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ONE LAST EFFORT

I was glad to have the extensive property of Mount St. Michael's with its chapels and other private places where I could sort out my thoughts and shed tears unobserved. Something was definitely dying in me, and I was unsettled by my inability to see the road ahead of me.

The thing I feared most was my own weakness concerning my faith. All the bizarre things I had done and believed during the Schuckardt regime had taught me how easy it is to be misinformed and influenced by a charismatic leader. Though I had not yet put it into clear thoughts and words, I was beginning to understand that I had indeed been a member of a cult, that these cultish tendencies still lingered in the world around me, and that the elimination of them was not possible insofar as we remained who we were—an autonomous and isolated organization, dependent upon a bishop who himself could claim no legitimate authority. Yet I had dedicated my life to the service of a crucified God; my very name, *Redempta*, was a constant reminder of that. I was tormented by the thought that I might subconsciously be trying to wiggle out of my commitment to unite myself with the suffering Christ.

"Now, what am I supposed to do?" I wondered to myself, asking God at the same time. It was almost summer time and, despite my battle fatigue, I reverted back to the only coping strategy that I could think of: getting away. I asked once more to be transferred to another parish school or to be able to go to college. Both requests were denied. I was back to asking, "Lord, what is your will for me?"

As I prayed for guidance and pondered the enigma of my life's path, I sensed a door closing and a window opening. I understood it

would be the convent door closing if things couldn't be resolved in a manner that would allow me to live with my conscience. But what I couldn't fathom was the window leading to life beyond the cloister. Where was I going? What would I do? Rather than allowing this terrifying unknown to paralyze me, I forced myself to assess my situation from every angle.

My spiritual life was critically important to me and I cherished the constant opportunities to draw closer to God that convent life provided. At the same time, I realized that remaining in the community would require my commitment to a system that was essentially dysfunctional, uncharitable, and one that no longer resonated with my soul. It seemed clear that this convent was preventing me from fully participating in the larger Catholic family of which I was becoming more and more aware. I wanted to know this family better.

I had been fortunate to have the advice and counsel of my friend, Father McGoey. And I remembered that he had spoken strongly against our community's isolation, calling it a type of "spiritual incest." He had given me the assurance I had needed to seek help outside our walls.

Finally, I allowed myself to admit the obvious: Fr. McGoey had been right. Both our priests and superiors had all been influenced by Schuckardt and seemed comfortable in their sequestered, even helpless, existence.

"There is no way out of this, no recourse," I thought. "The people in charge are not interested in resolving the important issues facing our community."

It seemed to me that God was pulling me out of my current life pattern. I found that I could no longer concentrate long enough to say the rosary without being overcome with feelings of terror or despair. Repeating the name of Jesus gave me the strength and comfort I needed to keep going.

As I continued attending community gatherings and performing my daily work, I meditated on the Gospels and, in those meditations, I found peace and the confidence that the Holy Spirit would guide me and help me to accept whatever lay in store for me.

By coincidence, this was the time when the Holy See finally released the third secret of Fatima to a waiting and curious world. And it was the time I chose to pull out all of the stops and bare all of my concerns to my superiors. Previously I had been careful out of

fear that my activism might alienate me from the community; I now realized that I already was alienated. This realization gave me the courage to speak out more forcefully, according to my conscience. I had finally determined that I would hold nothing back, despite the risks.

The time had come to lay it all on the line: my career, my spiritual family, and the home I had known for twenty-four years, supposedly, the only true community founded to promote the message of Fatima.

I asked the assistant superior, Sister La Salette, to join me in Reverend Mother Ludmilla's office. I needed a witness. I wasn't going to go in there alone and risk having my concerns later misrepresented if I ended up having to leave. Sister La Salette was a good listener and would perhaps understand what I planned to say.

I began by admitting my own confusion about the direction of our convent and my feeling that our sense of community had disappeared. I told her what she must have already known, that there was much dissatisfaction all around me and that the sisters often discussed their concerns behind closed doors. I pointed out that some of our sisters were doing work with outside priests that seemed to conflict with our beliefs. I asked her to schedule regular convent meetings to give the sisters an opportunity to have their concerns addressed.

