relationship with Jesus to come forward to make a personal commitment to Him—and again—many do!**

This time I watched and listened to Billy Graham's message and invitation intently. During this time, he also mentioned that if you really wanted to know about Jesus, and how to come to Him, you could send for his book **How to be Born Again**. He then gave an address to use for this request, indicating that this book would be promptly mailed to you as a gift. My curiosity heightened, I wrote down the address and during the week mailed off a letter requesting the book.

**Obeying that instinct was providential. I shiver to think where I would be today had I not done so!**

Well, sometime later (perhaps a week or two) Billy Graham's book arrives in the mail. I look at it, and since it is not very large, I decide to read it in bed at night before going to sleep. Now, this is where the unimaginable occurs! By this, I mean that as I begin to read the book, I am actually stunned by the exposition of scriptural truths presented. All of this is radical and new to me. My overriding emotion was one of incredulity and amazement. I remember saying repeatedly: "I never knew this!" "Why did they not tell us this?" "I never knew this!" "Why did they not tell us this?"

I felt as though the Catholic Church had intentionally kept me, my friends, and my family, in a perpetual state of 'lock down' (to use a prison term) to ensure our obedient behavior. I was overwhelmed, shocked, and incensed—all at the same time! **What was so new?** For the first time in my life, the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the role of the Holy Spirit, was clearly presented to me without bias and free of confusing doctrinal banter. It was utterly freeing. It is impossible for me to understate this, so great was this revelation!

Of course, this range of evocative emotions all relates back to my earlier description of my Catholic upbringing and education, including seminary training. This simple gospel message was never meaningfully or clearly presented for consideration to me—or to my friends. It was likely assumed as known, but it was in fact buried under the baggage of a historical tradition where privilege and prerogative were so often evoked as primary truth.

Nonetheless, my journey home had begun! Getting cleaned up would not occur overnight, but God was planning to give me an energizing 'jolt' to move things forward.

I understood after reading Billy Graham's life-changing book that I needed to pray. But honestly, I did not know how to pray other than formal religious prayer. Yet, I did remember that fasting was a form of ascetic prayer, and for some reason this appealed to me. I then and there decided to fast on bread and water one day a week as a form of prayer. I did this faithfully on Wednesdays. As I began this practice, I noticed a certain 'softening' occurring within me. I could perceive my inner man morphing into something new and I began to feel 'lighter'. Moreover, the weight of my heart ache began to subside, and I began to experience joy which had always eluded me before. Then, on a lovely Saturday morning, after about ten weeks of my fasting regiment, I arose from bed to continue the almost perpetual restoration of my house.

## **Little did I know what lay in store for me!**

So, there I am, driving a nail into a 2x4 to frame the upper stairway area when the Holy Spirit comes suddenly! He pours the Fire of His Love into my heart and then in my ear announces the words: "Expect great things!" I must have dropped my hammer as the next thing I remember is my running around on the plywood floor of the unfinished parlor like a drunken sailor singing in Latin:

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.  
Hosanna in excelsis.  
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Hosanna in excelsis.*

*[English]  
Holy, Holy, Holy  
Lord God of hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.  
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.*

Whoever heard of a God willing to leave His glorious throne to visit His creature, alone in his home, working with a hammer and driving nails, to make Himself known? I had never heard of such a God, and I could never believe that He cared enough for me to stage a transcendent visitation.

## **But, He did! Love came and rescued me!**

On that day, God came to me in great mercy while I was dead in sin, and delivered me from the depths of Hell.

## **I would never be the same again!**

Getting fully cleaned up did not occur immediately. It took some time and processing. In fact, the process continues to this day. I needed to learn about the things of God. I needed discipleship and formation. I also needed a great deal of inner healing.

During this sometimes very difficult journey, I remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church seeking to serve it (as well as other Christian traditions as my ministry became ecumenical) by any available means, primarily through use of the 'Alpha Course' and sponsoring teaching conferences emphasizing healing and deliverance ministries.

Finally, for as long as the Lord permits and provides, I (like my mentor Billy Graham) intend to serve the Lord with all my heart until the day He calls me home!

**Blessed Be His Name!**



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## The Second Testimonial

Geraldine (Kelleher) Carpentier [Part I]

*"I feel as though I have been cheated all of my life!"*

### Commentary

#### *Baptism in the Holy Spirit*



**Geraldine (Kelleher) Carpentier**  
Born: June 13, 1917  
(St. John's, Nova Scotia, Canada)  
Deceased: July 23, 1994

Baptism in the Holy Spirit is an empowering experience, equipping believers for witness and ministry. This is the story of such an empowerment occurring in the early 80's as experienced by my mother and sister during a time of worship at a Catholic Charismatic prayer meeting in Florida.

