



# Katallica

Bohdika Mir

A tale of spiritual awakening,  
the pilgrimage of souls  
and paranormal revelation.

Bohdika



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*Katolika*  
a fictional story  
by Bohdika Mir

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**Meet a few of the characters of “Katolica”:**

***The Visionary, Danica Karol***, who witnesses the world of the spirit in the present. "Eventually all five senses were touched by the coexisting immortality beyond the veil. She saw images of people and scenes, still and moving, before her eyes in waking hours and in dreams. She experienced visitations wherein persons and entities approached her. "

***St. Michael's Warrior, Baba Larissa Timova***, descended from an ancestral line of combatants in spiritual warfare. "The obit neglected to state that Baba Larissa Timova, an enlisted cook and undercover agent operating at zero pay grade in St. Michael's angelic army, had fulfilled her assigned mission and bested the Adversary."

***The Chronicler, Francesca Engel***, a gifted storyteller who documents the history of evil at her church. "The third box was a puzzle. It held notes, parish directories and letters, the subject of all being the St. Thomas More church. There was much history, but also notebooks and legal pads filled with their mother's handwriting."

***The Two Faithfuls, Kindness Penhollow and Rab Bruce***, forever bound by an accident of life, death, and life eternal. "She saw Rab's white-knuckled grip on the Hurst lever gearing down the four-speed Muncie, the engine screaming while somehow the tires held the road . . . and then they didn't."

***The Gypsy, Rhoma Rákóczy***, an experienced student of the human spirit. "When I was growing up I had three friends who each had a birthmark in the same place on the right forearm, just two round brown spots side-by-side, and they looked the same on each girl. The odd thing that has stayed with me all these years is that each girl's father committed suicide. How could this be?"

***The Protector, Boniface the Akita***, who lives for his mistress and his home. "Thirty-two inches at the withers (shoulders), Bonnie was a big boy. His entire bearlike head was a solid black coat and he received comments like "I wouldn't want to meet you in a dark alley!" and "My, what a noble dog," with the same dignified stoicism."

***Defender of the Shire, the Dire Wolf***, among the neighbors of Neverland Road. "High above the gate the Dire Wolf, watching the man enter, stirred from his post beside the Kostoprav's stable and began a quick run down the hillside. It was time to cross the road."

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by Bohdika Mir

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Turn the Page . . .



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III



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## **Dedication**

*“Katolica”* was inspired by my immigrant Grandmothers.

It is dedicated to my true blessings, my intrepid and amazing daughter Katherine, her steadfast husband Ryan and their children, my dear grandchildren, Luke and Ainsley. May they always share faith in God together, for it has been their wondrous appearance in my life that confirms my own.

It is also dedicated to my friend in Christ, Maryellen, who many years ago helped me to open one eye and then the other, and who suffered greatly for her knowledge and awakening.

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## Cast of Characters

In order of singular appearance with children's chronicles grouped and indented.

Danica Karol, the Visionary, who witnesses the world of the spirit in the present.  
Boniface the Akita, the Protector whose loyalty saves his home.

Anna and Yuri Csincsar, Danica's grandmother and grandfather  
Fritz and Catherine Morgenroth, Danica's father and mother  
Eddie Karol, Danica's husband

Kim and Mary Bruce, Danica's Scots neighbors  
Rab Bruce, Kim and Mary's son, and Kindness Penhollow, who receive a tragedy meant for Danica and work to help her.  
Archie Dukes, Rab's friend  
The Penhollows, Kindness' parents

Anna and Joe LaMagna, Dani's oldest neighbors  
Rhoma Rákóczy, the Gypsy who offers insight to track the evils.

Baba Larissa Timova, St. Michael's Warrior, who uses prayer to effect protection and overcome evil.

Watchers, disembodied spirits who spy for their evil masters.

Francesca Engel, the Chronicler who documents a history of evils.

The Sestry Dimon (Sisters Dimon); Sila, Bara and Theah, would-be witches  
Simone, Sila's daughter  
Henry and Margaret Dimon, parents and grandparents  
Father Herlocker, corrupt priest

The Dire Wolf, Defender of the Shire, a lone wolf who trusts Boniface the Akita to save everyone.