Reverend Mother agreed with me that we had a morale problem. She confessed that she was not pleased with everything that was going on but repeated her mantra that there was nothing she could do about it.

My last conversation with Reverend Mother Ludmilla and my superior, Sister La Salette, took place on July 25, 2000.

In response to my challenge that they clarify the Order's identity and the source of our authority, specifically, who if anyone was really calling the shots, Reverend Mother responded, "I can't help you."

As I repeated my questions in a state of complete incredulity at her failure to react, she picked up her water bottle and stared at me while she sipped.

"We all dress like nuns. I am referred to as one of your subjects, and everyone calls you superior, the Reverend Mother. And yet you claim you have no power? Is this some kind of game we're playing?"

Sister La Salette looked at Ludmilla and said, "She does have a point there, Reverend Mother."

Ludmilla repeated, "There is nothing I can do; my hands are tied." Then she shocked me with what she said next, "If it's depression you are battling, there is medication that can help, and there's nothing shameful about appropriate medicine."

I told her in a strong tone of voice, "I'm not depressed. I'm disappointed no one around here in authority feels like they can address concerns that we're all talking about behind closed doors."

When she remained silent, still sipping her water, I threw up my hands. "I need a time out here," I said as I left the office.

I took refuge in the chapel and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament.

"I think you are telling me that a door is closing," I said to Jesus. "I have no clue what to do, and I'm putting all my trust in you."

There was still one avenue I hadn't yet exhausted, and that was Bishop Pivarunas. Sister Mary Francesca, who had become a trustworthy confidant with questions of her own, agreed to accompany me on a visit to the bishop when he came for a scheduled religious event.

We wanted so badly to hear the bishop explain Reverend Mother's lack of authority and why Sister Claudia and Father Louis were never to be questioned. I was astounded when the bishop said essentially the same thing, that his hands were tied.

Who could possibly be tying the bishop's hands, I wondered. He was supposed to be the highest authority in our community.

The bishop said he would completely understand if I left the convent. That was not what I expected or wished to hear. I wanted to stay where I was. I had hoped he would resolve my questions and assure me that everything would be fine.

Feeling sorry for me, perhaps, he suggested that I could go to Omaha, where he was based. I knew that this offer had been made to other sisters who had "hit the wall" and had planned to leave. I thanked him but did not commit. Neither Omaha nor any other convent seemed a viable option for me just yet.

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DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

The next day I had to run an errand. On my way home, as I turned into the Mount property, I looked in the rearview mirror of my vehicle and caught sight of one of the parish leaders waving at me from her car. I waved back and was startled to see my smiling face reflected in the mirror.

“Look at that smile,” I thought; “it doesn’t reflect what’s going on in my heart.”

As I drove, it occurred to me that it was St. Anne’s feast day. I suddenly knew that it was time for me to take back my name, Ann; it seemed that my patron saint was encouraging me.

I am Sherri Ann! I have to do this, I thought. I can’t be waving to people when I am feeling something totally different from what they see. The place no longer makes any sense to me. I have to be honest with myself and everyone else.

Suddenly, I felt a burden lift from my shoulders. Through my tears I asked Jesus to help me find my way.

I didn’t say anything to anyone right away. I was building up emotional strength to talk about it. Waves of sadness and tears would sweep over me at the very thought of losing everything and everyone. Part of me wanted to stay. I made two columns on a piece of paper, LEAVE and STAY, and began listing the pros and cons under each heading. Listing my reasons was agonizing. In the end, the sum of my beliefs and values seemed to be pointing to the exit sign.

Besides, my issues were now larger than the troubles at Mount St. Michael’s. After twenty-four years of indoctrination by the Fatima Crusade, Schuckardt, his followers, the revisions of the community now known as CMRI, and the indecipherable controversies regarding

authority, I was finally able to see above and beyond the convent confines. My confidence in Holy Mother Church had somehow freed me to consider and eventually accept that I was not in an environment that a mother would want for her child. I felt certain that my "Mother" would guide me and give me strength as I struggled to find my way through this tangle of questions and abandoned certainties.