My mother was born in St. John's, Nova Scotia, Canada on June 13, 1917. During the Great Depression, she, along with her parents and her many siblings moved to Melrose, MA, where my grandfather was able to find work. They were an Irish Catholic family submitted to, and formed by, the many legalistic conventions of the Roman Catholic Church which was then immersed in a philosophical and theological fundamentalism which was

singularly cultic, and in which both shame and guilt were writhing appendages from which it was very often difficult to escape.

This fundamentalism shaped and formed my mother's prayer life and her way of thinking. She was always 'spiritual', and endured her life with grace, but she did not know that a personal relationship with Jesus through the gift of the Holy Spirit was possible and only a stone's throw away. She would one day discover this truth in a profound way, but only after she had passed through much of her own life's journey. It was God's plan that such a discovery would be indelibly linked to my own story of salvation.

Thus, it was that I, along with my brother and sisters, were also shaped and formed by our mother's adherence to her deeply held religious convictions and by the rigorous legalistic spirit imbued in them. Ultimately, this authoritarian structure would be rejected by me (as it would be by many of my contemporaries) resulting in an unrestrained plunge into the ways of the world seeking its wisdom.

So, when in the summer of 1978, when in a singularly miraculous way—through the ministry of Billy Graham, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit (following a time fasting and prayer) my mother was confronted with a son unrecognizable to her. This son carried a Bible with him boldly proclaiming it anywhere and everywhere he went. From her perspective this was a fearsome and frightful reality, and she was tempted to conclude that her son had lost his way. She was deeply troubled by all of this and believed I had turned away from the 'one true religion' found only in the Roman Catholic Church.

However, after several intervening years, and largely due to a terrible and troubling event, this deeply rooted fundamentalist perspective would be definitively expunged.

## THE EVENT

### My Mother's & My Sister Pat's Journey To Life In The Spirit

During the eighties, my sister Pat and my mom were both living in Florida as upon her retirement from Pratt and Whitney Mom had decided to move from Southington, CT to Florida to be near my sister Pat and her children—who had moved there from Waterbury, CT a few years earlier. Everything appeared to be working out well for Mom and Pat there when the unthinkable and unimaginable occurs. Early on one morning I receive a call from mom, and she tells me that Pat's husband had abandoned her and his family and had run off with an eighteen-year-old girl.

Shocked, and knowing that this tragic event would likely overwhelm my sister, I immediately booked a flight to Tampa, Florida to comfort my precious sister. Upon arrival, I rented a car and made the drive to Mom's house in Seminole, FL. After spending some time with Mom, I drove to Pat's house (very close to Mom's) to visit her.

Upon arrival, I find her enormously disconsolate—grieving and deeply wounded. My sister, a wonderful, joyful mother of five children had suffered a paralyzing betrayal, and I immediately realized that she desperately needed to find an interior source of strength to endure this terrible trial.

During this period, there was a powerful move of the Holy Spirit occurring throughout the world known as the Charismatic Movement and Catholic life had been deeply impacted and renewed by this movement. I also knew that there were many places of prayer where Pat could go for healing prayer.

I do not remember the precise facts, but I believe that Pat was aware of a local Catholic Charismatic prayer meeting that evening which we then attended together. It turned out that this prayer community was a group of older women who with great compassion prayed for Pat, and it was wonderful to personally observe and very healing for her. When we left that evening's time of prayer, I remember saying to her: "Pat, you will have to find a group of people with whom to pray, and I encourage you to find a younger prayer group locally which you can attend."

The following day I flew back to Boston having done the best I could to comfort and care for my precious sister—so wounded, and yes, so terribly and violently rejected!

Pat takes me up on my suggestion to find a younger prayer group and she soon learned about a large Catholic charismatic worship meeting occurring weekly at a local Catholic Church. She then asked Mom to attend with her. Ever since my conversion I had been telling Mom about the power of the Holy Spirit, and about the wonderful things that the Holy Spirit was doing—and it must have whetted her appetite. She responded to Pat: "I will go with you, but only to get Peter off my back!" So, off they went. It was a Friday night.

#### **God's in-breaking occurs!**

During this time, I was still living in Marblehead, MA, and on the following Saturday morning I receive an early morning call from Mom. As it was very unusual for Mom to call me early on a Saturday, I was concerned that it might involve some issue with Pat. I said: "Hi Mom, how are you doing?" She then responded very quickly saying: "The Lord told me to call you to say thank you." Obviously, I was a bit perplexed, but then she goes on to tell me that both she and Pat had been filled with the Holy Spirit on Friday night during worship and she was overjoyed at the 'new birth' experience that she and Pat had received together—simultaneously it seems. I then quickly ended the call needing to process what I just had heard and shared this with my wife Suzanne.



