



The Littlest Angel of Mercy

(Father Daniel's Story)

By Father Daniel Papineau

To begin, my life has been somewhat interesting in the sense that throughout my life, I feel the Lord has been tapping me on the shoulder trying to get my attention. I grew up with an awareness of that tapping and I'd look back, but then I'd look forward again and move on. The Lord would seem to say, "That's okay, let's go on further." I had a normal childhood and went on to high school and did all that was expected of me.

I decided to join the service, so I joined the Army. I figured I'd do a tour in Vietnam, so I went over there for a year. When I came back, I said, "Well, Lord I should get my life in order now, I have to settle down a bit." So I got on my knees, and I asked for an occupation, a job. I was trained to be a specialist in heating, air conditioning and refrigeration in the service. I remember picking up the paper and seeing an opening at a corporation that was pretty popular in the Northeast, and I told my mother at the time, "You know, I've got a job." She said, "What do you mean, you got a job? You haven't even applied for it yet." And I said, "No, I mean this is the one the Lord wants me to have." So I called up and made an appointment, applied, and I was hired as a refrigeration technician for this particular

company. I would spend 15 years of my life there and would become a technician, then a foreman for the supervisor of a department of the corporation.

A Wonderful Life

Five years into my service with this company, I got on my knees again and I asked the Lord to bring somebody into my life if He desired that I get married. I said, "Lord, you can read hearts. I cannot read hearts. You know what's good for me and you know whom I would be good for." I met the most beautiful girl. She was brought into my life, and from the moment I laid eyes on her, I said, "This is too good to be true, this is too wonderful a gift." We fell in love and we got married.

She had a successful career also. She was a very talented lady, a very charming lady, and she was loved by all people. She had a wonderful personality, and I was always so proud just to be around her. We eventually had a couple of homes, one in the country with a few acres of land—a nice ranch. One day she said to me, "You know, Dan, God has been so good to us. Someday the Lord is going to ask something of us." And I said to her "Sylvia, I hope the Lord knows. It's only right that we give something back in return."

Shortly after that, I found myself reading the life of St. Theresa, the Little Flower. I remember I was downstairs in my rec room sitting by a fireplace reading, and I said, "Lord, I wish I could have a little girl, a little girl that would be like St. Theresa, a little girl that would love to serve souls as Theresa did, a little girl that would love to be with You." And soon after that, my wife was with child. She was so happy, she was making baby clothes and we had the room all prepared. She was the perfect mother-to-be, her health was fine, and she was going to all of her doctor check ups.

Six months into her pregnancy things were just fine, until one Saturday she said to me, "You know Dan, I think I'm going to receive the Sacrament of Reconciliation." I said, "That's wonderful." On Sunday morning, we went to Mass together. We came back and she said to me, "I want to go visit our godchild." ***She didn't know this at the time, but the Lord was preparing her to leave this world by helping her to receive the Sacrament of Reconciliation and giving her a chance to say good-bye to her godchild.*** Later she would come back to the house with a fever. It was a Sunday, so I called the doctor up and he said, "Dan, I want to see her. Bring her to the hospital."

An Unforeseen Cross

We went into the hospital together, and they put her in a wheelchair. She asked me to hold her purse, and that would be the last time I would see her conscious. She went into a room and the doctors were coming in from all over because this girl was dying and they could not stop it. They said to me, “Dan, this is an emergency—we have to do something drastic here. We’re going to remove the baby from the mother to try to save the baby and the mother.” In the midst of all of this, I was bewildered by what was going on, but I had this awesome peace in me and through me like somebody else was in control of this whole scenario which was unfolding. I said, “Doctor, do what you have to do.”

The baby was removed from the mother, a baby girl. My wife had named her before she died, “If we have a baby girl, I’d like to name her Katie Marie.” A priest was called, she was baptized and given her name. I did not see the baby in the hospital. Other family members did, but for some reason, the Lord prevented me from seeing the child.

The baby died a day later, and my wife died two days after that. We buried both of them. I went back to my house in the country. I drove up to the house and walked in and I said, “Lord, I wish I could have seen the little girl you blessed me with.” I said it earnestly, but I let it go at that. Well, that evening, I’d be in for the biggest surprise of my life.

The Littlest Angel

As I was sitting in my room, sitting back in a chair, my eyes—the best way I can explain it—my eyes closed to one reality and opened to another. That reality showed me a lot of darkness, and as I was pondering



what I was seeing, to my front and to the left, a beautiful little angel came walking into the room, about four and a half feet tall. The angel had a beautiful white gown on and was illuminated by this glorious light that filled the room. The light was with the angel and inside the angel—it was God’s glory. ***The angel came into the room and blessed the room, and God’s glory flickered through the room and was purifying the room—I came to realize this afterwards. The room was being purified and prepared. The angel did not even look at me.***

The angel proceeded to walk right by me and out the other side of the room. ***I stared at the angel as the angel moved to the right, then I looked to the left and a little girl came walking in from where the angel had entered. She was about the same height as the angel. She had that same glorious light within her. She had curly hair, a red pleated gown with a high cuff—a high collared gown with short ruffled sleeves. It was the most beautiful red I had ever seen. She had little diamond chips all over the gown, which were glittering. My wife often told me if she had a little girl, she would dress her in a red gown, which I thought was quite beautiful.*** The little girl had a star, and as she held it close to her chest it was like

a diamond glittering. She walked slowly in front of me, and she was looking at me kind of tentatively, and I was looking at her. I would have said to her, “Hello, who are you, how are you?” because I didn’t know who this was. But the One Who provided this moment knew how old she was. We were being introduced. All of a sudden the Holy Spirit spoke through me and I said words that didn’t come from me, but were spoken through me. I said, ***“Little girl, come and give your father a kiss.”***

When I said those words, she stopped like she wasn’t certain what to do. She turned around and looked back to where she came into the room, as if to get permission to see if she could touch me. I can only imagine that someone said, “Well, if you go, you can look, but don’t touch.” She was uncertain, nevertheless, and so she turned around. I couldn’t hear any words, but somebody must have said, “Go, but be quick.” ***She ran up to me, and she bent over and kissed me on my right cheek. When she kissed me, our eyes locked and her face just locked in my memory. I had goose bumps when she kissed me.***

Then, as I looked, all of a sudden I was not allowed to look into that realm anymore. I went from the eyes of the soul, I guess you could say, to my normal eyes, and I saw the regular room.

I stood up and I thanked the Lord with all my heart for what I had just received from Him. In the world’s eyes I had just lost everything; but in reality I had gained everything. I knew I had treasures in heaven, and those truths which I had accepted in faith now became concrete. I experienced the communion of saints. I experienced the angelic realm. I experienced a guardian