My spiritual focus was now on the global Catholic Church (although in what form, I wasn't yet sure), the relationships within it, and my spiritual home in this world. I no longer accepted the answers our priests had given us. And it was clear that they were incapable of resolving the larger issues of faith and how to live.

My mind raced as I walked down the long hallway back to my cell.

"Dear God, what are my options? How do I get out of here?" I prayed. I knew I could not return to live with my parents, as much as I loved them. I needed to be away from Spokane, but where? And how would I get there?

Suddenly, I remembered an unused airline ticket I had stashed away; it was good for anywhere in the U.S. But where should I go? I wondered if I could stay with a nun who had left the convent ten years ago and had moved to Denver. I remembered that the leaders of a workshop I had attended were from Denver and wondered if they might give me leads about where I could work. I got on the Internet in my office and started researching groups in Denver who helped displaced women. I made a list of phone numbers of people I could call when I got to town.

Then one night I packed all of my worldly possessions—a few clothes, some books, underwear, shampoo and toiletries—in the tattered suitcase that resembled how I felt: worn out and battered. I had wanted to keep my convent winter coat and boots but was told in a sweet note from Sister La Salette that they belonged to the community; she hoped I understood why she could not give them to me.

I would be leaving without any money. I had asked Bishop Pivarunas for some cash but he declined, although he blessed my decision to leave. He explained that none of the priests would agree to finance someone like me, as it was unlikely that I would return.

I heard a knock on my cell door. It was Sister Francesca with a cup of hot tea.

“Are you going to say anything to anyone tomorrow?” she asked. A lump suddenly rose in my throat. “I don’t have the strength; it’s too painful.”

That was all I could mumble and still hold back the tears. I took the tea from her and quickly closed the door as I began to cry.

The next day, the exhaustion from my prolonged and futile fight for unity began to sink in, and I was ready to release the efforts it had taken me to stay. Now, all of my energy would be focused on the mental leap from the only life I had known as an adult into an unknown future.

I gathered up my belongings and the miracle airline ticket and quietly disappeared from those cloister halls forever, letting the convent doors swing to a close behind me.

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NEW BEGINNINGS

With the permission of the assistant superior, Sister Francesca drove me to the airport. I felt as if I would be jumping off a cliff rather than just boarding a plane. Spiritually, I was taking a major leap of faith. Although I dreaded the final wave to Sister when she would drop me off, the ride didn't seem to be going fast enough. I was eager to begin a new life free of confusion and constant exposure to the suffering that people were going through in that place that I was helpless to do anything about.

During the flight, I was glad to have a seat by the window. I stared out at the clouds while I let my mind wander back and forth between the life I had just left and the life I was flying towards in Denver.

It had been nearly twenty-five years since my parents were forced to send me away. I couldn't help but think of the girl who had sat on the airplane in 1976, on her way to the boarding school. I was a resolute fourteen-year-old that day, determined to do God's will, but I was also depressed and so brainwashed. Now here I was again, leaving behind the family and home I so dearly loved. And just like the day I had left California, the thought of the people I was leaving behind on this day caused tears to flow down my face.

But this flight was so very different. I couldn't have explained to anyone the complete serenity I felt. This time my departure was not the result of someone else's pressure. This flight was fully my choice. I was now a matured woman with the realization that it had been a mistaken decision so many years ago, one that had radically changed my life. I sat there feeling fully loved and embraced by Christ whom I had loyally served. In that total peace, I felt the fruits of my prayers

through those years of service, that "all things" would work unto good in my life.

I understood that the trials and challenges in the convent were some of the "things" that had served to carve me into the person I was that day, strong enough to direct my life according to my values and judgment. I had no idea of how psychologically straining the transition into my new life would turn out to be, no inkling of how overwhelming my grieving process would turn out to be, but at that moment I felt strong and confident that there could be nothing in the future more difficult than what I had just survived.