Then a few days later came the letter of all letters:

**"Peter, I feel as though I have been cheated all of my life. If I knew then what I know now, I would have raised you kids differently."**

**And so, it began:**

Mom became an evangelist to the elderly in Pinellas County, Florida—bringing them by the carload to Life in the Spirit Seminars, Bible studies, church meetings and encouraging them in their walk with the Lord.

It was amazing—and she led many, many souls to the Lord.

**And—**

My sister Pat found great strength and consolation from the intimate relationship she daily experienced with her new lover—Jesus!

### **My Sister Pat's Death**



My sister Pat died of cancer on October 27, 1986, at the age of 43 in the odor of sanctity. She had a passionate love for her new spouse Jesus and offered up her suffering for the salvation of souls.

Just before her death I visited her with our newborn baby Cassandra, and from her medical bed she told me about the little demons running around her bed at times trying to torment her. She just laughed at them and told them to go to Hell. She also told me that when she said to the Lord that she should really stay around to take care of Mom Jesus responded: "Don't worry about your mother. I will take her quickly." In fact, as you will read, Mom passed away joy filled within one week of a medical incident.

**During the drive to Pat's funeral Mass the car was 'flooded' with the scent of roses—surely as a sign to us that Pat was now in the Presence of her Lover—Jesus.**

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### **REFLECTION**

**Every Christian is loved by God the Father to the core of their being—as if he or she was the singular focus of God's infinite and passionate love. Pray and ask for this empowering experience of the Holy Spirit so that you too will come to know the unsurpassed joy of His transcendent love. Do not hang on to what the material world offers you. Jesus, by His death on the Cross, has obtained for you the gift of intimacy with God through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.**

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## Third Testimonial

Geraldine [Kelleher] Carpentier [Part II]

*“Mom is going to make it home, just fine.”*

### Commentary

**My Mother was always a woman of faith, but as you will read in the poem she wrote after her ‘Baptism in the Spirit’, she did not always know how to attain intimacy with the Father until her encounter with the Holy Spirit. However, once she understood that she had free access to the Father's Love, she was an unstoppable force for the Kingdom and able to move mountains through her unflappable faith in the Lord Jesus.**

**My Mother was also devoted to Mary the Mother of Jesus and she and Aunt Alice (who lived with my Mother in Florida) faithfully prayed the rosary for the salvation of souls each evening. For many Christians such a devotion seems to devalue true worship of the Lord. For some this may be true, but we have discovered that a proper devotion to Mary only opens wide the access road to Jesus. Mary will then partner with those who love her in this manner and assist them through her great power of intercession.**

### My Mother's Death

I remember that it was a beautiful summer day in July in Rowley, MA when I received a call from Florida from my niece Kathy telling me that my mother had been admitted to the hospital for a cardiac catheterization. She did not think that it was anything I should be alarmed about—but she wanted me to know that this procedure was taking place.

Yet, as only the Holy Spirit can do, I was prompted to buy an airline ticket and to go and to be with her.

Upon arrival at Mom's house, I discovered that she was still in hospital and that she was in critical condition—in fact, she was dying. Of course, I immediately went to the hospital to visit her which began a weeklong painful journey during which time I was constantly called to prayer in the form of a continuous rosary for my mom. I later learned that during the cardiac catheterization a blood clot had been dislodged which severely restricted blood circulation and that surgical intervention was not possible.

Mom was conscious in the beginning, and I could speak with her, but she was somewhat delusionary which deeply troubled me. Then, it seems, she was quite normal for a time during which all the visitations began from family members. Mom spoke with great joy about her impending death and her reunion with family members and meeting Jesus and His mother Mary. She remained, in her dying moments, the consummate evangelist exhorting and encouraging everyone. She even spoke to her attending doctors with great compassion—and her transcendent peace amazed them.

At the end of each visit, I would go back to her house to rest—remaining prayerful and often contacted the hospital for updates. On one of these occasions, very early in the morning, I received a call from the hospital stating that my mother was passing away and that I should come. I quickly left and upon arrival at the hospital I went to her room where she was lying unconscious and on life support. Saddened, I sat in a chair at the edge of her bed watching her shallow breathing while continuing to pray the rosary.

While praying in this manner—at some point, I audibly heard the words "Hail, Holy Queen". So prompted, I then began to recite: "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy --- ". As I began to say this prayer I then audibly heard: "She is gone now." I believe this word came from the room speaker as she was being monitored remotely. But honestly, I just don't know.

But, given the events, I did understand that Our Lady had just come with her angels to take Mom into the heavenly realm. For a time after this I just sat there emotionally depleted and exhausted but comforted that this part of the journey was over. I knew that the rest of the journey, while difficult, would also be laced with joy because I knew Mom was home—now awaiting the arrival of her remaining children into the eternal realm of heaven.