*Continued on next page*



## Cast of Characters

*Continued*

Andriy's Story { Andriy; Larissa Timova's grandson  
Father William Keener; pedophile priest  
and  
Father Brian Dougherty; pedophile priest  
Father James Baecker; pedophile priest  
Father Howard Weel; pedophile priest

Queenie and Velma Engel; Francesca Engel's stepdaughters and thieves  
Catherine, Lisa and Susan; Francesca Engel's daughters

The Altar Boy's Story { Altar Boy at the church of Thomas More  
Father Brian Dougherty; pedophile priest

June's Story { June Andarton; Larissa Timova's neighbor and friend  
Becca, Tom, Jacob and Lauren Theis; June Andarton's daughter and her  
family  
Father James Baecker; pedophile priest  
The Krampus; leader of the Wilde Jagd (vil-de-yag, wild hunt)  
The Voice (of God)

Donna Valducci; corrupt parish employee (The Donna)  
Father Kevin Crowleigh; corrupt parish priest  
Antonik Kazakhov; Larissa Timova's father  
Father Amsel Gaertner; liaison to the demonic world (The Blackbird)  
Asmodai; three-headed demon of lust

Judith, Lovibund (Lovi), and Trude, prayer warriors; the Three Blessings

Willyum; cemetery caretaker

*Continued on next page*

## Cast of Characters

*Continued*

The  
Bettany  
Children's  
Story

Mary and James Bettany; a sister and brother taken by pedophiles  
Ralph and Cynthia Bettany, the children's parents  
Dr. Helen Agostino, pediatrician  
Father Howard Weel; pedophile priest  
Harrison Mathilde, Weel's partner

The Poltergeist; energy en masse at the church of St. Thomas More  
Choronzon; demon of chaos  
Ancient of Days (God)

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*(The angel speaking to Daniel) "But the prince of the kingdom of the Persians resisted me one and twenty days: and behold Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me . . . I am come to teach thee what things shall befall . . . The Book of Daniel 10:13-14*

## Prologue

This book is for Grandmothers, MiMis, Babas, Nonnas, MeMaws, Nanas and others who often find that the only way to protect and help those they love is through intercessory prayer.

It is about good and evil, and choices made. Behind each choice of free will is a decision that can invite spiritual warfare and the paranormal forces which materialize in battle.

It is about the world of the spirit, which governs the world of flesh and bone.

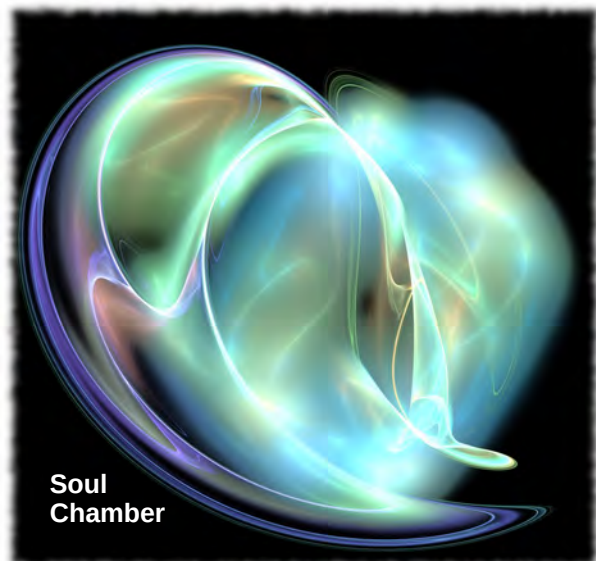
It is written for the modern-day martyrs of a church which should have cared for them but instead damns them for its own sins.

It's fiction mirrors many of the small everyday saving miracles of time, place and circumstance given us by our Creator.

Characters, names, places and story are fictional. Any reference to existing locales or entities is because they have been established as situate to and an intrinsic part of the larger geography and history of the world. Colloquialisms from Europe and Western Pennsylvania exist in the discussions between characters as well as in the writing of the book, affecting spelling and illustrating expression.