Through my life in CMRI I'd grown to love the Church, and trust in her as a mother. Now that my "trial by fire" was over, she was finally guiding me back home. I knew it was time to shelve the dogmas I had absorbed to the core of my being for more than two decades. I had to be willing to suspend my belief that the Pope was not the pope and that everyone outside CMRI was playing into the hands of the devil. I knew I needed God in my life more than ever and that the only way to make more room for Him was to let go and move on. Though the convent was the ideal place to pray, for me it had become impossible to continue my spiritual journey inside its walls. How ironic, I thought, to have to leave a religious community in order to seek spiritual peace.

I later heard that, when my brother Patrick noticed I was gone and asked Reverend Mother Ludmilla where I was, she told him, "Oh, I don't know, she didn't say. I think she had a personality conflict with someone."

This, she said, despite my years of communication about the issues that concerned me, and this, despite the fact that I had left a note on her door with my destination and contact information. Years later I learned from ex-nuns, who left the convent after I did, that within the cloister Ludmilla also made disparaging remarks about me to the sisters and about why I left. I told myself upon hearing what was said about me, that at least I had tried, like so many other sisters, to respect my superiors and communicate clearly to the end.

I entered the world outside the convent firmly trusting that God would help me start over, and He did just that. As I moved into my new life, I thought that the pain of loss I was experiencing must be what an unwanted divorce felt like. I hadn't wanted to leave and I

loved my sisters and my work. But here I was, on my own, with no money, hardly any clothes and no means of support. I knew I would have to move fast.

I stayed with my friend and her husband for ten days while I set up leads and went to appointments. I soon found a basement apartment with reduced rent in exchange for housework. The owner was friendly and supportive, offering me clothes and inviting me to share dinner with her and her sons. I secured the first paying job I had had since I was nineteen.

There were plenty of things I had to learn, things most people take for granted, like how to order a pizza or what PC meant. I eventually bought my first car, Hope, and then concentrated on completing the degree I had begun in the convent. To help distract myself from the pain of loss I constantly felt, between my two jobs and college classes I managed to squeeze in dance lessons and playing softball on a co-ed team every Sunday.

But God's presence in my life was tangible during those first few years. I felt His consoling shelter and His loving direction in innumerable ways—in the kindnesses of the people I met and in the opportunities that blossomed at every turn. Slowly but surely, I began finding my niche in a world from which I had been secluded for so long.

The year after I moved away, my mother was diagnosed with cancer at age sixty-eight. She tried to make sense out of her death sentence saying, "Some trains are long and some are short."

When I visited her at Christmas, she was weak in bed. We had a heart to heart talk about why I had left the Congregation of Mary Immaculate Queen and why I was living in Denver instead of back in Spokane near my family. She sat up in her hospital bed, opened her arms wide, and beckoned me to her bosom.

"Sherri, I support you," she whispered through her tears, "I am proud of you. You have been very brave. Now it's time for you to take care of yourself."

Through my tears, I thanked her for her understanding and support.

Then she said, "Your courage gives me strength to carry my cross. God let that happen to you and He is letting me die of cancer. You'll be okay. And I'll be okay, too, because we are both in His hands."

Before I returned to Denver she told me she loved me and that I was a good daughter. She slipped a rosary into my hand adding, "Take this, and remember that God is your only judge."

I returned to Mount St. Michael's soon thereafter for my mother's funeral. I saw only wonderful people there, all trying hard and doing their best, like I had for more than two decades. I prayed for their peace of mind and heart.

EPILOGUE

In 2003, I completed a bachelor's degree in communications, and by 2006 I had completed a Masters in Education. I wished my mother had lived long enough to see the special blessings that came to me during my college years. I was inducted into two honor societies, Kappa Gamma Pi, the National Catholic College Graduate Society, and the Jesuits' Alpha Sigma Nu. The third honor was the nomination by some of my professors to deliver the commencement speech at Regis as I graduated with B.A. in Communications. My mother would not have missed the irony of this honor in light of the fact that I had just spent two decades "in silence" behind cloister walls.