Later in the morning, my sister Gail, who had flown in from CT to see Mom, visited the hospital with me to say her own goodbye.

Although Mom died in Florida, she was to be buried in Connecticut in a grave site next to her husband Arthur (my stepfather) and it would be necessary to fly her body back home. However, before that, and because of the great love of the Catholic Christian community for her locally in Florida, there was to be a funeral service at the local funeral home giving her many friends the opportunity to pay their last respects. Both Gail and I looked forward to this event. Literally, hundreds of her friends attended and there was a time of great fellowship and wonderful prayer. Following the service Gail was scheduled to fly back to CT. Once there, she was to prepare for the funeral Mass and the reception for family members that would take place following this Mass.



At the end of the Florida service my sister Gail began to become anxious regarding the flight arrangements for Mom's coffin. As Mom's coffin was still open, I turned to look at it and saw standing at each end of her coffin Cherubim angels—one at her head and one at her feet. These angels appeared to be standing on small puffy clouds with one of the Cherubim standing at her head looking directly at me. I was not able to fully see the second Cherubim standing at her feet. It also appeared to me that these Cherubim had a distinctly feminine character. The Cherubim angel I saw was dressed in white with blonde hair, perfectly beautiful, and full of joy and God's peace.

Upon seeing this I said to my sister Gail: "Don't worry Gail, Mom is going to make it home just fine." In fact, Mom was placed on the same flight as my sister—something which was unanticipated and unplanned. Once back in Connecticut, the funeral service for Mom was a joyous event as death had long lost its sting.

Later, while cleaning out Mom's Florida home I found a journal she had been keeping and it contained many precious prayers and certain visions she had begun experiencing as a consequence of her 'new birth'—which had unlocked her deep-seated spiritual gifting. It is appended at the end of the testimonials. (app. 2)

**But, Friends, Mother had not yet completed the work the Lord had assigned to her.**

**In a day and year yet to come, from the eternal realm,**

**I would once again hear her voice speak to me.**

**It was a day which would ultimately lead.**

**To the miraculous release of a soul from purgatorial existence.**

**Her husband—and my own stepfather.**

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## **The Fourth Testimonial**

### **My Brother-Gregory Carpentier**

**“This too shall pass.”**

#### **Introduction**



It is difficult to lose a brother because of war. It is more difficult when that war (the Vietnam conflict)—when exited by the US in 1973, continued to erode the lives of those adversely impacted by its tragic consequences—drugs, sexual excess, moral disorientation, and the continued living of a life governed by demonic impulses. (app. 3) Such was Greg's fate, and I have met many more like him over the years. There was no intrinsic value to that war which destroyed so many. No, rather it was a war orchestrated by demonic powers with only one agenda—the erosion and destruction of this nation and the elimination of its Christian ethic.

In the end, the powerful prayers of a loving mother and his siblings brought healing and deliverance to a beautiful man who would enter eternal life cleansed and redeemed. No longer did his bipolar personality plague him—having been cast out by the power of prayer conjoined with love. No longer was he guided by foul demonic forces. No, he would enter eternal life free of these entanglements—to the glory of the Living God.

#### **My Brother Greg**

My brother Gregory was a beautiful man—tall, broad, strong, and having a tremendous sense of humor. He had a very gentle spirit and really radiated wonderful kindness.

But his life was to be long and arduous and he would be caught up in a world of drugs and alcohol and other kinds of worldly abuse, and it would require a great deal of prayer and intercession, and ultimately, the miraculous work of the Mother of God to pull him from the mire of this world at his death.

Like myself, Greg, following high school, spent a few years in a Catholic seminary (St. Thomas in Bloomfield, CT), and like myself, he would leave being unable to root himself in a place which had largely forgotten the primary purpose for its existence.

While Greg was working at pursuing further education after leaving the seminary, but before he could obtain a deferment, he found himself drafted into the army during the Vietnam conflict. There he underwent artillery training and following this training he was shipped to Vietnam in 1968. Greg spent one tour of duty there during terrifying and unrelenting warfare. He also received the Army Commendation Medal while serving there.

While Greg was in Vietnam, I was stationed in Brunswick, ME, and twice deployed to Sigonella, Sicily, where we flew anti-submarine missions—largely trying to locate and identify Soviet threats.

From time to time, Greg and I would correspond, and I was looking forward to returning home from my second deployment to meet Greg, who would soon be discharged upon returning to the states. In fact, I can vividly remember meeting him after his discharge at Mom's house in Southington, CT where we decided to go to a bar in Waterbury that we once frequented. At this time, I was still in the Navy with some time left on my six-year contract and still stationed in Brunswick, ME.

