

The Story Behind The Painting Of "Our Lady Queen of Peace" (Our Lady of Medjugorje)

Artist and Author of The Story:

Sister Ambrosine Comerford, ASC (Adorers of the Blood Christ)

I've always loved the Blessed Mother. I was named after Her, made my first Holy Communion on December 8, taught many students about her, staged several dramatic productions I've written, and the musical: "Fatima Calls"! I've taken many high school and college students to visit some of her famous shrines throughout the world.

When people started to question the sincerity of the young people in Medjugorje I stood by them. I know from experience you couldn't keep six young people (of all ages) sincere in their belief -- (seeing Mary) as many years, as they have, not changing their story, after persecution and electrical physical shock tests, etc. etc. -- even under the doubting Communists etc.

As a teacher of grade school, high school and college students. I know students would not stay together very long, professing a sincere belief in something, if it were not true. One or the other would phase out and the rest [would] follow. But no, the Medjugorje "young six" have persevered these ten years and now in their 20's etc., still live and profess what others would have given up long ago, if it weren't the truth. They and their families know disbelief, mistreatment, public accusations, and persecutions!

In the Spring of 1988, Doctors Amancio and Celeste planned a Silver Jubilee trip. Dr. Celeste wanted to go to Medjugorje, [but] Dr. Amancio did NOT, so when Wayne Wieble came to Wichita, [and] spoke at South High School, Dr. Celeste influenced her husband to go and hear his testimony, since he was converted from a Baptist while there. Being a journalist, he previously wrote all he could to deny "Mary"! Plans had been made to take Agnes, Dr. Celeste's sister, because she wasn't able to afford to go otherwise. While Wayne Wieble was speaking, Dr. Celeste heard a voice loud and clear say, "No, you are not to take Agnes, but you are to take Sister Ambrosine."

I had not seen Dr. Celeste (whose children I had taught) for over ten years. She called me, I was utterly surprised. She took me to hear Wayne the next day at Holy Family Center. I was later offered a free trip to Medjugorje with the doctors. I said, "No, I believe without going." She called my Superior. My Superior later called me and told me she could not give me an OK to go, because first it was in a Communist country; second she would need to get an OK from our Sister General in Rome, [and] then she would need an OK from her Council here in the Wichita Province. I said, "Good! wonderful! I did not and do not want to go. I believe without going." Then she smiled and added, "But, I've already contacted all of them, and they ALL agree -- YOU SHOULD GO!!"

The Second Story Behind The Painting Of "Our Lady Queen of Peace" (Our Lady of Medjugorje)

Written By: Sister Ambrosine Comerford, ASC

The first day in Medjugorje I attended an early morning Mass. I told our dear Lord and Mary, "I'm here, but why?" It wasn't long and the thought came to me--make a retreat out of this visit here. I informed my group of the decision and spent time at the Church watching and meeting people from all over the world, praying, hearing a talk in English every afternoon, and above all -- curiously watching small groups of 10 to 20 go into one of the sacristies, daily. When Mass was offered at the main altar in Church, a Sister would lock the door to this one sacristy. It was not too many days, when one afternoon

a group came out of this special sacristy; I suddenly just rose and slowly walked toward the door, thinking all were out. As I got to the door, a man and a lady were still in there. I went in. The room was small, a few chairs around the walls, an altar, a large crucifix behind it on the wall, and in one corner to the front left of the altar (to me) was one of the ugliest statues I've ever seen of Mary, so I thought. Having an artist's soul, the lines, the mass, the color lacked the beauty any art piece should convey to the beholder! But on second thought, I realized the peasant artisan, who made it, perhaps caught something Mary wanted to convey to the world -- "Let go of the externals, internal joy and peace is what truly counts," and these he (the peasant artisan) caught!

As I sat there, I began to let the Holy Spirit take over in me, as I went into contemplative prayer -- I just closed my eyes and asked the Holy Spirit to take me deep down into my inner self and there

in the presence of the Holy Trinity just "Be" asking the Holy Spirit to heal me of all that needed to be healed. About ten minutes later I started to slowly say the Our Father and when I came to the last phrase, I gradually opened my eyes on the words, "For Thine is The Kingdom, The Power and The Glory" -- and then I beheld to my utter amazement, NOT THE OLD UGLY STATUE, but a living and most beautiful young woman about twenty years old -- in the place of the old statue -- I could hardly believe it as I tried not to close my eyes or even bat my eyelids so I wouldn't miss anything. She was far more beautiful than any young woman I had ever seen --(and being in theater and having studied in New York City, traveled to Paris, London, Rome, Madrid, etc.) I've seen some of the worlds' so called most beautiful women -- but they were nothing in comparison!! Her eyes spoke, she didn't need words, her look encompassed the whole world; it seemed as if she looked far beyond me, beyond Medjugorje, etc.



Her skin was young, most beautiful and flushed and radiant with rosy-like healthy color. Her one hand extended out, as if to say, "Come, be not afraid, I bring what you all want, PEACE," but she didn't move forward, [but] just indicated, as she seemed to lean forward, that she would come, if invited. As I sat there she said so much in perfect stillness -- enough that has changed my whole life. Her lips were pursed as if she wanted to speak, waiting for someone else to finish speaking. I didn't pay much attention to her clothes. I focused only on her face. It seemed she had dark hair and light colored clothes.

During all this time, which seemed perhaps longer than it was, I did not bat my eyelids for fear I'd lose her, but finally I had to. As I closed them, they hurt a little and seemed dry, so I went back into contemplative prayer and as I came out of it again with the Our Father, I opened my eyes hoping once more to see her, but there was the old statue! It seemed, "You came, you saw, go now!" After I visited Medjugorje I felt the urge to paint Mary. I had never painted a portrait -- (the hardest form of art to do), never had art lessons, and had only painted in my retirement. One day I felt the urge so strongly, I sketched Mary as best as I could, remembering her eyes, and from the sketch I painted my first real portrait, never repeating a stroke. It just flowed, as it were, from every stroke I made. She was even more beautiful to me, I could not only see, but I KNEW WHO PAINTED THE PICTURE -- through me!! Today, since February, 1991, this picture is in nearly every State of the Union (in someone's home or billfold), Canada, and a few foreign countries, including Yugoslavia.

Sister Ambrosine Comerford, ASC passed to her eternal reward on Ash Wednesday, February 9, 2005. Sister humbly requested prayers after her death. "...perhaps you through Mary...will remember me in prayer...and...when I'm in Heaven, I'll intercede for all who especially...remembered me through my Mary!" Sister assured us that she would pray for all who possess her replica of Mary, that they come to know, love, and serve Her Divine Son through PEACE!!!