In 2001, ten months after I had left CMRI, Sister Claudia and Father Louis left Mount St. Michael and got married a few weeks later. It didn't surprise anybody.

In 2006, Francis K. Schuckardt died of throat cancer; his followers are presumably still out there somewhere, some of them reportedly in the Seattle area.⁶⁶

In 2007, Reverend Mother Ludmilla and fifteen other sisters left the Mount and submitted to the legitimate authority of the true Catholic Church.⁶⁷

In 2011, my father died from complications of diabetes. Like my mother, he died surrounded by many family members praying the rosary he loved so much.

Ironically, shortly after moving to Seattle, I found myself once again in the neighborhood of Schuckardt's followers. On behalf of a dear friend whose mother is still part of the group and refusing to

have anything to do with her family, I agreed to pay them a visit. I didn't succeed in persuading the woman to reconnect with her family or leave the group but I got extreme satisfaction from speaking my mind to the superior who ushered me to the door with the admonition to return to the true Church.

Even more ironically, shortly after moving to Seattle, the place where Schuckardt was born and had begun his bizarre movement, I eventually found my way back to the Catholic Church. How that happened, along with the story of the pain of loss and culture shock I experienced after leaving the convent, is something to read about in my next book, already in progress.

The Congregation of Mary Immaculate Queen currently operates more than fifty Mass Centers in the United States and elsewhere. They also continue to run schools and send out their own publications. They operate the Mater Dei Seminary in Omaha, Nebraska, while the Sisters' main headquarters is still located in Spokane, Washington, at Mount St. Michael.

When I reflect back on my journey through CMRI, I have learned that no matter how grim a situation may be, there is always good to be found in it. The good things I now have from those years are my "pearls of great price!" (Matt. 13:46) Those decades of confusion, abuse, loss, and witnessing failures of management, accountability, and governance made me ask questions, reevaluate my values, and go looking for other perspectives. I learned who I was and who I was not, what I could live with and what I could not. Most importantly, despite the cultic aspects and the fact that I was led to embrace an unauthentic expression of the Catholic Faith and religious life, I learned the core of Christian teaching and did what I thought would help people, which included suffering for others. I wouldn't be the person I am today if I had never gone through my CMRI journey of service. It expanded my capacity for compassion. There were a lot of stresses in that life, but the injustices towards others and the illogic of no way to make things better became the biggest things that woke me up to its falseness. The most promising lives were destroyed through an institution that was meant to represent God's love.

The church's teaching about taking care of the vulnerable is now in my very bones. When I think back, even though I didn't recognize it at the time, this value was what my conscience was constantly

being nagged about the whole time I was there. I had had it instilled into me not only through the church but also from my parents and grandparents. One could say it was in my DNA to find my way out of the cult and to a new beginning. I am, in fact, still serving and nurturing all these years later, as a second grade teacher.



This is Imperial Beach, California, my home away from home until a month before my 15th birthday.



This picture was taken in 1975 just after I had spent a week at Schuckardt's summer youth camp. The experience was more like a retreat of indoctrination. It was where I had seen several teenage girls with shaved heads. I couldn't get over seeing such a horrifying punishment. My facial expression shows how dazed I still was about it.



This picture of me and my dad and grandparents was taken at the airport in 1979 in Spokane, Washington. My grandparents were leaving to return to their home in Chicago. They had flown into Spokane to attend my high school graduation. I was very sad to see them go.

