

Overcoming “blocks” in our relationship with God

Ron Pappalardo
June 1, 2014



Ron Pappalardo is currently touring North America presenting his “First Blessing” seminar, which is designed to help people establish a closer relationship with God.

Ron’s next seminar will be held on June 14th and 15th in Gloucester, MA. For information, click here: www.reconciledbythelight.com/gloucesterworkshop2014.htm

In this excerpt from his recent book, *Reconciled by the Light, Book II: Spirit Messages from a Teen Suicide, Adventures of a Psychic Medium*, Ron explains how he overcame the “blocks” of being afraid of God and being angry at God.

Chapter 25 Showdown with God



Ron Pappalardo

This next experience knocked down the blocks of being fearful of and angry with God. It was 1980, and I was working as a full time missionary in Rhode Island, something I’d been doing at various locations across the United States for the past five years. That summer, I noticed my energy level was dragging, and I was finding it harder to motivate myself to work.

My intuition told me that while the weather was hot and my body was tired, the real issue was that there was a problem with my relationship with God. For some reason, I was still holding back, not fully committed to him.

I asked for and received permission to do a spiritual retreat, so I traveled to the small town of Accord, New York, to attend a workshop amidst the beauty of nature. When I arrived, I was greeted by a young woman named Annie Redmond who had been assigned to take care of me. I immediately felt a connection with her. I could sense the saintly heart she possessed and just knew I could trust her.

“Here’s what I suggest you do, Ron,” she said. “Go for a walk in the woods. Go as deep into the woods as you need to be sure that you have privacy. Then, just open your heart and talk to God. Lay all your cards on the table. I want you to tell him exactly how you feel, and tell him everything you feel, even the bad stuff. In fact, especially the bad stuff.”

Annie seemed so confident and spoke with such care and compassion that I was sure she herself must have had a close relationship with God. Because of that, I was able to set my fear of God aside. It seemed that Annie had a special “hotline” to God. I imagined that as soon as I walked off into the woods, she would get on her “spiritual telephone” and tell God something like:

“I’m sending this young guy out to talk to you, and he’s really struggling. Please go easy on him, okay?”

So I went with total trust in my heart.

After walking for a while I found a place where there was an ancient stone wall, and I sat on top of it. Then I started to pray. I searched my heart, trying to find what was bugging me. Then I said something I would have never dared to say if I hadn't known that Annie had my back.

"Heavenly Father," I said. "The way I see it, you are the one who is responsible for all the suffering of mankind."

I still wasn't sure whether or not a lightning bolt was going to come out of the sky and vaporize me for my impertinence. To my relief, nothing bad happened. Instead, I could strongly sense the presence of God there in the woods with me. This time it was more than just the powerful energy and unconditional love I had felt before. I actually received words! From some place deep inside my heart God opened a door. This time the experience was not from the outside in; it was from the inside out. I knew, clear as a bell, what he wanted to say. He said it without a shred of excuse making or defensiveness, and to my amazement, he said it with absolute humility.

"This is true," he said, "and I accept the responsibility for it."

I was taken aback by the selflessness of this answer. It wasn't what I was expecting. I had always imagined God as an imperious, majestic being, and to admit responsibility for a problem just didn't fit in with my conception of what his personality would be like. This was not the God I was taught about in Catechism class.

"You are cruel, uncaring, domineering," I continued.

"I am none of these things. Those who suffer bring it upon themselves. It is the only hope for them to change."

There wasn't a hint of judgment in this statement. He was just stating the fact, and there was a tinge of sadness in his "voice."

"What about those who are innocent, yet suffer?"

When I asked that question, God lost his composure. I was stunned to realize that just as I was being completely and painfully honest with him, he was being completely honest with me. Again, his humility and open heartedness just floored me. He burst into tears and seemed to tremble from deep in his heart.

"Oh, I can't bear the pain! If a parent chooses to beat his child, I cannot stop it. Yet, even then, if that child could follow me, I could save him. I trust you, Ron Pappalardo. You can help my children. I can't, but you can! Oh, please, I beg you, won't you do it? (Strong tears)"

By the time he finished this part, I was crying, too. I felt like I was listening to a parent whose heart was aching for his children. I was humbled by the sincerity and honesty of the expression. He was sharing with me as if I was a long time and trusted friend. I felt bad for the other things I needed to say, but I knew it would be a mistake if I didn't get everything out.