During our time at the bar I was alerted to Greg's fragile condition when an automobile driving past the bar back-fired loudly (we were sitting at the bar adjacent to the street window) and Greg literally hit the deck in an explosive second. We laughed a bit about this, and then proceeded back to Mom's house. The following day I headed back to NAS, Brunswick, ME. Later on, through my mom, I came to learn that Greg was suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder ('PTSD') and that she was seeking help for him.

This sad event began the long sad saga of Greg's spiral into drugs and alcohol, and the many attempts of our mother to intervene and to obtain help for him. During this time, the VA was not inclined to assist Vietnam veterans in any meaningful way, and Greg, as well as many others, were pushed to the end of the line. Ultimately, he was declared ten percent disabled and received a small monthly stipend.

Then, much to our dismay, Greg disappeared from our lives for many years living a transient and homeless lifestyle and he was nowhere to be found despite our best efforts. During much of this time I was a reserve pilot flying in the Naval Reserves after leaving active duty. There I came to know a senior chief who worked for the Federal Government and who had access to military records. I provided him with Greg's social security number and this chief was able to track the mailing address for Greg's disability check to a YMCA located somewhere in the San Diego, CA area, but he could not provide a specific address.

I then called my sister Gail (who lived in CT) and gave her this information. Following this call, my sister took it upon herself to call the Salvation Army office in San Diego and requested that it post a notice at all Salvation Army shelters with her telephone number indicating to Greg that his sister Gail missed him and that he could call her 'collect' at any time.

Incredibly, Greg saw this notice and called Gail collect. She was quite surprised, yet rejoiced that her initiative had produced fruit. Gail told Greg that he was terribly missed by all of us and invited him to return back to CT. Apparently, the timing of this call was such that Greg immediately drove nonstop across the US to Meriden, CT where he took a room at a local YMCA. There, Gail visited Greg which began the long task of integrating him back into the family. Eventually, with my approval, he took public transportation to Boston, MA where I picked Greg up and drove him to our home in Marblehead. There, he lived with us (Suzanne and our young daughter Casey) for a time.

We did not know what to expect—but hoped that over time we could work with Greg to restore his physical and emotional health as well as his spiritual well-being.

Drugs were Greg's Achilles heel, and I warned him that should he begin to take drugs while living with us that I would have to ask him to leave. The inevitable occurred, but I did not have to toss him out onto the street and was able to locate him in a house on Front Street in Marblehead which was vacant for a few months. This house was part of an estate I was probating. Amazingly, he settled in there well and never presented me with an issue.

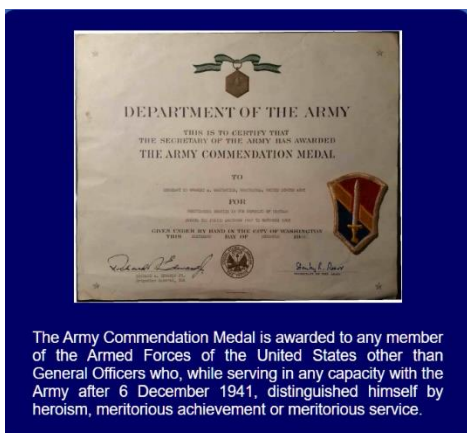
Over time I managed to qualify Greg for Section 8 housing, and he moved from place to place until eventually finally settling in Beverly, MA in a rented small one-bedroom apartment. He stayed there for many years until his death. However, he continually ended up in trouble (including a six-month incarceration in NH) and we never knew what was going to happen next.

Then, on one Thanksgiving Day we all attended dinner at my brother-in-law's house (Robert) and Greg came along. He and I decided to go for a walk when he laid on me a time bomb—he had for the third time been charged with dealing drugs and he was heading for a criminal trial which could land him in prison for a considerable period. It was then, while walking in the cold and deeply concerned, that I heard my angel audibly say: "This too shall pass." While this comforted me, I still had to endure the events that followed and really wondered what this 'word of knowledge' could mean.

Well, it took about a year to play out, and I remember well being involved with his defense attorney trying to resolve the impossible impasse erected before us. But my angel was correct, as the district attorney permitted my brother to act as a witness for the prosecution by identifying the dealer from whom he had purchased his drugs and the DA agreed to a reduction in charges as a settlement. Greg walked out of Court without sentencing subject to a period of probation. He had miraculously avoided incarceration.

From that point on Greg managed to avoid any more issues of a serious nature and settled into a quiet lifestyle in which he attended family events and even began to attend Sunday Mass. On occasion I would visit him and have lunch with him, and we began to integrate him into our family activities.

### Greg's Death



However, after a few years of this peaceful settled life came the bad news. Greg had a serious case of prostate cancer, and he would not be a survivor. He had never received good medical care and the VA had not acted in a timely manner to diagnose this serious medical condition.