Dec 21, 1976 - 1st day of winter
 O Holy Ghost, counsel & fortitude
 (Lord that I may see)

we live in evil times - today remnant church reduced to a handful - now in churches - offered blasphemy. devil will take form of various traps to trap even the faithful. Great need for prayer **TOTAL CONSECRATION!!!** Demons of Satan are many devils & subtle. Satan says "If God will ever deceive ~~the~~ even the elect. Consecration - must live. complaining, murmuring worse than murder. Takes one moment in which we don't continue to live consecrated & faithful, that honest sin we might be lost never, must remain stable & committed to the cause of JC. Lukewarm He will vomit. Zealous living of F. (can't afford to be a Pope. Thank all for young men who are willing to give themselves to L. Pray for more devotees (harvest). But has realized there are SO many out there in darkness who are waiting for truth. Pray for (look & pray sacrifice - home youth work give their lives, also cry of example of parents. Takes generosity & sacrifice to give up life. Youth would be the way of had good example of parent. Pray the parents that their example of sacrifice, self-denial will be done to children. Pray that youth will give up life to JC.

51.
 Bishop's words should be taken to heart. As there is my home contrary spirit to which Bishop spoke of. Holy slavery
 That one moment that you rebel, complain we may lose the grace & a Holy Call & Faith.
 At our age we have legions of devils rebelling us (trying to)
 Devils struggle day & night to withdraw from youth to follow their religious vocation. Any he knows that would lead others souls to truth.
 The religious vocation means the loss to him the loss of countless souls (Satan thinks that)

Dec. 21, 1976. I wrote these notes during my sophomore religion class as we listened to a tape of a lecture given by Schuckardt. The message is typical of what we heard so often, "We live in the evil times - today the remnant church is reduced to a handful- and now in churches is offered blasphemy - devil will take forms of various traps to trap even the faithful ... Satan will deceive the elect ... complaining and murmuring worse than murder ..."

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May 3, 1977

St. Mary
Tape fr Bishop on
St Louis Marie de Mont

FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS +
IN UNION WITH THE CH MARY!!

Many people - high school girls too - are on their way to hell. Bishop's greatest pain - the pain & knowing so many of our young people are on the path to hell. Why bother to teach & preach (doctrine of Jesus Christ) if by the way they live they drive these people's hearts & G. M. Sometimes Bishop wonders why our Community still exists - why high school isn't closed down. All these asking (of G. M.) - we live & doctrine. No greater sorrow for pastor & souls is knowing & young are preserving swords so willingly. How long will God allow Himself to be mocked. How can we be leaders for within? We are mocking everything & this community stands for. Bishop sincerely prays no high school students will cease to mock G. M. We are in a very very tragic condition as community. He hopes & pray & willingness is rooted out. Quit being hypocrite

Write why is our
I assure u this comm is in a very very tragic condition

May 3, 1977. I wrote these notes near the end of my sophomore year in religion class while we listened to a tape of a recent lecture given by Schuckardt. The message is typical of how Schuckardt spoke to the young people, "Many people-high school girls too - are on their way to hell ... my greatest pain is knowing that so many of our young people are on their way to hell ... how long will God allow Himself to be mocked ..."

003/10/10

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novitiate
P.O. Box 1507
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814

Christmas Season

Dear Mom and Dad,

Praised be Jesus and Mary!

Blessed Christmas! Once again we were privileged to have the beautiful traditional midnight Mass and ceremonies. It is such an amazing grace that, as the world grows more corrupt and the days become more evil, we are still allowed to have the wonderful treasures of the true Mass and sacraments still available. Our joy during this season (and all the year) should know no bounds. For our Infant Savior has indeed redeemed us, but He also daily gives us the means whereby we may co-operate with His designs. He gives us the strength and grace to work out our salvation. He has singled us out - among millions - and made us members of His One True Church in these days of universal apostasy. How can we ever thank Jesus + Mary enough?

I am sure this year of 1984 holds many crosses + blessings for each of the remnant faithful. Let us beg Blessed Mother continually for the courage + fortitude to remain just that - a faithful member of Her Son's Church - to be loyal always to Our Bishop + Priests; wise and prudent as the Three Holy Kings in the following of the star, so as never to be deceived.

Blessed Christmas and have a grace-filled New Year!

Love and Prayers in the Hearts of
Jesus and Mary.