"Forgive me, my Lord, but this also must be confronted: I have suffered, Father. I tried so hard to find you – to find the truth. From my infancy I tried. I have never been malicious, have I? I tried so hard, and I feel betrayed. Maybe this is blasphemy, but I really feel I need an apology from you. I need to know you won't take advantage of me. Why didn't you come to me when I was lonely?"

With great anguish he replied "You didn't cry out for me!"

When he said this, it rang true in my heart. Even though I had searched for God in books and exerted my reason until my brain hurt, I hadn't ever cried out directly to him until that night in May of 1975.

"I'm sorry, Father. I didn't know how."

"When you cried out for me, didn't I answer? Immediately, I answered. It was me, (In tears) you must believe me! It was me! It was me – no one else – who answered you! In three days I led you to my son."

He was referring to the prayer letter I wrote to him that resulted in my meeting the young man outside the Buffums Department Store just three days later. These words penetrated my heart, and I wept and wept. I felt such a genuine closeness and intimacy with this Being. I eventually stopped crying, and things were quiet for a while. I thought I was done. What more could I say to this? Nevertheless, the presence of God was still there with me in the woods. I could feel it palpably. He was still there, waiting for something, but I didn't know what to say. He helped me by breaking the silence.

"Something's still bothering you," he said. "It's okay. You can tell me."

Searching my heart, what I found in there surprised and disturbed me. Nevertheless, I just knew it had to be spoken. If I left it unsaid, it would have been like being dishonest, and I would miss this precious opportunity for healing.

“It’s weird,” I replied, “but I still feel like saying ‘I hate you.’”

He wasn’t surprised at all, or offended. His demeanor was one of absolutely gentle kindness, and I felt as if he smiled at me with tenderness.

“Ron, you don’t hate me. You really don’t. You just want to know if I love you.”

I’m not sure I got the next line clearly, and I’m not sure I understood it, but here it is:

“In reality, I have felt your love for me.”

“I was really lonely before, Father. It hurt so bad I wanted to die,” I continued.

“If I hadn’t allowed you to have that experience, where would you be now?” he replied.

I knew exactly what he meant by this. It was only when I had nowhere else to turn that I finally cried out to him, and that cry brought him to me.

“You’ve got a good point,” I admitted.

“Do you think it was easy for me to watch you suffer? I only hoped it would be for a short time.”

I realized that God had been waiting and waiting for this meeting even more than I had, wondering how long it would take before I realized that I needed him this way.

“I can see now that it was out of your love for me.”

“(Embracing me) I really love you, my son. You should know that. Don’t worry about anything, just know I love you.”

Even though he said this to me, there was still a remnant of doubt in my heart. I wanted even more validation.

“But why do you love me?”

“Why do you love (your ex-girlfriend)?”

“I don’t know, because she reminds me of me!”

“There you go!”

“Wow, that makes sense.”

When I said, “she reminds me of me,” I had a realization. It dawned on me that God actually sees his own nature reflected back to him when he relates to us, the way a parent sees himself in his children. The Bible scripture that says we are “the image and likeness” of God took on a deeper meaning to me as a result.

The last thing I asked him was about the tremendous fatigue I had been battling.

“Father, why is my body messed up?”

“My son, relax. Don’t worry about it. Accept the reality of your limitation. Be calm when discussing it with (your superiors). ...Develop your Heart and relax. I can save the world through you wherever you are.”

We paused for a moment, as I tried to take in all he was saying. Then he spoke again.

“Amazing how small your problems have become, isn’t it?” he said with a smile.

By this time, I was feeling many different emotions—beloved, calm, peaceful, liberated, amazed, in love. Yes, I felt in love! I had been a devout Catholic, an altar boy, and a missionary for many years, but I had never felt anything like this before. This was the day I really fell in love with God. I’ve been in love ever since. I felt so accepted, so known and understood. There wasn’t a single person on earth that I felt as

close to as this unseen Father who spoke to me through a doorway in my own heart. Again, I thought we were done, but he had one more thing to say.

“By the way, I wish you would talk to me more often. Don’t you think it’s a good idea?”

“Yeah.”

“Can you do it every morning and every night? I can really help you if you do.”

“I’ll try.”

“Okay.”

It was over. I just sat there for a moment, amazed at what had happened. Fortunately, I had brought my journal with me, and I had been writing everything almost word for word as it unfolded. The quoted text above is actually from that journal entry marked “July, 3 1980, 4 pm, Camp New Hope, Accord, New York.”

I walked back from the woods in a state of intense excitement, energy, and inspiration that lasted for many days.