Three mortal sins are identified: pride, greed and lust, and their entwined spiritual threads which unfold in the physical world with a wild ride, until the ugly tapestry of collective souls breathes itself out in flames. Beyond the cause and effect of Mother Nature and physical law lie the desires of man, originating in the soul, a weight of only twenty-one grams, found in the deepest chamber of the heart.

How is it that those approaching death are able to hear and see what we cannot? If we could





The sleep of the angels, hands and arms reaching toward Heaven.

have their second sight, would we reconsider our choices?

What is really in the everyday fabric of our lives? Is it more than what focuses in our line of vision? Do we really listen? Perhaps we'd be better off trying to discern with our hearts, and consider intuition. This book attempts a better grasp of good and evil for those who believe, and hopefully is a help in recognizing the spiritual world sitting right behind the physical – for somewhere in between, they meet.

It is about the “genetics” of the soul. Children born these past twenty years are the last generation of what God has made without the participation of man's physical genetic research, and they and their parents are very special in that alone. If the future brings a confirmation of alien beings with bulbous heads and eyes and emaciated gray limbs looking for lost reproductive science, it may be that we will become them in distant years. A dismal consideration. I smell Lilith in societies' rampant drug and alcohol abuse and Frankenstein applications of genetics that corrupt into the fourth generation.<sup>62</sup>

The genetics of the soul, perhaps better developed in seekers of good and empaths, cannot be manipulated by physical means in any child of God. Neither can the free will of the mind and soul. Babies are baptized because although they are pure of heart, they are unable to state free will; they cannot turn evil away by refusing it, so their parents refuse it for them in baptism. This writer believes that free will\* may be temporarily overcome by the introduction of psychotropics, the coercions of guilt and fear, lack of wisdom, and the temptations of the physical world shown during the Christ's forty days spent in the isolation of the desert. This still leaves the firewall of the soul's genetics, and the image and spirit of our unchangeable good God, Who is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. The firewall offers a last chance to reconsider.

***The premise of this book is that God works for the good of those who love Him (Douay-Rheims translation, Romans 8:28) and the discipline of prayer powers this end.*** I postulate that from the great universes which God has created out of void, to the tiniest nano, there is a spiritual genetic code; some call it providence, karma, fate or kismet. It is built into all creation and exercises itself on the large and the small, within milliseconds of time and millennia of years.

Our good God gave us an entire OS - Operating System - His code, instilled in everything everywhere, living and deceased; the code is read by those who love Him and keep His ways and instruction. His propriety is inherent and given in thought, dreams, visions and connection to others, but shuts down when sought out for evil. That is when false code introduces itself and begins to operate, like a computer virus taking over it's host.

\*Free will enables a person choosing evil to return to his/her choice and decide to continue embracing it or make a decision for good, acknowledging the true nature of the soul.



Generated through contact with evils, drugs, alcohol (to diminish free will), poor judgment and gateways like ouija boards and invitation, it uses connection with evil ‘humans’ or other entities, deceptive internet sites, messages, rituals, seances, false teachings and summonings, wherein a user may not know the true source of the information. Operating outside of God’s code breaks the natural and supernatural DNA that He has freely given, and we, His creations, cannot hear His words or see His signs. It is like turning off our radio antennae; we become unable to receive on His frequency.

Because the physical and spiritual are born together in a person, whatever is introduced to either can deeply affect that person, and so our story begins . . .

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Biblical quotes in this book are taken from the old Douay-Rheims translation, written between the years 1582 and 1610; quotes located through permission at Biblehub.com.

## Katolica, Chapter 1

### *The Presence*

*How do we know about things hidden? In our hearts, somehow . . . that a glance can sight a person's soul . . . that throughout our lives we receive conviction of things unseen . . . that God has given us a gift of knowing. ~ The Author*

Friday 6 June 2014

**Buried in spiritual thought, Danica Karol hadn't noticed the pounding silence.** It was the kind of silence that makes the air heavy and close, seeming to increase barometric pressure. Boniface, her big black and white Akita, noticed it. There were no birds calling out their everyday life. Bonnie liked birds because they were fun to chase and he had to leap straight up like a cat to get at one in flight. When he caught one, he'd let it go, although sometimes the bird, stunned, would expire in fright. Now Boniface became wary in turn.

