

Saint John Marie Vianney

1786 - 1859

HELL

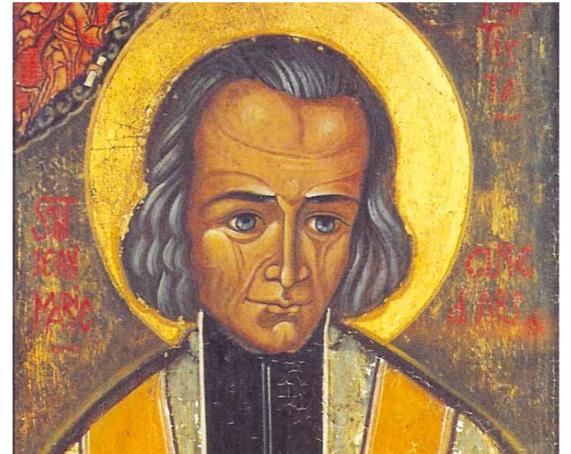
Saint John Marie Vianney (1786-1859), in battles against the devil, armed himself with an iron pitchfork that he placed alongside his bed. It was Catherine Lassagne, one of his closest assistants, to recount "Sometimes he would hear the curtains rip from his bed, believing to find them in pieces in the morning. He would hurry to get his pitchfork, thinking that it must have been the rats. The more that he convulsed and shook, the more the curtains tore. And the next day, instead, the curtains had no damage. Other times the demon knocked on the door to his chamber and he would call him Vianney. He said he had a harsh voice." "Other times, he said, Grappino (Grapnel or Anchor Hook – a heavy weight that causes things to sink to the bottom), knocked at my door tonight. I did not tell him to enter. He entered anyway. He came to beat the pot against the water basin that is on my fireplace. He banged it many times."

Another time, he said "It seemed as if a huge horse was in the apartment, right underneath my chamber, which would jump up to the ceiling and land back down on all four legs on the pavement." Other times he said that he heard in the courtyard as if an army of Austrians or of Cossacks that spoke confusingly in a language that he did not comprehend.

One day, he said to me "Do not put straw into my bed, because, if there is a lot of it, the devil will throw me to the ground." I understood that if his mattress was a bit more full, so that he was not sleeping on the tables, as was his custom, it would have been much easier to cause him to slide down.

Another time he said, "Grapnel came last night. He put under my head something like a cushion – quite soft and smooth. He forced out lamentable screams like from a sick person that was in agony."

One time, he was busy reading his breviary next to the fireplace. He heard a noise blow forcefully by his side, as if someone vomited stones or grains of corn. Well, thinking that it was the demon, he said "I am going to the House of Providence. I will say what you do to have you scorned. And immediately he ceased." As a matter of fact, he came right away to tell us about it. "Other times, it seemed that someone was coming up the stairs in front of his chamber with huge boots, and he saw no one. These nocturnal visits were very frequent. He noted that this happened mostly when some sinners wanted to convert and in fact they reached the city of Ars, near him, to put their conscience in order and



lead a better life, something that was not pleasing to the demon."

Saint John Marie Vianney was born the 8th of May 1786 in Dardilly, France, to a peasant family. In August of 1815, he was ordained a priest. He was sent to Ars, a village of less than three hundred inhabitants. He dedicated himself to evangelization, by way of the example of his goodness and charity. But he was always tormented by the thought that he was not worthy of his work. He would pass the days dedicating himself to celebrate the Mass and to hear confessions, without sparing himself. He died in 1859. Pope Pius XI proclaimed him a saint in 1925.