So, now began another of life's painful journeys as Suzanne and I worked hard to obtain adequate care for Greg which finally led to his admittance into a VA home for the dying. It was during this period that I began to have Masses repeatedly said for Greg as I was concerned for his eternal salvation given his past lifestyle. And, while he had begun to attend Mass regularly, I was not sure that he had gone to confession. In fact, I decided to be profuse in my Mass requests for him and remember having probably twenty Masses said for him before his death.

You might think that I was a bit compulsive, but I knew many graces would be required for him to passage to the fullness of the Lord's embrace. My sister Gail also had Gregorian Masses said for Greg following his death.

I visited Greg daily at the VA home where he received the last rites of the Church which comforted me greatly. It was also at this time that I was further consoled regarding my brother's eternal destiny.



This is what occurred: On the day before his death, I was pushing Greg in a wheelchair outside in the fresh air. It was a bright and sunny day. There was also a wonderful and loving priest outside walking among the patients handing out and pinning on the sick the Miraculous Medal of the Mother of God. He came to Greg and pinned one on him.

Now this is very meaningful for several reasons. One, Greg did have a devotion to Mary, and secondly, we know that Mom (now deceased) was interceding for her son and asking the intercession of Mary. Upon leaving, the very last thing that I saw was my brother do was to look over and make sure that the Miraculous Medal was still there. I will never forget that moment.

The following day, while I was making the trek from Rowley to the VA home in Brockton, I received a cell phone call telling me that Greg had died during the night. I was grieved by this report, but I continued my journey so that I could say my final goodbye to him at the VA home. Following this, funeral arrangements were made, and Greg was moved by the funeral home to Rowley, MA for viewing and a funeral Mass at St. Mary's church. Many people showed up for his funeral at which Greg was given full military honors and we all saluted our flag. The reception following the burial was at the Rowley County Club, and there was a wonderful sense of peace there and throughout the entire day.

At his death the VA also declared Greg to be one hundred percent disabled due to the nature of his death. Clearly, too little, too late, and only a token of the proper respect truly due to him.

Greg's life's journey had ended, and all of life's hardships and misfortunes were now a thing of the past. Given the prayers of so many I had no doubt that Greg had made the passage to eternal life, but the day would come when I would receive a clear and reassuring sign.

### **Contemplation**

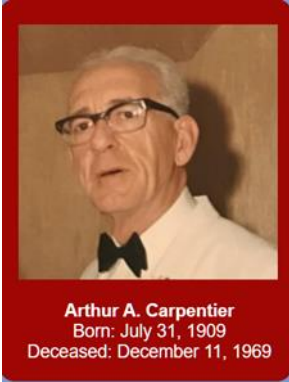


I do not know how many months after Greg's funeral and burial that this occurred, but in a very quick dream vision given to me by the Lord, I had the privilege of seeing my brother Greg in a state of contemplation. He was young (thirties), dressed in a grey robe (very much like monks would wear) and sitting solemnly and quietly on what appeared to be a large stone reflecting—it seems, on his spiritual state. In this picture, I found great hope and a sense of celebration. Not only was Greg on his way—he was almost there.

## The Fifth Testimonial

Arthur A. Carpentier

### Introduction



This is the miraculous story of a soul delivered from Purgatory after suffering there for many years following his earthly death. The existence of Purgatory refers to a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church which posits that those who die in a state of grace undergo a purification to achieve the holiness necessary to enter the fullness of heaven (the 'beatific vision') (CCC 1030).

This doctrine is linked to the universal tradition of 'Prayer for the Dead'.

St John of Damascus sums up the patristic consensus regarding this doctrine like this:

**"One who has departed unrepentant and with an evil life cannot be helped by anyone in any way. But the one who has departed even with the slightest virtue, but who had no time to increase this virtue because of indolence, indifference, procrastination, or timidity, the Lord Who is a righteous judge and master will not forget such a one."**

Obviously, as you read this testimonial you will understand how my own belief in the existence of Purgatory finds its ultimate validation in this experiential reality. No one can take from you what you have personally observed and experienced—especially when it is validated with a stunning exclamation mark!

While belief in Purgatory is not necessary for salvific faith—properly understood—it is to be seen as a further extension of God's mercy—offering salvation to unknow numbers of souls open to God's light—even those not fully evangelized.

This understanding should encourage us to fervently continue in prayer for those we have come to know and love.

Friends, I believe that the light souls carry with them at death may be increased by our prayers—and that such light may open the doorway of Life in God to them. So, let us persevere in prayer for them.

### My Stepfather Arthur A. Carpentier

#### His Death

Prior to my mother moving to Florida to be with my sister Pat, my mother lived in Southington, CT working for Pratt and Whitney aircraft. During this period, I was stationed at NAS Brunswick, ME as a Naval Aviator with Patrol Squadron 23.