Sister Mary Redempta C.M.I. P.S. →

I wrote this letter to my parents when I was a white-veiled novice in 1984. The text clearly shows how much I revered Schuckardt and believed in his distorted views of the world and the church.

July 8, 1985 Fr. Mary Benedict MSJ 10am
 Lectures until 3 p.m. - General Introduction
 Arch. Lefebvre - Lef. Movement: Must be able
 to say v. theological stand is. Independent
 Pres. mainly - talk. Biggest difference betw
 Lef. - us, P.C. - at Paul VI + since 9
 Popes - looks upon - structure v. V.I. by
 9 Cath Church. Very basic difference. Imp
 C.J. - why GP II - of. True Pope, "of
 consider Lef. heretic by L. - calls GP II -
 Pope. Heresy, denial v. dogma.
 Lef. call. GP II Pope heretic v. denial v.
 Papal Inf. GP II is emerged a vague synthesis.
 Basic idea v. thesis - antithesis - synthesis
 in V.II. Must V.II pres. promote Marxism.
 Modernism teaches of by P. himself - constantly
 re-define himself, v. the believes, V.II says by L.
 re-define himself, v. the believes, V.II says by L.
 Lef. - of L. GP II v. antithesis v. true Cath -
 Been produced. Completely new religion -
 In the 19th century there emerged "high
 Church party, low Church party, v. a broad
 Church party. High Anglican service
 looks - Catholic, low Church completely
 liberal - episcopalian v. compl denied dogmas.
 Most fit into the broad Church party.
 This, v. L. v. V.II Church - no one wants
 too far v. left - who could care less.
 This is a contradiction v. L. marks v. Cath Ch.
 Lef. said "there are two Churches - liberal
 v. traditional, form one - Catholic."
 results (see spec) different parties in
 the Church - NO UNITY. One pope said
 P. disharmony is - or v. erroneous f.
 Back v. idea v. GP II - St Robert Bellarmine
 v. many works. v. v. v. "De
 Romano Pontifice" disarming I. possible
 C. paper v. L. Main stream v.
 Lef. quote L. Bell saying v. v.).

Opposite page: July 1985. I wrote these notes during a lecture by one of our CMRI priests. Schuckardt had already fled from our group but we still adhered to his theology. This excerpt represents the volumes of notes I'd written over all the years I was in the group. We had constant lectures pertaining to flaws with other traditional Catholic groups. This lecture is a discussion of the differences between CMRI theology and Archbishop Lefebvre, why Lefebvre's position leads to denial of papal infallibility, why Vatican II is a blasphemous event, and why John Paul II is the antithesis of true Catholicism.

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¹³ Ibid., 13.

¹⁴ Ibid., 12.

¹⁵ Stands for “Tridentine Latin Rite Church.” Other names of the same organization include “Oblates of Mary Immaculate Queen of the Universe” and “Congregation of Mary Immaculate Queen” or CMRI. This last is the name still used by those who broke from Schuckardt and who reside at Mt. St. Michaels in Spokane, WA.

¹⁶ Bob Cubbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church, (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 8.

¹⁷ Ibid., 29.

¹⁸ Ibid., 13.

¹⁹ Ibid., 12.

²⁰ Ibid., 32.

²¹ Ibid., 25.

²² Theotokos.org, Words Spoken at Fatima,
<http://www.theotokos.org.uk/pages/approved/words/wordfati.html>, (Accessed April, 2012).

²³ Bob Cubbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 8.

²⁴ Ibid.

²⁵ Ibid.

²⁶ Ibid.

²⁷ Ibid., 16.

²⁸ Ibid.

²⁹ Ibid.