He stopped walking beside his mistress and dropped back to become a statue, flexing first his right shoulder and foreleg, and then the left. His head dropped low, his eyes focused on the main door of the church of St. Thomas More, and his ears folded back as he joined the silence. Bearing personality traits closer to the big cats, Akitas rarely bark.

Unaware of the change in Boniface, Dani continued walking and her right hand gestured, spreading fingers and palm for him to sit down. The big dog sat, although still at attention. She approached the door and entered; the church appeared empty of life. She turned, and opening the door from the inside now, called for Bonnie to sit in the vestibule. The Akita did not move. Bent on her visit, Dani left him sitting alert on the walkway and crossed the alcove into the church, the pneumatic glass door closing behind her.

Dani had come to open her heart, to pray in solitude without the commotion of Sunday Mass. St. Thomas More, a Roman-rite Catholic parish, was minus the reverence she had grown up with in the Eastern rites. Noise abounded until people's voices were drowned by a choir and instruments, and by then thought and concentration had flown.

She'd made these visits for several months, usually on Friday evenings, and the habit had become a good exercise for her to clear heart and head, to re-focus goals and aspirations. Her thoughts turned to her father and how he'd always supported even her bad decisions, and then to Eddie, her husband, who'd taken up where Dad left off. They were both gone now, but their memory was so alive that she could feel them beside her in the cool air of the dark sanctuary,

their warmth radiating against each shoulder and arm. This happened as well when her mother visited during Liturgy. Dani recognized the identity of each soul as knowledge of it traveled right through her heart, then upper chest cavity and rose to her head.

About ten minutes passed, and her prayers for those she loved complete, she glanced toward the altar and it *faded*. Its backdrop of tabernacle, wall and windows paled as well, to be replaced by a dark gray mist, growing deeper and spreading steadily, hovering and swallowing the altar, floating as oil on water toward right and left. It enveloped the pews with two awful arms and the gray became black. It did not block light, it ate it. Dani knew this thing. She'd seen it before and she did not want it again. It was a mask worn to hide the true face of some ancient spirit, most likely an evil one.

Then a second phenomenon happened. The smell of ozone, indicating static electricity or voltage, became apparent. This happened to Dani if an entity was attempting to appear in physical form or try an action. At that moment she remembered Bonnie, still sitting at the church doors.

Clarity washed her, and she ran out, feeling warmth at her sides as if each loved one had taken an arm to rush her away from the blackness and into the sunny evening outside. Boniface's eyes relaxed and welcomed her as she burst out of the church, and it was then that she noticed the deep cold that clung to her skin, as though she'd stepped out of a freezer. Dani squatted down next to him, hugging him to soak in the warmth of his coat. The great dog put his face against his mistress' forehead, surprised at the chill on her. A few seconds passed and Dani unlocked her arms, rising to walk toward her truck with Bonnie trotting beside her.

Not again, not again. Not here. But something malevolent *was* here, and it appeared to have taken residence. St. Thomas More Roman Catholic parish rested in the foothills of Pennsylvania's Laurel Mountains, between the historic Colonial era town of Lochcannon and the village of Lythe, along what had been the old Lincoln Highway and Forbes Trail, now intertwined with State Route 30. Rebuilt somewhat, the trail had served as a trade route and military artery connecting central and eastern Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh and its rivers during the French and Indian Wars and the American Revolution.

The road had morphed, crossed and paralleled two lanes and then four, while the parish and its cemetery occupied a beautiful rural setting a few miles from the town thoroughfare, making it seem locked in time gone by. Indeed, the stretch of road climbing east through the mountains to Bedford was steeped in Colonial history shown in the face of old architecture and still-

working business establishments.



Dani turned the ignition and the old truck exited the church parking lot. **Concealed by the beauty of the summer evening and a sky still bright, an unseen presence followed the two visitors on their ride home.**





Chapter Postscript



A physical manifestation of the demon Asmodai<sup>27</sup> in the form of a spreading black mist gives empath Dani Karol a warning to abandon any attempt to identify it. For Dani to experience such a manifestation, the demon understands that it is unable to hide from her ability to “see” into the supernatural world.