In 1969 my stepfather was admitted to Waterbury Hospital in CT and was dying from lung and throat cancer (he had been a lifelong heavy drinker and smoker).

When I could, I made the four-hour trek from Brunswick, ME to Mom's mobile home in Southington, CT and then further journeyed to Waterbury Hospital to visit him. I can still vividly remember the last time I visited. When leaving, it appeared to me that he wanted to say something—but did not.

Needing rest and recuperation from a very active schedule, I elected not to make the long trek to Waterbury on the following weekend.

On Friday night of that weekend, during a squadron event at the Officer's Club, the Skipper of VP-23 (Thorny Smith) approached and informed me that the squadron Duty Officer had received a call from my mother and that my father had passed away. Overwhelmed, I fell backwards a bit against the wall behind me, overcome by a wave of emotion. This surprised me—and for the first time I became aware that I still had a measure of love for my stepfather in my heart—despite the violence and trauma of my early childhood. After all, he was the father figure in my life—and there were moments when the viper of alcohol and rage had not smitten him—albeit very few.

The next thing I distinctly remember is attending the wake and funeral for my stepfather where I was genuinely surprised at the small turn out of family and friends. Everything seemed cold and barren. I also remember looking at my stepfather's corpse during the wake—indifferent and without any discernable emotion. Such was my own spiritual formation that I never considered whether my stepfather was saved or damned. Nor did I consider it my obligation to pray for his soul. As a good Catholic (in truth—very nominal at best), I thought that the funeral Mass was sufficient and that I had—as they say, done my Christian duty.

After my coming to Christ in 1978 this hard-heartedness towards my stepfather began to soften and on at least three different occasions that I can remember how I attempted to work through reconciliation with him. I did this by prayerfully forgiving him and asking the Lord to forgive me for the bitterness I held in my heart against him.

**Yet, it never, never occurred to me that he would need my prayers. After all, he had died many, many years ago!**

### My Stepfather Arthur A. Carpentier

#### His Release from Purgatory

Time passes, it is the summer of 2005 and since 1989 I have resided in Rowley, MA. Eleven years have elapsed since the death of my mother and over thirty-six years have passed since the death of my stepfather. Yet, on this summer day I am about to be made aware of a profound and ominous spiritual truth:

**Purgatory does exist and souls can spend decades, perhaps even eons in its environs, and my stepfather had not yet escaped its grasp. He was still in that place of purgation!**

This is how it unfolds: I am in my upstairs bedroom preparing for church when I see in an open vision before me—just for a moment, a mass of bloody tissue suspended in the air before me at eye level:



And—

I hear my mother audibly and distinctly say: **"We want him where we are!"**

Following this plea, I understood immediately that Arthur, my stepfather, required further prayers to be released from his long period of purgatorial suffering.

There, his wife, his daughter Pat, and his son Greg were awaiting him.

The plea was clear, so that he could be **"where we are"**.

**Now I recognize that this will come as an implausible shock to many who read this!**

**First, that Purgatory exists— but even more incredibly, that God would permit a deceased mother to petition her living son for prayers of release for her husband—and that son's long deceased stepfather!**

**This is an amazing grace and a stupendous miracle, but an even greater one was awaiting in the wings.**

My reaction to this request was not one of skepticism, since from the time of my rebirth through the ministry of Billy Graham I had experienced many mystical events. It seemed to be part of my spiritual DNA and spiritual heritage, and I had begun to move in the revelatory and prophetic. So, my reaction to this call for prayer and intercession was immediate and I began to pray for my stepfather.

Several weeks had gone by following this event and it is Sunday morning and I am preparing along with my wife Suzanne and another couple, to make the trip to Framingham, MA to attend a service at a new Bridge Church plant. The founder of Streams Ministries (John Paul Jackson) would be preaching, and it promised to be a powerful time in the Holy Spirit.

So, I, Suzanne and our friends make the drive to Framingham, MA for this service with great expectancy. Once there, during the service there was a special time of powerful communal worship which drew the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit. In response, I knelt on the floor bowing down to worship the Lord with thanksgiving and praise with uplifted hands.

As I am bowing down worshipping in this manner, I again clearly hear my mother's voice as she joyfully declares: **"He is with us now!"**

This was then confirmed by my witnessing a brilliant flash of white light to my left emanating from a supernatural spirit.