- ³⁰ Mount St. Michael, History of Mount St. Michael, <http://www.stmichaels.org/history.shtml> (Accessed April, 2012).
- ³¹ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 17.
- ³² Mount St. Michael, History of Mount St. Michael, <http://www.stmichaels.org/history.shtml> (Accessed April, 2012).
- ³³ Tridentine Latin Rite Church, *De Maria Nunquam Satis*, 9
- ³⁴ CatholicHerald.co.uk, Death of Archbishop Goodier, <http://archive.catholicherald.co.uk/article/17th-march-1939/1/death-of-archbishop-goodier>, (Accessed April, 2012).
- ³⁵ EWTN, The Death of Pope John Paul I, <http://www.ewtn.com/library/CHISTORY/DEATHJP1.HTM> (Accessed April, 2012).
- ³⁶ Fr. Denis Chicoine, "Letter to the Laity," June 21, 1984.
- ³⁷ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 14.
- ³⁸ Francis K. Schuckardt, sermon preached for Graduation Ceremonies, Mt. St. Michael, June 22, 1979.
- ³⁹ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 24.
- ⁴⁰ Ibid., 38.
- ⁴¹ Ibid., 37.
- ⁴² Ibid.
- ⁴³ Ibid., 38.
- ⁴⁴ Ibid., 23.
- ⁴⁵ Benedict Hughes, address to the religious of CMRI, 1983.
- ⁴⁶ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 39.
- ⁴⁷ Leagle, O'Neil v. Schuckardt: 733 P.2d 693, http://174.123.24.242/leagle/xmlResult.aspx?xmldoc=19861426733P2d693_11426.xml&docbase=CSLWAR2-1986-2006 (Accessed April, 2012).

⁴⁸ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 39.

⁴⁹ Ibid., 35.

⁵⁰ Absolute Astronomy, Francis Schuckardt,
http://www.absoluteastronomy.com/topics/Francis_Schuckardt
(Accessed April, 2012).

⁵¹ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 35.

⁵² Ibid.

⁵³ Officially expelled from the Catholic Church. Of course, because Schuckardt had no legitimate authority, his excommunications were meaningless.

⁵⁴ Ibid.

⁵⁵ Bob Cabbage, Tridentine Latin Rite Church (Spokane, WA: Inland Register, 1986), 35.

⁵⁶ Ibid., 36.

⁵⁷ Ibid.

⁵⁸ Ibid., 38.

⁵⁹ SSPX.org., 1974 Declaration, <http://www.sspx.org/> (Accessed April, 2012).

⁶⁰ Jeff Sparks, "More Trouble on the Mount," *Spokesman-Review Spokane Chronicle*, Jan. 11, 1987, pg. 1.

⁶¹ Wikipedia, "Robert McKenna,"
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_McKenna (Accessed May, 2014).

⁶² "The seat is vacant," or the Latin term for the theological position of being without a legitimate Pope

⁶³ Wikipedia, "Francis Schuckardt,"
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Francis_Schuckardt (Accessed May, 2014).

⁶⁴ Ibid.

- ⁶⁵ Wikipedia, "Milgram Experiment," http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Milgram_experiment (Accessed April, 2012).
- ⁶⁶ *"Cult" leader Francis Schuckardt dead, leaves legacy of infamy* <http://www.cultnews.com/2006/12/cult-leader-francis-schuckardt-dead-leaves-legacy-of-infamy/> (Accessed May 26, 2014).
- ⁶⁷ Jim Graves, National Catholic Register: Sedevacantist Sisters Reunite with Church, <http://www.ncregister.com/daily-news/is-the-pope-catholic/> (Accessed April, 2012).

Spiritual Blackmail is a timely story in the wake of the 50th anniversary of Vatican II and the recent dual canonization of Pope John XXIII and Pope John Paul II. While the changes brought about by Vatican II were welcomed by many Catholics, they caused a great deal of consternation for others, including Sherri's parents. Their well-meaning choice to escape from what they believed was the "corruption" of their beloved Church and to join a renegade traditionalist group and its charismatic, abusive leader had significant, long-term effects on Sherri-- effects that she continues to deal with as a Catholic in the 21st Century.

Spiritual Blackmail testifies to the triumph of the human spirit in the face of spiritual turmoil, but also to the powerful truth that it is possible to find the good and a reason for gratitude even amid seeming abandonment and betrayal by those most trusted.

Visit Sherri's site.
www.lifelonghabitsllc.com