**Utterly amazing!**

**In fact, it was Father's Day, June 19, 2005, the day of release on which my stepfather was entered into the fullness of Heaven.**

**Praise be to God!  
Our God is indeed an amazing and wondrous God!  
There is none like Him!  
Be Blessed and Believe!**

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**DAS ENDE**

## App. 1 (2020)

### RESUME

Peter F. Carpentier J.D., LL.M., M. Div.  
7 Jalbert Drive  
Nashua, NH, 03060

Date of Birth: 5/17/42

Married to Suzanne (1981)-Children-Cassandra –(5 children); David—(3 children )

### EDUCATION/FORMAL

1984-1987	WESTON SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY Cambridge, MA	Masters in Divinity
1974-1975	BOSTON UNIVERSITY Boston, MA	Masters in Taxation (LL.M.)
1970-1973	BOSTON UNIVERSITY Boston, MA Honors: Finalist-Homers Albers Moot Court Competition	Juris Doctor (J.D.)
1964-1965	UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT Storrs, CT	Bachelor in Arts (English)
1964	ST. BERNARD SEMINARY Rochester, NY	
1960-1963	ST. THOMAS SEMINARY Bloomfield, CT	Associate in Arts (A.A.)

### EDUCATION/TECHNICAL

1965 -1966 US NAVY FLIGHT SCHOOL, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA  
Eighteen Months of Aviation and Officer Candidate Training

### PRESENT AVOCATION

Board member of Alpha New England, Inc., a 501(c)(3) religious organization emphasizing the evangelization of people groups through utilization of the *Alpha Course* both in church and local settings (such as prisons).  
Director of North Shore Christian Ministries (NSCM) a ministry subset of Alpha New England.

Unbound: Healing, inner healing and deliverance ministry training.

Bible study instructor

Prison Ministries

Life In the Spirit Seminars

Alpha and Youth Alpha: 'Train the Trainer' courses

Worship Concerts

### EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE

2000-2008

Regional Counsel (Office of the General Counsel)

AETNA

Cambridge, MA

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1991-2000

Corporate Counsel

THE CHICKERING GROUP

Cambridge, MA

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1981-1991

Private Commercial Practice

Salem, MA

A private practice emphasizing commercial, corporate, insurance and real estate matters.

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1977-1991

General Counsel

CRESSEY DOCKHAM & CO, INC.

Andover, MA

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1974-1977

PRIVATE TAX PRACTICE

Marblehead, MA

This practice involved the representation of small corporations and tax planning to achieve desired tax results and also included estate planning for individuals and some tax litigation.

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1973-1974

Counsel/Regulations

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

Federal Aviation Administration

Washington, .D.C.

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1965-1970

UNITED STATE'S NAVY

Commissioned Officer-Naval Aviator

After flight training, I was assigned to Anti-Submarine Warfare duties and flew multi-engine aircraft in the European theatre with the 6<sup>th</sup> Fleet. I also served as a flight instructor and test pilot at the Naval Air Facility, Washington, D.C., during my last year of service and prior to my entry into law school.

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### OTHER:

1970-1989

UNITED STATE'S NAVAL RESERVES

VP-92 Naval Air Station, S. Weymouth, MA

Flew operational missions in the Reserves until retirement in 1989 as a Commander.

### BAR MEMBERSHIPS

Massachusetts

December 1973

Florida

June 1976 (now retired in FL)

### VOLUNTEER EXPERIENCE

St. Mary's Religious Education Confirmation Teacher: Three years

St. Mary's: Established and facilitated Saint John Paul II Men's Group

Civil Air Patrol (CAP)

St. Mary's Youth Alpha Confirmation Program: Five years

Town of Rowley Board of Assessors: Three years

### SPECIAL INTERESTS AND SKILLS

Commercial pilot, navigation, writing, video and video editing.

**App. 2.**

Following is the prayer written by my mom in her journal (probably sometime in 1993):

Father, Abba, you created a soul (mine);  
You enclosed it in a body, whole, clean, and pure;  
To be the temple of the Holy Spirit;  
And, gave all of us two coins to start out life.  
One was time, the other self-will;  
You gave us eyes to see the beauty of your Creation;  
Ears to hear the Word;  
A mouth to proclaim all that You have done;  
Hands to raise to You in praise;  
And, feet to lead us in good directions.  
But, I forgot You Oh Lord;  
And thought that I was the ruler of my life.  
I never asked You what I should do;  
And did what I thought best.  
But your words do not return to You empty.  
Every mistake I made was turned to good by You.  
How much better and easier,  
Life would have been for all of us;  
If I had the Grace to live:  
With You,  
For You,  
And in You,  
From the beginning.

I thank you for teaching me even now.  
Your Love is so great and powerful.  
I thank You for Your Mercy.

**App. 3**

President Nixon's exit plan with the North Vietnamese government worked out in January of 1973 neither ended the Viet Nam war (except for the United States) nor restored the peace. It is generally recognized that the Viet Nam war ended with the 'Fall of Saigon' on April 30, 1975.



